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VIRGIN AND CHILD
Still Life Painting of an Old Spanish Polychrome Wood-Carving
By Maurice Fromkes
Courtesy of the Milch Galleries

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AMERICA AND THE DEBTS

AN ENGLISH DEFENSE OF AMERICAN POLICY

BY GEORGE GLASGOW

Author of "From Dawes to Locarno"

EUROPE needs American help. America can help most by merely continuing the lines of her present policy. If America will only listen to Senator Borah and be ruthless in her debt policy for the full sixty-two years, Europe may be saved from another Great War. We may be saved at any rate up to 1985; and after that we shall all be dead. So long as Great Britain has to pay £100,000 a day to America Great Britain will be unable to finance another war in Europe. No other nation in Europe will go to war if Great Britain cannot be depended on to pay the expenses of both sides, during and after the war. In the interests of European peace, therefore, let America not weaken in her policy of *Væ Victis!* to Europe for the next two generations. The financial tribute which is due to the United States is likely to be more effective than the League of Nations to prevent another war.

It is true that Europe is in a bad state, but that makes the argument for American help of an American kind all the stronger.

In spite of the eight years that have passed since the belligerent phase of the Great War ended, the commerce, finance, currencies, political institutions of Europe continue their toppling tendency. Nothing is stable except taxation. The British people have to raise £800,000,000 a year to meet their national obligations, a burden four times as great as the corresponding burden of 1913. Europe in general suffers in a way which the imagination before 1914 could not have grasped. Such a state of affairs is eminently right and proper. If the peoples of Europe spent four and a half years in a concentrated effort to kill as many of one another's men as possible, to destroy as much property as possible, to smash the delicate organization of international trade and intercourse, to squander their wealth at a rate of profligacy which baffles sane people, is it surprising that the long road to recovery should stretch out endlessly ahead, and that

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eight years of struggle should have made little difference?

The only surprising thing is that people will not put two and two together. We people in Europe are illogical. We sow potatoes and expect to reap potatoes; yet we go to war and apparently do not expect to reap hell. America has more sense. She sows money and reaps money. Some people on this side, as for instance Mr. Stanley Baldwin, have confessed that they are afraid of the harvest still to be reaped in Europe. Others are inclined to vent their anger on the people who do not suffer. The attitude of Europe towards the United States of America is largely colored by the necessity of paying the European debts to America. The payment of the British debt, which, as Mr. Bonar Law once said, will reduce the standard of life in Great Britain for three generations, looms large on the British horizon. There are Englishmen who criticize America. There are Frenchmen who, after their manner, magnify criticism into indignation. Americans in general probably do not know the depth of hatred that is felt for them on this side of the Atlantic. They have not come into contact with the plain people in Europe, and have not read between the lines of what Lord Balfour, Mr. Philip Snowden, and Mr. Winston Churchill have said in public.

Such hatred, however, is misdirected. The intelligent victims of American policy recognize America as a blessing in disguise. If Great Britain plunged into the European war for idealist motives, she deserved what she got. One might as well butt into a drunken brawl for idealist motives. Idealism is not enough. By contrast, America's attitude to the Great War (1) as neutral till all the combatants were down and out, (2) as financial adventurer when she did join in, (3) as collector of the proceeds for sixty-two years, is a highly salutory thing, if for no other reason than that it may succeed in revolting the world against war. Many European nostrils already feel the pungency of what America has done, but such is the hold of perverted conventions about war and glory in Europe, that opinion here is indignant against America, instead of recognizing American realism as the healthy thing it is. America was not too proud, but too sensible, to fight, so far as the merits of the Great War were concerned. It was a similar motive of common sense, as contrasted with misplaced idealism, which prompted the part she took in the last stages of the war. The value of America's example may be expressed in this way. The moment war is recognized as the low business it essentially is, war will become as much an anachronism as slavery, religious persecution, and other such atrocities have become. The British halo round war is an asset for war. American cynicism is an asset for peace.

II

Europe needs American help. Can any reasonable person feel confident that the horror of 1914–1918 is in itself enough to dissuade the peoples of Europe from doing it again? If the peoples of Europe had had only a modest average of practical sense, if the politicians and diplomats who act as their trustees had been equal to their trust, Europe would still have been a place fit to live in. A continent which is capable of the behavior which Europe was guilty of for four and a half years, and which at the time was capable of convincing itself that the thing was not only unavoidable, but even—so many thought—had in it the element of a holy crusade, that continent is capable of any imbecility. There are no bounds. There are no finer shades of what is likely and what unlikely. How then can America help? Simply by being true to herself. Europe's present financial subservience to America is the most promising road to European salvation. No proud European can feel friendly towards the Great Republic across the Atlantic for having adopted a realist policy during the war, for having

driven her financial stakes into Europe, for having scuttled from the inferno which followed the war, for being determined to exact her financial pound of flesh even to the length of sixty-odd years of tribute: but then no proud European can feel anything but shame for himself and for his own continent.

If it be granted that one of the abiding causes of war is the proud place which the annals of war hold in national pride, then America, by showing that war is an incident in the seamy side of life, is the true pioneer of peace and progress. Rarely in history has any nation measured the ethical quality of war more accurately than did America in 1914–1918, or measured the ethical quality of post-war problems more accurately than has America since 1918.

As neutral, America lent money to the belligerents, which was mostly spent in America for arms, munitions, food, and clothes. The Bankers' Press of New York has stated in a work on Inter-Allied debts that "American bankers, merchants, manufacturers, and transport interests profited to the extent of over three billion dollars from French disbursements in the United States alone," and added that the Allied countries spent £2,400,000,000 in America on war munitions. Europe borrowed, but hardly any cash crossed the Atlantic to this side. American industry boomed. America's trade balance in 1913 had been $691,000,000. In 1915 it rose to $1,768,000,000; in 1916 to $3,000,000,000, and so on. Gold deposits, securities, war bonds accumulated in America, and by the end of the war America held more than one half of the entire supply of the world's gold. American statesmen at first enjoined strict neutrality on American citizens, but as the British navy swept the seas of German shipping, American commercial interests became identified with the Allied cause. In 1917 Great Britain, having spent and lent the unimaginable sum of £2,000,000,000 on the war, found herself at the end of her tether. America entered the war at that propitious moment. France, Italy, and the other non-British Allies thereafter found it difficult (let Mr. Mellon explain it as he will) to borrow more money from America. The war, however, must go on, and those who said it shouldn't were imprisoned. Great Britain had no more money of her own. It is a historical fact which Mr. Mellon cannot deny that after America entered the war Great Britain lent nearly £1,000,000,000 to her European allies, and that (having no money of her own) she borrowed that identic sum from the United States. In effect, therefore, the United States lent that money to France and Italy on a British indorsement of the resultant obligation. America was right in her financial instinct, as Mr. Baldwin proved in 1923, and as the French and Italian background of non-payment emphasized. When America entered the war, it was the prevailing view (in America) that the best service America could render the Allies would be to become their banker. Oh, that we in Great Britain had statesmen of such a caliber!

President Wilson was an idealist. He stopped the war. To that extent he suited America's purpose. She had pegged out her investments, and President Wilson's idealism alone could stop the war. None of the European fools who started the war could stop it. Another year of it, and even the British Treasury might have found it too much of a burden to pay America. So Mr. Wilson's pacific work had to be done. His further aspiration for continuing the operation of American diplomacy in Europe was not to be reconciled with America's idea. America, therefore, hauled him back, crucified him, and he died. The Treaty of Versailles was cut right out. No American sat on any Allied body which dealt with the peace problems, except as a detached observer. The League of Nations—that European act of repentance—was cold-shouldered by America.

Such is the position. The repentance now being performed at Geneva has had

its reactionary moments, and is not yet uniformly convincing. It is vitally necessary, therefore, that American realism be continued. If America cancelled the debts, France and the rest of us, as Senator Borah has truly argued, would have the more money for armaments. Senator Borah is right.

III

So far America has done well. When she took back her troops from the Rhine she claimed financial compensation, and, although unfortunately she did not get it, she showed that her instincts were still sound. She has only flirted with Geneva. The transition from Harding to Coolidge merely reaffirmed America's determination not to cancel the debts and not to join the League of Nations. General Dawes, it is true, emerged as a challenge, and in 1924 there were incipient cracks in American policy; but there was a brilliant recovery in the spring of 1925, when America started her debt-drive. She drove with such effect that within a year both France and Italy funded their debts, thereby following at a respectful distance in the footsteps of Great Britain, Poland, Hungary, Finland, and Belgium. France and Italy were treated too leniently, to the disgust of Senator Borah. It was quite reasonable, however, from the American point of view, to penalize Great Britain for having paid up first.

The danger is that Senator Borah may overdo it. As the schoolboy shows his appreciation of "tuck" by asking for more, so Senator Borah shows his appreciation of the British Treasury. He has recently been drawing up a scheme of new financial claims which he thinks should be made on Great Britain. Some of his more sensitive colleagues are shy of carrying the thing through, and thereby reveal themselves as superior tacticians. Senator Borah's idea is to make Great Britain pay for American losses incurred during the war against contraband in the period 1914 to 1917. It would be an outrageous demand. Of course the British Government would pay. Has not the British Government undertaken to pay, and is paying, the entire belligerent cost of the war? It would be consistent that she should next pay all the neutrals for their wartime losses, real or imaginary. In that event, it is true, America, being both a neutral and an Associated Power, would be twice blest, and more; but the stolidity of British acquiescence in the American debt burden might be jeopardized, and Senator Borah's impulse in this matter is not worthy of him.

Logical Americans will protest against the claiming of damages from Great Britain for an operation of war which America herself was soon performing against other neutrals. Suppose the Scandinavian countries were to flatter Senator Borah by following his example? American officials sat on the Blockade Committees and worked prominently in the Scandinavian regions, through which Germany was supplied with contraband. They did so in spite of the protests of the neutrals who were affected. It would be fatal to Senator Borah's plan if the American public were encouraged to take a historical view of the matter: but no doubt the plan will be still-born.

The remarks made by Mr. Snowden and by Mr. Winston Churchill in the British House of Commons on March 25th last should be taken by American opinion merely as evidence that American policy is having its effect here, and should, therefore, encourage Mr. Mellon. Having observed that the payment of the American debt will represent ninepence on the income tax for sixty years, Mr. Snowden remarked, "It could be freely quoted to show that the loan which was given to our Continental Allies through us was a gift by the United States as a sort of compensation for her late arrival on the scene of battle." Such a remark is not worthy of American attention. Mr. Churchill was even worse. He said, "There has been from the beginning of these controversies a marked difference of view between

Great Britain and the United States. We have never taken the view that shot and shell fired in the common cause and troops in the same line of battle, and the cost of it, should be considered morally and sentimentally, whatever it might be legally, as on exactly the same footing as ordinary commercial debts. We were willing to obliterate, cancel, delete, and annul all debts owed by our Allies provided that we were treated in a similar manner by our creditors. That view did not commend itself to the Great Republic across the Atlantic, and there could be no question that the United States was entirely within its legal rights. We were then forced to adopt a different position, and we came to the Balfour Note, in the principle of which I have always been a sincere believer. The Government adheres to that principle, and as far as possible they are endeavoring to give effect to it. This country has undertaken to pay what the United States so insistently and incessantly demanded. That involves us in a charge of £33,000,000 (a year) at the present time, rising in eight years to £38,000,000. To pass that immense sum continuously across a frontier, across an ocean, across the Exchange, is one of the most stupendous tasks and burdens ever undertaken by any country in the whole financial history of the world.

"It is a very remarkable fact," he added, "that at the present moment the amount that the United States is receiving from Europe under arrangements which have already been made is approximately equal to the whole amount of reparations which Germany is paying. But the distribution of the receipts from Germany and the payments to the United States are entirely different. The bulk of the receipts from Germany go to France, which at present is making no payments on account of her war debts, and the bulk of payments to the United States are made by this country largely out of her own resources. But the day is coming, at no great distance, when this situation will undergo an obvious modification. When France and Italy have funded their debts, both to this country and to the United States, and when other minor Powers have funded their debts, it is clear that the United States will be receiving, directly and indirectly, on her own account, from reparations, from Italian sources balanced against reparations, from British sources, from French sources through British hands, and from Italian sources through British hands, by far the larger part, at least 60 per cent, of the total probable reparations of Germany, and the first reparations, the first 60 per cent, as it were, which are payable by Germany. It seems to me that an extraordinary situation will be developed, that by all these chains, and lines, and channels, the pressure of debt extraction will draw reparations from the devastated and war-stricken countries of Europe, and that they will pass in an unbroken stream across the Atlantic to that wealthy and prosperous and Great Republic."

Thus Mr. Churchill. What better testimony could he have given to the effect of America on Europe? Yet, perversely enough, Senator Borah was angry with Mr. Churchill. On April 1st he took the occasion of a Senate Debate on the Italian debt to revile Mr. Churchill in particular and Great Britain in general, and incidentally repeated some of his familiar theses. "I said some three years ago," he declared, "that if I could see in Europe a program of disarmament and a recurrence to peace methods, some assurance as to the future, I should feel favorable to a cancellation of the entire international debt. I entertain that view still, and my hesitancy about approving any of these settlements arises out of the belief that whatever contributions we may make will be contributions to additional, or at least continued, military establishments in Europe."

Is this a sign that even Senator Borah may give up the struggle before 1985? May a kind Providence preserve Europe from such a catastrophe! Europe may

stagger under the nightmare of America's exigencies, but those who have enough imagination to foresee even faintly what another Great War would mean for Europe will not regret the Carthaginian peace imposed on us by America. The hatred that America is reaping and will reap from one end of Europe to the other is America's affair. The United States won the war. Great Britain lost it. Germany, France, Italy, and the rest fell by the road. The victor collects, and the vanquished pays tribute; and that criterion establishes the position of America and Great Britain in those leading roles. Wars are not won by heroic qualities, but by the opposite. Let European schoolboys be taught in the future, not the heroic myths, but the cold disillusion that has dawned from across the Atlantic. It is within America's power not only to prevent the next European war, but in general to prove by her living example that war is not a thing of glory, and thereby to shake the hold of war on the habits of men. The only doubt is whether her national pride will be able to rise above what a misguided European opinion will think of her. Has America enough sense of humor to forego the friendship of Europe in the interests of Europe?

IDENTITY

BY DAVID MORTON

THE stars in heaven must stand some rivalry
From these bright-petaled things across the grass,
As golden as the goldest star could be,
Shining as surely till the spring shall pass.
Here one might say the stars were somehow freed
From paths that wandered frozen winter nights,
Choosing, for once, the humbleness of seed,
To flower a while in warm and yellow lights.

And when these go, the way that summer passes,
It will require no trick of fancy, then,
Seeing no trace of stars among the grasses,
To think how they have sought the sky again,
And how the golden passion burns its way
Through stars in heaven—and buttercups to-day.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART I

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

"What country, friends, is this?"
"This is Illyria, lady."
—Twelfth Night

THE traveller in Illyria, whether a casual sightseer or one of the various commissioners, diplomats, and errants of fortune who found themselves there during the complications of After-War, has gazed through the high iron gates on the Pannonia Platz and admired the Farniente Palace at the end of its avenue of lime trees. Built long ago by a French architect for an Adriatic millionaire and occupied for generations by Austrian minor princes, it stands islanded in the loop of a little river and looks over the old city toward the opal horizon of the Carinthian Alps. The prime ministers and economic experts of the great powers carved out the Republic of Illyria from the relics of a fallen empire and encouraged the newly risen Labor Party to put one of its leaders in the chair as first President. They came from Geneva to Farniente, spread maps and agenda papers over the departed Grand Duke's vast dining table, and polished off what was left of the Grand Duke's pre-war Burgundies. They allotted the infant republic a generous quota of war debts to pay, arranged for a bond issue and a loan from an American banker, and impressed upon the anxious parliament the necessity of a convincing show of republican enthusiasm. They spoke sternly of order, productivity, and a prompt stabilization of the florin. Then they departed, without having given much thought to the possible social embarrassments of the new President. All they wanted for the time being was to hear as little of Illyria as possible.

But these problems were sharply present to Herr Guadeloupe as he and his daughter Nyla drove in a rickety taxi to take up official residence in the palace he had never entered and which had been, only a few months before, so far beyond the horizon of his most fantastic dreams. He remained what he had always been, a simple sturdy little man with the conscientious bonhomie of his peasant stock. He was quite aware that only the comedy of circumstance had thrust him into this position, and that both extremes of Illyrian politics would rejoice at his humiliation and downfall. He was correspondingly eager to tread softly and not make mistakes. There had been a great meeting of his supporters the night before, at which glowing forecasts were made of what the new republic would mean for the laboring classes. The *New Freedom* and the *Folkvoice*, very ill-printed proletarian journals, had come out with predictions which he knew were fallacious. A demonstration had been planned to celebrate his move to the palace. To avoid this uncomfortable publicity he sent out Nyla, two hours before the time advertised, to call a cab. They slipped away from the modest home where Nyla had kept house for her widowed father. Now, in an elderly vehicle of Detroit lineage, they came

clanking solemnly down the famous alley of lime trees.

Nyla, a handsome spirited girl of nineteen, was naturally elated.

"Now, father," she said gaily, "you mustn't be nervous. Everything will be all right. Don't push your hat over one eye like that."

Guadeloupe fidgeted unhappily in the new outfit of cutaway coat and wing collar which she had insisted on his buying. Nyla had carefully observed the British foreign minister when that handsome creature was in Farniente, and had planned the President's attire on the same lines. It was less successful on his short thick figure. His hands flitted instinctively in search of his pipe, but the arrangement of pockets in a cutaway coat was unfamiliar.

"I *am* nervous," he said, and began to pull off his gloves.

"Nonsense! Anyone who can talk to political meetings as you can needn't be afraid. You mustn't forget that you're a great man. Don't you dare take off those gloves until I tell you. How all this would have surprised mother."

The taxi-driver, a fiercely moustached and emotional mountaineer, was enormously excited at having been chosen to drive Illyria's first President to the palace. This would be something to talk about for the rest of his life. His sense of the dignity of the occasion suggested a slow and stately progress with much unnecessary tooting on an old rubber bulb horn.

Adjured to move faster, he rather overdid it. He shot across the stone bridge, spun round the curved driveway, pulled up at the broad front steps with a squeal of brakes and sliding of tires on the gravel. Behind them, a dog, one of whose feet had been caught by surprise, yelped insult and reproach.

"Sit still," said Nyla hastily. "Probably there'll be a footman or somebody to open the door."

But the Executive Mansion seemed strangely deserted. The big doorway stood closed. The agitated taxi-man also remained nervously in his seat, afraid of doing something wrong.

"What do we do next?" said Herr Guadeloupe.

After a brief hesitation they got out, the taxi-man seized the Presidential portfolio, and they stood anxiously on the steps.

"Good God! I don't see any doorbell."

"Now, father, don't get rattled. We've got a right to be here."

"I knew something like this would happen. If it gets into the papers—"

The driver was peering through the pane of the door.

"Why, there's a whole crowd of 'em inside there," he said hoarsely. "Shall I bang on the glass?"

"For heaven's sake don't," exclaimed Nyla.

But he was not going to miss his chance of a lifetime to create a sensation. Already he had opened the door and thrust his head in. Romsteck, the major-domo, not expecting the arrival so early, was just finishing his speech of instructions to the assembled household. They were all there, footmen, chambermaids, cooks, gardeners, sentries, the whole staff of the palace, receiving their instructions. They stood respectfully grouped while Romsteck, on the third tread of the grand staircase, was explaining the ethics of domestic service under a republic.

"Hey, wake up there!" shouted the taxi-man. "Here's the President."

II

To Herr Guadeloupe, who was accustomed to the primitive ministrations of one peasant maid, it was hardly credible that these were all servants. For an instant, seeing so unexpectedly large a gathering, the notion occurred to him that this was a conspiracy of die-hard royalists, met for some final desperation in honor of the old regime. But Romsteck, advancing with epis-

copal mien, was a reassuring figure; so impressive indeed that the embarrassed President at first imagined him some dignitary of the League of Nations, left behind to supervise the installation.

"Welcome, Herr President," said Romsteck solemnly. "You find the staff assembled to do you honor. I am the major-domo."

"How do you do, Major," said Guadeloupe nervously. He removed his hat and bowed formally. Straightening again, he found a tall figure in uniform holding out a hand, which he grasped with grateful cordiality.

"Your hat, Herr President," the major-domo explained.

The President tried to catch Nyla's eye, to know whether the time had come to remove his gloves.

"My gloves, Major. That is, I mean, my daughter."

"The Fräulein is worthy of this ancient house's tradition of beauty," said Romsteck gallantly. "I present Frau Innsbruck, the housekeeper."

"Also worthy of the ancient tradition," said the flustered President. Then, noticing the lady's age, he attempted to improve on the remark. "We shall cohabit in friendly tranquillity, I'm sure."

"The Herr President does me too much honor," said Frau Innsbruck.

"Don't forget to pay the taxi," Nyla whispered in his ear.

A gloved hand is awkward when rummaging a trouser pocket. It came out with some bank notes but also with the toothbrush which he had remembered at the last moment.

"My luggage," he began—

"It shall be well cared for, Herr President, if you will entrust it—"

Another open palm was ready; this time he knew enough not to shake it, but gave it the toothbrush instead. It was borne ceremoniously away.

"I meant to say, my luggage will be here presently."

"The Herr President's portfolio," said the taxi-man officiously, coming forward with the brief-case, to which he had obstinately clung.

"Pardon, Major, but have you any change?" Herr Guadeloupe, thriftily examining his money, could find nothing less than a fifty-florin note. It suddenly occurred to him to wonder whether Presidents have expense accounts. This was a point that had not been covered by the constitutionalists from Geneva.

"Health and happiness to the new Republic," ejaculated the taxi-man, "and perhaps at such a moment the Herr President—"

"I will arrange the matter," said Romsteck severely.

Frau Innsbruck was already escorting Nyla upstairs, and the anxious statesman felt free to discard his gloves. He was more terrified than cheered by the grave politeness of the unknown official. All his democratic instincts prompted him to suggest some little friendly celebration. He felt an immense eagerness to catch all these observant eyes with a cordial nod; he would have liked to make a short speech on the future of Illyria and follow it by treating to a drink all round. In the rustic meetings to which he was best accustomed this would have been enormously successful; but this company of maids in neat uniforms and footmen in white-cotton stockings was an audience he did not understand. He was clearing his throat to make some general salutation when Romsteck advanced upon him somberly with a whisk brush and dusted off his coat.

"The Herr President's trousers," he said sharply, and a footman knelt down to rearrange the drape of those garments.

"I'm afraid they're too long," said the President bashfully. "Please, Major, do not trouble yourself—I must shorten my *Hosenträger*." He looked round unhappily, almost fearing they would insist on his doing so immediately.

"The Grand Duke always liked to have his trousers adjusted when he came in from outdoors," said Romsteck.

"I believe I arrived sooner than you expected."

"It is of no consequence," said Romsteck. "Your apartments are in readiness. Now, Herr President, if you please I will conduct you through the mansion." He gave a sign of dismissal, and the attendants dispersed. The younger chambermaids, who had been on the verge of nervous titters, fled hurriedly to talk it over. Guadeloupe wiped his forehead.

"You are very kind," he said. "This, you will understand, is something of an ordeal."

They stood in the great paved hall, where the beautiful stone stair, with its wrought-iron balustrade, runs up to a gallery overhead. Along the wall hung portraits of old seventeenth-century Dukes of Farniente. The President had hardly realized yet that he was actually going to live in this old place. He felt more like a visitor in a museum.

"I always wondered what the palace was like inside," he said politely. "It must be difficult to keep warm in winter."

"This is the Red Room," announced Romsteck, leading the way to an adjoining chamber. "This escritoire of rosewood and mother-of-pearl was a masterpiece of the great Venetian cabinet-maker Belluno. The tapestry, with the monogram of the Hapsburgs, was given to the palace by the Emperor Maximilian. In this room the Grand Duke used to meet his ministers for business discussions, mainly to increase the taxes. Behind these curtains was where the anarchist concealed himself when he fired at the Grand Duke Moritz. You see, there is plenty of space for an assassin to hide." With a dramatic air he pulled the hangings aside. Guadeloupe was relieved to observe that the embrasure was empty. He wondered whether he and his cabinet could successfully discuss the rehabilitation of the florin—a subject involving much lively argument—sitting on those fragile gilt chairs.

"On this other side," continued the major-domo, throwing open large glass doors, "is the grand salon. It overlooks the terrace and the rose garden. The carved panels over the mantel," he pointed out, "have three bullet holes which have been carefully retained as a souvenir of the revolution in '48. This is known as the Blue Room; here you will receive the representatives of foreign governments—the American commissioner, for instance, desiring to know when the next installment will be paid."

The President skidded a little on the polished floor, but followed his guide without comment.

"At the north end of the palace, adjoining the tower, is the ballroom. In the north tower is the Purple Room. There the Grand Duke used to entertain specially favored ladies."

The President brightened a little.

"There was once an underground passage from the cellar of the tower, beneath the moat, to a summerhouse in the park. It was there that the Duke escaped during the Terror."

"I hope it is still open," said Guadeloupe.

"The Yellow Room, a small parlor painted with Cupids, is between the ballroom and the salon. The Duke used to play cards there after dinner. The American ambassador often came down from Vienna to play poker with him."

"I think I have heard that the Duke was unlucky at cards," said the President.

"To be in debt to America is quite in the Farniente tradition," remarked the other. "The Dukes of Illyria always led lives full of romantic hazard. There is hardly a chamber in the palace that has not been the scene of some deed of violence. In the state dining room the crystal chandelier is chipped; that happened when His Grace was attacked by a demented footman who disliked his table manners. Beyond the dining room is the billiard room, and past that, in the south tower, the Dark Room."

"The Dark Room? Was the Duke a photographer?"

"He had a hobby that way. Not all

his exposures were in the most delicate taste. It used to be His Grace's boast that in a different walk of life he could have prospered as a merchant of Parisian post cards. In fact, very likely that is what he is doing now. But this is called the Dark Room with a double significance. It was there that Prince Oscar was murdered. They laid out the body on this billiard table."

The President was growing a little weary. He had had a difficult morning, and in the stress of packing and getting off he had gone without lunch.

"I suppose, Major," he suggested politely, "there is a room where we might sit down with a glass of beer and a pipe?"

"The Grand Duke, at this hour of the afternoon, would sometimes take a cup of tea, in the English fashion," said Romsteck firmly. "But he never smoked. His laxities, if I may be so candid, were quite of another sort. The British ambassador, who occasionally came here to play tennis, was encouraged to confine his pipe to the garden."

"And still I can't make him out," Guadeloupe complained to his daughter when he finally escaped upstairs to wash and prepare himself for tea. "If he's a major why doesn't he wear uniform? And how was I to know who he was? I thought he must be at least another Lloyd George."

"Never you mind, daddy," she consoled him. "Isn't it all *wonderful?* It's like living in a fairy tale."

"Like living in a cemetery," he said morosely. "I've seen the places where all the Dukes were murdered or shot at."

"Wait till I get hold of that solemn old creature," she cried gaily. "I'll teach him not to bully you. And what do you think? I have a maid to look after me, a darling, called Lorli. And a bathroom all to myself—did you ever *hear* of such a thing?"

"Why, so have I," exclaimed the President, exploring. "It must be mine, for they've put my toothbrush here. Private bathrooms. Good heavens, they always said the Duke was a libertine; it must have been true."

III

But Nyla's confidence abated when she found that she had to pour the tea—a beverage little drunk in Illyria—with two footmen standing attentively beside her. If they had not been there she could have studied and probably solved the complicated array of jugs, dishes, napkins, spirit lamps, and other utensils; but those watchful figures frightened her. The obvious course was to use some of everything, and her father sat innocently drinking from a cup that contained both cream and lemon, unaware that this would have grieved the British foreign office. He sipped in silence until the lemon, gradually warring against the cream, became unbearable.

"George," he said, "take this away and drink it for me. Don't tell that Major or he'll get me into trouble with the British Government."

It required both servants, apparently, to remove the offending cup. When they had left the room Guadeloupe hitched his chair nearer the table and seized several sandwiches at once.

"I'll bet they've got some grand food in the pantry," he said dismally, "if I could only get at it. You know, this won't do. If any of the Labor members saw us in a lay-out like this, I'd be impeached.—What do you suppose we'll get for supper? I wonder," he added, "if there's any chance of onion soup?"

For twenty years Herr Guadeloupe had had onion soup for supper almost every evening. In fact, in his electoral campaign onion soup had become almost a political symbol. The cartoonists had seized upon it as an emblem of solid proletarian thrift and the traditional Illyrian simplicities. Drawings of Herr Guadeloupe dipping in his tureen and puffing his pipe, first intended for ridicule, had proved to be advantageous.

The Labor Party had been borne to power, in a manner of speaking, on a tide of onion soup.

"We may as well find out," said Nyla. "And, daddy, you must remember they probably call it *dinner*, and it won't be until late, seven o'clock, I dare say."

Summoned by the footmen, Romsteck appeared. He looked specially austere as he had not expected to be interrupted just then. He and Frau Innsbruck had just sat down to compare notes over a private glass of beer. The President put away his unlit pipe, which he had been fingering hopefully, and rose politely from his chair.

"Pardon me, Major, for disturbing you. I just wished to know, so I can make my calculations, what time will supper be?"

"Dinner is served, Herr President, at eight o'clock. The Grand Duke preferred it at that hour, which gave him plenty of time to dress."

The President was painfully startled. "Good God, did the man stay in bed all day long?"

Romsteck preserved an offended silence, which continued until Nyla came to the rescue.

"My father is accustomed to having onion soup for dinner. He counts on it very much. I suppose the chef—the chef would not mind, occasionally that is, preparing it for him?"

The butler seemed very much shocked.

"Onion soup, Fräulein?—Did I understand you to say onion soup?"

"Yes," said Guadeloupe. "You know, with toast in it, and plenty of cheese."

"Why, Herr President, I do not believe an onion has been served in the palace since the Reign of Terror."

Romsteck rang for the chef.

"Monsieur Pigalle," he said, "will you rehearse for the Herr President what dishes have been arranged for dinner this evening."

Pigalle, with a Frenchman's eye for a pretty girl, was in his element.

"With the greatest pleasure. To welcome the President and his daughter I have planned as follows. The menu is plain, in deference to a republican simplicity of taste, but I hope not displeasing. *Hors d'œuvres variés*, served in the Adriatic fashion. To follow, *homard paprika*. I thought that then a *culotte de bœuf garnie, au vin de Madère;* or, if that seems a trifle rich, we could substitute *filets mignons piqués de truffes*. Not to overload the stomach, Mademoiselle, I thought that some pancakes burning in raspberry brandy would be amusing; followed by a *soufflé*, an ice, and some fruit. I feel sure that the Herr President and Mademoiselle will have no cause for complaint."

Herr Guadeloupe, to whom French was not only unfamiliar but an uncongenial tongue for political reasons, had no very clear idea of just what the chef's elaborate phrases represented in the way of actual victuals.

"Any soup?" he asked.

"If desired, I can add a nice *julienne aux pointes d'asperges*," said Pigalle. "But I believe if the Herr President always knows in advance just what dishes are to be served, he deprives himself of much of the artistry of the table."

"I don't want artistry of the table, I just want some onion soup," thought the President, but refrained from saying it. With an air of dignity that seemed to make further discussion impossible, Romsteck and the chef withdrew.

"Well, I don't know any more than I did before," said Guadeloupe. "I told you this was going to be terrible." He began hunting about the room.

"Marvellous old furniture," said Nyla.

"I'm not looking at the furniture. I'm hunting for a box of matches. I think I'll go out in the garden and have a smoke."

A stir in the hall caught Nyla's attention.

"Oh, look, daddy, our things have come." Through the tall glass doors she could see a troop of servants lined up respectfully to receive their very modest

and shabby luggage, the portmanteaus and the battered tin trunk. She caught a glimpse of a familiar old brown satchel.

"I wish we had bought some new bags; it looks too absurd to see them all making such to-do over our poor old things. Your old satchel looks too awful."

"My satchel?" he said. "Is it there? Just what I need. There's a—"

"Now, daddy, what are you going to do? You mustn't—"

But he sped into the hall where he surprised the assembled flunkeys by seizing the bag. Muttering some unintelligible explanation, he rushed into the salon with it. Two agitated footmen attempted to help, but he clung to the thing with feverish earnestness, opened it, rummaged among some socks and collars, and finally produced a packet of tobacco, a box of matches, and a bottle of brandy.

"There," he said. "By heaven, I've earned it."

He uncorked the bottle and sniffed it affectionately. With difficulty Nyla restrained him until one of the footmen had brought a tray and glasses. "Well," he said, pouring some out, "now we can feel a little more at home."

"Your pardon, Herr President," objected Romsteck who had suddenly appeared, "but those are not brandy glasses. They are champagne goblets."

"Major," retorted the harassed man, "I drink to your Grand Duke. I am beginning to understand why he fled." And he raised his glass. But before he could place it to his lips he was halted by a cry, courteous but peremptory.

"Just a moment, Herr President!" exclaimed a young man, striding into the room. "It is my duty." He took the glass from the hand of the astonished President and drank off the contents himself.

IV

The unannounced visitor was a man of about thirty, tall and sinewy, with curly auburn hair and jocular blue eyes. He was smartly dressed in excellently fitted brown tweeds. There was something engagingly droll in his brisk assurance and the sharp contour of his clean-shaven face. He stood holding the empty glass and pursed his lips with the thoughtful air of one critically considering some mooted nicety of degustation. Then he nodded approvingly and his severity relaxed. He smiled, bowed to Guadeloupe and Nyla, and brought forward a chair with practised grace.

"Be seated, Fräulein, I implore you," he said. "Young women have to be on their feet so much after they are married, I always urge them to take their ease while they can."

Nyla had a strong inclination to laugh, but conquered it. Romsteck, not less startled than the others, began to speak, but the stranger held up his hand with a commanding gesture.

"A thousand and one apologies, Herr President, for this lack of ceremony. Permit me." He took the bottle, chose a fresh glass, filled it and offered it with a charming obeisance. "I should, of course, have been here before your arrival. You were earlier than I expected."

Guadeloupe had a sagacious instinct of silence in perplexing situations. He contented himself by taking off the postponed dram.

"My name is Cointreau, from the Department of Public Safety. My credentials."

He took a card from his pocket.

"I am authorized to ask a few moments' private interview with you—and with the Fräulein, of course. Butler, remove this debris, and the Herr President and I can talk without interruption."

Romsteck, to his own surprise, found himself helping the footmen to clear away tea. He had not been spoken to in that voice of calm authority since the Grand Duke flitted.

"Heavenly old place, isn't it," said Cointreau to Nyla, in the casual tone of

an old friend. "I hope you are going to be very happy here. I shall make it my business to see that you are. What a pretty frock. The printed chiffons are delightful, especially on the slender figures. Have a gasper?"

"Why—thank you," said Nyla. "I'd love one, but I didn't know whether—in the palace—"

"Bosh!" cried the surprising young man. "Palaces are made to do what you like in." With skilful legerdemain he snapped a match into flame on his thumbnail, a trick new to her, and gave her a light.

"You have no objection to a pipe?" he asked, taking out a well-glossed briar. "Isn't that a beauty?" he said, holding it out to the President. Guadeloupe, with the habit of the seasoned smoker, took it, sniffed the fragrant char in the bowl, and then produced his own.

"Now to business," proceeded the visitor. "Herr President, you'll forgive my abrupt entrance when I explain. The Department of Public Safety realizes that, hitherto, insufficient precautions have been taken to safeguard the persons of high officials. Particularly at the present time, in this new phase of our political life, it is essential that no accident of any sort should mar the success of the Illyrian Republic. You know what unfortunate repercussion it would have among the Great Powers if any unpleasantness arose in our affairs. I am acting as a special agent for the Department of Public Safety; but I may as well add, entirely in confidence, that I have authority from certain people at Geneva—I feel sure I need not be uncomfortably explicit."

Geneva never had to be mentioned more than once to secure Herr Guadeloupe's anxious attention.

Cointreau resumed his winning gayety of manner.

"Please do not feel under any constraint, Herr President. My affair is to see that you—and Fräulein Nyla also—are completely comfortable and at home, free to give all your attention to those political problems that confront our country. You are aware that there are those—I need not specify—who would be happy to see the new republic embarrassed. You must have perfect confidence. Consider me, if you wish, not as a mere Secret Service officer, but as a kind of social secretary."

"Why, daddy," cried Nyla. "How wonderful! Just what you wanted!"

"An imperfect instrument, Fräulein," said the special agent modestly, "but at your service. I need hardly say, Herr President, that for the success of my mission it must be entirely confidential. Nothing further need be said than that I am here on private business from the League. For your own sake, and to guard against any possible emergencies, it will be advisable to institute certain unobtrusive inspections of minor routine. We cannot afford to run any risks. It was for that reason that—too unceremoniously, I fear—I felt it wise to make certain of the brandy. . . . It was excellent," he added.

"It was my own," said Guadeloupe. "But indeed, dear sir, you lift an anxiety from my mind. This is a difficult position in which I find myself, and a little intimate assistance, properly authorized of course—"

"Be quite at your ease!" exclaimed the special agent. "The last thing Ramsay MacDonald said to me at Geneva—you know Mac, I dare say; charming fellow—was, 'Do everything you can for Guadeloupe. It's very important he should make a go of it in Illyria, he and his lovely daughter.'"

Herr Guadeloupe, who had had hitherto much sterner monitions from the high contracting parties of Europe, was greatly pleased.

"That's very encouraging," he said. "Come, Herr Cointreau, since you approve the brandy, drink to the success of our young Republic."

They pledged it standing, with due formality.

"Herr President," said Cointreau, "if we play our cards carefully, you shall

go down in history as the man who put Illyria on the map."

"Oh, I know he will," cried Nyla, enchanted. "Daddy's wonderful, Herr Cointreau, and if only that awful American debt can be paid—"

"Don't you worry a bit about the debt. That'll work out all right. Perhaps I can help a bit there. I visited in America once, I know how to handle them. Now the first thing is to make sure that all the more intimate matters are comfortable. Everything quite O.K.?"

There was something infectiously reassuring in the special agent's clear jovial gaze, and Herr Guadeloupe, blowing a cloud of comforting tobacco smoke, began to feel that there might be some fun in being President after all.

"Well," he said cautiously, "do you suppose there would be unfortunate repercussions at Geneva if I did not dress for dinner every evening? As you know, I am a plain man, Herr Cointreau, and too much formality—"

"Quite right, quite right," said Cointreau. "When Herriot was premier in France the same problem arose. You remember what excellent political capital he made of his pipe and his shirtsleeves. Geneva will understand perfectly. In fact, Herr President, I was about to say, I think that if anything your present outfit is even a little unnecessarily conventional. Also, I was observing your trousers. Perhaps you would do me the favor of standing a moment."

The President rose, and Cointreau diligently examined the garments in various perspectives.

"They have their virtues, I can quite see," he said judicially. "The cut is eminently republican. No one, I think, would suspect you of royalist ambitions so long as you wear them. Allow me, without being too intimate—the seat may be said to be roomy, meritorious in a sedentary garment."

Nyla broke into a delightful gust of laughter.

"Daddy thought that by tightening his *Hosenträger* a bit he could buck them up. Let's have a try."

"I'm afraid it's hopeless," said Cointreau. "No, we'll tackle the stabilization of the florin first. That presents fewer complexities. For the Herr President I suggest perfect informality—knickerbockers or whatever you please. You must not agitate yourself about niceties of deportment. I'll take care of all that. Fräulein Nyla, I think, should dress for dinner, because youth and beauty are so well set off by décolleté."

"I had not supposed," said the President, "that the League would be so attentive to detail."

"What the League desires is gayety. After these painful years a little guileless merriment will be the best possible tonic for business. The last thing Ramsay MacDonald said to me was, 'Tell them to be sprightly. It will reassure the foreign investors who are going to buy the Illyrian bonds.'"

"That must have been the next-to-the-last thing he said," observed Nyla.

"They have said so many things at Geneva, possibly I get the exact order confused.—I think you remarked, Herr President, that that was your own brandy? In that case it would be wise, before we go any farther, to be sure that the refreshment provided by the State is equally sound. You will understand that in the work of the Department we cannot afford to neglect any possibilities, however trifling.—Is there a bell? Oh, no matter—"

He tapped vigorously with his pipestem against his empty glass.

"If you will kindly explain to your butler, we can make a beginning in our necessary inspections."

"This is Herr Cointreau, from Geneva," said Guadeloupe when Romsteck had been summoned. "He is here on diplomatic business of a private nature."

"I shall have to make a few precautionary examinations of the household routine," said Cointreau. "We will begin by interviewing the cellar

man. Send him in, and tell him to bring his inventory."

V

The special agent, after careful study of Karl's lists, thought that the 1865 cognac should be tested first. It proved to be of the finest possible bouquet, gentle, mellow, and volatile.

"I am greatly relieved," he said graciously. "To tell the truth, I had feared that during the confusions of reconstruction things might have been allowed to run down." He dismissed Karl, who departed beaming.

"It is unfortunate," he added, "that there does not seem to be a cocktail shaker anywhere in the palace. I shall have to give the butler a lesson in the mixing of cocktails. I know, from experience in Paris and Geneva, how useful they are in coming to an understanding with American diplomats. However, we can go into these matters more fully by and bye."

The President had by this time recovered some of his naturally sanguine spirits. He mentioned the onion soup problem to his adviser, who promised to arrange everything.

"Herr President," he said, "you can repose the most perfect confidence in me. Imagine me a kind of Colonel House, taciturn, farseeing, and discreet. In fact you may call me Colonel, if you will. It adds to the dignity of the situation."

"My daughter and I shall be disappointed if you do not stay to dinner, Colonel."

"With pleasure. There is much to be attended to. To-morrow I will assure myself that the car is in proper order for your use and that the driver understands what routes are to be followed when you go through the city. The Department of Public Safety was often very anxious during the reign of the Grand Duke. He went about with such reckless freedom, drinking at cafés, meeting ladies for supper—you will not compel me to elaborate the theme. It would be undesirable for your chauffeur to drive across wide open spaces, where bullets—but let's not be alarmist. It is only that I am personally responsible to the Department."

"There's rather a nasty place in the Red Room," said Guadeloupe nervously. "A window where people used to hide and shoot at the Duke. You might have a look at it." He crossed to the mantel and studied the bullet holes in the panelling. He was relieved to see them well above the level of his head.

"These medieval houses are just full of hiding places," remarked Cointreau.

Herr Guadeloupe excused himself to go and unpack his official papers. Nyla was a little uncertain whether she was in the position of the visitor's hostess or not, but his easy frankness made embarrassment impossible.

"Come," he suggested, "let's have a look round. What a stunning old place it is. This ballroom floor—perfect for dancing! We must have a little music presently. And the terrace—delightful place to cool off between dances. Something green, I was thinking—"

"Something green?" Nyla did not quite follow the quick transitions of the special agent's mind.

"For your frock. Something green, of an airy floating nature, would be the very thing for dancing. A few Chinese lanterns, not too many, strung here on the terrace. And, by Jove, how well a canoe would go on the moat!"

Nyla was wondering, a little uncomfortably, whether her quite modest wardrobe was chic enough to satisfy the exacting tastes of this connoisseur of modes. She was a charming figure as she sat on the old stone balustrade that bounded the terrace. The still water beneath reflected the pointed towers of Farniente and the great chestnut trees in the park.

"I'm so sorry," she said. "I don't think I have anything in green. You are a most versatile person. Do you undertake the millinery details for all the new republics?"

Her touch of irony, if it was irony, did not at all abash Cointreau. His enthusiasm was irresistible.

"Few of the republics, Fräulein, have such reasons for enlisting one's cooperation."

"I had no idea the League was so far-reaching in its organization."

"We try to give Service. You see, we've learned a great deal from the American experts who come to Geneva. One of the things Illyria needs just now is Publicity. We'll get some good photographs into the American Sunday papers; first thing you know the tourists will be coming here in crowds. That'll be good for trade. You see, your father will be busy with parliamentary affairs, he can't possibly think of all these other things. I want to help him all I can. . . . And help you too, Fräulein," he added.

Nyla was enchanted. The arrival of this attractive, experienced, and sophisticated gentleman, so eager to assume responsibilities, seemed to puff away the secret anxieties she had felt as to life at Farniente.

"I *do* want daddy to be a successful President," she said with girlish earnestness. "It's a terribly hard job. Of course his opponents in parliament are frightfully jealous, they'd do anything to spoil his record. He's so wonderfully simple and honest, he thinks only of the good of the country."

"Now don't you worry a bit," he reassured her. "We're all going to have a gorgeous time. You know, that lawn in front of the house would be just the place for some of the old Illyrian folk dances. I dare say we could get the chambermaids to put on their peasant costume and hop about. It would be just the thing to amuse any busybodies that float in from the Great Powers. Take their minds off the poor old florin."

A dim far-away pulsation had been softly discernible in the summer air; now, from the direction of the Pannonia Platz a burst of shrill music was unmistakable. It came nearer and resolved itself into the anthem of the Illyrian Republic. A young radical poet had sat up all night, during the recent Revolution, to put new ejaculations to an old national air.

"Oh," exclaimed Nyla, "it must be the Demonstration. Daddy thought he'd escape it by coming early, but they've followed him here. His supporters, and the interviewers from the Labor papers. He was hoping they wouldn't come until he'd got a little bit settled. If these people from the *New Freedom* and the *Folkvoice* find him surrounded by uniformed flunkeys I'm sure it'll be bad for politics."

"Quick!" cried Cointreau, his eyes bright with excitement. "This is important. Hurry upstairs, tell your father to put on his old clothes. Get that housekeeper person, what's her name, Innsbruck, to call the maids together and have them wear their native duds. I'll tell Romsteck to roll out a barrel of beer on the lawn. I'll keep the crowd amused at the front steps until your father's ready. Tell him to bring his pipe. Hurry!"

With a flutter of skirts Nyla fled across the terrace.

Herr Romsteck, already sufficiently agitated by the events of the day, was in the hall, wondering if the parade now advancing down the avenue of limes presaged another *coup d'état.* In the days of the Grand Duke gatherings of the rabble never approached nearer than the tall iron grille on the Pannonia Platz. The music sounded louder and louder, flags fluttered above the throng. He looked anxiously at the cheerful envoy from Geneva, who strolled in from the salon, smiling genially. Romsteck could not account for the presence of this unexplained visitor, but he recognized the manners of one accustomed to command.

"Romsteck," said Cointreau, "this is a jocund moment."

"Jocund, sir?"

"A great proletarian celebration. The innocent high spirits for which Illyria

was famous in the old days. Do you dance?"

"Dance?" ejaculated the major-domo, horrified at such flippancy. "Not in public, sir; far from it, sir."

"But you shall," said Cointreau firmly. "We shall all dance. It is important to impress the populace with our democratic simplicity. Geneva and the Great Powers expect it of us. For the sake of European concord, old son, you must lay aside that priestly dignity. We will have folk dancing by the housemaids on the lawn, and you and Frau Innsbruck shall lead the revels. Get busy. Hop to it, or you lose your job. Have the cellar man broach a cask of beer by the front steps. Tell the footmen to take off their coats and appear in breeches, with colored kerchiefs. Come and tell me when the President's ready, before he shows himself, so I can introduce him properly."

Cointreau's first words, as he stood on the front steps and gestured for silence, were a masterpiece of demagogic skill.

"Citizens," he said, "the President of the Republic—"

Cheers.

"Will greet you himself—"

Loud Cheers.

"As soon as he has finished his onion soup."

Terrific enthusiasm. The crowd enjoyed the allusion, flags waved, the bass drum was pounded, men shouted, women huzzaed, children squeaked.

"It would not be like Herr Guadeloupe to alter the established simplicity of his life because his fellow-citizens have put him here at Farniente to represent the Republic. He asks me to tell you that he wants this little celebration to be in the true Illyrian style. There will be cookies for the young, beer for the thirsty, and our old Illyrian folk dances on the lawn."

In all its long history Farniente had never witnessed a more cordial scene. The Illyrian instinct for popular merry-making, long repressed during days of disastrous war and political uncertainty, now blossomed in bright flower.

Cointreau kept the crowd together by a few cheerful and patriotic remarks until, just at the psychological moment, Herr Guadeloupe appeared, wearing a knickerbocker suit and puffing his pipe. The people shouted applause. Cointreau, taking a mouth organ from his pocket, led the band in another explosion of the national hymn. Guadeloupe, flushed with emotion, made a brief speech which was exactly the right sort of thing. His old knickerbockers and the pipe warm in his hand lent him that ease of mind so necessary to the political orator. By the time he had finished, each of his hearers felt that it was by personal favor of the Deity that he had been born an Illyrian. The cheers were deafening and the barrel of beer was unbunged.

Colonel Cointreau circulated helpfully in the gay rout. The humorous cantata of his mouth organ was heard wherever the mirth was thickest. Evidently his severe life as an international negotiator had not dimmed a simple human relish for comely females; he was seen footing an intricate morris with Lorli, Nyla's pretty tirewoman; he lined up the chambermaids to be photographed in their peasant dress amid much laughter and broad jest, himself slipping modestly away whenever a lens was pointed in his direction. When in the unusual exertion Frau Innsbruck burst some private reef-points and ruptured a garter, the Colonel was first to seize the tensile fragment and hail it as a tender trophy. It was so long since Frau Innsbruck's garter had had any publicity or been the object of competition or saltatorial strain that the housekeeper went moist and ruddy with pleased confusion.

"It's easy to see he's a real aristocrat," she confided to Romsteck as they withdrew from active participation. "He's as lively as the Grand Duke. I wish *he* were President." She had a vague feeling that with so sportive a person around there might, even in a Republic, be some

chance for the winsome intrigue that makes life tolerable to females. Even the scandalized Romsteck, gazing where Geneva's expert was now astride the beer-keg, hastening the flow by mouth-organ madrigals, had to admit that the Colonel had done much to enliven the party.

The President also was not far from the beer, cheerfully engrossed in talk with the reporters, who wore the specially professional look of those who approve what they have seen and are getting ready to write a favorable story for the papers. Nyla, seeing her father's air of satisfaction, was thoroughly happy. The Colonel insisted on dancing repeatedly; in these country measures he was agile rather than practiced, but there was a pleasant quaintness in his figures and he had a piquant habit of uttering enigmatic phrases.

"Never go in for politics without a mouth organ and a pair of rubber heels," was one of these.

"Rubber heels?" she inquired, the next time the pattern of the dance brought them together for a few moments.

"An American invention," he replied. "Very useful for statesmen."

Presently they retired to a corner of the lawn overlooking the water. From a distance they watched the crowd now beginning to disperse, Herr Guadeloupe gaily shaking hands, the enthusiastic citizens breaking out into little ripples of cheering.

"I don't know how to thank you, Colonel."

"*You* don't need to call me Colonel," he replied. "I just suggested that for your father."

"What shall I call you, then?"

"Let's wait and see. Something may suggest itself. You can begin with Gene, if you like. Short for Geneva."

"You've given daddy a wonderful send-off," she said. "I don't know what he'll do when you go back to the League."

"Oh, I shan't go back. They expect me to stay here and keep an eye on things.—On people, too," he added, looking at her with cheerful admiration. "I have quite an eye for the picturesque."

"Are you really an Illyrian?" she asked. "You're so different. Your accent—"

"I've been a great deal abroad."

There was a brief silence.

"You know," he said, "I had intended simply to make a daily inspection, to make sure that everything was O.K. But I can see that the situation is unusual. I believe it would be wiser to take up quarters right here in the palace. Then I should be on hand in case—well, in case I could be useful. Suppose you fell into the moat, for instance. The Department of Public Safety has to guard against all sorts of possibilities."

"But I can swim. Besides, I don't believe it's deep."

"We'll go out one of these days and see. There's an old punt down there that'd do for a canoe."

He vaulted lightly to a seat on the licheny old bastion and played a gay little strain on his mouth organ.

"We might compose a moating song," he reflected. "Something like this."

He improvised a few insinuating bars.

"A new kind of sea chantey, the moating song. Sentimental ditty: *If you and I were moating, Beneath the old château—*." He paused, hunting a rhyme. "Let's see, boating, coating, doting—"

"*And idling there and floating,*" she suggested.

"Good girl! Say, you're a poet. *And idling there and floating In our petit bâteau—*"

"*We'd drift about, not noting—*"

"*The taxes and the voting—*"

"*For pleasures beyond quoting—*"

"*Just you and I would know,*" he finished with delight. "Great stuff! We could write a new anthem for the Republic that'd beat that other one all hollow. Now let's get the music right."

"You said I ought to dress for dinner.

I'd better go and see if I've got anything to wear that you'd approve of. And if you're going to stay, how about your luggage?"

"Bless you," he said calmly, "it's here. I brought it with me. Tell old Rumpsteak to pick me out a nice room without any eastern windows. I hate to be waked up by the sun in my eyes."

The small wheedle of the mouth organ sounded gaily behind her as she walked across the lawn. The Colonel was perfecting his Moating Song.

VI

Nyla, whose acquaintance with men was limited, had never seen so unusual and charming a person. Colonel Cointreau's immaculate evening dress and his gay affable talk eased the embarrassments of the elaborate dinner table; even Herr Guadeloupe forgot to miss the onion soup for one evening. The Colonel complimented Nyla on her frock, patted her arm encouragingly as he escorted her to the dining room, and tutored the President in the choice of forks and spoons with such unobtrusive grace that no one could have been offended. Indeed, in another land one would have said that the Colonel had been raised from boyhood on the *Book of Etiquette* and Twenty Minutes a Day with the Harvard Classics.

After dinner Herr Guadeloupe was allowed to compose himself with his favorite game of patience, and three aces in the first row of cards helped to solace him. The Colonel, sitting with Nyla by candlelight on an old brocade sofa, remarked that the romantic and sentimental associations of Farniente were stimulating to anyone sensitive to such influences.

"History keeps repeating itself," he said, alluding to the gallant career of the Grand Duke. He was about to remark how beautiful the terrace would be in the moonlight when Romsteck brought in a telegram.

"Gott!" cried Guadeloupe as he read the message. "You're right. He's coming at once."

"Who?" exclaimed the others.

"The American. And not just a commissioner, a full-fledged ambassador. That means we'll have to put him up here, as a matter of courtesy, until he finds a house. Lord, I didn't suppose he'd come until we'd got straightened out. How can I explain that the new taxation isn't in effect yet?"

"You'll have to keep his mind off financial matters until things are settled," said the Colonel. "We'll give him a big dinner and a ball. We'll take him moating. We'll sing him our moating song."

"Do you speak American?" asked Nyla. "Daddy and I know very little."

"Enough to get along with."

"Well, you'll have to interpret for me," said the worried President. "Good God, I must speak to the Finance Minister at once," and he fled to Farniente's one telephone.

Even the imperturbable Cointreau seemed a little troubled as he read the telegram that still lay on the card table. It said:

Congratulations your inauguration united states congress voted full recognition illyrian republic hon ulysses quackenbush now in geneva accompanied frau quackenbush will proceed farniente discuss debt settlement quackenbush very influential united states probably eventual ambassador very important show all possible courtesies secretariat league of nations.

"Worse and worse," said the President returning a few minutes later. "He's coming to-morrow."

TO BE CONTINUED

"RINGSIDE SEATS"

A WOMAN AT THE BIG FIGHT

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

AT THE funeral games of Anchises the Trojan Dares was about to claim the heavyweight championship of the world by default when the aged Entellus, throwing into the ring the brains-and-gore-stained boxing-gloves of Eryx, challenged him. Lovers of the Æneid will recall how Entellus fell, to rise again and buffet the Trojan with such murderous rights and lefts that pious Æneas, as referee, stopped the bout. Dares, spitting out teeth and unable to stand, was dragged away by his friends. Both contestants presumably wore regulation bull-hide gloves well knobbed and studded with metal. They must have weighed considerably more than five pounds; and, indeed, the cauliflower ear, I understand, was even more common in classical times than now. There was, moreover, no adrenalin at hand.

An impression is made of many memories. Perhaps it was Dares and Entellus, perhaps the vast half-lit reaches of the Stadium, curbed to the familiar classic shape, perhaps the concentration of a hundred and forty thousand souls on the beautiful bared bodies of athletes—with jumbled memories of the terrible cestus, of the "pancratist's ear," of matrons barred from the Olympic games on pain of death, of the Circus Maximus, of "Reds" and "Greens" and "*habet*" and turned-down imperial thumbs: perhaps it was all these and more that pulled me so authentically back through time. Those white faces, massed tier above tier, beyond all counting, until the topmost parapet of the arena cut them sharply off from the lowering starless sky—surely, they dumbly affirmed, the spirit of this scene was a very ancient one. In spite of electric lights, and American slang, and hot-dogs, and field-glasses, and monotonous dark male clothing, I had but to turn my eyes away from the brilliant ring itself, half close them on that ordered multitude, to imagine that we were all the guests of Julius Cæsar. No, I have never felt, potentially, so much a part of the Imperial world. Except that this was far quieter—so quiet that it just might have been (between bouts) not the gladiators, but a new play of Sophocles that we were waiting for. A jumble, yes; but all a classic jumble.

II

There are a great many people who have a prejudice against prize fighting. I number them largely among my friends and kin. Such folk might overlook a man's going to a fight, because—as women all seem to know, especially the older women—there is, in the normal man, a residuum of brutality that no amount of association with perfect ladies (male or female) can quite reduce out of existence. A woman's going to a fight is another matter. They would quite agree with the old ruling about the Olympic games—no ladies except priestesses of Demeter (of whom, fortunately, there are none left upon earth) should be admitted. Accordingly, I took care not to tell most of my friends beforehand

that I was going to the Dempsey-Tunney fight. Some of them would have felt like accessories before the fact in a criminal case. If I had mentioned Dares and Entellus or the *pancratium*, they would have thought I was pretending. It was better they should be presented with a *fait accompli*. Perhaps I could come home and placate them by announcing that I had been quite sick.

I knew better, of course. Though I had never seen a prize fight, I knew better. If I had seen no fights, myself, I had talked with those who had. I suspected that this would be a great, grave spectacle, intensely interesting to the amateur, and presenting aspects of serious beauty to the tyro. The very tickets were grave—with their size, their stamped enormous price, their pictures of Dempsey and Tunney, their printed grandiloquence about "the heavyweight championship of the world" ("the world" settles it: you can't be bigger than that), the faint blue signatures of Tex Rickard all over them, as though to guarantee that every inch of this pasteboard was sacred. A cloud of governors, a bevy of millionaires, the Pennsylvania Boxing Commission, and the Liberty Bell would all see to it that there was no "rough stuff" or foul play. You do not offer rough stuff or foul play to a two-million dollar gate—to private trains, and proud specials from Pittsburgh, Chicago, South Dakota, and points west, puffing staidly on the West Philadelphia tracks. Through what brutal hells of blood-lust, what sordid treacheries of dope and fouls and "framing," in furtive sporting clubs and obscure bouts in the desert, a pugilist may have to lift himself (and lucky to survive) before he gets out into the Sesquicentennial Stadium and up to the big promoters, I am probably not aware. But one felt sure that the air would blow clean on this fight.

The tensity of a championship bout, as of any occasion that draws to itself, for its own sake, a vast crowd converging from great distances on the one event, begins long before the bout itself begins. Those human beings bring their own excitement with them, from east, west, north, and south; and as they clot together and the streams grow thick in the main avenues of approach, their own excitement is reinforced and multiplied. The nearer the fight, the more you feel it. At North Philadelphia the industry of America seemed to have stopped. The windows and doors of factories were crowded with faces; the station platforms uneasy and staring. I never made out just what it was, though I did hear porters saying "Tunney." Perhaps, we thought, his train had passed through from Stroudsburg. Later, we wondered if the challenger's airplane had flown over; perhaps he was even then being historically sick above the North Philadelphia station. Perhaps it was only a rumor of champion or challenger. Perhaps it was nothing—only a vague expectancy raying out from the ring itself and hypnotizing everyone on the direct route to it. The nearer you are the more you feel it, is true of any spot that is focussing the passion of scores of thousands. Things happen, even to you—even if you are only at North Philadelphia (in a factory window) watching the world channel itself in one direction.

Preconceived ideas are a general infection of middle age. Though by six o'clock the station and City Hall Square were crowded, the crowds—except that they were male, in very large proportion—failed to bear out any of my expectations. There was a total dearth of conspicuous clothing and fancy waistcoats; an almost total dearth of fat black cigars. Instead, there were binoculars, binoculars enough to supply every officer in the A. E. F. The hawkers in front of the station who urged you to buy seven-dollar glasses for fifty cents, as well as those who offered ringside tickets under the shadow of William Penn, may have done some business; but it looked as if everyone had brought his own field glass and his own ticket, and had left his flask, his Havanas, and his emotions at home. It was a perfectly

unremarkable crowd. You were shouldered and shoved by quietly active thousands. You were one of a multitude so drab and dignified that it lost all quality of multitude except sheer physical weight. Almost any crowd shows higher lights than this one. It lacked color, it lacked noise, it lacked even emphasis, and your nerves had to feel for its secret purpose. Except that it was moving relentlessly, unwaveringly southward, no purpose was visible or audible. Its very force was latent, tacit; you realized only that nothing short of an act of God would deflect that stream from its objective. In the Sesquicentennial grounds it flowed thickly on through the appointed gates (there was a spaced series of them) and you walked in the midst, compassed closely round with softly treading shadows that never turned to right or left to stare or shout or dally. The poor little lights of the Exhibition buildings were inadequate to illumine this mass, to pick out individuals here or there. Almost every crowd has "humors," diversities, to catch the eye. This crowd had none. Pouring through the darkness, it had no time for byplay. It was only going to the fight.

To one who from early youth has experienced "sport" chiefly in the form of Big Three football games, those hours from six p.m. to three a.m. were an amazing demonstration. I had come to believe that rowdiness, drunkenness, bad manners, maudlin emotionalism were inseparable from great crowds at a sporting event in the open air. Adverse critics, whether of college football or of professional baseball, usually attribute the vulgarity of the spectacle to the commercializing of the game. I had always helplessly supposed that commercialization was partly responsible, as well as the animalism latent even in respectable people when they have once turned into a mob. Yet there were three times as many human beings in the Stadium that night as I have ever seen at a football game—three times as much excuse for the loosing of herd-excitement. Nor was Mr. Rickard exactly giving tickets away, nor were champion and challenger—to put it delicately—fighting for nothing. Something like one hundred and forty thousand people present; two hundred thousand dollars for Mr. Tunney and something like seven hundred thousand for Mr. Dempsey—you really could not say either that the crowd was safely small or that no money was involved.

The argument that in "ringside" seats we were separated from the proletariat amounts to nothing; for we spent only two hours and a half out of some nine or ten in that privileged position. Taxis seemed to have disappeared from Philadelphia. We went from the station to the Stadium in a bus, and after the fight we milled in the rain with thousands, for an hour and a half, before we could even achieve a bus to return on. The station doors at one a.m. were shut against the crowd and the storm. We dribbled in, a few at a time; after half an hour, inside, of pressing against other gates, the compact mass of which we were a part catapulted us through into the train shed, the police protesting vainly. Sodden, we stood for another half hour before we could get on a train and, sodden, we fell into our seats. Sodden, among the sodden, we hitched along the obstructed tracks for an hour and a half. We were, for many hours, soaking, unsegregated, massed with the lesser and poorer fight fans, those cheap and brutal addicts to the sport over whom other people shake their heads. Just once (in the station) between six o'clock and quarter to four—nearly ten hours—I saw a man take a drink; never did I see anyone who had obviously had a drink; not once did I hear a bet so much as mentioned; not once did I hear an oath or any questionable language. Yet I have never experienced, or watched other people experiencing, a tenser excitement than during the big bout; nor have I ever been in a crowd that was suffering greater physical discomfort

than the crowd was suffering during the hours after it. In the Stadium itself the quality of the excitement might explain it; but what about the let-down afterwards? My husband and I confessed to each other that it would be a long time before we could again endure the vulgarity and rowdiness of a football crowd since now we had clear proof that they were unnecessary.

"The quality of the excitement". . . Even now, a week later—a week during which the memory of the whole occasion has hardly once left me—I am unable quite to define that quality. During the preliminary bouts, only one or two of which were keenly interesting, I turned my eyes frequently from the ring to the vast stretches of the arena, serried and stippled with faces. I have said that it stirred all sorts of incoherent memories and imaginings of classic scenes. As a spectacle, the high-piled, densely peopled Stadium, with its gamuts of light and darkness—shadowy where vagueness was needed, brilliant where strength and skill, terribly compressed into human form, were emphatically contending—was impressive and beautiful beyond foreknowledge. Yet by being other than they were, differently possessed, those thousands could have turned the place into a spiritual shambles, a great mortar in which you were brayed with unspeakable ingredients. Crowds are not beautiful . . . unless they are animated by a literally respectable emotion, unified by an intellectual as well as a physical interest. Hysteria, even in a noble cause, is a horrid thing. Perhaps the elaborate ritual of announcement and preparation helped—dignity, after all, is dignity wherever it be met. Perhaps people were awed by a superlative—the heavyweight championship of the world does imply a superlative. Certainly the absence of sentimental partisanships helped: it was a cooler, more reasoned interest. Professional sport has the advantage over amateur sport that people are more apt to be looking for excellence, unswayed by prejudice. (At least, it should have this advantage—I believe professional baseball does not bear me out, in practice.) There need be no Red Mist of Anger hovering over the benches.

It is hard to determine the nature of other people's excitement except through its physical manifestations. I know only that they were immensely and quietly concentrated: that ushers had no trouble in getting people to keep their seats and take their hats off; that any necessary shift of position was made as quickly and apologetically as possible; that everyone (it seemed) would rather die than shove; that ushers and vendors passed down the aisles crouched double, so as not to interfere; and that, while the big bout was on, the murmur of multitude did not prevent your hearing the occasional low speech of a man some rows away. People who have attended crowded athletic events will know what I mean when I say that no one made noises in his throat—there were not even those familiar guttural beginnings of emotional lapse. As no one, I fancy, has ever seen a hundred and forty thousand Lord Chesterfields assembled together—and certainly not at a prize fight—I could account for the manners, the quietness, the considerateness, the general decorum not by the quality of the people, but only by the quality of the interest that dominated them. Though there were plenty of thugs present, as the crowds afterwards bore witness, they were not illustrating thuggishness just then.

Keen concentration was no doubt part of it: it was all happening in a ring twenty-four feet square, and there was no possible dispersal of "effects"; there were only two men to watch; it was personal combat in its intensest form. For the initiate—presumably the majority—it was an entrancing display of "science" and speed which claimed all their vision, all their mental faculties; they could not afford to be distracted for a second from those lightninglike sequences.

Beauty also was part of it; to the tyro, a very great part. A year or two ago, I saw Dempsey do some exhibition boxing in a Broadway theater, and I remember being amazed then to realize that I had seen no such grace of motion since Nijinsky was dancing here with the Russian ballet. Shadow-boxing and the mere illustration of hooks and jabs and swings are of course not to be compared with the real contest with a real antagonist, when there is force behind the speed, and constant counterplay of gestures. There is no plastic beauty in football, none in baseball. There is beauty in lacrosse and in hurdling and pole-vaulting. But in none of these is there plastic beauty comparable with that of good boxing: two perfect bodies matched against each other, melting from attitude to attitude, grouping to grouping, a hundred poses succeeding one another with incredible speed—and the ultimate purpose of it, triumph and the lifted arm. They dance, they spar, they clinch . . . and every instant reveals to the eye some new aspect of art or strength. I have ever preferred statues to pictures; there is something in the validity of three dimensions that comforts my soul. And infinitely better is the statue released to motion, its poses incalculably varied and multiplied.

Impossible to explain *that* to people preconvinced that boxing is all physical brutality and—therefore—physical ugliness. "But how could you stand it?" wailed one friend of mine; "didn't you have to see *blood?*" I knew then that I could never explain. "Do you know how long a round lasts?" I asked. "No," she shuddered. "Well, it only lasts three minutes, and they wash 'em off in between." To such evasive crudity I was reduced.

III

The Battle of the Century appears to be the mystery of the ages. It is not for me, in my ignorance, to sustain or to challenge anything said by any sporting editor in the land. I do not know what "happened"; or why Gene Tunney was able to beat Jack Dempsey. I keep, unperturbed, my own deep sense of the spectacle; and no hashing over of the fight, in talk or in print, can alter one jot of the impression which was, that night, forced upon me. Of necessity, my own reactions to the bout were only æsthetic and psychological. If it was, for me, a great experience, that was simply because I had never before been a tiny assisting unit in so impressive a spectacle. Someone once told me, concerning the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, that it was like watching a Greek tragedy. His words came back to me in the arena, where I was duplicating his internal comment. So subtly are we wrought upon by the rest of any audience of which we are a part that, unless we are in open and deliberate revolt against our fellow-witnesses, we partake in the common spirit of the occasion. I do not know if anyone else was saying to himself that it was like watching a Greek tragedy; but there was nothing in the surrounding atmosphere to contradict my own mood. In feeling the event to be like that, I seemed to be agreeing with a hundred thousand people around me.

I do not for an instant mean that to those spectators the defeat of Dempsey was a personal distress. The newspapers, I believe, said it was a Tunney crowd. Around us sympathy was evenly divided. If it was like a Greek tragedy, that was precisely because messy partisanships seemed to be absent. As round succeeded round, and Dempsey came no nearer landing a knockout blow, incredulity seemed to be swallowed up in impersonal awe. One could do nothing; one's muscles made no attempt to stir in sympathy with either athlete (which of us has not impotently tried to help a half-back down the field?); one's throat was dumb. The event was beyond all petty worrying, beyond all impulse to change or forestall it. There were no tears in it except the universal "tears of things." Whatever was happening had to happen: you were only

watching. You might as well protest an Æschylean catastrophe. It was like seeing a doom fall from the very hands of the Parcæ. That, in part, is why I confirm again the Greek tragedy comparison.

The protagonist, too, was a symbol, or the event would not have been tragic in the impersonal, classic sense. No matter what they say of Dempsey now, the majority of sporting writers and boxing fans said earlier that he was the greatest heavyweight fighter of our times. I have no means of knowing whether this is a true estimate or not, and for my own purpose it does not matter. True or not, the crowd believed it. The Dempsey legend hung heavy over the whole arena. Whatever they hoped, they believed him invincible. The moments just before the champion entered the ring were almost intolerable in their weight of expectancy. They were the only moments in the Stadium I would not willingly live through again. Tunney climbed through the ropes, debonair in his gaudy bathrobe, and there were cheers a-plenty, but the general tension did not slacken. I heard a young man, some distance away from us, murmur to his companion—low and painfully, as if breath came hard, "You just watch—when Dempsey comes—he'll come into the ring looking just like a gorilla." If you had to wait much longer for Dempsey, blood vessels would crack, everything would go dark. . . . Not quite for eagerness to see the fight; rather, because Dempsey himself was, to most of them, a superlative, something that had nothing to do with human averages. No one had seen him in the ring for three long years: he *was* a legend and had taken on legendary proportions and gifts; the exaggeration of myth was about him. They might call him in words the "Manassa Mauler," but the tone said "Achilles." It is ill waiting for lightning or earthquake, a portent or a revelation. He came, at last,—at the proper moment, no doubt; and if Shakespeare had been writing it, he would have made the rain begin—as it did—when Dempsey entered the ring.

For a person with no technical knowledge to describe a fight, even a single round of a fight, would be more than folly. It would resemble the insolence of the local vet's wife who analyzes Shakespeare's Sonnets for her woman's club. Experts pronounced themselves on both subjects, too copiously, too long ago. What, then, was the spectacle that transcended one's ignorance and fed one's intuitions for forty fleeting minutes? For one had no sense of not knowing what was going on; and if one was bewildered, so were all the gentlemen who had no time to smoke. I have read, I think, square miles of "dope" about the fight, yet I am precisely where I was, that night, in the dripping Stadium.

What one saw, with one's unenlightened eyes, was Tunney, infinitely tall, his half-inch advantage expanded to a cubit; Tunney and his long arms swinging right and left to Dempsey's ducked head; Tunney wide-mouthed and panting, but perpetually dancing round the champion, forcing the pace, and only once (or so it looked) clearly frightened. Tunney's tall ugliness (as Henry James would have put it) and his flailing arms. And Dempsey? Dempsey, whose face, lowered at Tunney's breast, you seldom saw; Dempsey with his bull-necked crouch, weaving, bobbing, closing in—but always the shade too slow, his half-inch longer reach not counting; Dempsey "flat-footed" and dancing not at all, robbed somehow of the speed that makes strength fatal; Dempsey ineffectual, but terrifying, portentous, to the last gong-stroke, so that, for thirty counted minutes, you were expecting him, the next instant, to explode from that crouch, and kill. If ever human figure looked invincible, that figure was Jack Dempsey's; and in the later rounds (prolonging themselves incredibly beyond the fifth, which most people had taken for the ultimate) one felt that invisible burdens must be laid upon him,

great weights that no scales could register, no officials detect.

I have been accused of being a Dempsey fan; though just why it is an accusation, I do not know. Certainly, if I felt any pallid partisan desires, they were all for Dempsey's victory; but I have never had the opportunity to become a fight fan, and my pugilistic sympathies are, veritably, neither keen nor profound. I felt during the fight, no more than, and no differently from, the Tunney supporters at my right hand. The same bewilderment paralyzed us all. Every man and woman there must have been asking the tacit question, "What has slowed Dempsey down?" I believe anyone who had never heard of Dempsey would have asked, that night, the same question. Dempsey, in the ring, spoke for himself, defined himself, illustrated, to any eye that watched him, the quintessential gladiator. *Numen inest.* You might know nothing about it, be less than the least reporter, but you felt, with every internal muscle, a classic strength deprived of speed, a perfect engine somehow ill-fired. "A great ox stood upon my tongue," says the Herald in the "Agamemnon." A great ox seemed to be checking Dempsey with unseen hoofs and breath. For he looked, each moment, as if he would co-ordinate that strength with one tremendous impulse and knock out the challenger. If, after the fifth round, you no longer quite expected it, that was from a dim, *a fortiori* logic—if Tunney had stuck it as long as that, he might go on sticking it; and, clearly, he was hitting home far oftener than Dempsey. Even to the last round, one looked for the natural fulfilment of the strength and science that were Dempsey. But the speed never came back.

If I shut my eyes, regarding the bout once more with the simplifying, foreshortening gaze of memory, I see three things—Tunney, standing clear of Dempsey from the chest up, swinging rights and lefts to Dempsey's head; Dempsey, crouched and ferine, weaving, weaving, searching Tunney's body vainly for the appointed, vulnerable spot; and Dempsey, coming from his corner, those last times, dripping with rain and looking as blind as the Cyclops. I am no expert; but that is what I seemed—eternally, yet so briefly—to see. That is how, to the untrained eye, it looked. And no one believed any of it—any more than I did.

Vachel Lindsay has long since refused to read in public his poem called "Boston." You may remember the constant refrain of the uneven stanzas:

> And John L. Sullivan
> The strong boy of Boston
> Broke-every-single-rib-of-Jake-Kilrain

(Was that the fight that went forty-five rounds? I do not remember.) I used to think that poem was quite as near as I cared to get to a prize fight. Though the rhythm carries you, in spite of yourself, they are reeking lines. And no doubt their suggestion is right. Boxing, very likely, *is* a brutal business. Referees stopped two of the preliminary bouts, on this occasion, because one of the fighters was so clearly outclassed that to continue it would have been like letting John L. Sullivan break every single rib of Jake Kilrain. Perhaps, among other things, it was the more perfect matching of champion and challenger, the greater science displayed, that permitted one to forget Vachel Lindsay and hark back to Atropos. Certainly, as I have reiterated, the setting helped. But I believe that the classic quality, the awe, the tension, the helplessness derived from a deeper, more personal source. If Dempsey's defeat was like, as I have so tediously repeated, a Greek tragedy, it was neither because Dempsey was passionately beloved nor because all fights are like that. None of the preliminary bouts was in the least like a Greek tragedy. That the quality of inescapable doom, the suggestion that the Fates themselves were mixing in this matter, the curious enlarging of the fight from "sport" into a more poetic issue,

the injection of symbolism into the effect produced were directly due to Dempsey, I think none could deny. If, for example, Gene Tunney, later, should fight Jack Sharkey, these graver and nobler elements, I feel sure, would be lacking. I watched Dempsey, round after round, a crouching, ducking, terribly weaving figure, battered about the head, forced to the ropes, recovering, following, pursuing, swollen-faced, bleeding; and in the teeth of defeat I could see why he had been a legend. Someone behind us was whispering at intervals, as if in a private agony of prayer, "Just one blow, Jack—only one blow—it's *all* you need, Jack—*only* one." Some Tunney fans directly in front of us checked up each round with stammering amazement. When the announcement of the decision finally belled over the Stadium, they clasped one another in delight—with just a touch of boyish consternation. No man is invincible, the Manassa Mauler or another, and seven years is, I suppose, a fair length of time to hold the heavyweight title, which is, in these days, a property of youth. Even Dempsey had to be defeated sometime, and all these people had sense enough to know it. Many of them, no doubt, hoped to see him lose his title that very night—by a knockout. All champions go through the Arician cycle:

> The priest who slew the slayer,
> And shall himself be slain.

If this was different, there was a reason; and that reason lay, I believe, in Dempsey himself, as I have said.

For the world likes (though it seldom gets) its types complete. Dempsey was, to the eye of contemplation, the Platonic idea of a heavyweight fighter, the perfection of a type, one thing supremely and nothing else. Apart from being a beautiful boxer, Tunney was, to the common vision, a thug like another. Several times, psychology prevailing, in my interest, over sport, I focussed the present champion's "fighting face" through my good German glass. No man's fighting face is pretty, I need hardly say, and I was not looking for beauty. I was looking for some quality, some emphasis, that always evaded me: it was not there. Tunney was what the French call *quelconque*. "He might be a gasoline salesman," I sighed to my husband as I gave over the search. But not Dempsey, whose ferocious face and beautiful body alike suggested nothing but the great gladiator. He was, you would say, engined, created, fashioned to be that, in its perfection; it was the original purpose of him from the beginning of the world. Not one element of him betrayed it. There was nothing *quelconque*—vague, indeterminate, drably indefinable—about him. The prize fighter may not be one's pet type—it certainly is not mine—but, as I say, the world likes its types, whatever they are, perfect. Dempsey might have been the primal matrix from which all great fighters are struck. He was complete enough to be a symbol; and when a symbol ceases to symbolize, it is like a death. The man who told me that the Carpentier fight was like a Greek tragedy—youth, grace, beauty, gallantry going down before brute strength—added, "And it was *right*. If Carpentier had won, it would have been logically wrong; you would have been happier, but your intellect would have been outraged." This time the case was other. I have noticed that, even now, when everyone knows that Tunney did beat Dempsey, there seem to be comparatively few people who believe that Tunney can beat Dempsey. It was a decision according to fact, but contrary to nature. One must square facts with nature somehow, or the brain reels; and this fact could be thus squared only by the law of the Arician doom. Whether Tunney or someone else, it did not matter; sometime or other, that symbol of strength, because he was only a man, had to be proved mortal and subject to the processes of decay. Therefore, one had the sense that, as I say, the Fates themselves were mixing in the matter. Perhaps the boxing fans are right, and

Tunney cannot beat Dempsey—only did beat him, for the high cosmic reason that legends are weaker than laws, and the Immortals concern themselves periodically with proving it to us.

IV

It may be that I poetize it too much. As we surged slowly, thousands of us, out of the Stadium, we saw a single fan seated among acres of empty benches, watching the last bout going on in the downpour. He was fat and genial, and the rain slid down him on every side in shining arcs. "Want your money's worth, don't you?" someone sang out to him across the wet expanse of bleachers. "Sure," he chuckled; "I've been here all night and haven't seen a knockout yet." He obviously did not consider that he had witnessed a Greek tragedy.

Yet something, for hours to come, laid a finger on foolish lips. Something kept the crowd in general from swearing, during that night of discomfort, when the rain was searching their very bones. Something kept the packed, motionless herd in the station, the weary restless crowd in the train, from any discussion of the fight; kept them from protest or vaunting or comparing of notes or exchange of "dope." I incline to think that it was what kept us, until at five in the morning we achieved dryness, warmth, and comfortable beds, exalted, tense, and silent. I think that they had seen a classic drama, though they knew only that they had seen a fight.



THE WAY TO HEAVEN

A STORY

BY GRACE SARTWELL MASON

MR. BOWMAN, upon emerging from the fog and beholding a distant river with the figure of a man standing upon its dim bank, felt profoundly astonished. He felt also a marked relief.

"Well, I'll be jigged!" he thought. "So I didn't die after all."

It was twilight, drawing in to a bleak night. Mr. Bowman became aware that he was chilly. He suspected that his feet were wet and he looked down at them in some anxiety. He saw that the deep grass of the meadow in which he stood was already bejeweled with silvery beads of moisture from the river fog; his coat was likewise decorated from his journey through the dark wood behind him.

Mr. Bowman had a catlike distaste for wet feet. "Keep your feet dry and your head cool," was one of his favorite maxims. When he made his famous trip round the world he wore a red-flannel stomach band the moment he reached China. He always put on his woolen socks the first day of October, rain or shine. After his wife died his autumns and winters became quite embittered through the wicked inability of his laundress to wash woolen socks as woolen socks should be washed.

"I should have brought a pair of my woolies," thought Mr. Bowman.

Then he caught himself up. "Should have brought"—? It sounded as if he were on a journey, and he knew perfectly well he was not. Why, only an hour or two ago he had been giving his hat to Marie, the cloak-room girl at Louie's. It was his cook's night off, and he had said to himself, after reading the paper and listening to the radio for awhile, "I'll just drop down to Louie's for a dish of his steamed clams."

Clams? With a swift expression of fright Mr. Bowman put his hands to his stomach. He remembered something. A pain, a regular humdinger of a pain. It had come just as he was about to pay the dinner check—fortunately he had not yet put the money on the waiter's little tray. All at once, with his hand reaching for his pocketbook and one of Louie's best cigars in his mouth, it had leaped upon him, that pain.

Standing there in the darkening meadow Mr. Bowman could see again, like a cut-back in a motion picture, Louie's private office, with Louie's face bending over him solicitously. "There, now, Mr. Bowman, you'll be all right in a minute. Drink this, Mr. Bowman. The real stuff. Fix you up as good as ever, in a minute, sir."

But apparently the real stuff had lost its potency, for Mr. Bowman recalled the little red light in the roof of the ambulance and the callous voice of a white-coated young man discussing with the driver that afternoon's regrettable performance of the Giants.

"Cheeky young whipper-snappers," thought Mr. Bowman indignantly, "right over my head. And me lying there half dead."

At this last word Mr. Bowman stiffened and stood stock still. He had been

solicitously regarding his wet boots, and now he began slowly, very slowly, to raise his head. The movement was reluctant, for a suspicion had begun to dawn upon him. Hit in the face by this new thought, he did not wish to look about him. He would have preferred to keep on gazing at his boots, which he was acquainted with. But he was impelled by some force he could not resist to raise his head, to turn his eyes slowly from left to right, to look behind him.

There it loomed, the wood through which he had just now made his way. He called it a wood—but was it? The trees were taller, they reached upward toward a vaster sky than any he had ever seen. There was about them a dark rigidity that made them appear like a great wall carved out of basalt. If he had indeed made his way through that black wall, it seemed doubtful if he could ever find that way back again.

Moving his head rather quickly now, he turned to survey the distant river and the wide twilit expanse leading down to it. The grass was of that peculiar livid green seen sometimes before a storm. The river lay without a ripple, full between its low banks. It, too, was of a curious color, a gray, morose river except for an occasional saffron streak reflected from the evening sky. Its farther bank was lost to Mr. Bowman's eyes in an impenetrable fog.

But it was no aspect of the landscape that caused the deadly sinking at the very pit of Mr. Bowman's being, and the fluidity of his knees. It was something about the man who stood on the river's brink. He paid no attention to Mr. Bowman. He turned a shoulder toward him and seemed, as he leaned on a sort of staff or pole, to be bored. And yet part of Mr. Bowman's painful suspicion was a conviction that this gentleman waited for him.

Now Mr. Bowman had never lacked courage nor a reasonable belief in his own importance. And at this juncture he called upon these useful qualities. "Let him wait," he muttered, not too loud, but loud enough. And he threw out his chest a bit.

But even as he did so one foot moved in front of the other in the direction of the man on the river bank. It was perhaps this involuntary movement more than anything else that pressed home to him his disconcerting suspicion. And as he moved along, dragged unwillingly down through the darkening meadow by his own feet, Mr. Bowman somehow knew that the game was up. Those clams of Louie's had done for him. He had indeed—in spite of all he fervently wished to believe to the contrary—died of them.

After the first shock of this discovery Mr. Bowman did not feel so badly about it as a few hours earlier he might have expected to feel. He looked a trifle rueful, and possibly his knees were not quite steady, but he merely said to himself, "And so this is—"

What? He looked again about the wide sloping meadow and drew upon a scant vocabulary derived from a forgotten course in mythology, "The Elysian Fields, mebbe!"

And that river? The Styx, of course. He sighed, made a valiant movement of his shoulders and resumed his course toward the river. "Well, anyhow, I know where I am."

He had plenty of time for reflection, for the meadow was wide and he walked very, very slowly. There was one consolation—he really had lived a pretty decent life, had harmed no one, had been a good father to his two children, a kind and faithful husband. At this point he brightened somewhat, for he remembered that Susan would be waiting for him. That was one of the things Susan had promised. Not only during her last illness, but frequently during their fifteen years together she had said, "If I go first, Henry, I will wait for you."

He reflected that Susan had always been a great one for keeping her word. Besides, she would feel sure that he would need her to guide him, to show him the ropes of that new place. That would be a job Susan would delight in.

He moved a trifle more briskly now, his eyes fixed on the figure of the tall man who awaited him. "I don't quite get that fellow," Mr. Bowman thought uneasily. "I shan't know what to call him. There's no one to introduce us."

The light had been rapidly waning, and now as Mr. Bowman watched him, the waiting stranger stretched himself, looked at his watch, and lighted a street lamp close at hand on the river's bank. Then, leaning against the lamp-post, he took from his pocket a folded paper and began to read.

It was immensely reassuring to Mr. Bowman as he drew nearer to see over the stranger's shoulder the familiar headlines of his favorite evening newspaper. It gave him so much courage that he said good-evening in quite a firm tone. The tall man turned, surveyed him with no enthusiasm. "You're twelve minutes late," he said.

"Sorry," murmured Mr. Bowman.

The man nodded toward the river. "You can go sit in the boat if you want to."

Mr. Bowman, looking down, saw that a craft resembling a Thames punt was moored just at their feet. "Thanks, I'll wait," he said politely.

"Suit yourself," returned the other man. "The other one's due in a minute or two." Then he returned to the reading of his newspaper.

Mr. Bowman fidgeted on the bank of the river, disregarded, for ten minutes. They were the worst ten minutes he had yet encountered, for a depression, damp and clinging, with none of the stimulating qualities of fright, settled upon him. His feet were wet. He was going to a new place which quite possibly he would not like, even with Susan to manage everything for him, and he felt much less than life-size. But it was not so much these things that saddened him as a new conviction that he had been cheated out of something.

He had always put behind him the dim suspicion that in his existence he had not found quite what he wanted, not quite what he had expected. But now all at once this suspicion became a certainty, and it was unbearable. For now it was too late to do anything about it. It was this too-lateness that now depressed Mr. Bowman so dreadfully.

He glanced quickly at the man under the lamp-post. If he put it up to this fellow right, perhaps he would let him go back to try it all over again. . . . But even as the thought came to him it perished. There was no encouragement in the fellow's face. It had that peculiar disdain and defensiveness common to the faces of hotel clerks, assistant cashiers of banks, and theater-ticket sellers, common in fact to the faces of all folk who think highly of themselves, are underpaid, and have to listen to questions twelve hours a day.

As Mr. Bowman turned away in despair from this discouraging face, his eyes caught a movement among the shadows of the meadow. Someone was faltering, as he had done, down toward the river. In spite of the semi-darkness he soon saw that it was a woman. Glad of any diversion he watched her. Although her figure melted into the darkness of the wood behind her, he felt sure that she was tall and slender, and almost immediately he knew that she was afraid.

One of the nicest things about Mr. Bowman was his capacity for instant sympathy. Let him stop for five gallons of gasoline and a quart of oil at a strange filling station, and in two minutes the man at the pump would be telling him the story of his life. It was a trait that had often annoyed Susan. "How can you waste your time listening to them?" she would exclaim.

But Mr. Bowman could not help it. He liked people. Especially when they were in trouble. And so now, having come through it so recently himself, he became acutely aware of this woman's state of mind. It was just not possible for him to stand there watching that woman being forced to advance alone through the dark meadow toward some-

thing she was so shrinkingly afraid of. Impulsively he took a few steps toward her.

"It's all right," he called. "This way. Don't be afraid."

At once, with a movement of relief she changed her course and came down to him. When she had come close to him he saw that he had been right in calling to her; she was panting with fear. He touched her arm reassuringly. "There! It's all right—at least, I think it's all right. I only just arrived, myself. But really, I don't think there's anything to be afraid of."

"Oh!" She drew a long quivering breath. "I'm so glad to hear a human voice. Thank you for coming to meet me. That gentleman down there . . . I've been wondering . . ." She drew closer to Mr. Bowman until they were rather like two persons in a corner at a tea party discussing another guest. "Do you think that he is—er—" She lost her courage and whispered.

Mr. Bowman looked a trifle shocked. "Oh, I don't think he's either. I think he's just the man that runs the boat."

"You mean to say you've been here some time and you haven't found out who he is?"

"It didn't seem important," confessed Mr. Bowman. "But, anyhow, I think he was waiting for you."

"For me?" She looked much interested, and thus lost her last trace of fear. She even touched her hair with her fingertips to make sure that it was in order. "Then, if that is true, I shall introduce myself. Come."

Greatly admiring her savoir-faire, Mr. Bowman followed her toward the man who continued to read his paper under the lamp-post. When the lady said good-evening, he folded the paper, put it in his pocket, and returned her greeting rather more politely than he had spoken to Mr. Bowman.

"I am Mrs. Robert Kilmerding," she smiled, with her head a little on one side. Mr. Bowman became convinced that she was charming.

"Of East 68th Street, New York City," asserted the man of the lamp-post.

"Yes! How ever did you know?"

Without further words the stranger took the paper again from his pocket and offered it to Mrs. Kilmerding, folded at a certain column headed by one brief and solemn word. Mrs. Kilmerding recoiled from it. "Oh, never mind," she sighed. "I understand. Well! Here I am, anyway. And may I ask your name?"

"Charon."

"Ah, yes. I might have known. Mr. Charon, this is Mr. . . ."

"Bowman. Henry Bowman."

Mr. Charon acknowledged this introduction with the briefest of nods. "Let's get off," he said. "You were both late. Sit there, Mrs. Kilmerding"—he handed her to a seat in the bow, indicating to Mr. Bowman the middle seat facing her. He himself stood in the stern with a long punt pole. The fog began to slip past them. They moved forward slowly. They were launched upon their passage of the Styx.

Mr. Bowman could not refrain from wishing that they could have made this journey in the daytime. Sunlight would have made it easier to talk cheerfully, and it would have been interesting to look ahead and watch the approach of the Celestial City—if indeed that was what they were bound for. But in this dense fog nothing of the scenery could be made out except the sullen water slipping past. A smoky torch illumined but fitfully the face of his fellow-passenger; and their guide, Mr. Charon, was only a bored, enigmatic shape poling them casually toward Mr. Bowman knew not what.

It was evident that these depressing thoughts of Mr. Bowman were shared by Mrs. Kilmerding, for he saw her gaze appealingly up at the unencouraging figure of the man Charon. This movement reminded Mr. Bowman of a small girl looking up at some unsympathetic person who is leading her to the dentist, and it touched his heart deeply. When Mrs. Kilmerding again turned toward

him he smiled at her as reassuringly as possible. She leaned forward.

"Do you mind," she whispered, "sitting over here with me?"

He did not mind; in fact he felt distinctly comforted himself by her nearness. They were able to converse in low tones. The shadow of Mr. Charon's slowly sweeping arm passed over their heads and fell across the gunwale. They felt assured of his complete indifference to their conversation.

"I'm awfully glad I hadn't to make this trip alone," said Mrs. Kilmerding, striving for a light tone.

"Ah, and so am I!"

"Not that I'm afraid, exactly, of what is ahead of me," she added. "I'm not an awfully *good* person, but on the other hand I've never done anything really wicked. Perhaps, to be strictly truthful I ought to say I never had much opportunity!"

She gave a small involuntary sigh, and suddenly Mr. Bowman felt at ease with her. He looked around at her eagerly. She had put her elbow on her knee and cupped her chin in a meditative hand.

"D'you know," he said, "just before you came along I was thinking much the same thing. I was sort of looking back over my life, and I said to myself I hadn't much to be afraid of. I'd never done anything really mean or bad, but how did I know that wasn't because there was never any particular reason for me to be anything but decent? I mean, life was always fairly good to me. My folks were not rich but they could send me to college easily. I married a fine girl I'd always known. My business prospered—I'm in the coffee-importing line—I mean, I *was*—"

He stopped abruptly, but recovered himself, laughed, and went on trying to tell her about that odd sense of having been cheated out of something by this premature journey. "It seemed to me that for most of my life I'd been looking forward to—something. I was just a young fellow when I married, and our two children came along early, and there was a good bit of buckling down to do. In those days I'd say, 'When the children are in college,' or 'When I've made my pile'—you know! I don't know exactly what I expected to happen, only I certainly did expect *something*. I guess I sound queer?"

"No, no," she breathed. "I understand exactly what you mean. I think life was rather like walking through a thick wood. You knew that all around you there were lovely trees and interesting vistas, but they were crowded about you, and you were so busy cutting a way through underbrush that there was no time to admire the trees or to look down the vistas. I imagine moles are like that when they come up for a moment and slip through the garden beds. They're blind from digging; they can't see that the larkspur and gentians are blue above them."

"Exactly! That's the way it was. There I was digging away—why, if anyone had told me that to-day I'd be *here* . . ."

"But there wasn't anyone to tell us. That was the sort of way I lived too. There wasn't a day that I didn't have the thought that sometime, just around the next corner, I should begin to live. Oh, why didn't I know? Why didn't I stop, one of those days, and refuse to go on with my stuffy blindness? Why didn't I cry out loud that pretty soon it would be too late, and so right then and there I was going to be happy, I was going to love and dance and see how beautiful the world was?"

She hit her knee sharply with her two clenched hands, and Mr. Bowman felt his eyes stinging. She voiced so perfectly his own regret!

"Well, now, perhaps—" he tried to comfort her—"perhaps you'll have another chance."

"Maybe, but it won't be the same. I can't get over how full the world is—*was*—of lovely things I never did."

"Me, too," said Mr. Bowman. "I remember I always wanted to learn to dance the tango. But before I got around

to it the tango went out of style. And anyhow, Susan didn't care for dancing . . ."

He stopped short in some confusion, for it had occurred to him that he had completely forgotten one source of comfort in this situation—Susan. Susan would be there waiting for him. He turned to look behind him, into the fog, as if he might already catch a glimpse of his wife waiting, a trifle impatiently perhaps, for her tardy husband. Susan had tried for fifteen years to break him of the habit of being twelve minutes late for an appointment.

Seeing the movement, Mrs. Kilmerding too looked over her shoulder. "I don't see anything, yet," she murmured. "Have you any idea where this man is taking us?"

Mr. Bowman felt suddenly lighthearted. "I know where he's taking you—to Paradise. I'm not so certain about myself, but perhaps I might sneak in under a corner of your cloak."

He could see her smile through the darkness. The far-away torch in the stern showed him that her smile was wide and full of a sudden frank gaiety. "If they try to separate us I shall just take you by the hand," she declared. "Didn't you come half way up that dreadful meadow to meet me? I'll tell them about that."

"You can tell them we're neighbors, too. I lived for twenty years on East Seventieth Street."

"No, not really? And I lived on Sixty-eighth! How amusing. We must have passed each other dozens of times."

Suddenly in Henry Bowman memory stirred and quickened. He turned toward her eagerly. "Look here, did you have a dog, an Irish setter, with one white foot?"

"Yes. Why, yes! That was old Silver."

"And did you wear a sort of blue tam-o'-shanter?"

Her laughter rippled delightedly. "A horizon-blue poilu cap! My husband didn't like me to wear it. He said it wasn't suitable. So I wore it only when I took Silver out. Imagine your remembering! Where did you see me?"

"You were coming through Seventieth, going toward the Park, leading the dog. The wind was blowing. Your eyes . . ."

He did not go on.

"That must have been the Autumn of 1918," she mused. "For that was when my brother in France sent me the poilu cap."

"Yes," he asserted. But his tone was absentminded, for an odd thing had happened to him: he had seen himself in the midst of a certain moment of his life as clearly as he had ever seen another human being.

He saw himself on the stairway of his comfortable house in East Seventieth Street, coming down to breakfast. At a turn in the stair he could look through the door at the end of the hall and see the breakfast table, the coffee-urn, and Susan sitting behind it, waiting for him as usual. He was twelve minutes late. Susan, who never wasted time, was making out lists and schedules—a schedule of the day for the cook, one for herself, one for the butler, and a list for her husband. "Order cannel coal. Make appointment with dentist. Meet Cousin Martha Grand Central Station 5:15 train from Albany. Buy new evening ties."

Some such list as this she handed him of a morning. Systematic Susan! All her days ordered and planned, tied up neatly with little schedules and lists. All his days ordered and planned, tied up neatly and handed him by Susan!

That morning as he dressed he had glanced out of the window, then he had gone to it, opened it and sniffed the wind. A shining autumn morning. And out of it something had flown into his blood, an uneasiness, a sense of missing something. Coming down the stairway, just as he made the turn and caught sight of Susan, her head bent over her schedules, this teasing sensation mounted to his head with a rush. Most queerly and

unexpectedly he clenched his hands, he ground his teeth. He could have thrown up his arms and cried aloud with despair, with a deadly boredom. Instead, he stepped quietly down the remaining stairs and slid out of the front door.

And there he stood, an inconspicuous, prosperous man of forty, at the top of his own scrubbed brownstone steps, in front of his own polished brass knocker. He surveyed a world that was suddenly quite new to him. The sky, when he tipped back his head to gaze at it, was immense and merry, bluer than any sky he had seen since he was a boy. The narrow, oblique view of the Park across the Avenue was singing, shining with autumn leaves that flew about like bright birds. And the street itself, his well-known street, was shining with light. It was empty except for one other person.

She was advancing toward him, on his side of the street. She had a chestnut-brown dog on a leash, and both of them were running, skipping. The sun shone on the dog's satiny coat and on the gay face of the woman. She was youngish, slender, in a dress the color of an autumn leaf, and the gallant blue cap sat on the side of her head carelessly. The wind blew her skirts ahead of her until she looked like a slim yacht.

Just as she reached the foot of his brownstone steps the dog pranced round her, winding her up in the leash, and she laughed aloud. Her eyes shone with a light that seemed to come from within her, from some deep well of youthful, imperishable gaiety.

And Mr. Bowman knew, for an instant, before he became confused again, what it was he had missed. The knowledge filled him with dismay. He backed away from it toward the safety of his own front door. But it had locked itself behind him, and he was obliged to rattle the knob.

"What in the world are you doing out there?" cried Susan, with the slight edge of disdain she felt for all unpremeditated action. He could not tell her, for indeed he scarcely knew.

But now, sitting here in a shadowy punt, on a shadowy river, he recognized a significance in that long-past moment. It left him breathless, marvelling.

"You . . . do you remember," he stammered, "ever having seen me before?"

"No," she returned regretfully. "Did you see me more than once?"

"Only once. But is seemed to me . . . you're sure you didn't see me that day standing at the top of my steps?"

She shook her head. "You see, those mornings when I took Silver out were rather special occasions. I was not supposed to take the dog out, myself. The second man had his orders to do that. But I loved doing it—it was a sort of—escape. I used to slip out early, while Robert was doing his exercises and reading his chapter, and get back in time to pour his coffee. He wouldn't have approved of me if he had seen me running races with the dog or scuffling through the fallen leaves. But I had to have those few moments; I had to!"

There was a certain urgency in her voice, as if she lived over again an old conflict. "I wouldn't have you think I wasn't happy, in a way, with Robert," she went on. "It was only that, somehow, so much of the time I felt as if I were—smothered. The house and the servants—Robert had them all trained long before I married him—sometimes seemed to be all on top of me, pressing me into a tight corner. A dull corner. I think perhaps that was it—the dullness. Nothing unexpected could possibly happen. Everything was too carefully planned. Robert—"

"Did he make lists?" The question burst out of him.

She stared at him and then suddenly laughed. "Lists! How did you know? They were everywhere! Pinned to a board in the butler's pantry. On my dressing-table. Lists to remind me what to do during the day, whom to invite, what to buy, what to read. Lists! It

seemed to me I should die of them. I'm not certain I finally didn't."

He said nothing. He understood too perfectly. And she aroused herself with a sigh.

"What I mean is that my spirit, my very *own* self, just quietly curled up and finally went into a sort of coma. It was only when I slipped out in the early mornings that it came awake. It's absurd and exaggerated, I know; but I used to have the sensation, when I closed the door behind me, of something bursting out of a dark cage. Those mornings the outdoors seemed twice as big and twice as bright as at other times during the day. I can't describe it. I used to feel as if I must leap and hurry, I must laugh aloud, for the time was so short . . . so short. . . ."

He sat speechless, marvelling at the way she put into words those moments of his life when he had had that same sense of wasting precious time. Marrying, fathering children, attending to Susan's lists, making money—surely, surely there was something else, something of which he had caught a faint aroma, like a flowering bush passed by in the dark.

Suddenly he found himself thinking a word. Love. So that was the answer. Love.

"I have never been in love," said Mr. Bowman, slowly, heavily.

He felt his companion move sharply, he knew that she had put her two hands over her face. "Don't, don't!" she whispered. "Nor I!"

It seemed to Mr. Bowman ironical that they had had to die, to come to this cold gray spot to speak of so glowing a thing. But he did not linger over the thought, for here was a woman in need of comforting. He touched her shoulder. "Somehow I can't help but think you're going to have another chance," he repeated.

She dried her eyes. "You *are* sweet," she smiled. "Do you think we might ask this Charon person about our chances in—in that place we're going to?"

"No harm to try."

They turned with one accord and looked at their ferryman. They were surprised to find that he was standing quite still. His arms were not moving, the long pole trailed idly in the water. Had he been listening?

"Look here, brother," called Mr. Bowman, "where are we expected to land?"

"What sort of a place is it and what do you call it?" asked Mrs. Kilmerding.

Charon started. "Huh? Oh! It's called different names," he said gruffly. "I believe you call it Heaven."

Mrs. Kilmerding sighed, perhaps with relief. "What is it like—Heaven?"

It seemed to them that Charon smiled. "It's like what you make it." Then they knew from the obstinate look of his left shoulder that he intended to say no more.

So they fell to discussing their own ideas of that place beyond the bank of fog. They compared notes on what they had been taught about it. And they discovered that they had a vague, mutual picture of much gold and pearl, of the music of harps, and a general decorous idleness.

"I wish I dared to ask him," whispered Mrs. Kilmerding, "how the people who are to meet one know when one is to arrive."

"Do you expect some one to meet you too?"

She looked at him in surprise. "Why, yes. Didn't I tell you? Robert."

"Oh. You didn't say that he—that he had—"

"Yes. About three years ago."

They fell thoughtfully silent. Finally Mr. Bowman sighed. "That will be nice for you."

"Yes. Yes, indeed." She absently trailed her hand in the gray water. "Robert was like that—he thought of everything. He was not ill very long, but he knew from the first that he was going to—to come to this place, and he assured me over and over again that I needn't be afraid when I came to make

the journey, myself. He would be there, he said, to tell me exactly what to do. He liked to think me helpless in new places. He never allowed me to travel anywhere alone. Sometimes, I used to wish—"

She did not finish the sentence, but Mr. Bowman understood quite well what she used to wish, for he had wished it sometimes, himself. Just for a day, for twenty-four hours, to be lost, to be accountable to no one, to be as invisible as air, and as free. Once he had, on an impulse, as he was passing the Grand Central Station on his way home gone in and taken a local train to a place he had never heard of before. He had got off and wandered up a lane between two cornfields. At a break in the fence he had gone in and sat down among the drowsy grasshoppers and the inconsequent crickets. And he had hugged to himself with foolish glee the thought that no one in the whole world knew where he was. He played with the thought that he might stay there until the moon came up and then walk on through the night until he came to a lamp-lit inn where in front of an open fire he would partake carelessly of something forbidden, like a Welsh rarebit.

He now told Mrs. Kilmerding about this brief fantasy of his. She laughed delightedly. "And did you?" she cried.

He shook his head. "No. When I came out of that cornfield I looked at my watch, like a fool. It was just twelve minutes after our dinner hour, and I knew that Susan would at that moment have begun to walk from the window to the telephone. In five minutes more she would begin to be nervous. So I just legged it for the railway station and caught the next train home."

"You would," sighed Mrs. Kilmerding. "You are incurably kind."

He disowned this compliment, and they fell to arguing about when a kind heart ceased to be kind and became merely a feeble spirit. In the stimulation of this conversation they did not observe at first that the fog about them was losing its grayness; it was becoming suffused with a soft radiance that seemed to come from the sky behind them.

Mrs. Kilmerding was the first to notice this phenomenon and she caught her breath quickly as she looked over her shoulder. "Look!" she whispered. "Can you make out something—something like towers or minarets?"

Mr. Bowman turned to stare. It seemed to him that quite near at hand but still veiled by the fog, which was now more of a silvery mist, there was indeed something looming up, something like the skyline of a city seen just before dawn.

"You're right," he said quietly. "I think we'll be there soon, now."

Their eyes met. There was a certain amount of awe in them, but there was also something else, a long, long question.

Words that he wanted to say, which he felt it of the utmost importance to say, crowded Henry Bowman's mind. A sort of despairing urgency caused a panic-stricken flurry within him. But not a word could he put his tongue to. He could only sit there, looking sidewise down at the hands of his fellow-passenger.

They were clasped tightly, and as he stared at them they wrung themselves together. That was enough to make him forget himself at once. He leaned over and put his own hand over hers; they were small and cold and wet.

"There's nothing to be afraid of," he said soberly. "I shall stay with you until you—find Robert."

She looked around at him, and he was startled to see that the tears stood in her eyes. "I know," she whispered. "It is afterward I am thinking of."

Henry Bowman had scarcely taken this in, he had scarcely recognized the leap of his own heart at these words when the craft jarred softly under them, and Charon ceased his sculling. "I think we've beached," whispered Mrs. Kilmerding.

Somewhat slowly Mr. Bowman turned his head. He could see that the boat's bow had been run in among green rushes

that were dotted by the tall stalks of stately unknown flowers.

Charon leaned at ease on his long scull. "Watch your step getting out," he said. Taking this hint they stood up, and Mr. Bowman assisted Mrs. Kilmerding to land. He jumped down after her. The ground was firm under his feet. They stood there rather awkwardly, waiting for their guide himself to land. When he had done so Mrs. Kilmerding offered him a polite hand.

"Thank you for a pleasant ride," she said faintly.

Mr. Bowman likewise made a mannerly adieu. "Which way do we go from here?" he inquired when this little ceremony was finished.

He felt justified in asking this question, for as Mrs. Kilmerding shook hands with their guide he had noticed that even the dim outline of the city they had seen from the water was nowhere visible in the rosy mist. Neither was there any path at their feet. There was the silvery beach, a flowery meadow rising beyond it, but between them and their goal was a bright mistiness.

The man Charon merely waved his hand in the general direction of the upper meadow, and they moved off. They exchanged no words for some moments until Mrs. Kilmerding with an effect of cheerfulness said, "I suppose we can't go wrong. There's no path. But at any moment someone may see us and send on word we've arrived, don't you think? I can imagine Robert sitting up all night, waiting. He's like that. And you say that your wife—"

"Oh, yes. Yes, indeed. Susan was always keen about meeting trains and things. I wonder if they rope off the people who've come to meet one, the way they do in the Grand Central Station?"

They both smiled at this feeble sally, but in a moment they fell into another thoughtful silence. The light was growing clearer and brighter. In front of them the meadow rose to a low ridge, from beyond which a faint radiance was spreading, a radiance less obvious than sunrise and more promising. They pressed upward toward the top. For his part, Mr. Bowman was convinced that when they had topped that ridge they would see a shining concourse of persons advancing out of tall gates to meet them. Leading the procession would be Susan. Dear Susan, he reminded himself, so prompt, so efficient, so splendid in every way.

And Robert, Mrs. Kilmerding's husband? He felt a sudden skepticism concerning Robert's presence in that shining throng. He had taken a dislike to Robert the moment Mrs. Kilmerding mentioned him. "Domineering fish!" was the way he felt about it.

He stole a glance at his companion. As if she too expected something from the view at the top, she had assumed a bright expectancy. But her profile as she lifted it was almost stern in its firmness. Mr. Bowman's throat felt tight. Suddenly he knew that it had grown inexpressibly dear to him, that profile. His step lagged. Humbly he caught at the scarf-end that floated from her shoulder.

"Look," he muttered, "no matter what's on the other side, you won't leave me, will you?"

She was a step or two above him, so that she had to look back and down at him. This brought her gravely smiling eyes on a level with his. She regarded him for an instant intently.

"They're waiting for us, so we have to go on, you know," she said gently.

"I suppose so. But—"

She shook her head at him in reproof, but her lips were tender, and suddenly she caught his hand and tucked it under her arm. "Come on, my dear," she whispered.

Thus they came, walking more and more slowly, to the top of the ridge. Just before they reached the top their eyes met, as if in farewell. Then they turned to look down.

To their speechless astonishment there was nothing below them. That is, there

was nothing save a peaceful landscape with an apple orchard and the charming chimneys and rooftree of a small house tucked away in it. There were no stately gates, no shining throng, and most remarkably, no Susan, no Robert.

But there was something alive in the middle distance of that landscape. At first it was a mere brown flash among the trunks of the apple trees, but in another instant it was the satiny beechnut coat of a dog. It came leaping upward toward them, laughter written in its eyes.

Mr. Bowman felt that he really could not bear the moment that followed. It made him want to weep the way Mrs. Kilmerding caught the dog in her arms, the way her voice broke as she called out his name. "Silver! Darling, darling Silver!"

After a moment he lifted her to her feet again. They looked at each other with a trace of embarrassment. "We must have taken a wrong turning."

It was the only possible explanation, but they felt confused, as if someone had played a joke on them. "Let's go back to the river and ask that man Charon what he means by misdirecting us," cried Mrs. Kilmerding.

The three of them went down through the meadow toward the mists of the river. When they came upon the ferryman he was having a quiet smoke in the bow of the boat. He did not look in the least surprised at their reappearance. He took his pipe out of his mouth. "So you're back," he said.

"There was not a single soul to meet us," reproached Mrs. Kilmerding, "unless you count old Silver."

Charon vouchsafed them an ironic smile. "I could have told you that if you had asked me. Why should there be?"

"But—but my husband, and Mr. Bowman's wife?"

Mr. Charon's eyebrows conveyed a vast indulgence.

"Look here, my man," cried Henry Bowman irritably, "it's all very well to be superior. You're an old resident and we're strangers. And what we want to know is just this: where—is—Heaven?"

The man Charon merely looked from Henry Bowman to Mrs. Kilmerding. But his glance seemed to lead Mr. Bowman, unresisting, along a straight, clear path. It was not a long path, for it ended at the feet of Mrs. Kilmerding. And in her face was everything Mr. Bowman had missed—tenderness and gaiety and the spice of wonder. There were the unknown paths he had longed to follow, the dances he had been afraid to dance, the youth he had given up too soon. There were the dreams he had not confessed, the tiny words too foolish to use, the impulses of his spirit too straitly forbidden.

Smiling, Mrs. Kilmerding slipped her arm through Mr. Bowman's, and in the greatest contentment they made their way once more up through the flowery meadow. And the dog, lolling out a happy tongue, ran in front of them, as if he too knew the way to Heaven.

PORTRAIT OF AN OLYMPIAN

BY ROLLO WALTER BROWN

IT IS difficult to think of Charles William Eliot as a human being. He was some sort of remote superman, was he not, who lived and acted quite beyond the scale of ordinary mortals? His years stretched well through three-quarters of the nineteenth century and quite through the first quarter of the twentieth. Only six of the twenty-nine Presidents of the United States had completed their terms of office before his birth; he had lived three years before Victoria became Queen of England; and he was almost ready to enter college when gold was discovered in California.

He lived when matches and sewing-machines and reapers were being invented and perfected, and when manufacturers were trying to put rubber shoes on the market and keep them there; when there were no railroads to speak of, no telegraph, no practical use for electricity, no scientific laboratories in the colleges, no surgery worthy the great name; and when a confessed belief in man's ultimate ability to talk over a wire or to fly in the air was often enough sneered at as proof of insanity. But he lived also when aircraft were circling the North Pole; when men were talking not merely over a wire but through the ether; when surgeons were performing the most delicate operations on limbs and brain; and when scientists were looking through solid substances with a new light in a way that in his early life would have been regarded as a defiance of the Creator. To the young who look upon the Victorian Era as just within the horizon of history, and who cannot remember the sky when there were no airplanes in it, the mere span of his life seems little short of eternity.

In like manner there is a seeming limitlessness to what he accomplished. He helped to develop the entire current system of elementary and higher education in America; he was prominent in establishing the beginnings of what today is regarded as modern medicine and modern science; he was the chief instrument in changing his own institution from a provincial college to one of the important universities of the world; he participated in every struggle in behalf of greater respect for human beings from the days of negro slavery to the fight for a World Court in 1925. Between eighty and ninety, when most men are in their graves and forgotten, he was in the thick of the struggle for all sorts of great causes in American life. In that last decade alone he published one hundred and ninety-two articles on important questions—and writing for the press was only one of his many means of making himself felt!

Little wonder that this record should amaze his contemporaries and disciples! But is there not something interesting in the human being from whom so much has emanated? Just what manner of man was it who experienced so much and contributed so much? If the record itself is astounding, might there not be something deserving of brief consideration in the personal method and the personal life of the man by whom the record was made?

II

It is not possible to approach an understanding of President Eliot without bearing in mind that, despite his persistent activity, he was much alone among men. It is true that his loneliness changed in quality as he passed through the succeeding phases of his life; but he never escaped it. Despite his intimate and loyal friendships, he somehow was a man apart.

In his earlier years—in truth, until he was well past what many men regard as middle life—his loneliness was that of the fighter who has the odds against him. In his later life, when the long stretch of years had healed the wounds of battle, he often spoke with mock-seriousness about those combative days: "No, I was never lonely; I always had a fight on my hands!" But when he was serious, his reference to them was different. "Can you fight?" he asked a young professor who had gone to him with a disconcerting problem.

"Why, yes," the man replied; "that is, I think I can."

"Can you fight when you are in the minority?"

"I have done so occasionally."

"Can you fight when everybody is against you—when not one man is ready to lend you support?"

"I am ready to try it if necessary."

"Then you need have no fear. But if you have convictions it will sometimes be necessary to do no less."

His willingness, even readiness, to engage in combat was stimulated by at least two sets of circumstances. In the first place, there was something in his appearance in youth and middle life—and to a lesser degree in old age—that induced antagonism in certain people. He was near-sighted—"no oculist has ever been able to procure for me full vision"—and moved about with head aloft in seeming disregard of other people; and the prominent birthmark on the right side of his face distorted his upper lip into a suggestion of superciliousness. For some reason, boys on the Boston Common enjoyed "belting" this aristocratic, arrogant-looking contemporary, and—perhaps for the same reason—he enjoyed giving them in return everything the occasion required. In college he was known for his persistence and his toughness of fiber. As a young tutor at Harvard he was known for the same qualities. One year, among the undergraduates there were not enough oarsmen to make up a crew for the City of Boston Regatta on the Charles. So they called upon Eliot—there seems to have been no occasion up to that time to invent eligibility rules—and he responded. He was tall and slender then—according to the records of the regatta he "weighed in" at one hundred and thirty-eight pounds—but he did his full share in winning the six-mile race—"six miles with three turns"!

Concerning his power as a teacher there were different opinions. But by the time he was thirty-five—he was then professor of chemistry at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology—it was proposed to make him president of Harvard. Much opposition developed. Some of his opponents said that if he were made president they would henceforth have nothing to do with the institution. He would wreck it with his over-aggressive, cold-blooded methods! There was doubt as to whether his nomination would ever be confirmed. At the very same time his wife lay dying. Heartbroken and alone he walked the streets, caring little whether he was made president or not. But his appointment was confirmed.

When he assumed the presidency he seems to have made every effort to reveal the catholicity of his views. His inaugural address—October, 1869—would still constitute an excellent school for college administrators. But the situation which confronted him in his new office called for heroic treatment, and he was not the one who would hesitate to administer it. So with a reputation already established for en-

joying a fight, and with a situation at Harvard that required many changes if the institution were to command the respect of the world of scholars, he very soon had a worse reputation for pugnacity than he had before he took up his duties. Many, to be sure, found assurance in his clear-sighted activity; but when the professor in the Medical School asked him why so many changes had to be made, and he replied, "There is a new president," many others were only convinced anew of the high-handed methods the new president meant to employ.

So he moved about in a world that was chiefly hostile. "In all the early part of my career as a teacher and an educational administrator," he said in an address before the Massachusetts Historical Society a few months before his ninetieth birthday, "I was much engaged in controversy, not to say combat, and that at home as well as outside Harvard. In all my public appearances during those years, I had a vivid sense that I was addressing an adverse audience." At home many of the members of his own faculty derided him and his educational schemes; students—some of whom later were made members of the faculty and became his staunch supporters—enjoyed poking at him the kind of fun that carried a sting; and in the outside world pretty nearly everybody welcomed an opportunity to make him a target. "One of the painful recollections of my life," one of his lifelong friends once said, "was to see men lying in wait for him and assailing him whenever he appeared in an educational meeting." To all the other reasons for denouncing him, the friends of Yale added yet one more by showing how Yale had not—at that time—adopted Eliot's pernicious system of letting college students choose their own course of study. Wherever he went he was grimly serene in the consciousness that most of the people around him were at heart his opponents.

That he was able to survive this stormy period—which reached into the last decade of the nineteenth century—may be attributed to two or three qualities of his character. He was tenacious. In his later years he confided to younger men that he believed much of his success in combat resulted from his ability to turn aside at once when he was utterly blocked, and take up for the moment some simpler struggle where the promise of victory was greater; then, when he had learned more strategy and had regained confidence in himself, to return to the major struggle, often enough greatly to the surprise and consternation of his adversaries. When he was once convinced that the idea for which he struggled was an essential one he did not often accept defeat.

Another quality which enabled him to survive was his loftiness. He did not become embroiled in little affairs. He insisted that every struggle in which he participated should be conducted on a high level. There was nothing insinuating in his method; he was not afraid to carry a position by frontal assault. He abhorred cunning, and he did not need it; for he was strong. Once after a lively session of the Harvard Board of Overseers, he good-naturedly reprimanded one of his friends on the board, "Why did you not come to my support when you saw so many against me?" The friend replied, "It was such good fun to see you flatten them out one by one, yourself."

In such struggles he was generous in hearing opposition and was ready to be convinced by it. But whether or not he was convinced, he gave his opponents a full hearing. When he advocated that college students under certain circumstances should be allowed to graduate in three years, he met strong opposition in the faculty. Whether he was moved wholly by a generous fairness, or partly by a boyish readiness to give every advantage and prove that he could still win, he gave the opposing members the use of the university printing press in order that they might have

every facility for combating his cherished scheme. . . . It must have been only his high sense of fairness; for at the end of the year, with these men's destinies in his hands, he promoted some of them to full professorships.

When men came close to him, moreover, whether as opponents or as allies, they found in him another quality which added to his ability to survive. He was, despite the casual observation that he was a hard and cold New Englander, a man of profound emotional experience. He suffered deeply when he suffered, and he enjoyed deeply when he enjoyed; and he had the great range of sympathy which goes with depth of feeling.

Early he was left with a family of children by the death of the first Mrs. Eliot, and for some years—some of the stormiest of his public career—he had to be not only president of Harvard, but father and mother in his own household. Then he met the spirited and beautiful Miss Hopkinson who was to become the second Mrs. Eliot—and he proved to be just as aggressive a suitor as he was a college president. How could it matter what the watchful ladies of Cambridge thought? He marched erect and in full view along Garden Street carrying a bouquet of flowers to the fascinating young creature!

She was beloved by her friends as a singer of unusual charm and as an irresistible mimic. When she became the second Mrs. Eliot she had her part in developing qualities in her husband that the less discerning had failed to detect in him at all. They began the day by singing: by singing hymns; by singing—according to veracious guests—the most orthodox hymns! They rode bicycles together—until President Eliot was well past seventy. They entertained their old and young friends in great simplicity and in great good humor. On Christmas Eve they welcomed the Harvard students who were so far away from home that they had to remain in Cambridge over the holiday season. No one who was a guest at one of those evenings can forget the group that gathered round the fireplace, with President Eliot warming his hands in rapt silence, Mrs. Eliot beaming with sly good humor, and Charles Eliot Norton, stooped with age into a great curve, reading with restraint and beauty the Gospel story of the birth of Jesus.

Mrs. Eliot put him through the paces of a happy, objective, and not too serious life. To the end of her radiant days she whimsically corrected him when he did not see according to her standards of humor. After the international celebration of his ninetieth birthday he was recounting with delight all that had taken place at the meeting. "But do you know, I couldn't hear a word of Peabody's prayer." With sunshiny humor Mrs. Eliot observed, "He wasn't speaking to you, dear!"

Beneath the austerity which his years of combat accentuated, she knew him to be full of the great tenderness once so generally ascribed to women. When stern college discipline was required he could enforce it; but he often did so with tears in his eyes. On one occasion when his conscience told him that he must support one of his deans who had dismissed from college the son of a widow who appeared at the president's house in her son's behalf, he finally withdrew from the conference. Later Mrs. Eliot came to explain that he was so moved he feared he could not talk. He was a sound sleeper; he boasted in his old age that he could go from the stormiest debate late at night and be lost in sleep in a few minutes. Yet occasionally when he arrived at University Hall in the morning he admitted that he had been unable to sleep for thinking about the tragic misfortune of young So-and-so.

That he was able to survive his long period of combat is not, then, mysterious. Most men are chicken-hearted; a tenacious man overawes them. Most men who undertake a struggle lose themselves in bickerings and in hot debates over non-essentials; a man who keeps his

head high and refuses to turn aside to enjoy the transient satisfaction of putting his adversaries in the hole, very soon finds that his fellows are looking to him for guidance. Most men expect an adversary to be without sympathetic understanding; a man full of tenderness for fellow-mortals—unregenerate though many of them be—takes away their cherished basis on which to oppose him. Sometimes it becomes an honor to know such a man, even if the acquaintance has come through opposing him.

III

"Do you suppose anybody ever called him Charley?" one man asked another as they talked about his serene loftiness at seventy. Perhaps, they thought, the second Mrs. Eliot may have done so, since she was always taking liberties with him. Still, as they turned the question over, even that seemed improbable. He was too much of a lawgiver to be thought of trivially. These two men had the greatest affection for him—one of them, greater affection than for any other man he had ever known—and they turned to him for counsel on every sort of problem. Yet they found it difficult to think of him as anybody's intimate.

Their feeling revealed the position occupied by President Eliot in his late middle life and earlier old age. His full height, his magnificent gray head, his deep, sensitively modulated voice, his firm but easy bearing, commanded profound respect. He had fought through many stormy years, and had developed a circumspect manner of looking at things. He had come to possess a rare capacity for disengaging not merely the essential things, but the things that give life its color, its bloom. So, despite all else that he did in this period, he came to be looked upon as a very august man who stood in a high place and dispensed wisdom on many matters. Not that he refrained from entering energetically into the affairs of the hour! But it was not in his character to participate in anything as a mere equal. He participated as a benevolent St. Bernard would enter into the play of puppies. Wherever he chanced to be, he towered above his associates.

Many people said he uttered commonplaces as though they were oracular. His adversaries—and he still had plenty of them—protested that he thought himself infallible. They invented such pleasant instances as "President Eliot says, 'I think it shall rain this afternoon.'" They asked if there might not be found somewhere one tiny instance of his being very, very slightly in error. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether any man continued to be consulted on so many diverse matters. The education of little children; the best places to invest small sums of money; the merit of this or that long manuscript—on chemistry, philosophy, education, poetry; the thing to do when the son of a millionaire marries the daughter of a boarding-house keeper in Cambridge; the internal affairs of China; the training of ministers of the gospel; freedom of speech; the education of the negro; landscape architecture; the study of music and art in colleges for young women—with countless matters of such variety his days and much of his nights were taken up.

When he dealt with such matters there was in him a trace of the impetuous warrior, but of the warrior who has fought his way to a point of vantage. He stood in good-humored composure before a hostile audience of laborers in Faneuil Hall—the chairman promised punishment for any delegates who indulged in catcalls while President Eliot spoke!—and explained just why he was opposed to picketing. He dealt with the picturesque, electric Theodore Roosevelt, President of the United States, precisely as a vigorous grandfather would spank an obstreperous ten-year-old boy. He stood before theologians and told them of the religion

of the future and why it would "make Christ's revelation seem more wonderful than ever to us." He prepared—with aid—a five-foot shelf of books which he said would provide a liberal education for the men and women who mastered them. When architects and building committees could find no suitable inscriptions for public buildings and other monuments, he provided something lofty and enduring.

In truth, the great dignity and gravity with which he said everything led many to believe he had no sense of humor. He had. Often he revealed the subtlest humor. But, as Dean Briggs once observed, his humor was "unreliable." He was not pliant in the hands of a given occasion. There was sometimes a chasm between what the occasion would seem to call for and what President Eliot actually uttered. When a brilliant young scholar, about to be added to the teaching force at Harvard, was led to him for presentation and was fearful that his scholarship might not bear the unwonted strain, President Eliot bowed, and with grave serenity said, "I am very happy to meet you. But you are not large."

"No," the young teacher admitted, "I am not very large."

"Are you vigorous?"

"Why, yes; I believe I am stronger than my size indicates."

"Do you take exercise in the open air?"

"Yes, I walk several miles every day."

"It is a very excellent thing for a young man to do. Good-morning!"

But with all his top-heavy seriousness, men came to recognize in him the elements of greatness. He had rounded into that period of active life when a man's contributions are beginning to stand revealed—if they are probably ever to do so. Men began to sum him up, to speak about what they had seen him do. They had seen him change the Harvard Medical School from a careless institution where students attended instruction only four months in the year and were obliged to pass in only five chief departments out of nine—there are recorded instances where the graduates actually killed patients through professional ignorance—into one of the important schools of the world. They had seen him convert the Harvard Law School into an institution of which an eminent foreign jurist said, "It is without equal in any land." They had seen him, an amazing judge of men and a person unmindful of petty enmities and prejudices, surround himself on all sides with scholars of distinguished ability and great personal power. They had seen him become a strong ally in the development of a more adequate education for women. And atop all, they had seen his despised elective system—despite all the abuses to which it is open—go to every part of the country and become a means of liberalizing men's thinking.

There were, moreover, less official achievements. He had enforced upon the world a theory about the sacredness of every man's work; a ditch-digger might become a "minister" if only he put enough character into his digging. He had been the chief American figure in making parents and teachers and school committees see that a boy experiences vastly more of the educative process when he works at a subject in which he delights. He had given to religion a new vigor through abundant fresh air, and to science a touch of the sacredness of religion. He had been largely instrumental in winning the fight for greater social health throughout the country. He had become the accredited daily illustration of the effect of a serene spirit on physical health. And he had with great labor established in men's minds one thought which all the intolerance of a post-war period cannot wholly dislodge; namely, that professors in universities must have the right not merely to think but to express their thoughts; that the way to develop a great university is not to badger men into playing safe, but to place faith in their loyalty to the high pursuit of truth.

Could anyone except a great man

make all these contributions—and many more? Those who once ridiculed him and his ideas did not now protest when he was referred to as "the first citizen of the state," and later "of the nation." Why should not men turn to him for counsel? Merely a glimpse of him as he walked erect and at peace with his own spirit was enough to reveal an extraordinary man. A student who had gone to Cambridge from an obscure village in a remote part of the country said, a dozen years after, that it was worth all the money he ever spent in Cambridge just to see President Eliot come from the little red-brick house on Quincy Street, glance about in the morning sunshine with the admiring reverence of a child, walk to University Hall, respond with amused but benevolent dignity to the salutation of the negro boy who gathered cigarette stubs, and then, very erect, mount the steps and disappear in the building.

There was another informal proof of his accepted greatness: men were beginning to use him as a justification for reasonable conduct in daily affairs! "I was a sophomore," a man said twenty years after college, "and I had a sophomore's notions of what constituted fitness. I would not have been seen crossing Harvard Square with a package of groceries in my arm for any sum of money. In the course of the long vacation I chanced to be in Cambridge. The day was sweltering. Just before lunch time I passed the large grocery store formerly in the Square. I heard a familiar voice and looked up. President Eliot was coming from the door with an enormous watermelon under his arm. He moved off in the direction of Quincy Street. At a distance, I followed. Half way home he put the melon down against the roots of an elm, took out his handkerchief, and mopped his brow and cheeks. But he did not rest long. Evidently somebody wanted that particular melon for lunch. So he lifted it to his arms again and moved on toward the house.

"Nothing that Harvard College ever did for me was worth half so much as that five minutes of President Eliot's life. For he knocked out of me all the nonsense there was in me—and there was a great deal!"

Yes, there had been changes since the days when every audience he addressed was an "adverse audience." If by chance he paid the street-car fare of some Italian woman who had lost her nickel—as any man might be expected to do—the incident was good for several inches of space in the newspapers. People liked to say that a Symphony could not begin without him. And to have him present at a wedding was scarcely less an honor than being married in the presence of the Pope!

Yet there remained in him a lofty inscrutability that discouraged intimate approach. The multitude did not try to hobnob with him. They wanted to see him, but they were content to peer at him through the wrought-iron fence of the College Yard. Even among the graduates of his own university, among men who now respected him, admired him, and sometimes loved him, there was an inclination always to appoint a committee, or name a delegate, to bear their greetings to him. He was a very wise, very good man, they felt, and he could offer the most acceptable counsel to be found anywhere. But it was not easy to feel that he entered instinctively into the everyday tribulations of his less sternly self-disciplined fellows.

IV

As he traveled majestically into his latter eighties, the loneliness he experienced was of a new kind. The "adverse audience" of his youth had given way to an eager audience; the restraint of a public that admired his wisdom but never sought to become intimate with him gave way to warmth and an affectionate pride. Yet he was lonely.

He was still a fighter; he still gave out oracular wisdom; but he was a mellow old man who no longer aroused antag-

onism or induced restraint. A few people, it is true, maintained an attitude of bitterness toward him, and still contended that he was the greatest single disintegrating force in American higher education. But the overwhelming majority looked upon him as a prophet; or if not a prophet, at least one of truth's very high priests. Men delighted in his benevolent attitude toward everyone and—some of them—were ashamed to think that they had not discovered it before. They pointed to him as the great example of a man who could change his mind with scrupulous honesty if he thought the evidence warranted it. He stood before an audience in the First Parish Church of Cambridge—when he was eighty-nine—and stated that all through his forty years as president of Harvard, and for many years thereafter, he had believed that a layman should not represent the church publicly. But in view of the present needs of the church, he had become convinced that he had been wrong, and he wished to make a declaration of his change of belief. He decided that, despite all the good fellowship and poetry surrounding the use of wine—he had as president always served ice cream and sherry at the traditional meetings of the Divinity School faculty—it were better as a social-health measure to have national prohibition; and he was heard without being called either a Puritan or a fanatic. All else was lost in admiration for a man who could change his mind when he was nearer ninety than eighty.

In this period he ceased to give all of his thought to the future, and became pleasantly reminiscent. More than that, he confessed one day to his oldest associate in the Harvard community that he enjoyed the experience. He welcomed undergraduates to his house and told them about the early days. Occasionally he accepted invitations to sit with them in their own informal meetings, and delighted them by the hour.

As he turned more and more to his past, he found that other men were doing so—affectionately. One day a visiting lecturer at the university passed Memorial Hall on his way to lunch, and noticed many automobiles parked on every side. He slipped into the theater and found President Eliot—then nearly ninety—standing before a large audience, his head aloft, his hands clasped, and his thumbs moving steadily, while he discussed a problem in education. The visiting lecturer had not talked with him for a half-dozen years. So at the close of the meeting, while President Eliot waited twenty minutes for an automobile that was to carry him to a luncheon, the two sat alone on the stage in the high-vaulted, quiet theater and reviewed many matters. When they were ready to go, President Eliot said, "My age has affected my knees just the least bit; so if you don't mind, I believe I'll take your arm while we go down the steps."

They marched down the steps together and toward the exit, the visitor proud to have the magnificent nonagenarian firmly grasping his arm. As they stepped out into the sunshine, the visitor said to him, "When I was a student I used to enjoy seeing you on your way to work in the early morning, and I often thought I should like to tell you. Of course, I never did; but I want to tell you now."

President Eliot smiled, bright-eyed with a pleasure the visitor had never seen expressed in his face before. "Do you know," he said, for a moment half lost in sublime retrospection, "*that* is the great joy of living to be an old man. Not a few Harvard men have said much the same thing to me within the past few years. If I had died at seventy or eighty, I should have missed all that."

These expressions of a more intimate affection on the part of younger men became more numerous until they culminated in the national—even international—celebration of his ninetieth birthday. It is doubtful whether a private citizen had ever before been honored with a meeting of such official brilliance and spontaneous good will.

It is doubtful whether any man in any station ever received such an outpouring of expressions of high regard. He was delighted that there was nothing "mortuary" about it all, and entered upon his part with the enthusiasm of youth. He not only spoke at some length to all the assembled friends and dignitaries, but went a little later in the afternoon to the College Yard and there addressed the thousands of students assembled to do him honor. To the students he spoke with a vigor and cordiality scarcely surpassed in his most resolute years—he advised them not to wait too long to marry! Then he went to his own house and engaged in a less inclusive celebration there.

He had come into his own, had he not? On every hand he was told of the fruits of his long labors. Every public appearance was an ovation. Graduates referred to him affectionately as "a great old boy." People stopped and watched in wonder and admiration when he stepped cautiously but with a trace of the old vigor from his automobile and entered the First Parish Church.

But his contemporaries had gone. The gracious, beautiful Mrs. Eliot slipped quietly away into the shadows. With a few—very few—exceptions, all the people around him were younger—much younger—than he was. He sat in the long study upstairs and conferred with men about chemistry and the scientific mind; about the rehabilitation of agriculture in Bulgaria; about international good will; and, with great concern and enthusiasm, about the religious life of college students. But he could not move abroad so readily as he once could. And most of the men who came to see him knew little of the times he knew best and loved most.

In a new way, then, he was a man apart. People talked about him as if he were a very great, very benign curiosity: how old he was when their grandfathers were born; how long he had taught mathematics and chemistry before Darwin started all this discussion of evolution; and why he never went as ambassador to the Court of St. James. Good Cambridge ladies said, "It would be nice if he could die now before he becomes too feeble. It must be dreadful just to sit and wait!"

But he had been alone before, and he could wait. When men came in from their rushing, excited world to offer their respect, he was full of questions, stories, arguments. Was a man to give up his radiance of youth simply because he chanced to be a little past ninety? Just to know that there were still so many young fighters in the world was beautiful, very beautiful. When his eyes had become dim and his hand too palsied to hold a pen, a friend sent him a volume—just off the press—in which he had quoted from Whittier's lines to Oliver Wendell Holmes. President Eliot asked his secretary to send his thanks. "Tell him," he said:

> "'Yet on our autumn boughs, unflown with spring,
> The evening thrushes sing.'"

So he sat and waited. Occasionally there were flashes of the old will, the old impetuosity; there were so many things that ought to be done; but there was not strength. Then the serenity came again. It was something, was it not, to have fought so valiantly and, all in all, so successfully? It was something, was it not, to have contributed of one's best judgment so generously? It was something, was it not, to have men everywhere speak of one with grateful affection? Could one hope for more of what he himself had modestly called "the fortunate circumstances of life"?

So, much alone, he waited.

TWO POEMS

BY JOHN CROWE RANSOM

MORNING

JANE awoke Ralph so gently on one morning
That first, before the true householder Learning
Came back to tenant in the haunted head,
He lay upon his back and let his stare
Penetrate dazedly into the blue air
That swam all round his bed,
And in the blessed silence nothing was said.

Then his eyes traveled through the window
And lit, enchantedly, on such a meadow
Of wings and light and clover,
He would propose to Jane then to go walking
Through the green waves, and to be singing not talking;
Such imps were pranking over
Him helpless lying in bed beneath a cover.

Suddenly he remembered about himself,
His manliness returned entire to Ralph;
The dutiful mills of the brain
Began to whir with their smooth-grinding wheels,
And the sly visitors wriggled off like eels;
He was himself again.
Simply another morning, and simply Jane.

GHOSTS

THE loveliest are perished. And now uprise
Ghosts in this garden, that hollow and clamorous
Come as blanched lepers crying, "Do not spurn us,"
Ringing in my ears, wetting my eyes,
The obsequious phantoms and disbodied sighs.
Soon they are frightened, and go fast; a smoke
Which clung about my quince bushes, then broke,
And while I look is smeared upon the skies.

O Hilda, proudest of the ladies gone,
Wreathing my roses with blue bitter dust,
Think not I would reject you, for I must
Weep for your nakedness and no retinue
And leap up as of old to follow you—
But flesh hath monstrous gravity, as of stone.

OUR PREDICAMENT UNDER THE EIGHTEENTH AMENDMENT

BY WALTER LIPPMANN

AN EMINENT dry recently set out to write a book that the wets would read. So he called his book *Prohibition at Its Worst.* Ostensibly this title means to say that even at its worst prohibition to-day is a great blessing, but actually the purpose of this title is to make unsuspecting and narrow-minded wets buy the book because they think it will furnish horrible examples to confirm their prejudice. The author is Irving Fisher, Professor of Economics at Yale University. Nevertheless, the book itself is well worth a careful reading. It tells how Professor Fisher became a total abstainer. It then explains how he overcame his early scruples against prohibition by law. It proceeds to present statistics which are favorable to prohibition and to challenge certain unfavorable statistics. It is the conclusion, however, which is illuminating, for it is there that Professor Fisher is inevitably brought face to face with the predicament of prohibition.

In essence Professor Fisher's conclusions are as follows: "Present conditions are intolerable and must be corrected." A liberalizing of the Volstead Act is unconstitutional, and the Constitution cannot be amended. The only alternatives are "enforcement or nullification." This is the predicament. Professor Fisher escapes from it by faith. He believes that prohibition can be enforced. Now I wonder if Professor Fisher realizes fully where his argument has led him. He has said that the only possible way of correcting "intolerable conditions" arising out of the Volstead Act is to enforce the Volstead Act fully. Here, in other words, is a law which cannot be altered to conform to experience or to change in public opinion. This law is immutable. For all practical purposes this law is beyond human control. However intolerable it may become, the only alternative is to enforce it or to defy it. This nation can choose to declare war and to make peace; it can write tariffs and it can alter tariffs; it can admit immigrants and it can bar immigrants. But in respect to prohibition it has lost its sovereignty. To prohibition in the form prescribed by the Volstead Act it is irretrievably committed.

That is Professor Fisher's argument and, if life were not stronger than logic, it would be unanswerable. It is true for example that the Eighteenth Amendment cannot be repealed. In order to repeal it there would be required two-thirds of the Senate and two-thirds of the House, and a majority of both houses in 37 states. A repeal could, therefore, be vetoed by 33 Senators, or by 146 Representatives, or by a majority in 13 State Senates. A repeal might pass Congress, it might pass 35 Legislatures, it might pass one house in the remaining 13 Legislatures, and still the Eighteenth Amendment would be intact. As long as prohibition has a majority in one branch of the Legislature in 13 states a repeal of the Eighteenth Amendment is impossible. Repeal would have to be fought for in 96 state legislative bodies and the two houses of Congress. Out of

these 98 law-making bodies, 13 in 13 separate states possess an absolute veto.

It is also true that the Volstead Act cannot be liberalized without *nullifying the intent* of this immutable Eighteenth Amendment. There is no slightest doubt that the Amendment was intended to prohibit the lightest beer and the lightest wine no less than gin and absinthe. We, therefore, arrive by irresistible logic at the conclusion that the Volstead Act itself is immutable.

Having reached this point, we must examine Professor Fisher's claim that the Volstead Act should be enforced. The question is: can it be? What do we mean by enforcement? We do not mean the absolute disappearance of all liquor. No law is enforced absolutely. The penal law is broken by murderers and thieves. The tariff law is broken by smugglers. The commercial law is broken by swindlers. The tax laws are broken by tax-dodgers. Is a breach of the Volstead Act in the same category of law breaking? Well, *Harper's Magazine* does not publish articles by murderers, thieves, smugglers, swindlers, and tax-dodgers discussing the policy of the law they break. The opponents of capital punishment do not form associations of murderers. The free traders do not hold banquets attended by smugglers. The Secretary of the Treasury does not make speeches to tax-dodgers. But cabinet officers, senators, congressmen, governors, mayors, judges, chiefs of police, bankers, editors, and other pillars of society are openly convivial with men who make no bones about their defiance of the Volstead Act. Now a law which can be violated openly and without shame by men who are normally law-abiding may fairly be called a law which is not enforced.

Such a law is obviously in a different category from a law which is poorly enforced. The income tax law is, I believe, poorly enforced in the sense that many people liable to pay do not make returns, and that many who make returns cheat the law. But who ever heard of a tax-dodger saying, as Mr. Jerome D. Greene does in the *Atlantic Monthly*, that "disregard of the law" should be openly approved and encouraged by those who oppose in principle the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act?

It is no answer to say that bootleggers are out to make money and not to vindicate a principle, or that most drinkers have more thirst than they have conviction. All that may be true, and still every movement to enforce prohibition must reckon with the capital fact that in regard to this one law the conscience of the community in the wet centers tolerates and even approves the breaking of the law. The leaders of opinion do not wish to see the law enforced. They are glad to read that it is not being enforced. They take pleasure in contemplating the confusion of General Andrews. They would not lift a finger to help him. They would not think of reporting a violation. They would not willingly testify for the government. They will not convict if they are on a jury.

II

It is said that this state of mind exists only in the large cities. Granted. Assume that not more than twenty-five per cent of the population lives in large cities. Where are you then? You are then saying that the city population of the United States is openly defiant of one section of the Constitution of the United States. Assume for the sake of the argument that the farmers of the United States all obey it as much as they obey any ordinary law. It is not true, but assume that it is. Assume too that the inhabitants of villages and small towns are essentially law-abiding prohibitionists. And then face the fact that New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, San Francisco, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Detroit, and other great centers of population are wet in practice and wet in principle.

Is that important or is it not? Does

it not mean a good deal to say that in a nation overwhelmingly interested in business, the business centers are openly defiant of a part of the fundamental law? Even if it were a fact that by count of heads there are more drys than wets in the United States, still that would not mitigate the fact that in at least fifteen or twenty of the most powerful centers of American civilization the majority is greatly against the observance and enforcement of the prohibition law. The cities may be a minority, but if they are a determined minority it will not be easy to coerce them. When the object is to regulate personal habit and social custom, the majority which matters is the majority of the community concerned. A hundred thousand people living in twenty villages will in the long run find it impossible to coerce fifty thousand people living in one city.

There are no reliable figures by which one can measure the size of the opposition to enforcement, or the degree of enforcement. Professor Fisher cites the increase in Federal convictions from 22,000 in 1922 to 38,000 in 1925. The figures are meaningless. No one knows whether there were more bootleggers to catch in 1925 than in 1922. He notes the increase in total penitentiary sentences from 1552 years in 1922 to 3406 years in 1925. These figures are meaningless unless you know what nobody knows: whether the total number of bootleggers increased or decreased. Professor Fisher, with a recklessness that one hardly expects to find in a professor at Yale, announces that "the saloon has gone." He fails to mention that the speakeasy has come in. He estimates by an unknown method of calculation that the total consumption of alcohol today "is certainly less than 16 per cent of pre-prohibition consumption, probably less than 10 per cent, and possibly less than 5 per cent." If this computation were correct, Professor Fisher ought to be very happy. A law which is enforced 90 to 95 per cent is very successfully enforced. But of course Professor Fisher does not believe his own figures, for he declares at the conclusion of his study that "present conditions are intolerable."

Now if we could stop 90 or 95 per cent of all murders, robberies, swindles, and other kinds of crime we should feel highly elated about the administration of the law. Yet Professor Fisher finds it "intolerable" because the Volstead Act has reduced the consumption of alcohol to something like 5 per cent of what it was in the bad old days! The estimate is obviously nonsense; Professor Fisher knows it is nonsense. In making it he has yielded to the great temptation of the uncritical statistician which is to name a figure when there is no census of the facts upon which to base any figure.

The problem cannot be discussed intelligently in terms of figures. The reason is simple. On one side of the equation you have an absolute prohibition of all alcoholic drinks. On the other side you have a thirst for such drinks which cannot be measured. You have sources of supply through the diversion of industrial alcohol, through smuggling, through illicit stills and home brews, which are hidden, and cannot be measured. You have a machinery of enforcement of uncertain honesty and efficiency pitted against an intense consumers' demand, against the bootlegging industry inspired by high profits, against the ingenuity of the householders who can manufacture unlimited quantities of poor but thoroughly alcoholic concoctions in their own cellars and kitchens. The attempt to measure these elements is a statistical absurdity, for they are all variable and none can be counted. You might as well produce statistics on the number of daily conversations in the United States on the subject of the weather.

III

The real problem of prohibition enforcement turns on the intensity of the conviction in certain communities not merely that the law is a failure, but that it ought to be a failure. The ultimate

obstacle to enforcement is the will of an important body of American citizens that they will not submit to federal prohibition. They do not recognize the right of the federal government in the premises. They regard the Eighteenth Amendment as obnoxious to the genius of the rest of the Constitution. And they would regard the successful enforcement of the Eighteenth Amendment as a destruction of some part of the soundest American tradition. That is the fact on which at last the whole question of enforcement is posed. There is a conflict between the will of the drys and the will of the wets; and when you look for the "facts" about prohibition you have to remember that they are not inert like a pile of bricks, but that the facts are created from day to day by human wills inspired by appetite, by self-interest, and by high conviction. That is why an increase in the intensity of enforcement will arouse an increase in the intensity of the opposition; why a victory for enforcement on one sector means merely the outbreak of violation on another.

It is an optimistic dry who thinks this conflict will subside and that the wets will grow weary of opposition. It is much more probable that the drys will grow weary of enforcement. After all, your teetotaler in Kansas can continue to abstain whether the law is enforced or not. The failure of enforcement does not interfere with his life. But the wet in Chicago has a personal desire to continue breaking the law. The teetotaler has to whip himself up to the effort of caring deeply what the wet in Chicago drinks at his meals. The wet pursues his own desires. The dry, in short, has to be vigilantly unselfish, if that is the proper name for it, but the wet has only to be lazily selfish. The forces of inertia are all on the side of the wets. In the long run ordinary human self-indulgence will, I think, prove stronger than a rather abstract determination to correct it.

Certainly at the end of six years of prohibition the opposition is more intense. There may be less alcohol consumed. One man's guess here is as good as the next man's. But that the wets are politically ever so much stronger than they were when the Amendment was ratified on January 16, 1919, no one can for a moment doubt. East of the Mississippi and north of the Ohio there are few States in which prohibition is not an issue. The Democratic Party in practically every State in that section is now a wet party. These States cast something like two hundred electoral votes. The Republican Party in this same section is either wet or hesitant or worried. There is no doubt that if the Amendment came up for ratification to-day it could not possibly pass. I have already said I do not think the Amendment can be repealed. I am now saying that it could not again be ratified. All this opposition adds immensely to the difficulty of enforcement. Politicians may say they are all for enforcement while the Amendment is in the Constitution. That is a glib formula. But in fact the stronger the opposition becomes politically, the weaker the enforcement machinery becomes. Local officials will not work so hard to enforce. Congress will hesitate to give the government new powers. Politicians will take good care not to make themselves unpopular by too much activity. That is the way popular government works. If a community is hostile to enforcement, the police look the other way, citizens will not supply evidence, juries will not convict, prosecutors will watch their step, judges will lean over backward in protecting the defendant's rights.

For all these reasons I say it is a fair assumption that we are faced with a law which cannot be enforced and which cannot be repealed. It is a curious dilemma created in part by a defect in the Constitution and in part by a lack of popular wisdom in dealing with the Constitution. By the test of common sense, by the test of popular sovereignty, this nation having decided to try the revolutionary experiment of prohibition

ought to be able to modify the law whenever experience shows that it needs to be modified. But the American Constitution is so constructed that it is virtually impossible to delete anything that is once in it. Theoretically, of course, it is just as easy to repeal an amendment as it is to pass it. But our history shows that in fact the veto of the minority is always strong enough to prevent repeal.

Because the Constitution is so difficult to change, it ought obviously never to contain any definite rule of human morality. It ought to remain purely and simply a charter defining the powers of government. Had the Eighteenth Amendment given Congress the power to prohibit liquor, instead of announcing that liquor was prohibited, the whole problem could be handled intelligently, and we should not be facing, as I believe we are, the necessity first of disobeying the Constitution and then of inventing a legal fiction to regularize our disobedience.

IV

However, the fat is in the fire. The Eighteenth Amendment is unrepealable and the human resentment against it unrepealable. Once again, as they have several times in the past, a considerable part of the American people find themselves in a constitutional straitjacket out of which they will have somehow to wriggle free. This business of wriggling free is sometimes called nullification. Technically, nullification is practiced when a state makes it a crime to enforce a particular federal law. Technically, therefore, the rebellion against the Eighteenth Amendment is not nullification.

But that the object of the movement against the Eighteenth Amendment is to nullify the intent of the authors of the Amendment, no candid man can deny. They meant to prohibit all intoxicating liquors throughout the United States. It is the intention of the wets to legalize some or all intoxicating liquors in those states where a majority desires it. That is the objective. The method may be a gradual failure to enforce the law in wet territory, and the reduction of the Eighteenth Amendment to the status of some of the old unrepealed Blue Sunday legislation. The method may be an amendment to the Volstead Act permitting each state to define intoxicating liquor. Many methods are likely to be employed. Their purpose is to change the practical effect of the Eighteenth Amendment even though its language remains the same.

Only those who have read American history through rose-colored glasses will be shocked at this prospect. This is a normal and traditional American method of circumventing the inflexibility of the Constitution. When the Constitution has come into conflict with the living needs of the nation, and when amendment was impossible, the method of changing the Constitution has been to change it and then get the very human Supreme Court to sanction it. The Constitution gives the Presidential electors the right to use their discretion in the choice of a President. They have lost that right. Yet the Constitution has never been amended to take away that right. The Constitution says that no man shall be Senator who is not thirty years old. Henry Clay entered the Senate at twenty-nine; Robert M. La-Follette, Jr., was younger than thirty when he was elected. The Constitution says that Representatives shall be apportioned according to population as determined by a census every ten years. There has been no new apportionment for sixteen years. The provision that slaves should be delivered up on demand was consistently nullified by many Northern States. The provision that the President shall make treaties only with the advice and consent of the Senate was disregarded in important instances both by Roosevelt and Wilson. The Fourteenth Amendment in so far as it provides a penalty for denial of the right to vote is dead. The Fifteenth Amendment is nullified in most if not all the Southern

States. If then the Eighteenth Amendment is somehow nullified in certain Northern States, there will be nothing novel or revolutionary about it.

I had some correspondence recently with a public man who was saying that the wet states, and New York in particular, were committing a crime by trying to nullify the Eighteenth Amendment. As he had just made a speech in Georgia on this subject I called his attention to the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments. He replied that after extended study of the election laws of the South he had come to the conclusion that they are not in conflict with the Fifteenth Amendment. That is true. The South now has a set of election laws which have not been declared unconstitutional. Yet under those laws as they are administered, the Southern Negro is effectively disfranchised. The intent of the Fifteenth Amendment was to enfranchise the Negro.

The moral is plain. If liquor is legalized in the States which desire it, all that is necessary to make it constitutional is for the Supreme Court, bowing to public opinion, to find by the proper reasoning that the States are not violating the Eighteenth Amendment. Then they will not be violating it. They will be violating what the authors of it meant. But the Constitution, thank heavens, means whatever a living Supreme Court says it means. And the Supreme Court, thank heavens, is composed on the whole not of worshippers of a sacred text, but of jurists and statesmen and human beings.

No doubt all this will sound irreverent and disorderly to any man who thinks that a people is law-abiding when it obeys the literal injunction of its statutes and lawless when it disobeys them. The matter is not so simple. The history of law shows that it is beyond the wit of man to frame laws which are always clear and simple to follow. That is why so great a part of the evolution of law has come about not through the repeal and amendment of statutes but through judicial, through administrative, and through popular interpretation. Who can doubt, for example, that the Sherman Anti-Trust Law as interpreted by the courts, and as interpreted by the Attorney-General to-day is a very different law from that which Congress passed a generation ago? The real law lies not in the words of the law but in the action of the courts and executives. If the test of loyalty to the laws were loyalty to the original intent of each law, we should have to confess that we are a thoroughly lawless people. It is now, and always has been, impossible to obey literally the original intent of all the legal texts.

A community has not ceased to be essentially law-abiding merely because it refuses to practice literal obedience. There is such a thing as orderly disobedience to a statute, a disobedience which is open, frankly avowed, and in conformity with the general sense of what is reasonable. The opponents of the Volstead Act include, of course, bootleggers for profit and drinkers who want to drink. But they include also men and women of high conviction who regard federal prohibition as contrary to the genius of our constitutional system, who think of it as constitutionally immoral. It may seem as if they were in alliance with the bootleggers, but in fact the success of their campaign would be fatal to the bootlegging industry. If they were merely the agents of the bootleggers they would not be seeking, as they are seeking, a revision of the law which would put the bootleggers out of business.

The situation in which we find ourselves is due to a peculiar defect in our constitutional system which stops us from amending the prohibition law. That avenue of reform is closed. We are forced once more, as we have been several times in the past, to assert by disobedience, by agitation, finally by interpretation and acquiescence, the superior rights of experience over a legal text.



THE PROBLEM OF THE EDUCATED WOMAN

BY R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS

THE OTHER day there fell into my hands a printed collection of addresses made during recent years by the president of one of the most famous women's colleges in this country. I read them—with some difficulty, I admit—but I did not give them up until I reached the end. And then I fell to wondering if, perhaps, that sort of thing did not go a long way towards explaining the problem of the exceptionally intellectual and well-educated woman as it is met with both here and in England. I mean, of course, her failure to attract the opposite sex and, as a consequence, to marry and—if the eugenists are right—to transmit to the next generation certain valuable qualities of mind and character. (I need scarcely say that throughout this article I do not allude to the increasing class of girls who merely go to college, but solely to those who, naturally highly intelligent, go there for purely intellectual purposes.)

The matter and tone of these addresses were such that I can well understand that the average man would not desire much of the society of young women who had successfully absorbed both. Extremely exalted in their sentiments, learned, dull, and lamentably lacking in the desire or else the ability to descend to a discussion of ordinary human problems, ordinary human relationships as met with by young girls, these lectures radiated pedantry and desiccation of heart and spirit. The rather exaggerated loftiness of the ideas and opinions expressed in them reached a climax in the lecturer's judgments on the late Sir Arthur Sullivan. "We often think of him," she says, "in connection with the lighter phases of his genius, but his lasting and serious work is in the oratorios which he wrote—'The Light of the World,' 'The Prodigal Son,' 'The Martyr of Antioch,' his incidental music for the dramas of Shakespeare, his symphony, and in his songs and hymns. . . . But his music, however popular—even 'Pinafore' and 'The Pirates' and the other light operas—all has a distinction and refinement."

In an address devoted to Sullivan, that rather slighting "even 'Pinafore' and 'The Pirates'" is the only reference that the lady makes to those comic operas by which the name of Sullivan lives. While it may be perfectly true that the lecturer's personal taste leads her to prefer Sullivan's hymns to the music of "Iolanthe" or of "The Gondoliers," it is absurd to state that the composer's "lasting" work consists in these and in his oratorios rather than in his comic operas. It is not such a misstatement as this, however, that bears on the point I have in mind; it is rather the refusal—or the inability—to bend to the recognition of mere human nature. All over the civilized world men and women have found pleasure in the joyous melodies of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas; and among these men and women are vast numbers whose education and culture would attain to the standards of even a college president. But Sullivan's opera music, though lovely in its own way, is not lofty or "highbrow" or exalted; therefore, it would seem that it is the duty of at least one college president to damn it with faint praise.

I quote this Sullivan point in detail in an attempt to give a definite illustration of my meaning when I suggest that it is possible that it is the influence of women teachers and directors wholly out of touch with the world as it is, and with human nature as it is created, which is largely responsible for the problem of the highly educated woman. When all is said and done, it still remains the fact that girls from colleges have to live in the world as it is and not in a world such as a woman college president would perhaps like to make it. And the men available for them as husbands are creatures who almost without exception prefer Sullivan's comic operas to his hymns—or anyone else's hymns, for that matter. The question I raise is whether the exposure of large numbers of girls at an impressionable age to an influence that is frequently out of sympathy with any but the more exalted aspects of human nature is an altogether desirable state of affairs or one likely to bring ultimate happiness to the young women in question.

I think that it is idle to deny that very many women school teachers do not know life very well, and that their experience of men is necessarily extremely limited. It is the most natural thing in the world that this lack of knowledge and experience should be reflected in their outlook on life, and one of the accusations most frequently brought against them is their tendency to minimize the desirability of marriage in the eyes of their pupils. Sir Francis Galton, the eugenist, once told in a lecture of a case in which this tendency was given a vivid illustration. A visitor, he said, once asked a woman official in a certain women's college what became of the girl students after they had left college. The college official replied that one-third profited by their education, another third gained very little, and the remaining third were failures. "What becomes of the failures?" asked the visitor. "Oh, they marry," replied the college official.

It has frequently been said that in love a woman must meet a man halfway. A man is easily repelled when a woman whom he is ready to admire meets him with frosty glances and a sternly unbending demeanor. It is just possible that feminine reserve may sometimes be a little overdone, much to the ultimate detriment of the woman who practices it. Now, there is little doubt that women educators are very insistent on the desirability of feminine reserve. But there is all the difference in the world between the brazen pursuit of a man by a woman on the one hand and a readiness to accept his admiration with evident pleasure on the other. I do not believe that the women responsible for the higher education of girls realize this difference; and if they do, it is very uncertain indeed whether they are as competent (or as willing) to train their charges in the ideals of feminine amiability *vis-à-vis* the opposite sex as they are ready to strain every nerve to turn them into dragons of virtue.

I have vivid recollections of the headmistress of the school where I was educated. She inspired the girls with something like terror, and I do not doubt that she was extremely gratified by her success in this direction. Indeed, her personality was so forbidding that all the nursemaids in the district used her as a bogey with which to quell their charges when these were getting out of hand. "I'll take you to Miss Cocks if you don't behave," they would say—presumably with instantaneous effect. But while a character of this type may have admirable uses insofar as the discipline of girls is concerned, it is questionable whether a prolonged exposure to its influence will do much to render impressionable and imitative girls more attractive to men. I do not suggest, of course, that even a majority of the instructors in women's colleges have a forbidding personality; but it is probable that, taken as a whole, they are distinctly lacking in physical attractive-

ness, charm of manner, and social agreeableness as that term is understood by all persons who prefer Sullivan's "Mikado" to Sullivan's hymns. Perhaps these personal disadvantages are inseparable from the teaching profession—or rather, the women's half of the teaching profession. If so, then it seems to be a pity that every women's college does not employ on its faculty as a sort of counterbalance a thoroughgoing woman of the world who has been successful in love and whose triumphs constitute a refutation of the college president's frigid-reserve theory of training. How many elderly women there are who would be glad of a steady job and whose wide experience of life might be placed at the disposal of girls who before long must face the world as it is and not as it ought to be! It will be objected that these worldlings are not the type of woman whom it is desirable for young women to meet. But the type exists everywhere, and it is more than probable that, without knowing it, most young women have already met many specimens; they will certainly have to meet many more when they go out into the world. At any rate, the presence of a woman of the world, well versed in the whole art of human contacts, among a group of more or less desiccated women instructors might at least have an indirect influence on the students by humanizing, though ever so slightly, their regular teachers.

II

Of course, it is not to be suggested for one instant that the whole blame for the problem of the highly educated woman may be ascribed to the example and precepts of the woman college instructors. There are other factors in the case, although it is questionable whether any are much more powerful. There is, for instance, the very prevalent belief that over-much cultivation of the mind tends to cripple the emotions, thus making the intellectual woman less susceptible to inflame men or to become herself inflamed. There may be something in this, although there are many notorious instances of women of high intellect whose capacity for love affairs equalled almost anyone's. Madame de Staël was considered to be the greatest female intellect of her day; but her morals were as loose as they could be. Aspasia, Mary Stuart, Catherine of Russia, and George Sand were others whose very unusual brain capacity did not in any way prevent their indulgence in illicit love affairs. Nevertheless, it is very certain that women of wide and varied interests are not so likely to allow themselves to become dominated by love as are those women whose sole interest in life is bound up in the opposite sex. But it can hardly be denied that most men find the latter type of woman exceedingly attractive, and it is possible that they resent the existence of the ever-increasing proportion of women whose interests are not so bound up. I think that most women must have noticed at one time or another that air of incredulity with which a certain type of man—and a very prevalent type, too—receives any intimation to the effect that it is possible for women to be reasonably happy without the intervention of men. The type of man I have in mind is so obsessed with the belief that happiness can come to women only by, through, or with men that when told that certain women have found reasonable contentment in pursuits entirely unconnected with love or marriage, he is not able to credit the statement. The consequence is that when confronted with visible evidence of the fact his reaction is one of undiluted resentment.

Here, perhaps, we have one of the strongest reasons for the average man's dislike of the unusually intelligent and exceptionally well-educated woman. It is pleasant to him to believe that the welfare and happiness of one half of the human species depend on him and his fellows; and after having held this

opinion for so long and with such intense conviction, it is wounding to the vanity of the male sex to find that there are an increasingly large number of cases which seem to disprove its accuracy. Fom this point it is only one short step to something very near dislike of the women who have upset a belief so fondly cherished and so well calculated to give men a good conceit of themselves.

A good deal has been said concerning the unwisdom of giving young women an education which tends to make a certain number of them know more than the average man. Think of all the average men you know. (I lay particular stress on the word "average," since distinctly superior men do not enter into this consideration of the question.) Then try to recall whether you have ever once heard even one of them admit that any woman of his acquaintance was his mental superior. You may have heard a few proclaim the mental superiority of certain women over *other* men; but never have you heard them proclaim this superiority over themselves. With really superior men the case is very different. They not only recognize certain women—one has to admit that they are few enough—as being well in advance of the average man judged from the intellectual point of view, but they also appreciate this superiority. Therefore, it is highly questionable whether or not it is true that a girl's chances of marriage are injured by the fact that she is better educated and more intelligent than the average young man, since as long as the average young man fails to recognize this superiority, the case is really non-existent.

This does not mean that the higher education of women may not spoil their chances of marriage by making them far more critical of men than are comparatively uneducated women. After all, the purpose of education is to enable one to distinguish the best from the not-so-good and to turn one's back on the shoddy and second-rate. No one blames a highly educated man because he is more fastidious than, for instance, a farm hand; and it is just as inevitable that a highly educated girl should be more exacting about men than, let us say, a waitress or a saleswoman in the five-and-ten-cent-store. Naturally men are conscious of a critical spirit in educated women, even if the women themselves are exercising it quite unconsciously; and men are not accustomed so far to anything much more than an appraisal of their financial worth. The comparatively uneducated girl, on the other hand, has not acquired very high standards; indeed, it is quite likely that she much prefers low ones. Her interest in possible husbands or suitors is, in the main, directed to their financial status, and the fact that they keenly appreciate third-rate plays and ninth-rate novels would not bother her in the least, since she herself does not realize that the plays are third-rate and the novels ninth-rate. I think that the possession of certain standards as a result of their education has been a very real handicap to a very large number of women in so far as marriage is concerned; and it is a question whether they are worth to a woman the loss of popularity with men that their possession so frequently involves. That they may be to a certain number is scarcely to be doubted; but that they are to college women as a body is a very different matter.

Although it may be possible for a marriage to be reasonably successful in which the husband secretly looks upon his wife as something of a goose, it is quite certain that it cannot be so when it is the wife who finds her mate's mental equipment insufficient. One has heard of men whose contempt for the character of a certain woman has not killed their infatuation; but one has never heard of a woman who continued to love a man once she had learned to despise him. To see a brilliant woman married to an ignoramus is as absurd a spectacle as that of an elderly woman married to a man young enough to be her son. I

have known of two or three cases among my personal friends who, quite recently, have hesitated to accept offers of marriage because they were keenly alive to the fact that the wide discrepancy in the intellectual tastes of their suitors and themselves was hardly conducive to a reasonably successful marriage. There is, of course, a good deal to be said for education for its own sake; but there is also something to be said against a system which so frequently seems to leave college women stranded high and dry above the usual run of their male contemporaries.

III

Of course it is unfair all round—to the colleges, to young men and their dislike of feminine superiority (or "queerness" as I believe they prefer to call it), and to the products of the colleges—to discuss the problem of the intellectual woman and her failure to adjust herself to the conditions of life as it has thus far been lived by the ordinary woman without taking into consideration the factor of propinquity. Just at the age when girls are most likely to fall in love with fatal ease the college-educated girl is bending over books and burning the midnight oil in her attempt to acquire knowledge. At the same age the half-educated girl is going from beauty salon to beauty salon, trying a succession of Marcel waves, complexion tonics, rouges, and hair tints. Fortified by the knowledge that art has stepped in where nature has failed her, and with every cent she possesses spent on her back, she deliberately sets out to attract her contemporaries of the opposite sex. She dances with them, motors with them, plays games with them, dines with them, flirts with them, learns a hundred little tricks by which to enslave them, and finally marries the most suitable one she can find. What chance can the college-trained girl possibly have against such a competitor—a competitor who has had some three or four years' start in perfecting herself in the knowledge of running the male to ground? Of course she has none at all, and even with the best intentions in the world, she is hopelessly outclassed in the matrimonial market, for she is comparatively untrained and inexperienced. It is absurd to be hypocritical about such a matter as this; the pursuit of men requires practice and experience even as the successful pursuit of anything else, including the pursuit of women; but that is a different story.

It may be argued that the modern college girl sees quite as much of men while she is studying as is good for her. Very likely. But I am writing of the *highly intellectual* college girl and not of the girl who has just been to college. The college girl who makes a point of seeing as much of men as she can while at college is probably one of those girls whom Sir Francis Galton spoke of in the lecture to which I referred in this article—a "failure" in so far as her college education is concerned, who has to content herself with a husband and children as the penalty for her failure. The others—those who "profit" by their education—are likely, as soon as their college career is over, to seek some sort of position. And in ninety-nine cases out of one hundred the segregation to which they were submitted or to which they submitted themselves while at college is continued in their professional life. Schools for girls are very Adamless Edens; and it is into schools that so many highly educated college women drift. Social welfare work, settlement work, and newspaper work all attract large numbers of girls from colleges. They will meet few enough men in the first two fields, while those they meet on newspapers are not very eligible and are not, so it is said, much given to seeking wives from among the staffs of their papers. The stage—the happy hunting ground of girls who enjoy male society—has not been extensively invaded by college women; although why it has not is difficult to say, since no career offers greater prizes to an ambitious woman. Possibly the average of physical beauty in

college girls does not equal the average as found in actresses. Even Sir Francis Galton, who defended the higher education of women and believed that good mental endowment was in a large measure received from the mother, had qualms about the looks of the intellectual woman. "Women who study hard have, as a class," he said, "at least according to observant caricaturists—fewer of the more obvious feminine characteristics; but whether this should be considered a cause or a consequence, or both, it is difficult to say." And Miss Lilian M. Faithfull, the former head of the famous Ladies' College at Cheltenham, England, remarks in her recent autobiography that "plain dressing and plain features seem to accompany high thinking quite as much as plain living."

No one has yet settled whether certain very intelligent girls are encouraged to go to college because they are ugly and their parents feel that it would be preposterous to count on any man falling in love with them, or whether they have become plain and unattractive as a result of hard study and the general college system. I am inclined to think that the physical unattractiveness so often seen in the really brilliant college girl is largely the result of that aspect of college life to which I referred earlier in this article: I mean to a too facile imitation at a highly impressionable age of unattractive and desiccated teachers. Many of these women manage to impose themselves on their pupils—or at least on those who are not unduly skeptical on the point—as models of all that a woman should be. Frigid to the last degree in their deportment, inconspicuous to the point of drabness in their clothes, sober to the point of dullness in their conversation, they consciously or unconsciously desire to turn out their pupils in their own image. And all too often they succeed.

There is no need to dwell at any length on that aspect of the problem of the educated woman which has been more discussed than any—her ambition to have an independent career of her own. I think that the case is fully proved in the sense that a large number of girls do put aside the idea of marriage for the sake of a career. And I think that many of them later realize that they have made a mistake; but time has passed by and they find that what has been done cannot be undone, for with wisdom have come faded faces and diminished vitality. But it is curious to note that a characteristic that is rated so high in men, when possessed by a woman should have called down on them so much wrath and vituperation. The old cry of the men, "Why don't you go home and mind the baby?" is heard no more; it is long since out-of-date; but there still lingers on a smoldering resentment, breaking every now and then into roars of disapproval, against those women who, seeking and finding absolute independence in a career, are able to flout with impunity the authority of men. That is what economic independence has done for women, and there is little doubt that men have not been much pleased by it.

In the meantime, more and still more young women are pouring into the colleges, presumably with the result that the more or less wholesale segregation of highly intelligent and highly educated women will not only continue unabated but will even increase. Those of my friends who are college women are fully alive to their failure to attract men and they tell me that the matter is frequently discussed among college graduates. I have asked them to whom or to what do they ascribe their lack of success in the marriage market—to themselves or to men—and I gather that it is men they blame for the sorry state of affairs. As one of them said to me the other day, "A man likes to shine alone, without any other near-at-hand light to dim his luminosity. If a man marries a brilliant woman, as intelligent and well-educated as himself, his own luminosity suffers." There may be

something in this, although, as I have said, a man has to have a great deal of "luminosity" of his own before he is able to recognize any existing in women. My own personal conviction is that insufficient regard is paid to the fact that —hypocrisy aside—men have never demanded or cared for very high-grade women, and that the colleges, in the very teeth of this fact, are persisting in turning out a higher-class and more expensive article than men are willing to accept. I remember how deeply impressed I was when reading an article on George Eliot by the late Sir Leslie Stephen—certainly a "high-brow"—in which he declared that he, for his part, could well understand men's preference for the sinning Hetty Sorel when comparing her with the spotless, righteous, high-minded Dinah Morris. If this is the attitude of a man of high intellect, what must be that of the average male? Ever since the actress existed men have shown a positively invincible attraction to the type. From the Empress Theodora, who before her marriage played comic parts on the Constantinople stage, down to our own idols, whose conquests are household words, this preference has persisted. And yet the colleges insist on producing a woman who is the antithesis of the actress in mind, manners, and looks. Of course, it may be urged that actresses do not usually make very satisfactory wives. Perhaps not. But since college women so frequently fail to become wives at all, few will have the temerity to suggest their superiority in this matter. All that can be said is that while actresses marry, the college women remain unwed; and possibly it is a dim perception of this phenomenon which explains what has been termed the "revolt" of the modern young woman.

NIGHTMARE

BY ROBERT NATHAN

I RIDE the great black horses of my heart
With reins of steel across their flying hair;
So slow are they to halt, so swift to start,
The stormy-breasted stallions of despair.
Dark as the night, and fretful as the air,
Fleeter than hounds that go with bellies thinned—
My wrists of all their strength have none to spare
When those black hunters lean upon the wind.
What if the sudden thunder of their feet
Wakes like a dream some farmer from his rest?
Dreams had I too, farmer, before these fleet
Steeds of the night were broken from their nest.
Their weary flanks are green and white with foam;
Sleep, brother, sleep; I bring my horses home.

THE CHILD'S DAY

BY OLIVE SCHREINER

This story, largely autobiographical, was written by Olive Schreiner as the Prelude to a novel, *From Man to Man*, which she worked on at intervals for many years but left unfinished at her death in 1920. "Olive loved this book more than anything else she ever wrote, and, of the book, she loved the Prelude best," writes S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner, her husband.—*The Editors.*

THE little mother lay in the agony of childbirth. Outside all was still but the buzzing of the bees, some of which now and then found their way into the half-darkened room. The scent of the orange trees and of the flowers from the garden beyond came in through the partly opened window, with the rich dry odor of a warm, African, summer morning. The little mother groaned in her anguish.

Old Ayah, the Hottentot woman, stood at the bedside with her hands folded and her long fingers crooked, the veins on the back standing out like cords. She said, "*O ja, God! Wat zal ons nou zeg?*" ("Oh yes, God! What shall we now say?") and readjusted the little black shawl upon her shoulders. The window was open three inches, and the blind was drawn below it to keep out the heat. The mother groaned.

At the end of the passage in the dining room the father sat with his elbows on the deal table and his head in his hands, reading Swedenborg; but the words had no clear meaning for him. Every now and then he looked up at the clock over the fireplace. It was a quarter before ten, and the house was very quiet.

At the back of the house, on the kitchen doorstep, stood Rebekah, the little five-year-old daughter. She looked up into the intensely blue sky, and then down to the ducks who were waddling before the lowest step, picking up the crusts she had thrown to them. She wore a short pink-cotton dress with little white knickerbockers buttoned below the knees and a white kappie with a large curtain that came almost to her waist. She took the kappie off and looked up again into the sky. There was something almost oppressive in the quiet. The Kaffir maids had been sent home to their huts, except one who was heating water in the kitchen, and the little Kaffirs were playing away beyond the kraals on the old kraal heap. It was like Sunday. She drew a slight sigh, and looked up again into the sapphire-blue sky: it was going to be very hot. The farmhouse stood on the spur of a mountain, and the thorn trees in the flat below were already shimmering in the sunlight. After a while she put on her kappie and walked slowly down the steps and across the bare space which served for a farmyard. Beyond it she passed into the low bushes. She soon came to a spot just behind the kraal where the ground was flat and bare; the surface soil had been washed off, and a circular floor of smooth and unbroken stone was exposed, like the smooth floor of a great round room. The bushes about were just high enough to hide her from the farmhouse, though it was only fifty yards off. She stepped onto the stone slowly, on tiptoe. She was building a house here. It stood in the center of the stone floor; it was a foot and a half

high and about a foot across, and was built of little flat stones placed very carefully on one another; and it was round like a tower. The lower story opened onto the ground by a little doorway two inches high; in the upper story there was a small door in the wall; and a ladder made of sticks, with smaller sticks fastened across, led up to it. She stepped up to the house very softly. She was building it for mice. Once a Kaffir boy told her he had built a house of stones, and as he passed the next day a mouse ran out at the front door. She had thought a great deal of it; always, she seemed to see the mouse living in the house and going in and out at the front door; and at last she built this one. She had built it in two stories, so that the family could live on the lower floor and keep their grain on the top. She had put a great flat stone to roof the lower story and another flat stone for the roof on the very top; and she had put a moss carpet in the lower floor for them to sleep on and corn, ready for them to use, above. She stepped very softly up to the house and peeped in at the little door; there was nothing there but the brown moss. She sat down flat on the stone before it and peered in. Half, she expected the mice to come; and half, she knew they never would!

Presently she took a few little polished flat stones out of her pocket and began to place them carefully round the top to form a turret, then she straightened the ladder a little. Then she sat, watching the house. It was too hot to go and look for more stones. After a while she stretched out her right hand and drew its sides together, and made the fingers look as if it were a little mouse, and moved it softly along the stone, creeping, creeping up to the door; she let it go in. Then after a minute she drew it slowly back and sat up. It was becoming intensely hot now; the sun, beating down on the stone drew little beads of perspiration on her forehead.

How still it was! She listened to hear whether anyone from the house would call her. It was long past ten o'clock and she was never allowed to be out in the sun so late. She sat listening: then she got a curious feeling that something was happening at the house and stood up quickly and walked away towards it.

As she passed the dining-room window, whose lower edge was on a level with her chin, she looked in. Her father was gone; but his glasses and his open book still lay on the table. Rebekah walked round to the kitchen door. Even the ducks were gone; no one was in the kitchen, only the flames were leaping up and crackling in the open fireplace, and the water was spluttering out of the mouth of the big black kettle. She stood for a moment to watch it. Then a sound struck her ear. She walked with quick, sharp steps into the dining room and threw her kappie on the table and stood listening. Again the sound came, faint, and strange. She walked out into the long passage into which all the bedrooms opened. Suddenly the sound became loud and clear from her mother's bedroom. Rebekah walked quickly up the coconut-matted passage and knocked at her mother's door, three short, sharp knocks with her knuckle. There was a noise of moving and talking inside; then the door opened a little.

"I want to come in!—Please, what is the matter?"

Someone said, "Shall she come in?" and then a faint voice answered, "Yes, let her come."

Rebekah walked in; there was but a little light coming in under the blind through the slightly opened window. Her mother was lying in the large bed and her father standing at the bedside. A strange woman from the next farm, whom she had never seen before, sat in the elbow chair in the corner beyond the bed, with something on her lap; old Ayah stood near the drawers, folding some linen cloths.

Rebekah stood for a moment motionless and hesitating on the ox skin in the middle of the floor; then she walked

straight up to the strange woman in the corner.

"Ask her to show you what she has got, Rebekah," said her father.

The woman unfolded a large brown shawl, inside of which there was a white one. Even in the dim light in the corner you could see a little red face, with two hands doubled up on the chest, peeping out from it.

Rebekah looked.

"Was it *this* that made that noise?" she asked.

The woman smiled and nodded.

Her father came up.

"Kiss it, Rebekah; it is your little sister."

Rebekah looked quietly at it.

"No—I won't—I don't like it," she said slowly.

But her father had already moved across the room to speak to old Ayah.

Rebekah turned sharply on her heel and walked to the large bed. Her mother lay on it with her eyes shut. Rebekah stood at the foot, her eyes on a level with the white coverlet, looking at her mother.

As she stood there she heard old Ayah whisper to the father, and they both went out, to the spare bedroom opposite. The strange woman came and bent over the mother and said something to her; she nodded her head without opening her eyes. The woman made a space at her side and laid the white bundle down in it; she put the baby's head on the mother's arm. The mother opened her eyes then, and looked down at it with a half-smile, and drew the quilt up a little higher to shield it. Rebekah watched them; then she walked softly to the door.

"Please open it for me," she said. The handle was too high for her.

The woman let her out.

For a moment she stood outside the closed door, looking at it, her tiny features curiously set almost with the firmness of a woman's; then she turned and walked down the passage. She saw her father and old Ayah come out of the spare room. Old Ayah locked the door and put the key into her pocket, and they went back to her mother's bedroom.

Rebekah picked up her kappie from the dining-room table, put it on, and went out again onto the steps at the kitchen door. The sun was blazing in the yard now, the very stones seemed to throw up a red reflection. Standing on the top step in the shade, Rebekah shivered with heat.

Then she wandered slowly down the steps and across the yard. She could feel the ground burn under her feet, through the soles of her little shoes. She walked to her flat stone. The mouse house stood baking in the sun with all the little crystals in the rock glittering. She sat down before the house, drawing her skirts carefully under her, the rock burnt so. She drew her knees up to her chin, and folded her arms about them, and sat looking at the mouse house. She knew she ought not to be there in the hot sun; she knew it was wicked; but she liked the heat to burn her that morning.

After a while the little drops of perspiration began to gather under her eyes and on her upper lip; she would not wipe them off. Her face began to get very red, and her temples to throb; the heat was fierce. She looked out at the mouse house from under her white kappie with blinking red eyes. She could feel the heat scorching her arms through her little cotton dress, and she liked it.

By half-past eleven the heat was so intense she could not bear it, and there began to be a sound like a little cicada singing in her ears; so she got up, and walked slowly towards the house; but did not go in at the kitchen door.

She went to the back, where the wall of the house made a deep shadow, and went to the window of the spare room. It was her favorite place, to which she went whenever she wanted to be quite safe and alone. No one ever went there. The beds were generally left unmade till visitors came, with only the mattresses

and pillows on them, and under one bed she kept her box of specially prized playthings. She unclosed the outer shutters. The window was so low that she could easily raise the sash and climb in from the ground. She pushed it up and stepped into the room. It was beautifully cool there and almost dark: she drew up the blind a very little to let in some light. She was walking towards the bed under which her box was, when something struck her eye. On the large table in the middle of the room there was a something with a white sheet spread over it. Rebekah walked up to it: this was something quite new.

She drew a chair to the side of the table and climbed up. She lifted the top of the sheet. Under it there was another sheet and a pillow; and, with its head on the pillow, dressed in pure white, was a little baby. Rebekah stood upright on the chair, holding the sheet in her hand.

After a while she let it down carefully, but so turning it back that the baby's face and hand were exposed. How fast it was sleeping!

She bent down and peered into its face. There was a curious resemblance between her own small, sharply marked features and those of the baby. She put out her forefinger gently and touched one of its hands. They were very cool. She watched it for some time; then she climbed down and went to the wardrobe where the best going-to-town clothes were kept hanging. With some difficulty she unhooked a little fur-trimmed red cape of her own; with this she climbed back onto the chair and laid it across the baby's feet. It was evidently not warm enough, though the day was hot.

She bent down over it again. On the top of its head was a little mass of soft, downlike curly black hair; she put her face down softly and touched the hair with her cheek and kissed it. She dared not kiss its face for fear of waking it. She sat down beside it, motionless, for a long time, on the edge of the table. Seeing it did not stir, after a time she climbed down, and taking off her shoes and leaving them at the foot of the table, went on tip-toe to the bed and drew from under it her box.

It was a large soap box with an odd collection of things in it. On the top was a dried monkey's skin and a large alphabet book with colored pictures; below were different little boxes and bags; some held stones; one was full of brightly colored beetles and grasshoppers she had picked up dead; in one, all by itself, was a very large bright crystal, carefully wrapped in cotton-wool and tied with a string. Below, was an oblong-shaped, common brown stone about eighteen inches in length; it was dressed in doll's clothes and it had a shawl wrapped round it. Beside it was a small shop-doll with pink cheeks and flaxen hair, which she had got on her last birthday; but it had no shawl and its face was turned to the wood. The stone she had had two years, and she loved it; the shop-doll was only interesting. Besides these there was a round Bushman stone with a hole in the middle, which she had picked up behind the kraal, and a flat slate-colored stone with the impression of a fossilized leaf, which she found on the path going up to the mountain; and, at the very bottom in the corner was a workbox, with a silver thimble and needles and cottons inside, which she thought very grand; and two little brightly colored boxes with chocolates and peppermints with holes through them like whistles, which she had got on Christmas Day, but thought too pretty to eat; and there was also a head of Queen Victoria, cut out of the tinsel label of a sardine tin, and which she kept wrapped up in white paper.

She took all the things out of the box and handled them carefully, deliberating for a while. At last she selected the alphabet book, the Bushman stone, the silver thimble and a paper of needles, Queen Victoria's head, and a stick of chocolate. When she had packed the other things back, she went with them

to the table. She climbed up on the chair. She laid the thimble and paper of needles on the cushion on the left of the baby's head, and the Bushman stone and the tinsel Queen Victoria head on the right. Very gently and slowly she slipped the alphabet book under the baby's doubled-up arm; and then, turning back the silver paper at one end of the chocolate stick, she forced the other end very gently into its closed fist, leaving the uncovered end near to its mouth. Then she stood upright on the chair with her hands folded before her, looking down at them all, with a curious contentment about her mouth.

After a little time she got down and went to her box at the foot of the bed, and sat down upon it; to wait till the baby woke.

Her face was seamed under the eyes with lines hot perspiration and dust had left, and she was very tired. She leaned her arm on the bed and rested her head on it.

At half-past one it was dinner-time, and old Ayah could not find her. She often crept in the heat of the day behind the piano or into the wagon-loft, and fell asleep there where no one could discover her. So old Ayah put some dinner for her in a tin plate in the oven to keep warm.

Then everyone went to lie down; the shutters of all the doors and windows were closed, and there was not a sound in all the house but the buzzing of the flies in the darkened rooms.

Only old Ayah did not sleep to-day and was sewing a piece of white calico into a long, narrow, white robe with a stiff frill down the front for a tiny baby. She sat working in the dining room with the shutters very slightly apart to let in enough light.

When she had done it she went down the passage to the door of the spare room and unlocked it.

The first thing she noticed was that the outer shutters she had left carefully closed were partly open, that the window had been raised, and the blind was an inch or two drawn up. She walked to the table. The baby lay with the sheet removed from its face, and the Bushman stone, and thimble, and needles, and a picture, on its pillow, and the alphabet book under its arm, and the chocolate stick in its hand. She glanced round. Rebekah was still sitting on her box at the foot of the bed with her stockinged feet crossed and her head resting on her arm on the mattress, fast asleep; her shoes standing side by side at the foot of the table.

Old Ayah walked up to her and shook her by the shoulder. Rebekah opened her eyes slowly and looked at her dreamily, without raising her head.

"What are you doing in here? Couldn't you see, if the door was locked, that you weren't meant to get in here?" she said in the Cape Dutch she always spoke.

Rebekah sat up, still looking round vacantly; then in an instant all came back to her and she stood up.

"Aren't you a wicked, naughty child, letting all the flies and the sun come in! What have you been doing?"

"Oh, please don't talk so loud," whispered Rebekah, quickly, bending forward and stretching out her hand, "please, you'll wake it!"

"O Lord!" said old Ayah, looking at her, "what would your mother say if she knew you'd been in here playing with that blessed baby! You naughty child, how dared you touch it!"

"It's mine: *I* found it!" said Rebekah, walking softly up to the foot of the table.

Old Ayah came up too.

"Oh, please," said Rebekah, putting out her hand again, "*don't* touch it! Don't touch it! I *don't* want it waked!"

She looked up at old Ayah with full, lustrous eyes, as a bitch looks when you handle her pups.

"O my God!" said old Ayah, "the child is mad! How can it be yours? It's your mother's."

"It is mine," said Rebekah slowly,

"I found it. Mietje found hers in the hut, and Katje found hers behind the kraal. My mother found hers that cries so, in the bedroom. *This one* is mine!"

"O Lord, Lord!" cried old Ayah. "I tell you this is your mother's baby; she had two, and this one is dead. I put it here myself."

Rebekah looked at her.

"This one is dead: it'll never open its eyes again; it can't breathe."

The old Hottentot woman began taking the alphabet book from under its arm and the stick from its hand, and took the things from the pillow.

Rebekah did not look at her; her gaze was fixed on the baby's face.

"Here, take these things!"

But Rebekah raised out her hand, and touched the baby's feet; a coldness went up her arm, even through the sheet. She dropped her hand.

"Child, what is it? Here!—take your shoes!"

She thrust the shoes into her hand. Rebekah held them, but let them slide between her fingers onto the floor; she was still staring at the table.

Old Ayah gathered up the child's apron and put into it the things she had taken from the baby, and forced the shoes back into her other hand.

"Here, take them, I say, and go away! And get your face washed and your hair done, and tell Mietje to put on you a clean dress and white pinafore. What would your mother say to see you looking such an ugly, dirty little fright!"

Rebekah turned away slowly, with the gathered apron in one hand and the shoes in the other, and walked to the door. When she got there she turned and looked dreamily back; then she went out into the passage.

After she had had her face washed and her hair brushed, and had got on a clean starched pink dress and a white over-all pinafore, she went to the dining room. Old Ayah had put her plate of warmed dinner on the table ready for her, and she sat down on the bench to eat it. She felt better now she was washed and had a clean starched dress on.

The heat outside was still very oppressive, and only a little light came in through the cracks in the shutter; and the blue flies were buzzing round everywhere in the dark. She did not feel very hungry, and played with her dinner, but she drank all the water in her mug. Then she pushed her plate from her, found her kappie, and went out into the great front room. All was quiet there also, and almost quite dark. She took a large worn picture-book from the side table, and opened the double door, and went out onto the front stoep. The vine leaves on the front wall hung dry and stiff, and even the orange leaves on the great orange trees before the door hung curled and flaccid.

It was nearly three o'clock, and the heat was hardly less intense than at midday, though there was already shade on that side of the house. The hollyhocks and dahlias in the flower garden beyond the orange trees were hanging their heads, and the four-o'clocks were curled up tight though the trees sheltered them.

She walked down through the flower garden, on into the orchard beyond.

All was very still and brown there also. The little peach trees that stood in rows were shedding their half-ripe fruit, which fell into the long yellow grass beneath them, and the fig trees along the wall had curled up the edges of their leaves. Rebekah followed a little winding footpath among the grass to the middle of the orchard, where a large pear tree stood, with a gnarled and knotted stem. There was a bench under the tree, and the grass grew very long all about it. She looked round to find a spot where the tree cast a deeper shade than elsewhere. Here she walked round and round on the grass, like a dog, and then lay down on her back in the place she had made. It was like a nest, with the grass standing several inches high all round.

She drew up her legs, cocking one knee over the other, so that one foot waved in the air.

It was very nice. She lay for a while with her hands clasped across the top of her head, from which she had thrown her white kappie. The pear-tree leaves were so thick overhead you could hardly see any sky through them. She yawned luxuriously. Beyond the edges of the pear branches, here and there as you looked through half-closed eyes, were strips of blue sky, and some great, white masses of thunder cloud were showing in them, like ships sailing in the blue. She watched them for a while with her eyes half shut; then she took up the book that lay on the grass at her side, stood it open on her chest against her knee, and gently waved the foot that was cocked up in the air.

The book opened of itself about the middle at a certain page. On it was a picture: Peter, a great boy with a red face looking out through the top of the letter P, and at his feet was a little pig with a curled tail. Besides this there were in the picture, in the distance, fields and a stile, and a winding path leading far away over the hills; and in the foreground was a milestone with weeds growing around it; below was written "P stands for Peter and Pig."

She had had the book ever since she could remember; she had kept it very clean; there was no torn place or mark in it; but the page of *Peter and his Pig* was brown and worn round the edges. It was her favorite picture. Whenever she looked at it she wanted to make up stories. She had made one long story about it; how people were not kind to Peter and he had no one to love him but his pig, and how they both ran away together by that far-off road that went over the hill and saw all the beautiful things on the other side. She liked this book better than her new books. She stood it up on her chest and looked into the picture. But to-day it had no meaning; it suggested nothing. Then she looked away again beyond the edges of the pear branches, where two great masses of white cloud were floating in the blue; they dazzled her eyes so she closed them.

Presently she made a story that one of those clouds was a ship and she was sailing in it (she had never seen the sea or a ship, but she was always making stories about them), and, as she sailed, she came at last to an island. The ship stopped there. And on the edge of the shore was a lady standing, dressed in beautiful clothes, all gold and silver. When she stepped onto the shore, the lady came up to her, and bowed to her, and said, "I am Queen Victoria; who are you?"

And Rebekah answered her, "I am the little Queen Victoria of South Africa."

And they bowed to each other.

(The child under the tree moved her head very slightly, without opening her eyes.)

The Queen asked her where she came from. She said, "From a country far away from here: not such a *very* nice country! Things are not always nice there—only sometimes they are."

The Queen said, "I have many islands that belong to me: but this island belongs to no one; why don't you come and live here? No one will ever scold you here, and you can do just what you like."

Rebekah said, "I should like it very much but I must first go and fetch my books out of the ship." And when she had brought her books she said to the Queen, "Here is a little box of presents I have got for all the people who live on the farm where I used to live: for my father and my mother and the servants and the little Kaffirs—and even old Ayah. Would you please give it to them as you go past?" And the Queen said she would; and she said, "Good-by, Little Queen Victoria!" And Rebekah said, "Good-by, Big Queen Victoria!" and they bowed to each other, and the old Queen went away in the ship in which she had come.

Then she was all alone on her island. (She had never seen an island except a

lump of ground in the furrow, with some thyme and forget-me-nots growing on it; but when she grew up she found she had pictured that island just as a real island might have been!) The island had many large trees and bushes, and the grass and thyme and forget-me-nots grew down to the water's edge. She walked a little way and she came to a river with trees on each side, and on it were two swans swimming, with their long white necks bent. She had had a book with the picture of a swan swimming in a lake, and she had always thought she must die of joy if she should see a real swan swimming up and down; and here were two!

A little farther, on the bank of the river, there was a little house standing. It was as high in proportion to her as grown-up people's houses are in proportion to them. The doors were just high enough for her to go in and out at, and all things fitted her. One room was covered with books from the floor to the ceiling, with a little empty shelf for her own books, and there was a microscope on the table like her father's which she was never allowed to touch; but this one was hers!

Outside, in the garden, there were little rakes and spades that came as high as her shoulder. (Rebekah had always had to dig with a man's spade that made her arms ache.) At the side of the house there were all the things lying one uses for building houses; and a pile of bricks; and a bit of bare ground where you could make as much mud as you liked and make more bricks. But she hadn't time to stay and make bricks then. She went on farther.

Presently she came to a place where the trees hung very low down over the water and the grass was very thick; and there, from a large white bush, hanging right over, and nearly touching the water, she saw a snow-white pod, nearly as long as her arm. It was like a pea pod, but it was covered all over with a white, frosted silver. She reached down over the edge and tried to pick it. It was very heavy; at last she broke it off, and carried it away in her pinafore, and she sat on a bank with it on her lap. She pressed with her finger all up and down the joint, and slowly the pod cracked and cracked, and opened from one end to the other, as a mimosa pod does.

And there, lying inside it, as the seeds lie inside the pod of a mimosa tree—was a little baby! It was quite pink and naked. It was as long in proportion to her, as a Kaffir woman's new baby is in proportion to a Kaffir woman when she first finds it. She tried to lift it out, but it was tied to the pod as the mimosa seeds are, with a little curled-up string. She broke the string and lifted it out, then she wrapped it up in her pinafore and skirt and put its head on her arm and carried it home.

(The book which was still standing up against her knee, here fell over softly onto the breast of the child under the pear tree.)

After a time she half opened her eyes and looked up. Above her was the pear tree, with its stiff branches of dull green leaves. Slowly she raised herself into a sitting posture and looked round.

All about lay the parched yellow grass, and the little dried peach trees, with their shrivelled leaves and dropping yellow peaches. Everything was brown and dry; she stretched herself and yawned.

Then she stood up. Suddenly she saw a herd of little pigs a short way off, feeding under the peach trees. They had got in through a hole in the wall and were eating the fallen fruit among the grass. They would soon make their way up to the flower garden.

With a shout and whoop she rushed off after them, waving her kappie at them by one string. The little pigs squeaked and grunted and scattered in all directions. She chased them till she had got them in a herd all together, and drove them out through one of the gaps in the sod wall. Then she stood on the wall and shouted frantically after them, still waving her kappie, though they were

all running as fast as they could, with their little curled-up tails. She stood on the wall and waved till they disappeared behind the kraals.

The severest heat of the afternoon was now past, and there was a certain mellow haziness beginning to creep into the afternoon air. She shaded her eyes with her hand and looked away over the flat below the homestead, where the thorn trees grew. There seemed a kind of soft, yellow, transparent veil over it all; and there were little gnats in the air. Presently, as she stood dreamily gazing, she saw some figures moving far away in the flat below the house, near the great dam with the willow trees. The foremost figure carried something on its shoulders; it looked like Long Jan the Kaffir. Then came her father, and then two Kaffir boys with something over their shoulders that looked like spades. She could not see well; they were so far away and the soft yellow haze made things dreamy. They passed through the new lands, and then they went out of sight, behind the great willow trees which grew round the dam.

She stood still, looking out at them very drowsily, thinking of nothing in particular, and hardly noting them.

Suddenly a small shrill voice called from the back steps of the house, "Get down from that wall, child, will you! Standing there with nothing on your head! You'll be burnt as black as a Kaffir before your mother gets up. Put your kappie on!"

It was old Ayah, who had come to the back door to throw water into the pigs' wash.

Rebekah climbed from the wall on the garden side, and walked away; but she did not put her kappie on; she tied it round her waist by its long strings, and walked back to the pear tree. Everything seemed a little bald and empty; she had no wish to make more stories, and there was nothing to do. It seemed to her, all at once, that it was a very long afternoon. Then there came back to her the picture of her mother lying in the bed with the baby's head on her arm, which she had been trying to put from her all day. She saw the embroidered wrist of her mother's nightdress, and she saw her mother drawing up the cover to shield the baby's head. She tried to think of something else.

There was a strange little blind footpath among the grass under the pear tree on the left side. It was a few feet long, trodden hard and flat, and led to nothing. She had made it by walking up and down there when she and Charles, her imaginary playmate, made stories and talked.

She began to walk up and down in it now, rather dragging her feet. By and by she and Charles began to talk; she talked in a quite audible voice, now for Charles, and then for herself. They told each other no stories, but they began to discuss a little about the house of stramonium stalks they were going to build; he said what he thought was the best way of making the roof would be with stramonium branches, she said she thought peach branches would be stronger and better. But neither had much of interest to say that afternoon.

It began to get cooler now. The large white butterflies that had sat with folded wings during the great heat, were beginning to hover over the brown grass; and there was a faint movement in the air, which showed that the evening cool was going to begin.

Then, as she walked, her eye caught sight of a white ball sticking on the bark of the pear tree. She walked round to the stem to look at it, and broke a bit of dry bark off to get it out. It was a softy fluffy ball. She put it on the ground, and opened it carefully with two sticks, bending over it, her knees drawn up almost to her chest, and all her little white knickerbockers showing. Inside of it were little gray things that looked like tiny spiders' eggs. She examined it carefully and long, sticking her under lip out over the upper. It was very curious. She was going to examine it more closely, when she caught

sight of a row of black ants walking across her own footpath, like a file of little soldiers, one after the other; each one had a pink egg in its mandibles. A few inches farther was another line of little black ants returning across the footpath, probably to fetch more of the eggs which were in some nest hidden in the grass. She wheeled round, still on her heels, with a hand on each knee to balance herself, and watched them closely. Presently a huge ant, like those running up and down the stem of the pear tree, dashed into the path from the grass and seized one of the tiny ants that were carrying the eggs. The ant dropped the egg. The large ant held it exactly in the middle with its large nippers. In an instant she started up, drew her lips tighter, and seized a stick of straw, and tried to divide them; but the large one held so tightly she found she would crush both. She took two withered leaves and softly tried to separate them. The large one caught the leaf with its nippers and the small one got free; it ran away to look for its dropped egg. The large one was clinging angrily to the leaf, and trying to bite it. She bent intently over it, watching it.

Suddenly she looked up. She had a curious feeling that someone was looking at her! She looked round and up into the pear tree, still balancing herself carefully in her half sitting position; there was nothing there but the green dried leaves, and all about nothing but the long brown grass, in some places partly trodden down, in others still standing upright.

She looked back at the ants. Then she glanced round again inquiringly. Two feet from the round spot in the grass which she had trodden down to lie in, was the head of a large yellow cobra. Most of its body was hidden in the grass; but its head was out, and it was watching her. It was the color of the grass, pale yellow with brown marks. Had it been there all the afternoon? She stood softly upright and stared at it. It looked at her with its glittering unblinking eyes. Then it began to move. Krinkle! krinkle! krinkle! It drew its long body out over the grass, with a sound like a lady walking in a stiff starched print dress. She gazed at it in fixed horror, motionless.

She was not afraid of snakes. When she was three years old she had carried one home in her pinafore, as a great treasure, and been punished for doing so. Since she understood what they were, she was not afraid of them, but they had become a nightmare to her. They spoiled her world. Krinkle, krinkle, krinkle!—it moved away over the grass towards a hole in the sod wall, winding its long six feet of body after it.

She seized her book and ran up the path through the orchard. According to rule, she should have gone to the house and called people to look for it and kill it. But she ran quickly through the flower garden and up the steps onto the front stoep; then she stood still. Her heart was beating so she could hear it; she had a sense of an abandoned wickedness somewhere: it was almost as if *she herself* were a snake, and had gone krinkle! krinkle! krinkle! over the grass. She had a sense of all the world being abandonedly wicked; and a pain in her left side. When her heart had stopped throbbing quite so loud, she opened the door slowly and went into the large front room.

No one had remembered to open the shutters that afternoon though it was almost sunset; it was dusky in the room even with the door open. On the wall hung two great framed pictures of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort, in regal dress. She always played the Queen was herself, and the Prince, Charles; and once, when no one was about, she had put a chair on the side table and climbed up onto it, and kissed her own hand, and put it high up where she could touch Charles' face with it.

But to-night she did not look at them. The chair in which her mother always sat stood empty beside the little work table, and the footstool before it was

covered with dust. She opened the drawer of the table and took out a calico duster and carefully dusted the chair and stool. When she had put the duster back, she opened another drawer and took out a spelling book. She drew her own little square wooden footstool between her mother's chair and the open door and sat down on it, with her spelling book in her hand. She began to learn a short column of spelling which she should have learned in the morning. She held up the book before her so that the light from the door might fall on the page, and spelt out—

"T-h-e-i-r—their."

She repeated it a few score of times; then she went on to—

"T-h-o-s-e—those."

And then turned to her multiplication table. It was printed on the cover of the book. She was learning six-times. She repeated slowly over and over to herself—

"Six times six is—thirty-six,
And six times six is—thirty-six."

The soft, fading evening light was creeping over the orange trees outside the door.

She drawled slower—

"And, six times six is—thirty-six,
And, six times six is—thirty-six,
And, six times six is—thirty-six,
And, six times six—is—thirty-seven,
And, six times six—is—thirty-seven."

She repeated it slowly about a hundred times, sometimes right, and sometimes wrong, looking out dreamily all the while over the book, through the open door, her mind almost a complete blank; then she paused. In a moment, something had flashed on her! She knew now what those figures had meant which she had seen walking down in the flat in the afternoon when she stood on the sod wall. She knew now what it was Long Jan was carrying; she knew why her father walked behind him, and the two Kaffir boys had spades over their shoulders. In an instant, she knew well, and with an absolute certainty, that if she went down to the great dam behind the willow trees beyond the new lands, she would find there a little mound of earth, and that the baby from the spare room would be under it. All day she had not let herself think of that baby since old Ayah had driven her out of the room. She knew, also, something else; she knew at that moment—vaguely, but quite certainly—something of what birth and death mean, which she had not known before. She would never again look for a new little baby, or expect to find it anywhere; vaguely but quite certainly something of its genesis had flashed on her.

She stood up in the quickly darkening room; put her multiplication book back into the drawer, and walked straight to the door that opened into the dining room, and closed it behind her.

In the dining room also it was getting dark now, though it looked towards the west and the window was open, and here also it was very quiet. This was generally the noisy time of the day, when there was a stir and a bustle everywhere: her mother was generally giving out rations, and the herds and maids who had come from the huts to fetch their food stood about the storehouse door outside laughing and talking. The Kaffir maids who worked in the house were generally chatting loudly in the kitchen; and the little Kaffirs, who might not approach at any other time, often stood about the kitchen steps waiting for their mothers; and from the milking kraal you could hear the men shouting to the cows and calves, and calling to one another; and the dogs felt the excitement and barked; and above everything could always be heard old Ayah's voice, in a shrill, small key, giving orders everywhere, which no one ever obeyed. But to-night it was all quiet: you could only hear the lowing of the cows and the bleating of the sheep. The men hardly shouted. The rations had been given out early in the morning, and the little Kaffirs had been told not to come about the back door.

Through the great square window the

twilight was beginning to come in. She would not go to her mother's room, and she had nowhere else to go. She sat down on a deal bench without a back that stood against the wall. No one came to light the candles; and you could see the dim outlines of the hall clock in the corner, and the wooden chairs and tables standing out as shadows from the whitewashed walls. Presently, as it grew quite dark a bat came in at the window and flapped about from side to side and went out again. Then the room grew pitch dark. Rebekah drew her legs up under her onto the form, and leaned her head back against the whitewashed wall.

By and by the two Kaffir maids came in from the milk-house, each carrying a bucket of milk. They had a lighted candle. They went through the dining room into the pantry; they were laughing and talking softly; the light from the open pantry door came back into the dining room.

Presently old Ayah came in from the mother's bedroom.

"What are you sitting here all alone in the dark for, child?" she said.

She went into the pantry, and came out with a large basin of bread and milk sop, and a little pannikin of pure milk. She set them down on the side of the table next to the bench with a tallow candle beside them in a low candlestick.

"Why didn't you eat your dinner, little white face?"

Rebekah sat upright; old Ayah pushed the table a little nearer to her, and she began to eat. She had not known before that she was hungry. Now she ate ravenously and drank at the milk out of her pannikin.

Old Ayah went back into the pantry and scolded the maids in Dutch because the wooden milk-pail was leaking. Very soon the maids and old Ayah came back to the dining room, and rested the pail on the end of the dining table to examine what was gone wrong. One of the maids held the lighted candle, while the other was chewing tallow to put in the cracks.

"What's the baby like, old Ayah?" asked the maid holding the light, as old Ayah examined the leak.

"A fine child," said old Ayah, without looking up. "She'd make four of *that* child when she was born. Its hands are nearly as large as hers now."

The maid who was chewing the tallow pressed some down on the open seam.

"Where has *she* been all day?" she asked, nicking her head at Rebekah.

"Oh, God knows!" said old Ayah; "I've hardly seen her. You might as well try to keep your eye on a *mier-kat* among its holes as on *that* child."

They talked of her to her face as if she were a stone wall.

Rebekah kept on eating her supper, gazing straight into her basin, and taking large mouthfuls.

"Look at her now!" said the first Kaffir maid, "How she eats! She's trying to swallow the spoon!"

"*Sy's 'n snaaks se kind!*" said old Ayah. ("She's a strange child!")

Rebekah kept on eating steadily and looking into the basin. It hurt her so that they talked of her.

When they had done stopping the hand-pail, the two maids went to the kitchen, and old Ayah went back to the mother's room. Immediately they were gone Rebekah pushed her basin with what was left in it from her and leaned back on the bench. She drew up one leg, leaned her elbow on the bench, and rested her head against the whitewashed wall. She was very tired. She watched the tallow candle fixedly; it was burning up red, and flickering a little, as the moths and night flies that came in through the open window fluttered round it. It seemed so long since she had got up in the morning. It was her bedtime, but no one came to tell her to go to bed.

Then she began to watch the wick of the tallow candle more fixedly as it burnt larger and redder. She pressed two of her fingers on her eyes, half closing them; then she saw two candles; she took them away, and there was only

one. She wondered how that was, and tried it again. When she moved one finger a little the one light went up slowly and stood over the other; she moved the other finger, and they came so close they were almost one. She took her hand away and looked at the candle, half closing her eyes; she did not see two candles now, but only four long rays of red light, the two higher ones darker and the two lower lighter. She was slowly getting very interested in it.

She held up her hand and let the light shine through her fingers; the hand made a long dark shadow on the wall to the left of the room. Why was the shadow so much longer than the hand, she wondered, and why did it fall just where it did? She moved her hand and watched the shadow move. If only one were grown up, one would know all about these things! She dropped her hand on her side. Perhaps even grown-up people didn't know all.—Perhaps only God knew what lights and shadows were!

She lay still watching the candle. The wick had burned so long it was beginning to droop and turn over a little on one side. The next morning she would get up early before anyone was up and begin learning her multiplication table and spelling; perhaps she would know it before evening. She would not play once the whole day or make up stories. She would learn the whole day. It would all help to make you grow up quickly, and know everything!

It was half-past eight now. Her eyelids began to droop; she only kept them open with a strong effort: she could not bear to go to sleep; but her head bowed, nodding even though she leaned it against the wall.

Suddenly she sat bolt upright; her eyes opened widely. They seemed to grow larger and larger at each instant. She listened intently. From her mother's bedroom there came a sound, a loud, wailing cry. Rebekah got off the bench and stood rigid and upright. Her small sharp-cut face, pale before, became now a deadly white. There was silence for a moment; then another cry, then another, and another, each louder and longer than before. Her hands doubled into fists; she turned a bright pink. The crying went on. She raised her chin; her throat swelled till it looked like the full throat of a tiny woman; the veins stood out like little whipcords. She drew in the corners of her mouth. Again there was a cry, but this time fainter. A dark purple flush came up over her forehead; her eyelids drooped. She rushed out at the door, striking herself against it. She flew up the dark passage to the door of her mother's room. She tried to reach the handle, but it was too high. With hands and feet she struck the panels of the door till they rebounded.

"Let me in! Let me in! I say, let me in! I will—I—will—I say—I will come in!"

The baby inside had left off crying.

Rebekah heard nothing but the surging of the blood in her own ears. Old Ayah opened the door.

"Let me in! Let me in!—I will come in!"

Old Ayah tried to put her back with her hand.

"Leave me alone!—Leave me alone!" she cried; "You are killing it like the other one! Leave me alone, I say! Leave me alone!"

Old Ayah tried to hold her fast, but she caught the Hottentot woman's skirts and twisted them round with her arms and legs.

The little mother from the bed asked in a sleepy voice what was the matter.

"Don't ask me what is the matter!" cried old Ayah indignantly, in Cape Dutch. "Ask the Father of all Evil! This child is mad!"

She wrenched her skirts free from Rebekah's grasp and thrust her into the room. Rebekah stood on the ox skin in the center of the floor, vibrating from the soles of her feet to her head.

The candle was on a stand beside her

mother's bed, and threw its light full on her, as she lay with the baby's head on her arm, and her hand with the white frill thrown across it. On the right side of the great four-poster bed they had pinned up a red cotton quilt, with great lions and palm trees printed on it, to keep off the draught from the open window; and the quilt reflected a soft red light over the mother and child. In the far right-hand corner of the room was Rebekah's own little cot, where she had slept ever since she was born.

"God only does know what possesses this child!" said old Ayah, fixing her twinkling black eyes on Rebekah and talking at her. "If she were my child, I wouldn't let her come into the house at all, where respectable people live who like to be indoors. I'd just tie her fast with a chain to a monkey post outside, and let her go round and round there. Then she could eat Kaffir beans like a baboon, and climb, and scream as much as she liked!"

"What did you make such a noise for, Rebekah?" the little mother said gently. "Did you think they were hurting the baby?"

Rebekah said nothing; the blood was leaving her head and running into her heart, and she felt faint.

"Twisting a person's clothes almost off their backs! Can't one even wash and dress a child without this little wild thing coming howling, and dancing round one?" Old Ayah smoothed out her crumpled skirt.

"Do you want to see the baby, Rebekah?" asked her mother.

Rebekah walked unsteadily to the foot of the bed and stood beside the great wooden bedpost.

Old Ayah took up the baby's bath and walked out of the room with it, muttering that some children ought to live with the baboons.

"If you would like to come and see the baby, you can climb up," said her mother drowsily, with half closed eyes.

Rebekah waited a moment, then she clambered softly up onto the bed, and sat down at the foot, half kneeling, with her back against the post. Her mother, who was very tired, had re-closed her eyes. The baby's red face pressed against the mother's white breast. The light shone on them both.

Rebekah drew up her knees and clasped her arms round them, and sat watching.

"It's drinking, isn't it, eh, mother?" she said at last, very softly.

"Yes," said her mother, without opening her eyes.

"It's *your* little baby? Eh, mother?" she whispered again softly, after a long pause.

Her mother nodded dreamily.

Rebekah stroked her little skirts down over her knees.

"It *must* drink!" she said after a time. "It *must* have milk, eh, mother?—It's your little baby, eh, mother?"—she added after a long pause.

But the little mother made no answer; she had dropped away into sleep.

Rebekah sat watching them.

By and by the baby moved its hand which struck out from the white-flannel wrapper about it: it opened its fingers slowly; it stretched them out one after the other and closed them up again into a fist. Rebekah watched it intently.

Presently she leaned forward, resting one elbow on the bed, and slowly stretched out her other hand, and with one forefinger touched the hand of the baby. Her mouth quivered; she sat up quickly, and watched them again. She leaned her head back against the post at the foot of the bed and sat gazing at them, her eyes never moving.

At half-past nine old Ayah came in again bringing in the hot water bottle and an etna to warm the gruel during the night.

"My fatherland's force! You not in bed yet! Are you going to sit up till morning?"

The mother woke up. "Have you been sitting here all this while, Rebekah?" she asked gently.

Old Ayah put the warm-water bottle at the mother's feet.

"She'd never go to bed if she could help it!" old Ayah muttered. "It's my belief, if you came in at three o'clock in the morning, you'd find her sitting up in her bed, talking to the spiders in the dark. She'd talk to the stars if she hadn't anything else to talk to, just not to go to sleep like other children!"

"Mother," said Rebekah in a very slow, clear voice, stroking down her knees; "mother,—will you let me have *your* baby to sleep by me for a little while?"

She spoke each word slowly and distinctly, as one who repeats what they have carefully prepared.

"No, dear," said the mother; "it's too small; you can't have it to sleep with you yet."

"Have it to sleep with you!" said old Ayah. "I should think not! Why, you'd kill it!"

"I should take great care of it," said Rebekah, very slowly, still stroking her knees, her eyes very wide open and fixed steadily on her mother; "I wouldn't lie on it nor let it fall. I only want to take care of it and teach it."

"Teach it! Teach it, indeed!" said old Ayah, tucking in the mother's feet; "You just want to teach her to be a naughty tomboy like you. We'll take care she doesn't play with you and learn all your wild ways."

Rebekah stroked her knees more heavily. "I didn't mean to teach her anything wrong," she said slowly; "I wasn't even going to teach her to hate *you*."

"Hate me!—Rather!—I should think not! What next! Why should you teach her to hate me?"

Rebekah turned her eyes onto old Ayah and gazed at her. "Because *I* hate you so!" she said.

"Don't quarrel with her any more, Ayah," said the mother; "the child really doesn't know what she is talking about; she's half asleep already.—Come, get off the bed, Rebekah, and go and undress.—You can't have the baby."

But Rebekah sat motionless. Slowly the tears gathered under her eyelids. She closed them, and the tears lay in large heavy drops under the lashes without falling.

She raised her face with its closed eyes to the canopy of the bed.

"Oh, I can't bear it!—I can't bear it!" she said slowly. "What shall I do?—What shall I do?—Oh, what shall I do?" She moved her upturned face with its closed eyes slowly from side to side.—"I meant to love it so! Oh, I meant—all my things—my Peter book—all my stones. Oh, if you will let me love it!" The bed shook, but no tears fell from the closed eyes. She stroked her knees with both hands. "It's not any use!—you see—it's not any use!—I have tried!—I have tried!—Oh, I wish I was dead—I wish I was dead—I wish I was dead!"

Even old Ayah looked at her in silence.

"The child is really three-parts asleep," said the mother. "It's been a long trying day for her, running about with no one to look after her. She is but a baby, though she is so old-fashioned. Get off the bed, Rebekah, and old Ayah will undress you."

But Rebekah felt her way to the foot of the bed and slid down.

"I can undress myself—" she heaved.

She stood on the floor in the middle of the room with her eyes still closed, the lids swollen and fastened together, and unbuttoned her things one by one, letting them drop on the floor, until she stood there in her little white shift; her small naked shoulders still vibrating. Old Ayah brough her her nightdress.

"*Dis 'n snaaks se kind!*" she muttered. ("'Tis a strange child!")

Rebekah slipped it over her own head, and then, with her hand stretched out, she felt her way to the bed in the corner. She climbed up over the side of the cot and lay down. The long vibrating movement still went on; it was almost as if a man were crying.

"I can't have that," said the little mother. "She'll go on with it half the

night in her sleep. I know the child. I think she dreams of things. Take the baby and lay it by her just for a little while. It's been a long day, and she's very tired."

Old Ayah shook her head forebodingly; but she took up the baby, wrapped it in its shawl, and carried it across the room. She turned back the cover and made a place for it beside Rebekah. The child stretched out her arm for its head; the Hottentot woman laid it down on it and drew the cover up over both. Then she turned and went out, to fetch the gruel and the night-light.

The elder sister slipped her hand under the shawl till she found the baby's hand; she clasped her fingers softly into its tiny fingers, and held them. With the other hand she tried to draw its body up close against her.

Presently there was a queer quavering little sound, as though someone were trying to sing; but nothing came of it; then all was quiet.

When old Ayah came back in fifteen minutes everyone in the room was quiet and asleep.

She put the gruel and night-light down on the drawers, and came to the bedside to remove the baby. But when she turned down the cover she found the hands of the sisters so interlocked, and the arm of the elder sister so closely round the younger, that she could not remove it without awaking both.

Old Ayah shook her head and drew the cover up softly. She blew out the candle, and put the night-light down on the floor beyond the bed, and walked softly towards the door of the room, with her naked yellow feet, her figure casting a long dark shadow on the wall. When she got to the door as she passed out she turned and looked back. Along the floor the night-light shone, casting deep shadows into far corners, especially that in which the two children lay!

But they were all sleeping well.



THE FAILURE OF PHILOSOPHY

BY WILL DURANT

Author of "The Story of Philosophy"

WHY is it that philosophy is no longer loved to-day? Why have her children, the sciences, divided her inheritance and turned her out of doors, like another Lear, with an ingratitude unkinder than the winter's wind? Once the strongest men were willing to die for her: Socrates chose rather to be her martyr than to live in flight before her enemies; Plato risked himself twice to win a kingdom for her; Marcus Aurelius loved her more passionately than his throne; and Bruno burned at the stake for loyalty to her.

Once thrones and papacies feared philosophy and imprisoned her votaries lest dynasties should fall; Athens exiled Protagoras, and Alexandria trembled before Hypatia; a great pope courted timidly the friendship of Erasmus; regents and kings hounded Voltaire from their lands and fretted in jealousy when at last all the civilized world bowed before the scepter of his pen. Dionysius and Dionysius' son offered Plato the mastery of Syracuse; Alexander's royal aid made Aristotle the most learned man in history; a scholar-king lifted Francis Bacon almost to the leadership of England and protected him from his enemies; and the great Frederick, at midnight when all his pompous generals had gone to sleep, held high revelry with poets and philosophers, jealous of their boundless realms and their timeless sway.

Ah, those were great days for philosophy when bravely she took all knowledge for her province and threw herself at every turn into the forefront of the mind's advance. Men honored her then; nothing was held nobler than the love of truth. Alexander rated Diogenes second only to Alexander, and Diogenes bade Alexander stand aside lest his royal carcass should hide the sun. Statesmen and thinkers and artists listened gladly to Aspasia, and ten thousand students made long pilgrimages to Paris to learn from Abelard. Philosophy was not then a timid spinster hiding in locked towers from the rough usage of the world; her bright eyes did not fear the day; she lived dangerously, and made distant voyages into unknown seas. Could she ever, in those years when she held court before monarchs, have contented herself with the narrow boundaries within which to-day she has been imprisoned? Once she was a many-colored light that filled with warmth and radiance the profoundest souls; now she is the ignominious satellite of fragmentary sciences and scholastic disciplines. Once she was proud mistress of all the intellectual globe, and counted the loftiest among her happy servitors; now, despoiled of her beauty and her power, she stands by the wayside desolate, and none so poor to do her reverence.

Philosophy is not loved to-day because she has lost the spirit of adventure. The sudden uprising of the sciences has stolen from her, one by one, her ancient spacious realms. "Cosmology" has become astronomy and geology; "natural philosophy" has become biology and physics; and in our own day the "philosophy of mind" has budded forth into psychology. All the real and crucial problems have escaped from her: no longer does she concern herself with the

nature of matter and the secret of vitality and growth; the "will" whose "freedom" she debated in a hundred wars of thought has been crushed in the mechanism of modern life; the state, whose problems were once her own, is the happy hunting ground of petty souls, and less than ever honors the counsel of philosophy. Nothing remains to her except the arid deserts of metaphysics, and the childish puzzles of epistemology, and the academic disputes of an ethics that has lost all influence on mankind. Even these wastes will be taken from her; new sciences will rise and enter these territories with compass and microscope and rule; and perhaps the world will forget that philosophy ever existed, or ever thrilled the hearts and guided the minds of men.

II

And as philosophy has been written these last three hundred years it might well deserve this dishonor and oblivion. For what has philosophy been since Bacon and Spinoza died? For the most part it has been epistemology, the scholastic theology of knowledge, the technical and esoteric, the mystic and incomprehensible dispute about the existence of the external world. The intelligence that might have made philosopher-kings has gone to erudite analyses of the reasons for and against the possibility that stars and oceans and bacteria and neighbors exist when they are not perceived. And for two hundred and fifty years this battle of the frogs and mice has been going on, with no appreciable result for philosophy or life, and with no profit for any man but the printer.

Something of the blame for all this belongs to that simple, almost naïve remark of Descartes, *Je pense, donc je suis*. Descartes had hoped to begin his philosophy with a minimum of assumptions: he would call into question, by "methodic doubt," all the beliefs and even the axioms of men, and would try to build a consistent system of knowledge from the single premise, "I think, therefore I am." It was a highly dangerous thing to make being depend so upon thought; wits would be sure to conclude that on this basis existence was an aristocratic privilege, and cynics might with its authority deprive an entire sex not only of a soul (as Weininger was to do) but of reality.

But the chief damage done by Descartes was to philosophy. For to erect an exposition of the world upon the fact that one man thinks is to create such a mess of difficulties that the arachnid subtlety of ten generations of epistemologs has been spent, almost in vain, on the task of disentanglement. First of all, this "I" or "ego" of Descartes was conceived as a spiritual, non-material "soul." Now a body, presumably, can be moved only by contact with other bodies; how then could this incorporeal spirit act upon the molecular substances of the brain? From this pretty *impasse* came the marvels of materialism, idealism, and "psychophysical parallelism." The parallelist argued that if mind and brain are so different, neither can act upon the other, and the two series of events, material and mental, cerebral and intellectual, must be separate and distinct, without influence upon each other, but miraculously parallel. The materialist argued that since the "mind" undeniably acts upon the body, it must be of like substance with the body, as corporeal and material as the bile. The idealist argued that since the sole reality we could be sure of was the one with which Descartes had begun—the reality of thought—all other existences were real to us only as perceived by our senses and constructed by our minds; the body was a perception, and matter was merely a bundle of ideas.

So the merry war began; and now there is war only but no merriment. Occasionally an epistemolog is found who is capable of smiling, like Bradley or William James; occasionally one is found who understands that his 'ology is only a game and, therefore, plays it with a worldly twinkle in his eye, like David

Hume. But never was there, for the rest, so deadly solemn a tribe; from John Locke to Rudolf Eucken they have kept their faces straight and made them longer with every generation, as if to be in keeping with their dismal discipline. Bishop Berkeley announced that nothing exists unless it is perceived—by man or God; so far as we know, the Bishop did not smile, though we may have our suspicions of so clever an Irishman.

Now no doubt it is truistically, tautologically, platitudinously true that nothing exists *for any mind* but that which *that* mind perceives. But what a world away this is from the proposition so often confused with it, that nothing exists unless it is perceived! That confusion was necessary and valuable to philosophers who trembled at the coarse materialism of Holbach and Moleschott and Büchner; it was brilliant of Berkeley to get rid of all materialism with one strategic blow simply by proving that matter does not exist; it was a towering masterpiece of logical prestidigitation, and gives us fair warning that persons studying philosophy should keep both eyes on the philosopher. But it was a trifle dishonest; even a bishop might have hesitated at such a pious fraud. "That which distinguishes man from animals," says Anatole France, "is lying and literature"; and very little of this idealistic epistemology comes under literature. It takes an English Hegelian bred on the most respectable dogmas, or a German professor puffed up with fairy tales, to preach such a philosophy without laughing up his sleeve. Frenchmen, who love clarity and dislike hypocrisy, and Americans, who are uncomfortable in the clouds, do not digest such nonsense easily. The man of the world suspects that the world was there before man came, and will survive his going. The trees will still age and wither, and the seas despoil themselves when they will have long since been unseen.

This does not mean that there is no problem in epistemology. God knows that there are problems a-plenty there, as perhaps some other time we shall have a chance to see. But these puzzles of the relation between subject and object, of the mode in which the knower knows the known, of the objective and the subjective elements in knowledge, of the objectivity of space and time, and the degree in which the qualities which we ascribe to objects belong to objects or to the minds that perceive them—these, in their details, are puzzles for the science of psychology, fields for repeated and accurate observation and experiment; they are no more specifically problems for philosophy than the analogous mysteries of metabolism, or the chemistry of roast beef. Every problem belongs to philosophy as much as this one, and this one belongs to it only in its relation to all the rest; it is a villainous accident that this one actor in the great drama of ideas should have usurped nearly all the roles and mouthed nearly all the lines in modern philosophic thought.

Almost as bad is the presumption that the function of philosophy is to serve as a critique of scientific method. Here too the wish surreptitiously fathers the thought: unable to show the unreality of matter, apologetic professors decided to show the unreliability of science. The admissions of Mach, Pearson, and Poincaré that the conclusions of science were merely "shorthand" formulations of the "habits" of a nature never completely observed, and that these conclusions might at any time be violated and overthrown by wider observation, were seized upon as the Achilles' heel of the murderer who had killed the cock robins of theology; here was a noble chance to show that reason is fallible, that science gives us not certainty but only probability, and that *ergo* all the dear dogmas of our childhood's creed might be taken out of the museum, reclothed in carefully unintelligible phraseology, and sold to the next generation as only slightly damaged goods. Gentlemen arose on every side who sedulously examined the

axioms of mathematics, the concepts of space and time, of number and measurement, of quantity and quality; and who concluded, from learned abracadabra, that there was a Santa Claus after all.

Is it any wonder, after all this indecent sleight-o'-hand, that honest men are chary of philosophers? Of what use is all this logic if its syllogisms are but the dishonest disguise of secret hopes? "Metaphysics," said Bradley, "is the finding of bad reasons for what we believe upon instinct; but to find those reasons is no less an instinct." Sometimes it is the finding of bad reasons for what we want others to believe. Voltaire was honest enough to say that he wished his maid and his cook to accept the orthodox beliefs of their place and time; it slightly lessened the chances, he thought, of their pilfering his jewelry or poisoning his food. A philosophical theory, said Lotze, is an attempt to justify "a fundamental view of things which has been adopted in early life." Philosophers "all pose as though their real opinions had been discovered through the self-evolving of a cold, pure, divinely indifferent dialectic . . . whereas in fact a prejudicial proposition, idea, or suggestion, which is generally their heart's desire abstracted and refined, is defended by them with arguments sought out after the event." So wrote the honest Nietzsche.

Perhaps we have here the *caput Nili* of the faults that disfigure philosophy: it dishonors truth in the very search for it. It becomes the apologist of a transient dogma, and falls tragically short of that intellectual conscience, that patient respect for the evidence, that uphill attention to negative instances which distinguish a scientist like Humboldt or Darwin, or an unprofessional "literary" philosopher like Leonardo or Goethe. The Scholastics, who are wrongly rated as philosophers, having been primarily theologians, set the fashion of subordinating the search for truth to the promulgation of the Faith; their gigantic *Summas* were official Yellow Books issued by the Propaganda Office of the Vatican in the war on heresy. *Philosophia ancilla theologiæ*, they frankly said; philosophy is the chambermaid of theology. And though the great fathers of modern philosophy—Bacon, Descartes, and Spinoza—protested against this philosophic harlotry, their grandchildren of our day have largely surrendered to the old tradition.

A theology is a necessary garment to clothe the cosmic ignorance of the human mind; but fashions change in it as in other forms of dress. Man is continually reconceiving God in terms of man's own growing moral stature; the warlike Jehovah of cruder days does not satisfy a soul that has once heard the Sermon on the Mount. Better morals require better gods; and the development of man inevitably leaves a wake of outgrown theologies behind it. Religion does not die, but all religions do. A philosophy which takes as its secret or open assumptions the dogmas of a passing faith has hitched its wagon to a falling star and will be prematurely buried in the earth.

Out of this theological taint the other faults of philosophy grow like the mysteriously multiplying illnesses of a diseased heredity. To what is the obscurity of philosophy due if not to its imperfect honesty? No doubt some measure of the darkness which encompasses modern thought is due to the elusiveness of truth and the abstruseness of cosmic considerations; but obscurity of that sort alone would not keep human interest away. Shelley is obscure, but who does not honor him, at least with the lips? Woman is obscure, but what man this side of decay is not lured into the everlasting enterprise of penetrating that obscurity and solving that mystery? No, there is another and quite different obscurity in modern philosophy. When a man romances he is harder to understand than when he tells the truth; for every fact there are many possible imaginings; and only an expert can make his mendacity as consistent as the truth.

But experts in mendacity do not become philosophers; they are too urgently needed in the service of diplomacy; and divine philosophy is left with inferior novelists, whose plots fall apart at the first touch of the living world.

In the end it is this initial dishonesty that breeds the sterile intellectualism of contemporary speculation. A man who is not certain of his mental integrity shuns the vital problems of human existence; at any moment the great laboratory of life may explode his little lie and leave him naked and shivering in the face of truth. So he builds himself an ivory tower of esoteric tomes and professionally philosophical periodicals; he is comfortable only in their company, and dreads even the irritating realism of his home. He wanders farther and farther away from his time and place, and from the problems that absorb his people and his century. The vast concerns that properly belong to philosophy do not interest him, they frighten him; he does not feel any passion for pulling things together, for bringing some order and unity into the fertile chaos of his age. He retreats fearfully into a little corner and insulates himself from the world under layer after layer of technical terminology. He ceases to be a philosopher, and becomes an epistemologist.

It was not so in Greece, where philosophers professed less, and undertook more. Parmenides pondered nebulously over the mystery of knowledge; but the pre-Socratics kept their eyes with fair consistency upon the firm earth and sought to ferret out its secrets by observation and experience, rather than to create it by exuding dialectic; there were not many introverts among the Greeks. Picture Democritus, laughing philosopher; would he not be perilous company for the desiccated scholastics who have made the disputes about the reality of the external world take the place of medieval discourses on the number of angels that could sit on the point of a pin? Picture Thales, who met the challenge that philosophers were numbskulls by "cornering the market" and making a fortune in a year. Picture Anaxagoras, who did the work of Darwin for the Greeks and turned Pericles from a wire-pulling politician into a thinker and a statesman. Picture old Socrates, unafraid of the sun or the stars, gayly corrupting young men and overturning governments; what would he have done to these bespectacled seedless philosophasters who now litter the court of the once great Queen? To Plato, as to these virile predecessors, epistemology was but the vestibule of philosophy, akin to the preliminaries of love; it was pleasant enough for a while, but it was far from the creative consummation that drew wisdom's lover on. Here and there, in the shorter dialogues, the Master dallied amorously with the problems of perception, thought, and knowledge; but in his more spacious moments he spread his vision over larger fields, built himself ideal states, and brooded over the nature and destiny of man. And finally in Aristotle philosophy was honored in all her boundless scope and majesty; all her mansions were explored and made beautiful with order; here every problem found a place and every science brought its toll to wisdom. These men knew that the function of philosophy was not to bury herself in the obscure retreats of epistemology, but to come forth bravely into every realm of inquiry, and gather up all knowledge for the co-ordination and illumination of human character and human life; they understood that the field of philosophy is not some petty puzzle hiding in the clouds and destitute of interest or influence in the affairs of mankind, but the vast and total problem of the meaning and value and possibilities of man in this boundless and inexhaustible world.

III

All this being what philosophy is not, or should not be, it remains to say what philosophy is, or ideally might be. Can we restore the Queen of the Sciences to

her ancient scope and power? Can we again conceive philosophy as unified knowledge unifying life? Can we outline a kind of philosophy that might make its lovers capable of ruling first themselves and then a state, men worthy to be philosopher-kings?

Technically, as we defined it long ago, philosophy is "a study of experience as a whole, or of a portion of experience in relation to the whole." At once it becomes clear that any problem can be the material of philosophy, if only it is studied in total perspective, in the light of all human experience and desire. The mark of the philosophic mind is not so much subtlety of speculation as breadth of vision and unity of thought. For Spinoza's *sub specie eternitatis* let us substitute *sub specie totius;* the two outlooks focus on the same result, as the eyes meet on the object seen; but whereas man can gather his own experience into a relatively ordered whole, to see things from the standpoint of eternity is the prerogative of the immortal gods, who perhaps do not exist.

The relation of science to philosophy needs no further clarification: the sciences are the windows through which philosophy sees the world, they are the senses of which it is the soul; without it their knowledge is as chaotically helpless as sensations that come to a disordered mind, making an idiot's lore. Spencer was right: philosophy is the most generalized knowledge. But he was wrong: it is not merely knowledge; it implies the difficult and elevated vision in which mere knowledge is lifted up into a total view that orders and clarifies the confusion of desire; it involves the strangely different quality called wisdom.

Without science philosophy is impotent; for how can wisdom grow except on knowledge fairly won, with honest observation and research, and recorded and charted by impartial minds? Without science philosophy becomes decadent and dishonest, isolated from the flow of human growth, and falling more and more into the dreary futility of scholasticism. But without philosophy science is not merely helpless; it is destructive and devastating. Science is descriptive: it looks out with eye or telescope, with microscope or spectroscope, and tells us what it sees; its function is to observe carefully the fact at hand, and to describe it objectively and accurately, regardless of the result to man. Here is nitroglycerine, or chlorine gas; it is the business of science to analyze them calmly, to tell us just what these compounds or elements are and what they can do. If they can kill whole cities, if they can destroy the fairest shrines of human art, if they can lay waste and bring to nothing an entire civilization, with all its treasured loveliness and wisdom—science will tell us how it can be done scientifically, expeditiously, and with the least expense to the tax-payers, should they survive. But whether civilizations ought to be destroyed—what science tells us that? Whether life is sweetest when engrossed in acquisition and possessed with possessions, or when it is absorbed in creation and construction; whether it is better to seek knowledge and disillusionment or the passing ecstasy of beauty; whether we shall try to forego all supernatural sanctions in our moral life; whether we shall view matter from the standpoint of mind or mind from the standpoint of matter—what science shall answer us here? How shall these ultimate choices of our lives be clarified except by the light of our whole experience, by that wisdom to which knowledge is mere raw material, and in whose total vision all the wealth of all the sciences finds place and order and a guiding significance?

Science is the analytical description of parts; philosophy is the synthetic interpretation of the whole, or the interpretation of a part in terms of its place and value for the whole. Science is a committee of ways and means; philosophy is a committee on resolutions and program; facts and instrumentalities have worth and meaning only in relation to desire. That the desires themselves should be

consistent, that they should become ordered parts of a harmonious personality, an integrated life—that too is the task of philosophy, and one of its highest goals.

Of necessity philosophy is more hypothetical than science. Science itself must use hypothesis, but only as its starting-point; it must, if it be science, issue in verifiable knowledge, objectively independent of individual utility or whim. Philosophy, on the contrary, uses science and fact and verified knowledge as its starting-point (if it does not it is high time it should); and it proceeds to make vaster hypotheses about ultimate problems on which no verifiable data are at hand. It is a perilous and imaginative completion of knowledge; it fills out with experimentally unprovable assumptions the gaps in our scientific knowledge of the world. In this sense every man is a philosopher, even *malgré lui:* the most cautious skeptic, the most modest agnostic, or the most matter-of-fact "behaviorist" philosophizes, at the very time that he protests to all the world that philosophy is impossible. If an agnostic could live with such perfect neutrality as neither to believe nor to disbelieve in God, if he could divide his thoughts and actions impartially between acceptance and denial, he might achieve a breathless and motionless moratorium on philosophy, a state of philosophic coma, a cosmic unconsciousness. But this is too difficult and inhuman; we find that we actually take sides; we live denial or we live acceptance; we behave as if we had chosen one or the other horn of those terrible dilemmas which constitute philosophy. *Fingimus hypotheses:* we make hypotheses, even as Newton did. The lure of the absolute draws us ever on.

Shall we admit that philosophy perpetually contradicts itself in the historical succession of systems, that philosophers are all a-rage with fratricidal mania, and are never content until they have destroyed every rival claimant to the realms and throne of truth? How can a man occupied with life spare time to unravel these learned contradictions, or to pacify this war? Do not these philosophies cancel one another out? Consider Omar's experience:

> Myself when young did eagerly frequent
> Doctor and saint, and heard great argument
> About it and about; but ever more
> Came out by the same door wherein I went.

Well, perhaps Omar was romancing; perhaps he did not really come out by the same door wherein he went, unless, like a good Mohammedan, he had left his wits with his shoes at the temple gate. No man can frequent the company of the great philosophers without changing his mind and widening his views on a thousand vital points. Indeed, what was it that altered Omar's childhood faith into a skeptical worship of beauty and the grape? What is it that lends majesty to Omar's verse if it be not philosophy?

Let a man study the history of science and he will discover there such kaleidoscopic changes as make the vacillations of philosophy melt away in the scope and depth of its agreements and fundamental unanimity. To what distant star has our famous Nebular Hypothesis flown? —does contemporary astronomy countenance it, or smile in its clouded face? Where are the laws of the great Newton now, when Einstein and Moskowski and other disreputable foreigners have upset the universe with their unintelligible relativity? Where is the indestructibility of matter and the conservation of energy in the chaos and dispute of contemporary physics? Where is poor Euclid, greatest of text-book makers, now that mathematicians forge new dimensions for us at their own sweet will, juggle infinities of which one can contain another as its part, and prove that in physics, as in politics, a straight line is the longest distance between two points? Where is eugenics now that infantile environment replaces heredity as the passing deity of science? Where is Gregor Mendel now that "unit characters" are in bad odor

with geneticists? Where is the kindly destructive Darwin himself, now that evolution by fortuitous and continuous variations is displaced by the speedier method of mutations?—and are these mutations the illegitimate offspring of mating hybrids?—and are we to be forced back, for our explanation of evolution, to the transmission of acquired characters?—shall we find ourselves returning over a century to embrace again the neck of Lamarck's giraffe? What shall we do with the laborious laboratories of Professor Wundt, and the questionable questionnaires of Stanley Hall, now that no "behaviorist" can write a page of the latest and most scientific psychology without scattering the entrails of his predecessors to all the constellations of the zodiac? Where is the new "science" of history now that every Egyptologist makes his own ladder of dynasties and dates, differing from the others by only a few thousand years; and every good anthropologist laughs at Tylor and Westermarck and Spencer, and the poor be-knighted Frazer knows nothing about primitive religion now that he is dead? What have our sciences come to? Have they suddenly lost their infallibility, and their eternal truths? Can it be, even, that the "laws of Nature" are only the hypotheses of man? Is there no certainty or stability in science any more?

Perhaps if we desire stability of mind and soul we shall have to seek it less in science than in philosophy. These differences among the philosophers are due rather to the changing terminology of their times than to the hostility of their ideas; indeed, in great measure they are due to the inconstancy of science itself, with its passionate devotion to some hypothesis for a while, and then its satiety, and apathy, and flight to the novel face of some younger theory. What marvelous agreement there is, after all, in the judgments of the greatest thinkers on the vital problems of human life, when the varied fashions of their speech are resolved into their essential thought! Santayana modestly announces that he has nothing to add to Aristotle, but will offer merely an application of that older philosophy to our time; could a modern physicist, or a modern biologist, or a modern mathematician speak likewise of any scientist among the Greeks? Aristotle's science is contradicted at almost every point by the science of to-day; but his philosophy will remain illuminating and profound when the science of to-day shall be a thing of scorn and ridicule, deposed and cast out by the passing infallibilities of another age.

IV

We may feel, then, that philosophy is still *Regina Scientiarum*, and would be everywhere recognized as such if she clothed herself in her ancient majesty, brought all the sciences into her service, and took all knowledge as her instrument. The world is her subject-matter and her specialty. But as a wise queen assigns the various provinces of her kingdom to skilled governors, and these apportion among subordinates the task of accumulating data and dealing with details while they and the ruler confine themselves to the organization of intelligence and enterprise; so philosophy divides her empire into many realms, and in her paradise there are many mansions.

The first realm of her kingdom, and the vestibule of her home, is called by the unalluring name of *Logic;* as if philosophy deliberately hid her beauty from strangers' eyes, and bade all suitors pass through this ordeal first, and prove their worthiness to share her "dear delight." For the pleasures of philosophy are like the heights of love, to which no sullied soul can come. How shall we know truth when we behold her, if we have not learned to picture at least her semblance, and have not pondered the tests and trials by which we shall assure ourselves of her "real presence"? How shall we answer Pilate's tantalizing question? Shall we follow our frail, adventurous reason, our profound and obscure intui-

tion, or the brute verdict of our eyes and ears and groping hands? How shall we cleanse our senses and our thoughts of all distorting prejudices and all deceiving "idols," keeping all the lamps of our intelligence alight, that every passing truth may come to us and find welcome and an ordered place? How shall we train ourselves, like athletes, for the pursuit and love of wisdom?

And then, still distant from the throne and center of the kingdom, lies another realm of trial, home of the great dragon *Epistemology*. If our feet lagged in the weary paths of logic, here our eyes shall be almost useless in the dark; we shall stumble into many a marsh, and perhaps we shall wander too near the mouth of the dragon, and be charmed by his majestic language, and suddenly be swallowed up in his cavernous vacuity, becoming epistemologs forever. But we must face this test too, and answer in some forgivable way the riddle of knowledge, the problem of the reality and honesty of the world that we perceive. And then perhaps we shall pass on and stand humbly in the court of the Great Queen.

A lordly realm is *Metaphysics*, dark also, and illumined only by the light we bring, but full of treasures for the soul. Here Nature hides her secret essence, and puzzles us with a hundred lures. Here philosophy reveals something of that "highest music" which she sang to Pythagoras; for through her now Nature becomes conscious, and criticizes her own purposes, and becomes a meaningful thing. Here we may ponder the problems of matter and life, of brain and mind, of materialism and spiritualism, of mechanism and vitalism, of determinism and freedom. What is man?—a thing of coils and springs and tangled wheels, moved from without by the blind forces of earth and sky?—or, in his small and ridiculous way, a creative god?

Another realm is called *History*, where a hundred thousand menials and some geniuses bring their lore from distant times and lands, that we may look upon it all in unity and learn its lessons. Is there any meaning in the past? Are there any laws of growth and decay, marking and perhaps determining the rise and fall of nations, of races, and of civilizations? Here we shall come upon Montesquieu and Buckle discoursing of the influence of geography on the fate of peoples; here Condorcet, about to die, will console himself with the thought of progress, and the indefinite perfectibility of man; here Hegel will show us his dialectical sleight-o'-hand, and Carlyle will tell us of his heroes; here the great chauvinists will sing the strength of their races' seed, and will curse the coming of the barbarians; here Marx will frighten us with a mountain of figures and arguments for the economic determination of history; and here perhaps we shall find one or two seekers who will explain to these splendid monomaniacs that their truths are but facets of the fact, and that history and nature are more varied than they have dreamt of in their philosophies. And off in a corner we shall find the gloomy Nietzsche singing his song of Eternal Recurrence, and Spengler passionately proving the downfall of the western world.

And then if we pass on to still another realm we shall hear discourse on *Politics;* for a moment we shall be dismayed, fearing that we have discovered America. But it cannot be, for these men discuss democracy without reverence, and anarchism without fear; they love socialism though they know its failure, and they honor aristocracy while despising its injustice to unpedigreed ability. And sometimes they speak with the enthusiasm of youth of a fair land called Utopia, in which only wise men rule, and every city is rich and beautiful.

With that last word still making music in our souls we enter into the heart of the realm, and gaze upon philosophy herself, as she reveals to her lovers the beautiful, the immortal, and the good. For philosophy has a secret jealousy of art, and envies her creative passion for beauty; here, and not in science, is her great rival for the possession and loyalty

of the noblest men. Wisdom might gracefully yield, admitting it is wiser to worship beauty than to seek truth; for eternal truth is so proudly elusive that perhaps we shall never be allowed even to touch the hem of her garments, while beauty, knowing that she must die, welcomes and rewards our adoration. So philosophy modestly studies beauty, while art reveres and re-creates her; art knows her in the ardent intimacy of love, in the fair strength of architectured temples, and the voluptuous splendor of sculptured forms, and the warmth of color, and the music of words, and the concourse of sweet sounds; but philosophy, alas, knows only the problems of beauty: whence beauty comes, and what it means, and whether it lies in the form itself or only in the hunger of our hearts. And this is the realm of *Æsthetics*, made dreary for centuries by scholastic minds, but still full of wonder and delight.

Here, also in the center of the kingdom, is the realm of Morals or *Ethics;* again a region arid with academic abstractions, but in some ways the richest of the mansions of philosophy. For even higher than the life of art is the art of life; and ethics is the lore of the art of life. Here philosophy lifts her varied knowledge into living wisdom, and from her many mansions gathers guidance for mankind. What is the best life after all? Of what good is goodness, and what right is there in power? Does the highest virtue lie in the wisdom of Socrates, or Nietzsche's bravery, or the gentleness of Christ? Shall we be Stoics with Zeno and Spinoza, or Epicureans with Epicurus and Renan? Is pleasure the aim of life? Is love immoral except within the law? What is justice, and what does justice say of our industrial world? Here if anywhere are vital questions, in which entire civilizations may find their fate involved; here are dilemmas that touch every state and every heart; problems by the side of which science, with its bookkeeping and its shorthand, its liquids and solids and gases, seems something remote and inhumanly cold, something not so much allied to life as unwittingly in league with death.

But then death too belongs to philosophy; and when all other debates are stilled, thought turns fearfully to consider the Great Enemy, and philosophy enters the portals of *Religion*. Theology is the study of supernatural beings, and their relationship with man; of these beings philosophy has nothing to say. But of man's relationship with the sum of life and the totality of things, of his origin on this earth and his final destiny, philosophy would speak, though with a timid modesty commensurate with human ignorance. It is concerned with the question of immortality as it is concerned with every vital issue; perhaps we might define philosophy as a matter of life and death. And finally it is concerned with God. Not with the God of theology, conceived presumably as outside the realm of Nature; but with the God of philosophers, the law and the structure and the vitality and the will of the world. If there is any intelligence guiding this universe, philosophy wishes to know and understand it and reverently work with it; if there is none, philosophy wishes to know that also, and face it without fear. If the stars are but transient coagulations of haphazard nebulæ, if life is a colloidal accident, impersonally permanent and individually fleeting, if man is only a compound of chemicals, destined to disintegrate and utterly disappear, if the creative ecstasy of art, and the gentle wisdom of the sage, and the willing martyrdom of saints are but bright incidents in the protoplasmic pullulation of the earth, and death is the answer to every problem and the destiny of every soul—then philosophy will face that too, and try to find within that narrowed circle some significance and nobility for man.

V

Well, then, is all this philosophy useful? It is a shameful question to ask;

we do not ask it of poetry, which is also an imaginative construction of a world incompletely known. If poetry reveals to us the beauty our untaught eyes have missed, and philosophy gives us the wisdom to understand and forgive, it is enough, and more than the world's wealth. Philosophy will not fatten our purses, nor lift us to dizzy dignities in a democratic state; it may even make us careless of these little things. For what if we should fatten our purses, and rise to the highest office, and yet all the while remain ignorantly naïve, coarsely unfurnished in the mind, brutal in behavior, unstable in character, chaotic in desire, and blindly miserable?

Perhaps philosophy will give us, if we are faithful to it, a healing unity of soul. We are so slovenly and self-contradictory in our thinking; it may be that we shall clarify ourselves, and pull ourselves together into consistency, and be ashamed to harbor contradictory desires or beliefs. And through this unity of mind may come that unity of purpose and character which makes a personality, and lends some order and dignity to our existence. Philosophy is harmonized knowledge making a harmonious life; it is the self-discipline which lifts us to a divine serenity and freedom. Knowledge is power, but only wisdom is liberty.

Our culture is superficial to-day, and our knowledge dangerous, because we are rich in mechanisms and poor in purposes. The balance of mind which once came of a warm religious faith is gone; science has taken from us the supernatural bases of our morality, and all the world seems consumed in a disorderly individualism that reflects the chaotic fragmentation of our character. We face again the problem that harassed Socrates: how shall we find a natural ethic to replace the supernatural sanctions which have ceased to influence the behavior of men? Without philosophy, without that total vision which unifies purposes and establishes the hierarchy of desires, we fritter away our social heritage in cynical corruption on the one hand and in revolutionary madness on the other; we abandon in a moment our pacific idealism and plunge into the co-operative suicide of war; we have a hundred thousand politicians, but not a single statesman; we move about the earth with unprecedented speed, but we do not know, and have not thought, where we are going, or whether we shall find any happiness there for our restless souls. We are being destroyed by our knowledge, which has made us drunk with our power. And we shall not be saved without wisdom.

BIG BUSINESS ON TRIAL

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

UNDER the system known as Big Business the United States has become vastly prosperous. Factories are busy; department stores, chain-store organizations, mail-order houses report record-making sales; wage earners receive more money than at any previous period and live on a scale of luxury undreamed of in European countries. Optimistic writers and speakers at trade conventions treat the present system as permanent and congratulate America on a business acumen superior to that of rival nations. Yet in the midst of this prosperity one finds in private interviews with thoughtful executives of Big Business a tendency toward worry, a questioning if Big Business can maintain the pace it has set.

A composite report of many such interviews might be set down as follows:

"Twenty-odd years ago, when the theory of Big Business and mass production first began to be put into practical effect, we tacitly promised that if the American public would buy standardized, machine-made goods, the cost of living would be reduced for everyone. Yet we have not been able to make good this promise. In some few instances mass production has reduced prices; but in a far greater number of cases the public actually pays more for goods than it did formerly. The cost of living is vastly higher in the United States than in countries in which mass production is not practiced. Every commercial problem is eventually decided by one thing—price. Unless Big Business finds some means of curbing the rising tide of price, it is not unthinkable that Big Business may be wiped out of existence and the pendulum swing back to a system of small business and individually owned enterprises."

For the average reader it will be necessary to explain the precise meaning of the term "Big Business." It may be described roughly thus: Big Business is any combination of capital and talent designed to produce and sell in large quantities and more economically than is possible under a system of small enterprises. A manufacturing enterprise is Big Business when it produces some specialty which it sells throughout the country and on which it can control the price to some extent. A "chain store" organization that maintains branches in widely scattered communities, and thus comes into competition with local merchants, is Big Business. In a limited sense a city department store is Big Business because it is in effect an assemblage of individual shops operated under one roof and management for purposes of economy.

Strictly speaking, the United States is the world's only Big Business country, and the only country in which mass production in manufacturing has been adopted as a settled policy. The manufacturing plants of Great Britain and Continental Europe are small compared with ours and deficient in automatic labor-saving machinery. European retailing is still in the hands of independent small shopkeepers. The few European enterprises that might be classified as Big Business are sharply differentiated from ours in one vastly important par-

ticular. Almost invariably the large enterprises are controlled by some individual or by some family. With us the majority of the larger corporations are managed by executives who have little financial interest but who have been chosen for their qualifications as business getters; as producers of dividends for the stockholders.

II

Big Business in America may be said to date from approximately the beginning of the present century, and came about through very human causes. The days of pioneering were over. The World's Fair at Chicago and the Spanish War had quickened the imaginations of millions of people; men began to see the Unites States as a whole and to conceive the idea that their enterprises might be expanded beyond the confines of their particular sections. At this time also many of the so-called captains of industry who had made their business beginnings during the California gold boom or the Civil War period were beginning to drop out of active affairs; the usual procedure was to incorporate their holdings and to sell stock to great numbers of people as investment. The captain of industry retired; Big Business took his place.

Although the early years of Big Business saw much mud slinging and political recrimination, the inevitable result of the change was a tendency toward stabilization of industry and, particularly, a much needed stabilization of prices. The captain of industry who owned his enterprise could do as he pleased. More often than not he was a fighter by nature and in his trade wars juggled his prices up and down in most erratic fashion, intent only on putting his competitor out of business at no matter what personal cost. But the salaried successor of the captain of industry, engaged for his ability to produce regular dividends for a multiplicity of stockholders, operated for safety and regularity rather than for spectacular coups. From this necessity some of the larger manufacturing corporations began the practice of setting a fixed price on their product and advertising to the public that the product might be purchased from local storekeepers at that price.

This was really the beginning of what is known as National Advertising. Before that time the bulk of the advertising appearing in periodicals of national circulation had direct cash returns as its object. The manufacturer of clothing, of tooth brushes, of side-bar buggies advertised his wares and invited the public to send cash or money order direct to factory. The newer form of advertising, introduced by Big Business, invited the public to patronize home-town storekeepers. Older readers of American magazines will recall the publicity connected with the sale of the works of art known as Roger's Groups. In accordance with the methods of the time the invariable message was, "Send check or postal note to 52 Union Square, New York City." The Roger's Group passed out of the picture in the eighteen nineties and is now an object to be displayed in public museums; but were it still an active item of commerce its publicity would be "Roger's Groups, $15.00 at all Department Stores and Art Shops."

This newer form of National Advertising tended to reduce the prices of commodities. The manufacturer who asked buyers to send money direct to factory gained his sales at a far greater percentage of expense than the manufacturer who induced storekeepers throughout the country to stock his products and act as his selling agents. Mass production was not possible under the direct-by-mail method because sales were necessarily limited. But the manufacturer whose goods were sold by ten thousand active retailers had a large and steady demand which made possible tremendous savings in his factory operations.

Not only did National Advertising and

mass production create a tendency toward lower prices, but they served to bring about a stabilization of values that had formerly been sadly lacking. Older readers will recall that few retail shopkeepers marked their goods in plain figures or adhered to a fixed price. Even in many large city establishments the buying of merchandise was often a matter of haggling between client and salesman. Often indeed articles were marked only with a cipher indicating the cost, and the salesperson's salary depended on his ability to secure the greatest possible profit. In small towns and in remote communities where there was little competition merchants ordinarily exacted high prices. As there were no standards by which people could judge values, suspicion inevitably crept in. The small-town citizen usually believed the merchants of his community to be "high priced," and held firmly to the idea that he could save money by purchasing in larger places. Always the small town was handicapped in its development through the tendency of its citizens to spend their money away from home.

Big Business and National Advertising changed all this. Formerly the manufacturer who supplied the retailer with merchandise assumed little responsibility once the merchandise had left his factory. Under the new system the manufacturer guaranteed his product to the public, and for his own protection insisted that the retailer should not charge exorbitant prices. There is no excuse to-day for the small-town dweller to accuse his local dealers of being "high priced," for he is informed through printed publicity what the price should be and he knows that merchants everywhere are under compulsion to exact only economic profits.

This stabilization of prices brought about by Big Business had another effect which vastly influenced American life. Under the old system of retailing, when each purchase resolved itself into a battle of wits between client and salesman, retail shops were necessarily small affairs whose sales were limited to the amount of merchandise that could be sold by the proprietor and a few expert salespeople working under his personal supervision. As National Advertising brought about fixed retail prices and the public was educated to the belief that haggling was not necessary, the retail stores of the country expanded greatly in size and importance. Small shops, manned by expert men salespeople, developed into great department stores where the plainly marked merchandise piled on counters made it possible for customers practically to wait on themselves. A further evolution was the "chain-store" system where personal salesmanship is still more eliminated and where immense savings are made possible by huge purchases of merchandise from manufacturers. The latest development is the "self serve" chain-store organization in which is apparently embodied every element of economy; for not only does the organization purchase its goods in enormous quantities but eliminates altogether the expense of personal salesmanship.

Big Business has, apparently, done everything possible to make good its original promise that standardization and mass production would reduce the cost of living. It has followed all accepted rules of logic. Yet the stubborn fact remains that the cost of living has gone up, not down. In many cases the public pays more for articles made under a system of automatic machinery and mass production than it paid when the articles were fabricated largely by hand and in small quantities.

III

Let us see if we can locate the reasons for this astonishing upset of accepted rules. A modern department store will furnish the most easily understood example. Back in the eighteen nineties when the department-store idea began to spread throughout the country, small

merchants everywhere saw disaster ahead. The department store effected economies impossible for the small dealer. It bought in larger quantities than he, and thus secured its merchandise at a lower price. Because its number of departments were under a single management it saved in executive cost, in bookkeeping, in rental, in deliveries. Yet those small merchants who did not lose their heads from fright learned that even with these things against them they could successfully compete with the Mammoth Store. On the item of purchases alone the big department store logically should stifle its little competitor. One may cite a certain metropolitan establishment that employs six thousand people and is reported to do an annual business of sixty million dollars a year. Its management is held up throughout the country as a model of efficiency. With its immense buying power it doubtless acquires its goods twenty per cent cheaper than does the little shopkeeper. Yet within the shadow of this great establishment there are scores of small shops each manned by a proprietor and half a dozen assistants, selling at competitive prices and yet earning satisfactory profits for their owners.

A similar situation exists in every city in America. The fact is that Big Business has difficulties undreamed of by the casual observer. Foremost is the problem of delegated authority. The president of the mammoth establishment may be a business genius of the highest order, but his genius is diluted to the vanishing point by the time it filters through his army of department heads, floorwalkers, salespeople, accountants, delivery men. But the little shopkeeper across the street has no such problems. Everything is done under his personal supervision, promptly, efficiently. He cuts off an expense here and there, trims his sails to the shifting winds of trade. He pays more for his merchandise than does his big competitor, but makes up the difference through intensive, personal effort. There is for him no waste of delegated authority.

Every business problem is eventually settled by price; and if there ever occurs a swing back from big retailing to little retailing it will be because of the big establishments' mounting expenses of operation. For a number of years department-store records show increasing costs in selling their merchandise. The latest available report of the Harvard Bureau of Business Research gives the average selling cost of a group of the largest department stores in the country as in excess of thirty per cent, the highest figure recorded in department-store history.

It goes without saying that an uneconomic situation is reached when the cost of vending a dollar's worth of merchandise is in excess of thirty cents. Competition is largely responsible for this situation. Constantly, in the race for volume of sales, new features are installed as business getters. Free deliveries are extended; rest rooms, writing rooms, nurseries are maintained; radio stations are equipped. These are refinements that were not thought of when the department-store idea first came into being. The little dealer cannot offer these luxuries, and the public does not expect it of him. A number of department-store executives have told the writer that they have practically abandoned the idea of reducing overhead expenses, and count for profits instead on cheaper buying of their merchandise. Many of the larger establishments have combined to establish co-operative buying agencies in order to secure lower prices from manufacturers through massed purchases. In some instances department-store executives charge manufacturers rental for the space that the manufacturer's merchandise occupies upon the store's shelves. Frequently the manufacturer pays a portion of the salaries of the store's salespeople.

Manifestly, such practices are only in the nature of stop-gaps and do not

solve the problem that harasses Big Business in its fight to maintain itself against a return of the system of small business and individually owned enterprises. Big Business came into being on a platform of economy. Big Retail Business only shifts the burden to Big Manufacturing Business when it seeks its profits by depressing the prices of manufacturers or by insisting that manufacturers share the expenses of selling goods across the retail counter.

Big Manufacturing Business already has troubles of its own. Massed production in itself is economical; but massed production entails massed selling; and there lies the problem that must be solved before any Big Business organization may say positively that it has arrived.

There is, let us say, a manufacturer of brass door knockers who has established a local reputation for beauty and excellence of product and who turns out twenty door knockers per day. These cost him one dollar each to manufacture, and he sells them for two dollars. On this basis he makes a satisfactory living as he employs only a couple of assistants, and his selling expenses are practically nothing because people come voluntarily to his workshop and buy his product.

The time arrives when this manufacturer wishes to retire. The live business men of his community form a corporation to take over his enterprise and sell stock to several hundred people as an investment. It is decided to erect an immense factory building, to install automatic machinery, and to increase the output of door knockers to ten thousand per day. By manufacturing in such quantities each door knocker will cost only fifty cents instead of one dollar as formerly.

On paper the project appears thoroughly sound and it seems the stockholders must receive large returns on the money they have invested. But in order to dispose of ten thousand door knockers per day it is necessary to form a country wide selling organization. The stockholders elect as president a gentleman who has no financial interest in the corporation but who is reputed to be a go-getter and a salesman of surpassing attainments. After a careful survey of the business situation this gentleman reports to his stockholders that sales resistance is very pronounced in the door-knocker field and that an energetic campaign will be necessary to sway public taste—to make people, as he expresses it, "door-knocker conscious." The stockholders, interested only in receiving dividends on their investments, inform the president that any plans he makes will be satisfactory to them so long as he earns profits.

Fortified by this expression of confidence, the president embarks upon a campaign of the utmost vigor. In a dozen principal cities he establishes offices, each in charge of a branch manager chosen for his ability to overcome sales resistance, and each held responsible for a certain volume of sales in his territory. Above these branch managers is a general sales manager who darts constantly from one office to another to urge greater activity, to commend, to threaten, to devise ingenious methods of salesmanship. From the factory is sent out a corps of skilled demonstrators to visit retail stores where the door knockers are sold and to stress the importance of door knockers on the stores' customers. The stores are authorized to sell door knockers on the installment plan. Lecturers are sent to address woman's clubs throughout the country to spread the gospel of more and better door knockers as a means of elevating the standards of American culture. As a crowning gesture of his campaign the corporation president announces National Door-knocker Week and calls upon right thinking citizens to place in abeyance all ordinary matters that the Week may properly be observed.

By such methods the door-knocker corporation manages to dispose of its output of ten thousand per day, but at

enormous cost. In order to pay dividends, the price of its door knockers is advanced to four dollars. But at this price the sales resistance becomes more pronounced than ever, and still more expensive selling activities are necessary in order to dispose of the factory output. Then it is that little business begins to cut into Big Business. Small factories are started in various communities whose owners cater only to local demand and who can vend their door knockers at the old price of two dollars each, a figure that the great corporation cannot duplicate. Eventually this competition grows to the point where the corporation, committed to a policy of mass production and high-powered selling, goes bankrupt. Its stockholders lose not only their promised dividends but their capital as well.

Even the tyro in business can see why a Big Business enterprise so conducted should have failed. There was not a natural demand for ten thousand door knockers per day. It was possible by go-getter tactics to force such a number on the public, but such a pace could be maintained only by a too extravagant outlay. When the time was ripe little business simply stepped back into the place from which it had been evicted.

Records of American business during the past twenty years reveal a multitude of failures that have come about through causes similar to those described. It is such occurrences that thoughtful executives have in mind when they discuss the chances of a continuation of our system of Big Business. In 1900 our percentage of commercial failures was about equal to that of England and France. During the past fiscal year our bankruptcies totalled in excess of twenty thousand—more than double the number of England and France combined. Were the actual business delinquencies taken into account, the disproportion would be still greater, because in America it is customary for creditors to make compromises with debtors; while in Europe the business enterprise that cannot pay one hundred cents on the dollar is ordinarily compelled to go into bankruptcy.

It is a commonplace of business that many commercial failures result from what is called "overselling." A corporation, for example, whose annual business amounts to a million dollars may pay substantial dividends. But should its management embark upon a policy of expansion and decide to push the annual business up to a million and a half, it may lose money. The cost of securing the last half million can easily eat up all profits, and more.

Big Business is inevitably more tempted to "oversell" than is little business. The head of a corporation that has ten thousand stockholders works under the constant pressure of earning dividends. The individual who owns his enterprise in its entirety is under no such compulsion; he may operate for long periods at bare expense if he considers such a policy advisable for the permanent good of his enterprise.

IV

The past few years in particular have been a test of Big Business' ability to hold its own; and, to put it plainly, the results have not always proved reassuring. During the War and the boom period immediately following many industrial plants were tremendously enlarged to take care of increased business that was believed would be permanent. In many cases the increased volume was transitory, brought about by the unusual conditions of the times, yet corporate ambition dictated the extraordinary efforts to maintain production at full capacity.

One of the most spectacular failures of recent years was a direct result of such efforts, the bankruptcy proceedings bringing out the following facts: the corporation in question had for a long period enjoyed an exceedingly profitable business and in 1919 its management erected new factory buildings with capacity three times greater than formerly. Then followed the depression of

1920–21, and for several years thereafter the corporation was unable to pay dividends. Had it been a private enterprise it is likely the owner would have admitted his mistake, taken the loss incidental to the dismantling of his unnecessary equipment, and proceeded as before. As it was, however, there were several thousand stockholders, each eager for dividends on his investment, and a reorganization was decided upon. A new president was elected, a gentleman who came to the office with an impressive record as a business getter in former positions and with the fixed belief that a policy of more and better selling was the remedy for all business ills.

The new president inaugurated radical changes in policy. Where the corporation previously had maintained half a dozen branch offices, more than twenty were established, each with its corps of high-powered salesmen. It was the president's idea, as he expressed it, to fine-tooth the entire country. At one time ninety salesmen were employed in the state of Texas alone. Dealers who handled the corporation's product were assigned certain quotas that they were obliged to buy under threat of having their sales contracts taken away and given to competitors. The high-powered salesmen did not depend upon railroad transportation; each was furnished an automobile at the expense of the corporation in order that he might the more often call upon the dealers to urge, exhort, threaten.

By these methods the corporation's volume of business actually was doubled, but dividends were farther away than ever. Where selling had formerly been done at a cost of twenty per cent, the cost mounted to more than thirty-five per cent. Credit losses multiplied, for many of the dealers went into bankruptcy, unable to sell the quota set by the corporation. Eventually the time came when it was impossible to maintain the volume of sales even under forced draft; and when the tide turned retrogression was swift. It was impossible to find dealers to take the place of those who had been forced into bankruptcy. A large proportion of the dealers who remained solvent refused to renew their sales contracts because of resentment over the importunities of the high-powered salesmen. When the corporation itself fell into bankruptcy its creditors received only a few cents on the dollar. Its good will, which should have been a valuable asset, had been dissipated by ill-advised go-getting.

One hesitates to compare one's own country unfavorably with other countries, but this sort of business activity does not take place in European business circles; it is, unfortunately, prevalent enough with us to cause uneasiness among those business men who see in the rising tide of American commercial failures a menace to our present commercial system.

Very recently the American business periodicals carried a news story concerning the sales campaign of a certain corporation which manufactures what may here be called Musical Gadgets. Although it is announced that the campaign will be of national scope, thus far the operations in only a single city, St. Louis, have been described in detail. On a certain date the forces of attack gathered in the Missouri metropolis. Executives of the corporation, working in conjunction with local shopkeepers who sell Musical Gadgets, had already prepared plans by which the city was divided into sections after the methods of the Liberty Bond campaigns during the War. An army of young ladies were engaged for preliminary work, and when all was made ready these descended upon the householders of St. Louis. According to the accounts in the trade press, as each young lady rang a door bell and the portal opened, she spoke the words in which she had been coached by the corporation's sales-manager:

"Good morning! I am Miss Blank and I am taking a musical census and I should like to inquire if you have any children."

Having thus established relations, the "census taker's" next question as quoted in the business press was as follows:

"Have you a Musical Gadget in your home, and if so, what make is it?"

The "census taker" set down in her notebook the precise status of the family in relation to the Musical Gadget industry and proceeded to other households. Each evening she turned her reports over to the sales-manager at campaign headquarters. Within forty-eight hours eager salesmen were on the doorsteps of the householders already visited by the "census takers," these salesmen being accompanied on their routes by automobile trucks loaded with Musical Gadgets for immediate delivery. Time payments were urged if the householder was not able to pay cash. According to the trade press, twenty-five thousand St. Louis homes were visited by the "census takers," and more than six thousand sales were reported.

The trade press gives the number of sales made during this astonishing campaign, but reports nothing as to the expenses of selling. Certainly the costs must have been out of ordinary. But no matter what the cost, other industries must adopt equally intensive methods or lose their share of the country's income. Executives of Big Business who do not approve of strong-arm selling are forced into it by those who do. Big Business itself is still an experiment, an adventure in economy. If too hectic methods prevent its carrying out its early promises the pendulum may easily swing back to the old system of little business and individually owned enterprises.

In the United States there are said to be more than fifteen million persons owning corporation stocks, and each of these is financially interested in the success of Big Business. Every uneconomic enterprise that increases the costs of Big Business is an assault on the fortunes of the fifteen millions.



SHE HAD TO BE RIGHT

A STORY

BY FRÉDÉRIC BOUTET

Translated from the French by Coburn Gilman

MONSIEUR PERRETIN came home earlier than usual. His wife, who was sewing beneath the droplight by the spread table in the little dining room, deduced from the slowness of his movements and the impassivity of his face that he was in a state of violent excitement.

Monsieur Perretin was red haired, lean, and clean shaven. In order to succeed in life he pretended to be utterly cold-blooded and took every possible opportunity to display a great deal of practical shrewdness and plain common sense. He imagined that this was the way the great American captains of industry behaved. Madame Perretin, who was irritated by this pose, called it his wooden behavior. She did not in the least believe in her husband's plain common sense, nor in his impassivity, nor in his extensive business affairs which were always going to bring in a hundred thousand francs the following week. She was grateful to him for many good qualities, but she obstinately refused him those which he desired to possess. She thought him blundering, visionary, impulsive, haphazard, and absolutely incapable of making a success of any enterprise whatsoever. She would have preferred him to be a mere clerk without initiative or responsibility. He reproached her for not appreciating him; it was the one thing about which they quarreled.

Ordinarily when Monsieur Perretin came home at the end of the day he spoke of his numerous projects and his high hopes; this evening he was more impassive than ever and spoke about the weather.

"Come now, Edmond, what's up?" Madame Perretin interrupted. "Stop pretending to me that you are perfectly calm. What happened to-day? Tell me at once."

"I'm not pretending anything, my dear Alice," Monsieur Perretin replied in a slow drawl from which he could not quite banish a quaver of suppressed excitement. "I am acting perfectly naturally. . . . Even to please you, it is impossible for me to turn into an excitable idiot."

Madame Perretin was too curious to argue.

"Please don't keep me waiting," she begged. "What's the news?"

"Oh, just a small matter," he said with indifference. "That Terrache business . . . I spoke to you about it. . . . Well, it's closed."

"It's closed? You have put over a deal?" Alice cried. "Oh, how delighted I am!"

She threw herself into his arms. Monsieur Perretin, mortified by the implication of her remarks, continued, "Yes, as you say with an astonishment that is scarcely flattering, I have 'put over a deal.' A small matter, I repeat, eight thousand francs for my commission; but other transactions, decidedly more extensive . . ."

"We shall see. While we are waiting,

here is a real success. But why didn't you tell me about it as soon as you came in?"

He made a gesture of feigned indifference.

"As a matter of fact I should have begun with that. But, my dear Alice, what can you expect when a man is in business? One thing succeeds, another fails. I am too accustomed to these ups and downs to be excited about them."

Alice did not tell him that this was the first time she had seen him succeed. She asked:

"It's closed? You are sure it's closed?"

He smiled with superior certitude. She began again with animation:

"So there's money coming to us. What luck. How are we going to spend it?"

"We will discuss that after dinner," said Monsieur Perretin. "And don't forget to give me back the brokerage contract which I gave you to take care of. The first thing to-morrow morning I will take it to Duroy who will pay me the money."

"What contract?"

"Why, the one I had for the Terrache business which calls for the eight thousand francs."

"But you have not given it to me."

"What, I did not give it to you? . . . Alice, you know perfectly well that I gave it to you and asked you to lock it up with our papers in the secretary."

"Certainly not. I remember perfectly that you showed it to me and that then, right before my eyes, you put it back into your pocketbook."

Monsieur Perretin's hands were trembling. No longer dreaming of affecting indifference, he took his wallet from his pocket, opened it, emptied it. The paper for which he sought was not there.

"You see. You see," he said to his wife.

"I see that you have lost it," she cried.

"But you are mad! I gave it to you. It is in the secretary."

"I tell you no! You did not give it to me! I have not put it away. Moreover, I'll prove it to you."

Followed by her husband she darted into the bedroom. They took an inventory of the contents of the secretary, unfolding one by one the papers they found there and taking out the drawers to make sure that the precious document had not slipped behind.

"You see," Alice continued sharply, "there is nothing here. I was sure of it. I saw you put the contract back into your pocketbook on top of a green paper."

"Yes, the notification about the taxes that I had to pay at the time. But I did not put the contract in my pocketbook, I gave it to you."

"Don't insist, and don't be stubborn. You have lost it and do not try to accuse me. I'm not responsible."

"But a folded paper can't be lost out of the pocket of a wallet."

"Certainly. It can be dropped when you are taking out another paper, it can be torn without your noticing it; it can . . . how should I know? One fact is certain: that you put that paper back into your pocketbook and that it is not there any more. And you say that you are not bungling, disorderly, and forgetful. And you think yourself capable of big business. Ah, ah, ah, it's a fine business you carry on. I congratulate you. You succeed in one enterprise and then you find a way to fail despite yourself. Because you *have* failed, haven't you? Have you any claim without that contract?"

Monsieur Perretin made a vague gesture. He did not even dream of having the slightest hope, knowing well that without the written agreement Duroy would pitilessly refuse to pay him. Overwhelmed, he tried to gather together his memories. His first impulse had been to ask his wife for the document, convinced that he had given it to her. Now he was not at all sure. Had he really put it back in his pocketbook? He no longer knew. Always a prey to

chimerical dreams of fortune, he had frequent moments of absent-mindedness which he carefully concealed.

"Ah, you are beginning to come to your senses," Alice said again suddenly, having almost followed the course of her husband's thoughts. "You remember that you did not give it to me. Then at least be frank, admit it. Admit that you don't know what you do and that you cannot trust yourself in the most important matters. . . . By chance, by luck, I don't know how, you succeed in putting over one deal, one, and only one, and you ruin it like this, stupidly. . . . Oh, it is too exasperating. . . . What a fine American business man you make. . . . You may be proud of yourself. And you consider yourself superior to an honorable employment that would assure us a substantial and reliable livelihood. No, when I think of it . . . a deal closed . . . money to be had for the asking . . . then you lose the contract . . . just that. That, that is the last straw!"

She continued for a long time growing more and more irritated, more and more sarcastic and insulting. They scarcely touched their dinner. She resumed her reproaches during the evening, recommenced them the next day, and pursued them on the days that followed with an augmenting bitterness. She could not grow accustomed to this event which became a significant catastrophe for her. She saw her husband with new eyes and now felt for him a contempt devoid of indulgence.

One morning when Alice was alone at home the bell rang at eleven o'clock. It was the postman with a registered letter. On the envelope the young wife recognized the writing of one of her married friends who lived in the country.

The envelope contained a folded paper and a card; Alice read the card:

"My dear,

"Thank you for the last books you sent me. Do not worry, I will take good care of them. I have begun Max Didier's *Passionate Child.* It is very interesting and very well written; but I found between the pages a paper which is perhaps important and which I am hastening to send back to you."

Without reading farther Alice nervously unfolded the paper. She was amazed. It was the contract. Suddenly she remembered everything: how her husband came home and gave the document to her; how she went into the bedroom and sat down before dinner to finish the palpitatingly interesting last chapter of the *Passionate Child;* how she placed—and forgot—the contract between the leaves of the book she had sent her friend the next day.

For a moment she sat speechless and motionless. So she had been wrong, so she had lost the contract, so she had been scatter-brained, careless, and obstinate.

She thought how unbounded her husband's triumph would be. She thought of the daily quarrels she had picked with him and of the scornful reproaches with which she had overwhelmed him. And as a result of all these things she thought of how humiliating her relationship with him would be in the future.

Suddenly she heard the noise of the front door. He was coming in. Distracted by shame, tormented by anguish, she took two steps to confront him and blurt out the truth at once. But she stopped. . . . It was more than she could bear. . . . She returned quickly to the fireplace, lighted a candle, hastily burned the contract, and crushed the cinders between her hands until she had reduced them to an impalpable powder.

A MAYAN ADVENTURE

BY WILLIAM McFEE

WORD coming to the capital that a guide would arrive at Zacapa, I went down.

From Guatemala City the narrow-gauge train descends the mountains by a series of perilous and picturesque spirals, in which the great ribs of the Cordillera have been alternately bored and bridged. Each station, after the manner of mountain countries, bears on the board the distance from the capital and the height, in meters, above sea level. And an hour before you reach Zacapa (225 meters) at a place called La Reforma, the train leaves the huge convolutions of the ranges and runs over a dry hot desert-land whose whitish-gray surface is broken only by the eternal cactus and the shadowy forms of limestone mountains to the westward. And on the edge of this arid plain which is called La Fragua, stands Zacapa, the principal town, the *cabecera* as they say, of that *departamento*. Here the two trains, one ascending from Puerto Barrios, the other coming down from the capital, meet and halt for lunch—an occasion, the one vivid moment of the day, Zacapa's one glimpse of the outside world. Here, while mechanics hastily confer around a smoking axle-box, dragging charred rags from the blackened bearings, while passengers hurry across the dusty tracks to the bar, the local population can absorb their supply of worldliness to last them until to-morrow. Out of windows loll cosmopolitans from Barrios and El Progreso, passing the time of day with Zacapans and perhaps a visitor from Chiquimula. Gringos, gulping whisky at the bar, or mutton and frijoles at the coarse white tables of the restaurant, do not see the rapid drama of the place. This is a pity; for here you have an example of how the day of a community preserves the deliberate tempo of feudal times hour after hour, until with a sudden rush and roar, it toboggans down into the twentieth century for half an hour, and the people become alert, vivacious, avaricious, commercial, argumentative, vindictive, social, gay, prophetic, and finally valedictory before returning once more to their usual immobility, as the trains shriek and gather speed and rattle away, leaving Zacapa to her medieval repose, lulled only by intermittent bangs of iron on iron in railroad shops and the self-conscious hacking cough of a switching engine bunting a couple of flat-cars on a siding.

Here, at this moment of the day, my guide and I, leaving opposing trains, made each other's acquaintance and adjourned, for conversation and refreshment, to the long barracklike hotel beside the line. We eat and take our leisure. The trains, being late, propose to make up time by limiting the lunch recess to fifteen minutes. The through passengers hurry their meals and drinks and go back through the dust and heat to the furnacelike cars and sit there—for another quarter of an hour!

Zacapa is, or will be a junction. Vast piles of girders and rails are stacked beside the tracks. Long barrows of creosoted ties glisten in the heat. From this point a railway is going into the neighboring republic of El Salvador, which is about the same area as the

State of Connecticut, and which will then be in communication by direct route with the Atlantic Ocean. Ladies and gentlemen from San Salvador, instead of enduring the fatigue of an automobile or mule journey over the mountains, will take train for Puerto Barrios direct, and the hotels and restaurants of New York will be even more congested by light-hearted Latin-Americans.

And Zacapa is, moreover, the midway depot for all repairs. In the hotel live the men who work in the shops; for the native town is a little way up the dusty road and is no place for what is known among the Nordics as "a white man." These gentlemen are very conscious of their race. I suppose one does become so, living like a grain of grit in an oyster, in an alien land. The phrase does not quite do the situation justice. It might be better to report that they keep to themselves, by reason of language and occupation and culture. In all the world there is no pathos like this of the wandering exile come to rest for a few months in some out-of-the-way corner of the world.

In this place, moreover, at mealtime, you can study one of the everlasting problems of humanity, the differing ways in which men eat. The food is the same and the equipment provided no less adequate than in an average restaurant in any American city. Yet these waifs of the industrial world, these mechanics, steam-fitters, machinists, and smiths, devour their food with a furtive voracity one might reasonably associate with famished and escaping highwaymen. Their looks are in accordance with this fantastic hallucination. They strike the casual spectator as tortured and desperate men who were driven to evil ways in their youth because some stern parent had punished them for eating peas with a knife.

All this, of course, is fanciful. They are merely the proletariat living in a frontier hotel, American plan, and in a hurry to get to their favorite chairs on the front porch, hoist their feet to the rail, and invest the remainder of the meal-hour in comforting cigarette smoke and supine meditation. In this, perhaps, after all lies their pathos. They lack the sinister fascination of bandits, and for them there is no one calling from behind the ranges. They not only have no faith in fortune, they have no faith in themselves. They are what used to be called in New Orleans "floaters." They are flotsam, caught here for a moment by the chance felicity of decent wages and a hobbling contract, brooding upon the inescapable bondage of the capitalist system, and presently moving onward, perhaps to distant regions or possibly towards home; but with no ascertainable delight. Indeed they are the loneliest of men, these failures without a continuing city; and this accounts in some measure for the austerely tragic lines which crease the three-days-old stubble of their battered faces.

The guide, who is a very different person indeed, and in no way to be identified with illiterate cowpunchers, roustabouts, itinerant machinists, and engine men, has been away in conference with a muleteer whom he has brought with him from the hot lands, and now proposes that we go straight over to Chiquimula in a car he has hired, and lie there for the night, starting for the frontier at an early hour next day. To this, having no ideas at all on the subject, I agree, and presently we see a car come to a stop beyond the garden where the hotelkeeper, who is also the barkeeper, and perhaps the guardian of some immemorial traditions of his race and family, is now nursing the dry dust back to life with a thin stream of water from his hose. He, too, one leaves with regret. He has the bluntness of speech which so many sharp people affect under the illusion that if you snap a stranger's head off he is less likely to take advantage of you. He eyes us as we load the baggage into the car as though he meditates turning the hose on us and running us out of town. This again is fantasti-

cal. He has no feelings about us at all. He thinks more of one of his stricken plants struggling desperately to live in the saline soil of *La Fragua* than of all the northern visitors who ever came to Guatemala. We rush off in a cloud of dust and Zacapa, the native town, appears up the road.

Much is made, among the *intelligentzia* of North America, of the eternal monotony of modern townships. It is true, so they say, that one Midwestern city is so like another that the inhabitants might change during the night and be none the wiser or the worse. The *intelligentzia's* inference is, not only that this is bad, inartistic, stultifying the national and individual genius of our race, but that in other lands of more ancient culture and civilized development one finds a pleasing variety and individuality in urban architecture.

Which is true in the sense that Pisa and Florence, Avignon and Rouen are sharply individual and expressive of their histories. But so are New York, Chicago, New Orleans, and San Francisco. And if the small American town is standardized, so is the small town of most countries. Indeed, the very capitals of Latin America are almost as much alike as so many automobiles. The streets, the churches, the public buildings, the atmosphere, of Bogotá, Medellín, San José (Costa Rica), Tegucigalpa, and Guatemala City are indistinguishable at first glance. And in the case of the *cabeceras* of the provinces of Guatemala, still more when contemplating the villages threaded along the trails, the monotony and absence of all peculiar human character in their design evokes a painful analogy to the vast ants' nests hanging on the trees or the formidable cactus hedges which oppress the eyes mile after mile with undeviating cruelty.

So Zacapa escapes criticism by reason of its exact conformity to the conventional design. We change to a car in which the owner has more faith, and we discover that in addition to ourselves, our baggage, and stores, we are to carry to Chiquimula on our front bumper a hundred-pound cake of ice in a sack of sawdust. At the last moment another person is introduced. My guide is acquainted with him and informs me that he is no less a dignitary than Manuelo Velez, who farms nine hundred acres of valuable banana land in the Montagua valley, and who is now on his way to visit one of the innumerable branches of his family in Chiquimula.

II

Conversing with this gentleman, via the guide, who good humoredly translates, we leave Zacapa. It appears that Señor Velez, who has not yet been beyond his native frontiers, has the New York complex. He wants to see New York almost as passionately as I want to see Copán, but for different reasons. When he is requested to give those reasons he rubs his thumb softly against his forefinger, making that sign by which, apparently, all men are conquered. My desire to see Copán is not regarded as good conversational timber. What? Ride on a mule four days to see a few old stone idols? Well, if your worship pleases. But New York, now, is a place. *Por Dios!* A friend of Señor Velez there, mark you, earns seventeen dollars, gold, per day. What is he? Well, he is a *maquanista.* He is skilled in melting one piece of iron to another piece. Ah, an electric welder. Then he works on piecework, and works hard. I look at Señor Velez, with his fine smiling countenance scorched russet and black by the tropical sun, and I conclude that if he had any inkling of the life a welder leads he would abandon these yearnings for New York. The fundamental cause of such discontents lies in the lack of interior resources. The foreigner's imbecile delusion that by rushing to New York he will achieve fame, fortune, and everlasting happiness, can be cured only at home. And perhaps it is a certain curiosity as to those same "interior resources," as well as a

esire to see Copán, which inspires this lgrimage now in progress towards iquimula.

The car is an old one of honorable me, but it is obvious, from the com-lainings of her entrails, that she is in re distress. It may be mentioned re with propriety that, although paniards make good engineers and echanics, Spanish Americans are no-rious for their callous disregard of e common decencies due to machinery. ose who have shuddered when a green man driver changed gears should tch a Guatemalan chauffeur take a e-in-four grade on high, see him let e engine stall, bring the car up with a eal and a jerk, after slipping back a v yards, start the engine by stamping the starter, letting her race to the it before slapping in the clutch with other jerk which tears the very ball-es from their seatings, and scours tires against the sharp grits of the d, and then, stepping on the accelera-r, go roaring to the top of the grade h the wheels skirling and screaming e shrapnel on a double hairpin turn, ssing a downward-moving bullock t by an eighth of an inch, and take ensuing declivity with a racing en-e and smoking brakes.

So with us on the road to Chiquimula, t retribution overtakes even a fast tor-car driver. We had stormed ght after height over what is one of best pieces of roadmaking in Central erica, and we had but one more ent to carry before charging into iquimula, when apparently the pains dissolution came upon our car, the th rattle sounded ominously beneath and with the snarl and snap of gears pped to their very bushings we began mingly to roll backwards down the . The brakes no longer held, which s not surprising. With the inventive-s born of necessity we leaped nimbly the road and, seizing each a sizable lder, brought the car to rest. Here, a hot hillside, with nothing save cac-tus in sight and our hundred-pound bag of ice beginning to sweat into the dust, we turned to and helped the chauffeur open the transmission box.

There was nothing in there, as any engineer with a heart in his bosom could have told him, but two good handfuls of scrap metal. We disposed our baggage and stores in the shade of the car and waited. There were more cars than one would have imagined. One, laden with Chiquimulans, roared past, covering us with dust and, not having very good brakes, I fancy, did not stop. Then came to us out of that car's dust cloud a fast touring car piled with ferocious-looking men. There were neither fenders, bumpers, nor top to that car, nor for that matter had she a windshield. She was stripped of upholstery save for seats, and a naked foot could be seen dangling through the floor and twitching its toes near the muffler. A lean businesslike car, and at the wheel a lean businesslike *Americano* surrounded by a close-packed congregation of assorted ruffianly humans.

The halt was purely one of courtesy because, as the driver remarked, he clearly couldn't take on any more. He would, however, send help. To this we assented and, alluding to the ice, warned him Chiquimula would drink warm beer that night if they left us on the highway. This he perceived with a single backward glance at the precious burden, and then with slightly curious and appraising scrutiny of the stranger-gringo, shot away towards the town.

This, it appears, is the routine of the road. Our Samaritan was an engineer of the new line to El Salvador, which is to go through Chiquimula. In fact the roadbed and culverts are ready, and very strange it seemed in the early dawn next morning to cross a railroad without any rails on it. Very strange and yet very heartening to one who believes strongly in communications and who thinks the long shining tracks as important in their way as the pinnacles of a shrine.

However, other Samaritans were

abroad that day on the mountains, and as we sat and smoked and tentatively tinkered with the car there came upon us almost a visitation. It was only an absolutely brand new four-cylinder vehicle, and no doubt the builders had innocently sold it as a five-passenger touring car. They little recked how a Latin American would push such definitions aside. In that car were seven full-grown people, with a boy on each running board, a bird in a cage, a gramophone, and several bundles. It transpired that it was owned by the brother-in-law of our car's owner, and the chauffeurs and my guide at once went into conference. There was the ice, and there was myself, to say nothing of Manuelo Velez, who spoke on his own behalf, sonorously and at length. It was agreed that we be taken in to Chiquimula at once.

I imagined some sort of bargain had been struck whereby some of the passengers were to give up their places. On the contrary, they made room with the utmost good humor. The ice reposed beside the hood, our baggage, bedding, tents, stores, and so forth were doled out to various half-visible humans, doors were opened so that we could sit half in, on the feet of the others, and half out, on the bodies of the boys holding the bundles on the running board. All told, fourteen souls, we started.

Again an illusion is to be recorded. It was supposed by this reporter that a five-passenger four-cylinder car would, with fourteen persons and a large amount of baggage, proceed with discretion over a somewhat indifferent road into Chiquimula. Nothing of the sort entered the lively brain of our new chauffeur. He would show us! He did. His speedometer revealed a steady rate of twenty-eight kilometers, his balloon tires were squashing flat over the stones, his axles literally crashed into the bottom of the car at every bump, and he tore into the town with his horn blaring and every bone in our bodies aching. We were arrived at our point of departure—Chiquimula, and the burgesses would h cold beer.

All this is recorded without any r cor towards an alien civilization. is merely a mild comment upon t peculiar temperament of the La American driver, who rarely owns w he drives, and who makes every a sort of destruction test of his machi The average life of a car in these co tries is short, not only because of severity of the grades and the roughi of the way, but because no human p suasion can get it into a driver's h that twenty miles an hour in such cumstances is something nothing earth can stand. So in Guatemala C I have seen superb eight-in-line cars latest model standing outside the ho the sales-room luster still on tl flanks and fenders, but with their spri sagging and unresilient, their ri twisted in wry smiles and grins, tl ponderous tires slashed and blister and their shock-absorbers hanging n ligently, like broken suspenders, bel

Here we take leave of our friends chauffeurs, of Señor Velez and his p sion for New York and, entering hotel through an archway, forget an of mechanism. It is—one notes stark homemade lettering on the whi washed wall, lettering done with excess of red paint, so that it has r down like blood—the Hotel of t Saviour.

And it is a peaceful place, with courtyard containing a well. Th are vines growing up the poles of t overhanging eaves, and there are cha and tables, with three green parroque having a great time with a piece of mel on the reddish tablecloth. There a hens followed by hurrying pullets wal ing about delicately, and one of them drinking moisture from the sides of t porous stone filter suspended in a fram work over an earthenware jar. In tl shadow are vast empty rooms with faint light filtering through bars revea ing only wide bare floors and a grat ful coolness. In the rocker a woman

with her long black hair over her shoulders is suckling a babe. Under the table a cat, engaged in the same line of business, has abandoned her innocent and insatiable progeny with an air of sublime maternal languor. One suspects that in the stable across the yard, where a swishing tail is occasionally visible, the process of nourishment is maintained.

Our *mozo* proceeds to open our cases of provisions and hold each can up to the light. It is to be observed that the Hotel of the Saviour does not profess to offer a wide variety of dishes. There is, in Latin America, a singular lack of culinary art. As we go on we shall find other lacks, but this will suffice for the present, that four out of five countrywomen will spoil any dish they set out to cook. A superabundance of grease, a lack of real butter or cheese, and primitive cookstoves, combine with ignorance to achieve an almost incredible mess at mealtimes. And the cook of the Hotel of the Saviour may rest happy in her splendid isolation because, having been given a can of Bartlett pears to form a dessert, when she had nothing but mangoes in a state of putrefaction, she put those pears in a pot and brought them to a boil, and afforded us no small measure of consternation when the ensuing pale gray soup was served.

There are always eggs, however. How could it be otherwise when every step one takes imperils foraging fowl, when they watch with baleful animosity from under a chair the stranger's every mouthful? The processes of nature, our great mother, become vaguely disquieting as one sees hens snatch and devour pieces of fried chicken, or wolf fragments of egg. These people have not yet reached a stage of civilization when their fowls are fed. Each has to go out and scratch a living for itself. Dogs and pigs are in much the same case. And the reason is these folk have all too little for themselves. In the midst of fertility they are hungry. And the reason again is that they are isolated communities and have to be self-contained, even weaving their own cloth and growing their own grain. They have fine churches but no roads. They have great piety and great ignorance. And everything they do involves a maximum of effort with a minimum of effectiveness. All of which is very interesting to a stray gringo going to Copán.

And after dinner as we cross the great square in front of the great church, which has half its roof off and the nave full of broken tiles and plaster, we note what is in Central America an unusual phenomenon. At a corner there is a book store. Or rather it turns out to be a public library. It is only a room with a couple of tables and walls lined with books, but it is occupied by several dark-haired gentlemen reading industriously. It is a municipal affair apparently, and a beginning. The reason for such enterprise becomes clearer as we pass a long low building with very strong bars to its unglazed shuttered windows, which is the State Normal School for Girls of the Departamento of Chiquimula. Young ladies are seen entering and leaving, walking in twos and threes up the street, with bobbed hair and rolled stockings. Let us hope these excrescences of pseudo-modernity will pass and leave them their education and passion for understanding the world in which they live.

Our goal, however, is not the Normal School, but the café whose ice we escorted from Zacapa. We crave cold beer. Alas, we are late. There is ice but all the beer has been drunk. This beer, by the way, is a peculiar decoction. A German brewery exists in the capital and brews good beer. Excellent beer is imported. But this beer which circulates in the rural areas is made with local water out of synthetic materials brought from Hamburg in condensed form. It is insipid and poor. So we have recourse to a bottle of Scotch which we have with us and devise a marvelous beverage from the juice of limes, sugar, and soda water. Those whose palates

have not been entirely debauched by bad gin can now look forward to a virile and heartening experience.

As we return it is night. The great church is no longer a shabby anachronism but stands up against the starry sky like a fortress of God. Around us are reared the high mountains over which to-morrow we shall pass. . . . The houses are dark. The *Librería* is closed. The air is hot and still, and as we reach the corner by the Hotel of the Saviour there is no living thing abroad. Far down the street of ankle-deep dust a faint light glows in a window. While the guide moves cautiously within our room with an electric torch I look about me. There is a murmur as the torch fails to act any more, and I am glad. That sharp efficient beam was out of place. We are, really, in the Middle Ages. Nothing of our own time remains save perhaps our self-consciousness. The guide, lighting a candle, suggests that we had better lock the door. To this I object. I cannot believe that anybody will try to murder us here. I leave the door open. There is a draft. The guide observes that we shall be moving out at four-thirty. If we are not murdered, I say sleepily. He blows out the candle. From my bed I can see the sky through the open door. It is dark, dark blue. After a while I become aware of a figure which has filled the lower part of the doorway. I can make out a man's form with a big hat. It remains motionless, looking into what is, to him, only an enigmatic blackness. It continues to remain motionless. My curiosity causes me to make some faint sound as I move. I cough slightly. Silently and slowly the figure moves away and the long oblong of starry blue is clear again. What does he want? I wonder to myself. The next day the guide tells me he was a robber. I'm not so sure. Perhaps he was just curious, having heard of our arrival. Perhaps he was a good-natured ghost watching over us, as we lay, on our pilgrimage to Copán, at the Inn of the Saviour.

III

In the pallid half-lights of the courtyard, visible only because we are in darkness, there are strange and confusing movements, and with the odor of coffee, bacon, and guttering candles, the pungent reek of dung assails our nostrils. Now and again there is a distinct sound, the ring of a saucepan in the kitchen, the stamp of a hoof in the courtyard, the shuffle and chink of harness. Bent forms are busy with the baggage, cigarette smoke curling over their shoulders, in the light of a lamp carried in by the long-haired woman, whose babe gazes at me over her shoulder with innocent incredulity. She says breakfast is ready, and no announcement could be more welcome. These strange sights and sounds, these fortifying odors invite the spirit of man, and stimulate his body juices. There are eggs of course, and bacon, and coffee, and strangely enough, asparagus-tips. The can was opened in error in the darkness, but it turns out, as we journey towards Copán, that we have a large supply of asparagus-tips. Milk may fail and butter and tea, but of asparagus-tips in lonely regions we can eat our fill. We put them in soup, serve them with corned beef, and spread them in sandwiches. And this morning they are a notable addition to the eggs.

It is yet dark as we mount, and the pack-mule having been loaded up, stirrups adjusted to our personal fancies, we clatter through the archway, heads bent, and turn down the street. Very vague indeed, and soundless in the confusing deep dust of the roadway, like the thoughts of a half-awakened mortal, we move towards the outskirts of the town, towards the light which pervades the distances without making them visible to us among the high walls of cactus. Day does not break up here among the mountains. It is rather a luminous infiltration, a clarifying of the night, and the earth appears, wan and not very hopeful, all around us.

For a while the road is a wide gully,

a purely natural thoroughfare upon which nobody has ever spent a single peso for upkeep. It is now dry. In a month's time it will be a roaring torrent with occasional islands of mud and trees. Soon the trail starts upward, and by full daylight we see spread before us the valley up which the railroad has come from Zacapa. We have to cross the range into the next valley, that of the Copán River which flows into the Montagua at Zacapa. Up this latter valley the Mayan pioneers must have come from Quirigúa in their search for corn lands. And it is at the end of the first day, after crossing the intervening mountains, as we amble slowly along, having done thirty-seven steep and precipitous miles, looking for a place to camp, that the mind first takes hold of the main problem.

In spite of what the professors may say—and they say a great deal—a man cannot use their learning if he is unable to imagine those antique days. The very faculty they decry is the one essential for getting any single human soul interested in what they are doing. And especially is this true of Americana. We who are of European race, Aryan, and Semite, have our roots over there. Out of the Mediterranean Sea comes all that we have and are. And unless we can discover something which will ignite our imaginations when we think of these strange predecessors in America, the whole story hangs like a distant and transparent phantasy, beyond the focus of our contemporary intelligence.

So the first need in approaching the Mayan problem is to feel the mood, and to sense the atmosphere of the scene. Exciting fables of human sacrifices made to stone serpent gods while the sound of thuttering snake-skin drums strikes the assembled people with terror to the earth, tales of lovely white girls offered up by priests in terrific headdresses of purple and crimson feathers are all very well if you have that sort of maggot in your brain. But they seem to give a somewhat melodramatic quality to a civilization which lasted, by the way, for a good many centuries, a civilization in which it may be doubted whether as many human beings died violent deaths as perish in these United States every year; a civilization in which the struggle for existence never quite receded for anybody, and whose culture seems to have been largely identified with agriculture. The European who has been fed on a rich journalistic diet of banditry, college-boy murders, pastoral shootings, and political peculations would get a more balanced impression of our life in the United States by a sojourn in the Connecticut Valley or in some quiet township on the shores of Long Island. In the same way those who would understand the Mayan world can conveniently shed the lurid fabrications of the Sunday newspaper supplements and fiction-writers' brains, and take into consideration the Copán Valley and the folk who live in it to-day.

There had been moments during the day when we climbed even above the pine trees which grow so straight and tall upon the high sierras, the mules had scrabbled in the cindery volcanic tufa, and we could see clear over into Honduras, where the configuration of the whole valley was vaguely comprehended. This was not often. The insignificance of man in the midst of these "barbarous and abrupt" waves of earth, piled in a cumulative and stupendous succession of over-topping barriers, is part of the lesson one has to take in. Over these passes came the Mayas, groping fearsomely in the darkness of their ignorance, seeking the fertile valley. Lava has rolled over those high places from the long-dead cones standing stark about us, and the earth rumbled and shook beneath their feet. What terrors they must have survived when at last they came down to the sulphurous streams and lush vegetation of the bottom lands!

So came we, not so fearsomely but very tired with our thirteen-hour journey and, seeing no sign of a village,

stopped at a wayside house of mud and thatch to ask for lodging. To this the woman who lived there assented, when she found we carried food and bedding, and bade us welcome. The mules, having been that way before, needed no urging through the wattled gateway.

Now the interest of such a sojourn lies in the fact that these people live very much as they must have lived along the Copán River in Mayan times. Our hostess is a widow whose sons are married and live with her and work her land, which extends from the trail to the river a quarter of a mile below. She does not know how much land she has—probably all she can farm. As things go here she is well-to-do. Her cornfields are now being cleared for the planting. Some are burning already, as we can see by a sullen glow turning to sudden glares not far away. She has a canoe in a thatched house, a sugar mill, and a vast cone-shaped oven for baking bread. She has a couple of lime trees and a dozen enormous mango trees whose foliage is hung with yellowing fruit. She is, in her quiet way, a matriarch. Her grandchildren are visible at times, watching us shyly from around corners as we wash. Others are coming slowly through the fields with jars of water from the spring.

As night falls we go out to the back, and under a lean-to thatch which is part stable, part kitchen-yard, we sit at a rough table and eat. For light we have a couple of sticks burning, laid across an earthenware jar and tended by one of the children whose olive face and large dark eyes gleam in the flare. Not a candle in the house. Tremendous shadows leap up the mud walls as one reaches for the butter. Silhouettes like Assyrian bas-reliefs appear when cigarette smoke is inhaled and expelled, or a match box raised for an instant in a formal position. This sort of thing is worth remembering when one studies the peculiar proportions of the ancient figures. They lived in darkness, those people, and the stirrings of art, the travail of creation must have been a superb agony, tearing a man's soul like a demon, so that he forgot his belly-need and went mad with the mystery.

At this altitude the air is cool at night and the entire absence of stagnant water, due to the steepness of the slopes, has eliminated the mosquito. The guide, trained for years to regard sleeping out in the noxious air of the lower Montagua Valley as one of the deadly sins, is much concerned by my amateur refusal to crawl under a mosquito bar. I do not want that foggy integument between me and the thatched roof of this mud hovel. From my bed I can see the stars and the glow of an enormous brush fire on the mountains. I can see obliquely into one of the rooms, where a tiny wick floating in a saucer of grease burns before a picture of the Virgin. Near it, faintly illumined, is tacked a brilliantly colored portrait of Gloria Swanson, cut from a magazine. Above, in shadow, in a big gold frame, hangs an enlargement of the matriarch and her dead husband. There are faint cries as one by one the children are put to rest. Gigantic shadows are flung athwart the recesses of that room. Someone is moving in the out-house where the mud kitchen range is being raked out ready for the morning. At last all is still. The red glow fades out of the hillside. Only the river whispering over the stones and the stamp of an animal in the byre as the breeze shifts a little. Only the faint radiance of the wick in the saucer, symbol of an undying faith in God.

IV

One of the charms of such a life (for an alien transient) is that each day is a mystical unity born in darkness with the tang of wood smoke and sharp animal odors. It may sound amusing to those who never rise before ten o'clock, when the day is a juiceless and oppressive problem, but to rise at four, not only once but as a matter of regular habit, results in an enlargement of spiritual resources. Under the surface of the

resisting animal body and brain, one is aware of a vitality of soul, a sharp savor of living, which those who rise late can never acquire. So this morning, as we fumble with baggage and saddle-gear in the twilight, eager to be on the road to Copán, I wonder artfully whether the law of compensation doesn't run even here, whether there is not a symbolical significance in the story of the early bird, who not only got the material worm but spiritual aggrandizement as well.

The trail does not follow the bottom of the valley, however. It goes over the mountains again, up to the pine altitudes, and time and again we see the earth spread in grandeur before our eyes. Always, far down to the right, we see the fissure through which the river runs westward towards Zacapa. Here and there humble folk scratch a bare living out of the pockets of earth caught among the spines and ridges of volcanic rock. We pass a cairn of stones and a wandering *mozo*, who has joined our cavalcade on foot, mentions casually that we are now in Honduras. Yon heap of bowlders is the frontier between the two republics. Never was a boundary more easily crossed. I am reminded that in Chiquimula we had called on the *alcalde* and obtained from him for two paper pesos (about five cents) a document authorizing us to pass freely into the next Republic. It seemed a singularly futile gesture of government, since we heard later our cairn was more likely the grave of a robber and the little heap with a pole sticking out of it, farther down, our true boundary.

Again I am reminded of those sad places, the country cemeteries. So precious is available land that the graves are strung along the trail, their little black crosses and pasteboard inscriptions touching the heart with their despairingly ephemeral fragility. Now and then one sees a squat white-marble tomb with some initials and a date; and we are astounded at the labor it must have entailed to drag those slabs over the mountains from the quarries near Zacapa. But we forget these recent obituaries as we come out upon a flat clear space on the very summit of the range, so that we look eastward into the depths of the valley. Reared in that high place we see a stone.

It has been restored in a rude, effectual fashion. A square shaft or stele closely covered with half-obliterated glyphs of the Mayan calendar, it was found broken and prostrate save for the bottom portion which was sunk in the earth. The archeologists have propped it up again with a log of pine, and it stands in the position those ancient astronomers had designed. Due east, against the sky line, on the range beyond the river, which comes round from the north behind the city, there is another stone like this. They form the two points of an immense astrolabe or, if you like, sun-dial, by which the Mayan calendar was adjusted and corrected. On the twelfth day of this month of April, standing behind the eastern stone, the sun sets exactly behind the western monument—and the fires in the brush are even to-day started all over the countryside. The fields will be cleared and hoed and planted before the endless rains begin.

We take the trail again and, descending the precipitous flanks of the sierra, are soon in the valley. Along the way lie sculptured stones which have been there for a long time. They are of the same greenish-white stone, like cheese, of which all the Mayan monuments at Copán are fashioned. We hurry on and pass the rough wooden gates of the modern village. It is now very hot. The pitiless sun beats down on deserted streets of cobble. At length we stop outside a thatched hovel where a woman with sharp black eyes agrees to take us in.

It is decided that we must visit the ruins at once. We lunch and set out along the hot empty streets and across a vast blazing plaza. At the corner is a store with a Union Jack, incorrectly designed, hanging straight, like a piece

of tin from a rake-handle. Under the trees and in front of the *Commandancia de Armas* are Mayan altars, worn to undecipherable decrepitude by generations of villagers using them for park seats. A score of pigs, suddenly attacked by a couple of mongrel dogs, stampede across the plaza, swerve suddenly to the left, plunge through a gateway, and vanish. The dogs run off and lie down again in the shade. The senseless violence of the performance staggers one. We pass on, out of the village gate, and take our way through grass seven feet high, to the river. It is hot, yet at regular intervals a cool breeze blows gratefully through the grass. And then, with a queer feeling of having been secretly observed, we find ourselves facing the great stone face of a god, carved in the body of a tall column.

Above the waving grass, in an everlasting immobility which conveys the impression not of death so much as of trance or enchantment, the gray shapes of other *stelæ* are visible. This is the sunken court. Around us are vast piles of rubble hidden in the grass and covered with huge trees whose roots are sunk in among the masonry of these man-made pyramids of stone. Suddenly we come upon a strange scene. One of the sculptured shafts is surrounded by a little stage. A calico screen bellies in the breeze, keeping the sun from the head of an elderly person who is painting the portrait of the figure on the stone. He has a long roll of thin canvas and, as he has painted, the picture has been rolled up, out of the way. From the staging across the ornate apron of the figure is strung a line on which an archeologist's extra shirt is hung to dry.

But the essence of the scene is this, that the painter is reconstructing, in color and shape, the figure which was looking out across that sacred court below the great pyramid some fifteen hundred years ago, when Copán was one of the great cities of America, when the Saxon thanes with their dreadful "hosts" were burning and butchering their way through Roman Britain, when Mahomet's Bedouin cut-throats were overrunning Syria, and Cairo did not exist, and when the Merovingian bullies sat in their Frankish city of Rouen and thought they ruled the earth.

It would be useless to describe the images of these Mayan *stelæ* by comparison. They do not resemble Assyrian or Egyptian sculptures. They assume in the dense tropical growth an air of indestructible placidity. One cannot evoke unaided the scene upon which they stared fifteen or eighteen centuries ago. We have no gauge of their thoughts. There is, as Professor Morley says, no Rosetta Stone to unlock the mystery of the inscriptions.

But there is inspiration in that painting which the elderly person hastily rolls up so that I am unable to see it any more. It was an extraordinary glimpse I had into the past. The stone figure is grotesque and the nose, eyes, and lips are worn into a deceptive amiability by the ceaseless rains of Honduras. Only the body, with its cumbrous stunted limbs heavily encrusted with ceremonial regalia, and the superb feathered headdress, are still sharp and clear, and in the deeply cut folds of the carving the red and blue paint can be seen. In that drawing, as it must have been in those days, the face, so large for the body, is no longer grotesque. It is formidable; and in the stone-paved court, with the templed pyramids around, the priests in their stiff hieratic garments passing towards the great plaza, the painted stone must have made an extraordinary impression upon the humble, ignorant people of the valley.

We leave the elderly person, who is bothered by the difficulties of keeping his little awning in position. The placid stone face stares past the westering sun into eternity. We climb the Great Mound. Here the guide who is supposed to be responsible for our safe return is concerned because I insist on vanishing into a triangularly shaped hole in the masonry. To reach it one has to

get down into what must have been a vault below the temple whose chambers are in ruins above. The trees grow up and slowly wrench the sculptured stones asunder. The guide protests, but I assert my resolution to have a look at the far end of this narrow tunnel. So I go through, on hands and knees. There is a delicious breeze rushing past. I reach the end and peep out. A hundred and fifty feet below is the Copán River, sweeping by in a wide swift-flowing curve which has cut a third of the great pyramid away.

We go down and bathe in the pleasant waters, reflecting upon the wisdom of the men who built that enormous aggregation of cut-stone and rubble in the way of a rapid river. Their wisdom devised calendars so accurate that we are amazed at their skill at computing the movements of the heavenly bodies through stone sighting-tubes in their temples, without any knowledge of glass lenses. Their wisdom, as far as we know, concerned themselves and their immediate destinies. Why they should have abandoned these cities of the mountain valleys and moved up into the waterless peninsula of Yucatan, there to begin building over again, is something we may never know, although recent discoveries west of Chichen Itza may disclose that long-sought key to the explanatory glyphs, that "Rosetta Stone" without which all Mayan archeological work will remain a series of barren calendrical puzzles.

And that evening, while the storekeeper, who had made that funny, ill-proportioned Union Jack, tells us of the last time he and his store were looted by a revolutionary "general," and how he has to pay a dollar a gallon for the kerosene in his lamp, the thought persisted that there will always be a difference between our attitude towards these lost peoples and our interest in European vestiges. To say that the Roman, the Goth, the Gaul, the island-Britons have vanished is true; but their blood flows in our veins. Their laws and customs have come down to us through the centuries. Their myths and folklore echo in our minds. But here, no matter how we dig, is nothing that our hearts can cleave to. Here is no ancient prototype for us. Their civilization was not, according to earlier conjectures, destroyed by a stupid Spanish conquest. We know now that the Mayan era was about to perish of its own internal weaknesses before a Spaniard ever landed in Yucatan. Indeed, there arises in the mind more and more strongly as one contemplates their sculpture, their architecture and their inscriptions, the impression that we have before us one of those strange catastrophes of nature, like the early prehistoric saurians who vanished from the earth because of their own ponderous proportions, because they possessed within themselves no adaptability to survive an inexorable competition and environment.

The door stands open, propped by a broken fragment of Mayan sculpture. Outside the barefooted soldiery of Honduras loll on the figured altars of Copán. Down the road a pig-pen is built of fragments of glyphs describing perhaps the glories of some forgotten Ozymandias King of Kings. The village cemetery wall beyond the plaza holds within its mortar many a holy text. We sit around the storekeeper and listen to his tales of the high-handed lawlessness for which he can obtain no redress. His feeble plaints trail off into silence and he stares at the lamp in patient perplexity. He is like some down-at-heel Roman in Saxon England, bewildered by the impenetrable darkness of the future.

We rise and go out to find our lodging. Only a feeble glow is to be seen in the *Commandancia de Armas*. Copán sleeps undisturbed by the ghosts of the shadowy past.

EMERSON AND THE REFORMERS

BY VAN WYCK BROOKS

THE reformers thronged the roads. The Chardon Street Convention in Boston in November, 1840, had assembled a thousand messiahs from the woods and mountains. There were Dunkers, Muggletonians, Agrarians, Abolitionists, Groaners, Come-outers. Every village crossroads in New England had contributed a voice and a scroll.

They roamed about the countryside in long gowns and with hair over their shoulders, and many a strange apparition haunted Emerson's house in Concord. The vegetarians came, for whom the world was to be redeemed by bran and pumpkins; and those who would not eat rice because it was raised by slaves; and those who would not wear leather because it was stolen from animals; and those who rejected vegetables the roots of which grew downward and food that fire had polluted. And they sat at Emerson's table and criticized or abstained. ("Tea? *I?* Butter? *I?*") They made his Thanksgiving turkey an occasion for a sermon; they lectured him over his mutton on the horrors of the shambles. They even invaded his study, those portents of the times, formidable, unanswerable. He sat there glued to his chair, all thought, all action, all play departed, paralyzed. They somehow took the oxygen out of the air, and he twisted like the eel in the exhausted receiver.

The Phrenologists came too, and the Mesmerists, and the Homeopathists, and the Swedenborgians. And the Rat-hole Spiritualists whose gospel came by taps in the wall and thumps in the table-drawer—wizards that peeped and muttered. A pistareen a spasm, or nine dollars for a fit. What quaint phantoms were abroad in this morning of time! But among those maggoty souls there were other and more appealing figures, perplexed, ardent, hopeful, inarticulate. Edward Taylor, for instance, the journeyman printer—touching it was to hear of his little group of six youthful apostles who met one evening in Boston and talked over his plan for the abolition of money till all were convinced that nothing could contribute more to the brotherhood of man. He had wandered all over the South, with a light in his eye, paying for his night's lodging with papers and tracts. There were others, like those two young clerks who had forsaken their counting-houses and gone off to a hut in the woods; they had worked away through the winter reading and writing (in mittens), as best they could for the cold, and had barely escaped with their lives. New types, desires that had never been voiced before in prosaic America. What were they seeking, these young men, what were they feeling, thinking, for what were they groping?

For modes of life, perhaps, familiar enough in history, or in other parts of the world—in China, in India, in Paris, in the cells of the Thebaid, in studios and taverns of Moscow, Rome, or London; for careers and social customs, outlets, disciplines that a simple colonial society had never dreamed of providing, had not been able to provide. And withal, they shared the faith of the Age of Revolutions, a faith like that of the first Christian age in the immediate perfectibility of man and society. The Communists were on the march: every month some

new colony was arriving from Europe, setting out to build its Eden in Ohio and Missouri. No more compromises, no more adjustments, no more half-hearted acceptances of the merely customary. Trade was selfish and fraudulent, education mere word-mongering, politics a swindle, and the Church a lie. On all hands the young were seceding from the social organization, discarding the forms that existed and seeking forms of their own.

No need to stir from Concord to see how the tide was turning. The village hummed with these plans. Brook Farm was an accomplished fact. Some time before George Ripley and Margaret Fuller had discussed the project in Emerson's study. It was charming, refreshing, engaging; and yet, at the name of a society, all his repulsions had played, his quills had risen and sharpened. He had wanted to be convinced, to be thawed, to be aroused by this new dawn of human piety to a mania better than temperance; but instead he had sat aloof, his voice had faltered and fallen. Was this the cave of persecution that might become for him the palace of spiritual power, this room as it were in the Astor House hired for the Transcendentalists? Should he raise the siege of his own hencoop and march baffled away to a pretended siege of Babylon? Could he work better than at home in that select—but not by him selected—confraternity? Toiling in the barnyard and the peat-bog, in a blue frock and cowhide boots, certainly had its points, but it was the last form of activity to stimulate the mind. He had expressed himself very freely to the brave Ripley, but he had greatly enjoyed his visits to the community. Who would have dreamed that such grace, such a gay abandon, could have been evoked out of the old dry shell of Puritanism?

II

And now another plan was in the air. The dauntless Alcott had conceived the boldest scheme of all. He had passed through many vicissitudes, this God-intoxicated man. Boston had rejected him at last; his school was gone; his book had been remaindered and sold for trunk linings. He had come to Concord, with his wife and children, and hired himself out as a woodchopper. Alcott, even so, who should have been maintained in a prytaneum. Alcott, who had so little genius for labor, preach it as he might. It cruelly wasted his time, it depressed his spirit to tears. Then comforting news had reached him as he toiled away at the chopping-block: the star that had sunk in the New World had risen in the Old. A school had been established in London, named in his honor and manned by his disciples. Alcott House, no less! The disciples had urged the master to make them a visit, and Emerson had collected a purse to cover his expenses. He had filled the purse himself, in fact—ten golden sovereigns and a bill of exchange on a firm of English bankers; and at last he had dispatched the pilgrim with a handsome letter to Carlyle.

Then what should begin to appear at the little post-office window? Pamphlets, bundles of them, more than Concord had ever seen before. Pamphlets, periodicals, prospectuses, broadsheets, advertisements, and all stamped with the head of Queen Victoria. From Alcott's new associates! There were Communist Manifestoes and Phalansterian Gazettes, plans for Syncretic Associations, Hydropathic Societies, and Health Unions, Appeals of Man to Woman, treatises on the Necessity of Internal Marriage. Alcott had discovered an England that was never mentioned in travelers' books and had hastened to send the happy tidings back to his friend in Concord.

A letter presently followed. Alcott was coming home. Not alone; the masters of Alcott House, Charles Lane and Henry Wright, were sailing with him. The school had been driven to the wall, and they had all decided that the spirit of England was "hostile to human

welfare, and her institutions were averse to the largest liberty of the soul." In America, Alcott wrote, "is that second Eden to be planted, in which the divine seed is to bruise the head of evil and restore man to his rightful communion with God." Emerson was troubled. How had Alcott pictured to these confiding Britons the paradise to which he was leading them? He despatched a hasty reply. . . . You must show it to your friends, Alcott. I say merely this, they can safely rely on your theories, but they must put no trust whatever in your statement of facts. . . . Alcott, the ever-candid, carried out these instructions. And now his victims, not to be deterred, were already on their way.

Six months later, in the little red house at Fruitlands, Alcott lay down upon his bed and turned his face to the wall. The Con-Sociate Family was a failure. How happy they had been, driving over in the big wagon from Concord, on that rainy June day, happy for all the rain, with the bust of Socrates on the front seat and the children laughing and chattering behind! Dreams of the Pythagorean life, of the school at Crotona, had swept the philosopher's brain as he hastened the horse. What dreams! —the morning walks in the grove, the searching discussion of doctrines and disciplines, the chaste repast of honey, maize, and salad, the domestic labors and economics, the pure white garments, the gallant hospitalities, the bath and the evening meal and the quiet sleep. Once more the Grecian sun was to rise over the earth, amid the gracious meadows of Massachusetts, rise over a world redeemed by serenity and wisdom.

Emerson had watched the calamitous venture with a more than benevolent eye. For himself, he could only build on his own ground, unaided, his house of peace and benefit, good customs and free thoughts. But that was not Alcott's way, and there was always something right about Alcott's undertakings; so his heart and his purse were open to the rashlings—a deed for their land was made out in his name as trustee. They had chosen an enchanting spot for the community: a steep slope near the village of Harvard, with a view that spread over miles of well-tilled farms and well-pruned orchards. The house was amply stocked, with comely maple furniture, cupboards full of copper and brass, a library of a thousand volumes in the front entry. What books! Pindar, Alcæus, Mimnermus, Spinoza, Behmen, pagan and Christian poets, mystics, sages, the richest collection of its kind in all America—Lane's library brought from London. At the foot of the slope was the twenty-acre field, redeemed from the curse of ownership, where they meant to cultivate their grain, pulse, herbs, and flax, and their upright, aspiring vegetables, not with the enslaving plow—that bane of the republic of animals—but with the spade, the symbol of the creative life. No manure—Nature was not to be forced. No polluting animal food within doors. No tea or coffee to disturb the poise of the physical organism. Bread made from unbolted flour, and shaped, to render it palatable, in the forms of beasts. The men bathed in the brook, the women in a shelter of clotheshorses covered with sheets; Alcott himself mounted the ladder without and poured the water from a pitcher over their heads. For the rest, there was much emblematic ceremony. When the first load of hay was driven into the barn, one member of the household made a little speech: "I take off my hat, not that I reverence the barn more than other places, but because this is the first fruit of our labor." Then all fell silent for a time, that holy thought might be awakened. And on May Alcott's third birthday, the child was escorted by the whole community to the grove and crowned with flowers, while Alcott read an ode composed by himself in honor of his daughter.

But how could such an Academe endure? The British apostles quarreled. Wright found the lack of butter, tea,

and coffee "too hard for his inside" and the regular hours and clearing up of scraps "too desperate hard for the outside." Young Isaac Hecker, already on the road to Rome, was unwilling to submit to a merely pagan discipline; and another member, a lady, was found to have eaten fish at a neighbor's house. It was only the tail, she insisted, but out she went. They had abjured the plow, but they failed to do the spading; and they would have had no crop if Joseph Palmer had not brought over his oxen from Leominster and set them to work at the last minute, while the rest of the Con-Sociate Family averted their eyes. They had planted their apple and pear trees in the path of the north wind; and the men had drifted away on a lecturing tour when the grain was ready to be harvested. At last winter came and nothing was left but the stick of the beautiful rocket. Nothing but Joseph Palmer and his yoke of oxen. Joseph Palmer remained; and for twenty years thereafter some fragrance of the original dream clung to this paradise lost. The house was a shelter for the hungry and the destitute; and two great iron pots, one containing baked beans and the other potatoes, always stood by the door ready for passers-by.

III

Emerson had shared their hopes, and more than once he had come to the rescue of the innocents. On that winter's day, for instance, when Joseph Palmer shovelled the snow off the road that led into Fruitlands, and Silas Dudley shovelled it back again. The road crossed Silas's land—an endless cause of warfare, and for once neither of the old men would surrender: they had to send for Emerson to settle the dispute. He had shared their hopes. How much he couldn't but say for all the reformers! It was true that their wish to obey impulse was guarded by no old, old Intellect, which knows metes and bounds. But that was their loss, not his, and what qualities they had, and how grateful he was to them for calling to his attention one by one all the problems of the time! The partial action of their minds in one direction was a telescope for the objects on which it was pointed. And they were enthusiasts too: where else could one look for that virtue in the circle of American wits and scholars?

There was much to be said for the reformers. They were right in refusing to adapt themselves to usages that had ceased to have any meaning. They were right in revolting against employments and standards that stifled their genius and their conscience. Right they were in asserting—and how clear they made it!—that the cost of life was almost all for conformity. Intellect cost very little, the heart, beauty. Then why struggle so hard for money? "Do you think," said John Hunter, engrossed in dissecting a tiger, "do you think I can leave my work for your damned guinea?" And they alone were attempting, however blindly, to redeem the grand promises of the Revolution, they, and not the Cotton Whigs of State Street. Were they even so wrong in their disbelief in the Government? What a pother, this, about Government! These caucuses, these conventions, with every palpitating heart swelling with the cheap sublime of magnitude and number! One had only to look at Kansas, at Mexico, Cuba—was the capital enemy of the comfort of all good citizens anything but this ugly Government? The politicians fancied that the popular laws had to be maintained by force. A pity they couldn't revoke their Government for a week, to save themselves the trouble, and watch the result. The popular laws, the laws of natural right, the laws of natural expedience! O fatuous politicians! You would find the priests and the lawyers, the bankers and chambers of commerce, the inn-keepers, the village grocers, you would find the very farm-hands in the fields and the fishermen on the river mustering with fury to their support!

Much to be said, even for the vegetarians. Their ostentatious glasses of cold water, their dry, raw diet might well make one's blood run cold to see. No joyful signs that they had ceased to care for food in nobler cares. One might think intemperance better, with such a ruling love. But who argued so sourly for beef and mutton against these men of herbs and grains? The fat and ruddy eater who had just wiped his lips from feeding on a sirloin, whose blood was spouting in his veins and whose strength kindled that evil fire in his eye? It was not the voice of man one heard, but the beef and brandy roaring for beef and brandy. And were these to play the judge in their own cause?

How could Emerson shake his head and turn the reformers away—the greatest heretic of them all? He could only applaud and envy, while his heart sank within him. When some zealot came and showed him the importance of the Temperance Reform, his hands dropped —what excuse could he offer? Then an Abolitionist described to him the horrors of Southern slavery. He was certainly guilty, guilty! A philanthropist told him of the shameful neglect of the schools by all good citizens. Guilty, guilty again! He heard of the poor, living on crusts and water, and he took to the confessional anew. He hadn't a leg to stand on. And he sat there, frigid, unhappy, convicted, laboring for speech.

That gulf, and those mendicant arms! That accusing bosom of his, that unanswering bosom! A yoke of oxen could have turned between every pair of words he was able to extort from it. Nothing to say, with so much that he ought to say? Who was the porcupine now? Who was on stilts? Was it true that he didn't belong to these people, that they didn't belong to him? They fled to him, each with a pet madness in his brain. They hastened to him with the utmost joy and confidence that they were the very souls his faith invited. Was he not the prophet of self-reliant action, the voice that affirmed their desires and justified their refusal to conform to the stale prescriptions of society? Who but he had painted those entrancing pictures of a life in harmony with Nature, a free, spontaneous life like that of the Golden Age? They had flocked to hear him lecture, they had pored over his essays; and who but they had set out to make his gospel real? Had he nothing to say to them now, no word of cheer for their means and methods, no hand but that of a friendly neutral to lend them in actualizing their dreams of a better day?

Disturbing, these importunate reformers, much more disturbing than the watchdogs of the established order who had barked so fiercely at the prophet. What a power he had of begetting false expectations! He had blundered along for a time, assured by the surprise and joy of those to whom he communicated his results. Then he looked up for a moment, and the sympathy was gone or changed. The faces of all his friends were shaded with grief, and the bystanders accused him. Come, soul, he said to himself, new solitudes, new marches! Jump into another bush and scratch your eyes in again! Pass on to new developments as surprising as your first, to fresh indirections and wonderful alibis that will dissipate the indictment!

They had asked him to throw himself into their causes, to adapt his life to theirs. He was willing to try a few experiments, just to see if he could. Manual labor—to make it an "honest sweat" had he not arranged with Thoreau to teach him the real austerities of the hoe and the spade? He persuaded his wife to invite the Alcotts to join them and establish a new Fruitlands, *à quatre*, in Concord. He asked the housemaid and the cook to take their meals with the family. He breakfasted on bread and water. He adopted a vegetable diet. But the servants refused to leave the kitchen, and Mrs. Alcott declined to share in a second venture; the vegetarian experiment was half-hearted and the manual labor was abandoned when

Emerson found that it dulled his wits more than it toughened his nerves. Reform was not for him.

For Emerson had watched the reformers. He had noted the effect their activities had upon them. They were bitter, sterile people all too often. Their eyes were so filled with abstract images that the poetry of every day, the light shining in a child's spoon, the sparkle on a mote of dust, they saw not at all. And what egoists they were, how detached from the collective forces that kept life sane! They became tediously good in some particular, and negligent and narrow in the rest. They shared the new light that promised the kingdom of heaven, and they ended with champing unleavened bread and devoting themselves to the nourishment of a beard. The more they tried to impose their will upon others, to transform the external world, the more they fell out of relation with their own souls.

Not for Emerson was the sociable satisfaction of scaling with others the silver mountains whose enchantments he had sketched. He saw the peaks from the valley, but the moment he began to climb the vision vanished. And to see, to paint, to feel was his proper task. He would listen to no more reproofs but steadily persist in his own native choices against all argument and example—defend them against the multitude, defend them against the wise. Defend them against his disciples. By no man's distaste was he to be chidden out of his most trivial natural habit. Even pie for breakfast!

THE BIRD-CATCHER

BY MARTIN ARMSTRONG

O YOU with the five-stopped pipe
And delicate, close-webbed net and eyes that have stared
Into worlds unknown, what strange wild bird have you snared,
What plover or lark or snipe?

"I roved to the rim of the world,
To the borders of life and death, to the glimmering land
Where matter and spirit are one, and I closed my hand
On a marvellous prey in the mouth of the net upcurled:

"For while with the breath of dream
I filled the pipe and fingered the stops with the touch of thought,
In a web of sweet and intricate tunes I caught
God, to be caged awhile among things that seem."

MANAGING THE BOSS

A NEGLECTED PHASE OF SCIENTIFIC MANAGEMENT

BY ONE WHO HAS TRIED IT

SCIENTIFIC Management was one of the many notable developments of the past decade. It was originally expounded by the late Frederick W. Taylor, past president of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers; and his ideas on this subject were quickly extended by his many disciples into numerous spheres of human activity. It will probably surprise the reader to learn that the New York Public Library has recently printed a list of references on Scientific Management, comprising fourteen hundred and ninety-four titles. These works cover nearly every phase of the management of an industrial enterprise except the most important of all.

Many of them deal with the handling of labor. It is shown that in most factories twenty-five per cent or more of the workmen's time is completely wasted on account of poor tools, unnecessary delays, and inefficient laying out of the work. If the annual payroll of a factory is one hundred thousand dollars, it is not difficult to calculate the saving resulting from the introduction of Scientific Management. Other treatises deal with the efficient management of mechanical equipment from boilers to belting. A glance over still other titles shows applications of the principles of Scientific Management to looseleaf accounting, buying and selling, cleaning filter sands, farming, coal mining, handling clerks, even college teaching.

One phase of Management, however, seems to be entirely overlooked. This phase is of importance, not only to the individual actually doing the managing, but also to his company. One is tempted to say that this is the most important phase of all. I refer to the management of one's Boss. For example, if it is important for a factory superintendent to handle his help efficiently in order to obtain maximum results with minimum friction, how much more important is it for this same superintendent to handle his own immediate superior, the general manager, so as to attain a similiar measure of success.

The general manager, in turn, is responsible for those under him. The principles for handling his subordinates have all been studied for him and described in articles on Management. This same General Manager, however, is often required to manage the President, for the good of the business. It is no secret that the President of a corporation occasionally has to be spurred into action or must be diplomatically restrained if he is inclined towards overenthusiasm for new projects. The profits of the business often depend upon the success achieved by the General Manager in handling the President quite as much as upon the efficient management of employees. Yet on the principles and practice of Boss Management, it would seem that no assistance whatever can be obtained from management literature.

There are at least two explanations for this. In the first place Boss Management is perhaps the most difficult of all departments of Management. Second,

a written description of the methods used by any boss manager is highly dangerous to the writer. Once let the big boss who is being successfully managed recognize himself in print, and this particular example of boss management is apt to come to an abrupt end by the boss manager in question looking for another job.

II

History records the names of many who were expert in the art of managing their superiors. Disraeli was a past master of the art of managing royalty, while Gladstone was a conspicuous failure in this respect. It was a common saying in the A. E. F. that General Pershing had a threefold job, "to fight the Germans, fight the French, and fight the War Department." To those of us in France the War Department seemed very far away and unresponsive to our needs. Who will say that Pershing's ability to stir his boss, the Secretary of War, into more vigorous action in the Spring of 1918 was an unimportant part of his duties?

The letters of Walter H. Page show that his principal difficulties lay in his attempts to manage his boss, President Wilson. On the other hand, Wilson's great weakness lay in the fact that he would not allow himself to be managed by those more familiar with the situation than himself. Colonel House's only partial success along these lines caused some amelioration of these conditions. House's letters will, doubtless, become the classic exposition of attempts at Boss Management. Going farther back, Columbus and Sir Walter Raleigh afford two well-known examples of men who paid heavily for their inability to handle their superiors—in this case royal superiors.

Subordinates need managing for several reasons. They may be lazy, and so must be compelled to do their work; they may be careless or insubordinate, and so need discipline. Though some may deny that their boss is human, all will admit that he has his full share of human failings. Being the boss, he is all the more likely to give his feelings free rein. An employee, no matter how lazy, can hardly make a practice of coming in late; but how about the boss? Even the most profane workman learns to modify his language when talking to his foreman; but who is to curb the boss with a grouch? And so it goes. Bosses have not only the same failings as their subordinates, but a whole series of failings peculiar to bosses. All these put them more in need of being managed than any other members of a large industrial organization. Great is the reward of him who can manage his boss successfully. Such a man will not only find his job an easy one but he will have his salary raised. (Securing a raise is one of the special branches of applied Boss Management.)

Boss Management begins in our early youth with the management of our parents. We constantly want to do things of which they disapprove. Mark Twain said in an article, "Advice to Little Girls": "If your mother tells you to do a thing, it is wrong to imply that you won't. It is better and more becoming to intimate that you will do as she bids you, and then afterwards act quietly in the matter according to the dictates of your best judgment."

This, however, is Boss Management which can hardly be described as "scientific." The true art consists in leading the boss to your opinion by causing him to think it is his own. Boss Management is the best-known example of the "art which effaces itself."

This subject will be best understood by concrete examples taken from bosses under whom the writer or his friends have worked hard and enthusiastically, or suffered in silence as the case might be. All of us who have spent our lives in industrial pursuits have had our own interesting experiences with bosses and most of us could write a book on the subject with a title similar to Ernest Seton Thompson's *Wild Animals I Have Known.*

There is the over-enthusiastic boss, for example—most valuable to any organization when well managed by his subordinates, most disastrous when unmanaged or unmanageable. When a promising plan is suggested his vigorous imagination, leaping over obstacles, grasps at once the possibilities. He fairly sees the machine, if machine it be, already constructed and running, doing what no machine has yet been able to accomplish; or he sees the proposed sales plan already in actual operation, a nation-wide demand created, orders rolling in, and profits piling up. The idea for the new machine looks so good that he wants to build ten right away. He disregards the many difficulties which lie between the sketch of an improved machine on paper and that same machine in operation on the factory floor.

More important, he does not know that only Minerva sprang from the head of her creator complete and fully armed. Everything else is imperfect when first born, and needs a long period of growth before reaching its full stature. No new machine was ever constructed but that imperfections appeared as soon as it was operated. Only by actual trial can a new type of machine be perfected, and not until then should it be built in quantities. Similar considerations apply to other new and untried projects however promising they may seem.

The over-enthusiastic but unmanaged boss may involve the company in much loss by rushing into unproved ideas on too large a scale, but the greatest danger of loss, strange to say, is from failure to utilize sound ideas; for over-enthusiasm is followed in such a temperament by excessive discouragement. When the new machine or plan on which hopes have been set fails to function perfectly on its first trial, the disappointment is extreme. The boss loses interest in it and fails to give the continuous support which every new project needs to carry it through to completion.

In this difficult phase of Boss Management it would seem desirable that the first trials of any new idea should be carried out *sub rosa*, and that the boss should not be allowed to see the gradual progress made in overcoming unexpected difficulties, but should be called in for a demonstration only when final success has been attained. Preliminary trials should take place in the presence of those qualified to give practical suggestions only. All bosses should be rigidly excluded.

III

A somewhat related boss is the impetuous type, who disregards all system and is impatient of detail. He sees the object to be attained and proceeds straight towards its accomplishment "letting the chips fall where they may." If an opportunity presents itself to put through an important deal, he puts it through by a personal interview, sometimes failing, however, to bother with a written agreement and seldom thinking of notifying those who will be affected by the change. He may, for example, make a large and profitable agreement to deliver a new product without taking the trouble to see that the production department is informed in sufficient time to manufacture the new item by the date of delivery. Records and systems and organizations are his abomination. Though he realizes in an abstract way their value, he is temperamentally unfitted for adhering to them.

Such a boss is invaluable for handling a few larger affairs—hopeless for attending to the many routine matters. In the larger deals, he will *get results;* in smaller matters, he will take orders without recording them, make shipments without looking up credit standings, and sign checks without filling in the stubs. The impetuous boss needs above all else a faithful, sympathetic, hard-working, but firm assistant. This assistant will "mop up" after his boss, taking the trouble to find out what has been done, then taking the necessary action to keep the records straight.

Smaller matters he will carefully pre-

vent from ever coming to his boss at all. Just as surely as the impetuous boss attempts to handle routine business, he will get the accounts into hopeless confusion. His assistant needs to be very firm with him and to insist that the boss shall confine himself strictly to his own proper field. Unless the assistant has the courage to manage his boss with an iron hand, constant trouble will arise.

An example of the activities of this type of executive was seen in the A. E. F. during the late War—a time and place when virtues and failings came to the surface with such terrible force. Imagine the overseas Headquarters of one of the branches of the U. S. Army in the stirring days of 1918. The Germans are pressing the Allies hard. Inexperienced officers are arriving from the States by the thousand, enlisted men almost by the million. Divisions are being expanded into Corps, and Corps into Armies. It is the time above all else for *action*.

As Personnel Officer at these Headquarters was a man well known to American business life who had left his private office early in 1917 with the impetuosity which characterized all his actions, and had accepted a small commission in the Army. Here he had been rapidly promoted as a reward for his ability, energy, and courage. Finally he had been transferred to this branch of the service and assigned to Headquarters as Personnel Officer.

Live wires were badly needed, and this one was tremendously useful and performed a great service to his country by assuming responsibility and forcing projects through to completion. But what were his methods? Officers were urgently required for newly trained divisions. He would send a special request to the Adjutant General for their assignment, but often fail to record the change. New officers arrive from the States. He sends them without delay where they are most needed, and *sometimes* keeps a note of where they have gone. Certain officers distinguish themselves and are promptly recommended for promotion; but who is to keep track of when these promotions become effective, if at all? Many important instructions are given by long-distance telephone with only the wires themselves to record what has been done!

Files of course existed and machinery for noting all arrivals, changes of assignment, promotions, casualties, etc., but they were forgotten more often than not. It was temperamentally impossible for the Colonel to think of such details in the midst of the great events of those great days. He could not even remember to tell his subordinates what had been done. A telegram would come to him requesting men, and he would send them where needed. Was this not his mission? So he argued to himself.

When Lieutenant Boss Manager arrived this method had reached its inevitable end. No one knew with certainty where the officers were, what their rank was or who was available. A telegram would be sent to an officer only to find that he had been long since transferred; whither, no one could remember. In laying plans it had become impossible for anyone to find out how many men were available or where they were. Something had to be done.

The Colonel recognized that the end of the rope had come. He promised reform. Then important mail and telegrams would arrive, and he would attempt to handle them on the spur of the moment as before, sending out his instructions by telegraph or telephone in the old way. Some of these messages were caught and recorded. Many were not. It was evident that this could not continue. For his own good, for the good of the Service, the Colonel *must* be managed.

Seizing a few days when the Colonel was away, the Lieutenant on his own responsibility instituted radical changes. He placed his own desk in the inner office next to the Colonel's. In this way he could hear and note down everything that the Colonel did in conversation or over the telephone.

Next the Lieutenant arranged that all mail and telegrams without any exception whatever should come direct to his own desk. The Lieutenant sorted these out and handled the great bulk of them himself. The Colonel received only such important matters as the Lieutenant chose to pass over to him, and these the Lieutenant followed up with watchful eye and kept track of action taken. And everything going out passed also over the Lieutenant's desk.

An efficient officer was secured to take sole charge of the files, and he was backed up to the limit, so that it was almost a Court Martial offense to file any transfer of an officer or man without sending it first to the card catalog for posting.

As a result of the tight rein kept on the Colonel difficulties rapidly disappeared. The Colonel could again find his officers in spite of the constant necessary changes. Best of all, he was entirely free for important projects and was able to put them over with his old-time enthusiasm. He chafed somewhat at the restrictions under which he was placed; but to his credit be it said that he recognized their necessity and submitted to being managed by a lowly lieutenant. He was one of the finest officers in the A. E. F. and, with proper management, one of the most useful. When the war was over he expressed his gratitude very handsomely indeed in a letter which the Lieutenant prizes highly.

IV

Another type of boss—the bully—needs but little discussion. He takes advantage of his power to tyrannize over his subordinates. To those who will stand it he is abusive without measure, to others he is as abusive as he dares to be. To his own superior he often cringes. No further description will be given, first, because such a man is too well known to need further depiction; second, because an adequate description of him is not permissible in print.

The bully often pays well. He has to. The job under him may be desirable from other points of view, yet no self-respecting man will remain where he is continually subjected to uncalled-for insults. The only way to manage such a boss is to tell him plainly that he must speak like a gentleman or not speak at all. Such a man generally learns quickly whom he can revile with impunity and whom he must handle more carefully.

The most irritating type is the timid boss—he who is always afraid to take an important step. He encourages investigations and new ideas and takes an intelligent interest in their progress, but as the moment for final action arrives he hesitates. The time comes for a decision. The new formula (or machine, or method, or what not) proves better than the old; shall we adopt it? Then comes endless procrastination. "Let us get further information before deciding," or, "Let us wait and see what Mr. Jones thinks about it," etc., etc., anything but, "Let us make our final decision on this at once." So a project hangs fire indefinitely, never put out of the way by final rejection, yet never put into operation.

The only way to manage a boss of this kind is for the subordinate to supply the courage which his boss lacks. He must force the decision and take the responsibility on himself. The result of this is, if the new idea turns out well, the boss takes all the credit; if it fails, the subordinate gets the blame. However, one who is unwilling to face this situation is unworthy of a position of responsibility as boss-manager. The better type of timid boss often appreciates deeply an assistant who will supply a stock of courage for important decisions.

This type of boss is the especial *bête noir* of research men. Well do I remember an experience of the Research Chemist of a large manufacturing concern before the War. This Chemist had for an immediate boss the Production Manager who was also a Vice President of the Company and, consequently, a man of influence when he could be made to

exercise it. The Vice President was a college graduate and a man of fairly wide reading and general information; he liked to think that he was a fine type of the modern educated, progressive American business man and had started the Research Department himself and placed it under his own immediate control as a sign to all the world of his interest in Science and his belief in Progress. In this way he sought to counteract his own fundamental narrow-mindedness and timidity.

Interesting problems presented themselves from time to time, arising either from difficulties experienced in the manufacturing process, or as improvement suggested by the Chemist. As these problems arose the Vice President would take a keen interest in each. He would talk over at length the points involved, thereby airing what knowledge he had of chemistry and engineering. He would lay out with the chemist a plan of attack. He would inquire daily as to progress made and would be quite triumphant at hearing of obstacles overcome. This was all at the beginning. Finally the research would evidently be nearing a successful conclusion. The time was coming to put the new method into operation. Then the Vice President would become nervous. The thought of having to come to a decision was most distasteful. The idea that the innovation might not work out if put into general factory practice and might, in fact, become a public failure for his department was disquieting. He would lose interest in the research, seek all kinds of means to postpone a decision, and would often ingeniously arrange to have this piece of investigation "temporarily" abandoned in order to attack a new problem which he claimed to be more urgent.

On looking over the work of several years, the Chemist found that he had attacked and solved many important problems. He had exercised a good deal of scientific skill and had produced in his laboratory many new results of great potential value. He was dismayed to find, however, that hardly any of these had been put into practical operation. *This* research had been interrupted when near the end. Decision on *that* one had been delayed until the matter could be discussed with a factory manager from Chicago whose intended visit had been finally cancelled. There were all kinds of reasons for postponing the final decision.

The chemical research, skillful as some of it was, turned out to be of little practical value to his Company, as it was not utilized. In the words of another writer on applied science, his Research Department was "like a baseball team which got all of its men to third base, but never actually scored."

Then the Chemist realized that only part of his job was to manage the movements of the molecules. An equally important phase was to manage his boss. Boss Management took time and energy away from his purely scientific work. It was, moreover, difficult and uncongenial for a man of scientific pursuits. Without Boss Management, however, his best scientific achievements were futile.

The Chemist deliberately decided to devote the necessary amount of his time to managing his boss. He selected that one of his previous researches most certain to succeed. He brought it again to the Vice President's attention. He did this again and again. He tactfully enlisted the interest of others. Formerly he had been quite a favorite with the Vice President; now the latter began to hate the sight of him. Of course, the Chemist won. The improvement was tried. It worked. Subsequent victories were easier. Then after several successes a defeat or two could be survived.

In later years the Chemist found that he had done less research work, but that more of it had been put into practical operation. He rose in the estimation of the officers of the Company, but he never regained the personal favor of his boss. This boss was too small a man to

allow himself to be managed with good grace.

V

First cousin to the timid boss is the lazy one. Such a boss may be a man of considerable ability with an attractive personality and excellent judgment—capable of accomplishing much for the business if he is properly managed. While the manager of such a boss can remedy the situation somewhat by extra labor to make up for the small amount of work turned out by his boss, this does not entirely solve the difficulty. There are some things which only the boss himself can do—some people that he must see personally, some letters that only he can write. Here again, an assistant well versed in the science of Boss Management can increase the output of his department by fifty or a hundred per cent by skillful management. He must goad his boss into action. At times, he will have to make himself very disagreeable and state things very plainly in order to overcome the torpor of his chief. He can have the satisfaction of knowing that his chief will be secretly—almost pathetically—grateful. No one is so genuinely grateful as a lazy man if someone will provide him with the stimulus to action which he himself constantly lacks, and knows that he lacks.

One of the greatest privileges in life is to work under a boss whom one can admire and respect—a man who is a real leader, who gives his own best effort to his work and exacts the best from those under him. Such a man may be a hard taskmaster, he may be impatient of incompetency, but his subordinates never want to leave him for a boss who will accept sloppy work.

Such leaders are boss, not merely by virtue of their position, but because they are the best man in the organization "by a long sea mile" as Stevenson expresses it. Wherever *they* sit is indeed the head of the table by general consent. Real leaders of this type are found in all walks of life. Such were Carnegie, James J. Hill, Major General Summerall, U. S. A., Bismarck, Lord Strathcona, Lord Fisher of the British Navy, Kitchener, President Roosevelt, and F. W. Taylor himself.

It is the greatest stimulus, the greatest inspiration to work under such a boss. Rather than a large salary, rather than pleasant work, rather than a good future, a young man should pick an inspiring boss. The rest will take care of itself.

Too often, however, we must build with the tools at hand. We must work with the bosses whom fate sends us. In such cases, we can perform a great service by an intelligent practice of the Science of Boss Management.

Happy is the boss who picks a good assistant. Happier still is the assistant who can pick a good boss!

The Lion's Mouth



WHY COLLEGE MEN FAIL IN BUSINESS

BY JUSTIN STURM

THERE has been no end of discussion lately concerning the faults of the modern college. It is a generally accepted fact that the present-day university not only fails to fit a young man for big business but ruins him completely. As president of a large corporation, I feel that my experience justifies my writing about this tremendous problem.

Everybody knows that big business is clamoring for young men to train until they are able to fill an executive position. The supply is smaller than the demand, and we are willing to go to the ends of the earth to find likely young men. And we spare no effort or expense in training them. It is difficult to realize why these men do not succeed after they are given every advantage. Perhaps their failure is caused by the general lowering of morals which follows every large war. Or perhaps it is the fault of the colleges which do not see the light. I shall endeavor in this article to show my views on the problem. I assert that the fault lies in the curriculum.

Ten years ago I sent my secretary, Miss Gobel, around the country to interview college seniors and to influence the most promising men in each college to join our organization. The first man to start with us was Jones. He was a splendid-looking boy with pink cheeks and curly hair, and if I ever saw a man with a future ahead of him, he was the man. I told him that his progress might be slow at first and his salary low, but he did not care. All I want is a fair chance, he said; and I let him have it.

I started Jones at two dollars a week. He complained a bit until I told him that *I* started on seventy cents a month, and see where I am now! I put him in the rooster department and told the manager to watch him. He started off very well. As I remember it, he wrung the necks of ninety roosters the first day. I was awfully glad to hear it and went out to wring his bloody hand with congratulations.

"Jones," I said, "you are going to make good at this business, without a doubt."

He was so interested in his work that he barely paused to acknowledge my appreciation. He would snap up a rooster with his left hand, grab the head with his right, and in a fraction of a second the rooster's body was on the capon conveyor and his head on the chicken-soup conveyor, and a new rooster was in Jones' hands.

I intended to keep Jones in the rooster department for five years, but in less than eight months he showed signs of weakening. My manager called this to my attention.

"He is getting restless," said the manager. "I told you college men are no good. For the last week he has been wringing the necks off too close to the body. You see if we leave too much chicken on the head it will make our chicken soup taste like chicken soup, and our customers will want it all the time."

I asked the manager to send Jones in to see me.

"Jones," I said, "I hear you have been wringing the roosters too close to the shoulders."

"I am sorry," he said, "but the chickens are so light and my arm is so strong that there is a tendency toward breaking the neck lower down on the body. With heavy roosters I can do better work, but they have been very light lately."

I was angered at his alibi.

"You blame it on the roosters, do you? Let me tell you right now that the mistake lies within your own self! You will never make a good executive if you blame your own faults on someone else."

He saw his mistake and promised to do better. He worked diligently for six more months and then he came in to see me.

"Sir," he said. "I should like to show you a machine I have invented."

Then he unrolled a drawing and put it on my desk. I looked at it and saw one of the most ridiculous things I have ever seen in my life.

"You see," explained Jones, "this clamp holds the rooster's head and this knife cuts it off just below the jawbone. In that way you are bound to have a uniform soup because there will never be any chicken in it. The machine will cut off at least a hundred heads a minute, whereas the best man can do only ten with his hands."

"Young man," I said, "you are just like all college men. You think that since you have been in this business for a year and a half you can run it better than I can, although I've spent my life at it. You have a lot to learn yet."

"Well, I know quite a bit about wringing roosters' necks," he said.

"You haven't even begun to learn," I said. "Why, what can you know about it after fifteen months? You have only a superficial knowledge. This business is no child's play; it is a life work. Take your machine back and burn it up."

I wanted to fire him but I still hoped that I could make something out of him. The manager had said that college men were worthless, and I had told him that he was mistaken. I did not want him to have the laugh on me. Perhaps Jones was not typical of the best college man. Still, he was highly recommended and he was captain of the football team and editor of the college paper and president of his class. It was only fair to me to give him another chance. So I sent him back to work. He did very well for a year and a half longer, and then I made him assistant manager of the rooster department. I thought that would satisfy him, but it did not. In less than six months after I had promoted him he came in to see me.

"Sir, I should like to be changed to another department. I have been with the roosters over three years now and, if it is not too much to ask, I should like a different job."

I was terribly disappointed in him but I did not let him know it.

"You want to get ahead too fast," I told him. "You keep forgetting that you are just a beginner and that we are spending a great deal of money training you so that you will eventually be able to take over an executive position."

He saw my point of view and apologized for being so impatient. But I thought it over and decided to transfer him. It was already apparent that he would never be a good rooster man, but I knew that I should not condemn him so soon. Sometimes a man who failed at roosters made a success at hop-toads. So I put him in the hop-toad department, and his enthusiasm overwhelmed me. I warned him that he would have to start at the bottom again, but he did not seem to care. He was restless. I suppose college life is so active and so varied that four years of it will definitely change a man so that he will want it forever. They study too many useless subjects instead of concentrating on one. They take History, English, Psychology, Chemistry, Anthropology, and Mathematics at the same time. It would be much better if they spent four years just study-

ing roosters. Then they would know something when they got out.

Two years after I had changed Jones to the hop-toad department, I dropped in to see him at work. The skill which he showed in the rooster department was still with him for he clipped off the toads' legs so fast you could not see them wiggle.

"How do you like it?" I asked.

"Fine," he said, "only I don't see why you sell toads' legs for frogs' legs. Frogs are just as easy to catch and much easier to clip."

It was an absurd question to ask, and I hesitated to answer it. But I thought it was better for him to learn something about big business before he grew much older.

"You see," I told him, "it would be easy enough to sell frogs' legs for frogs' legs, but it is a great deal more difficult to sell toads' legs for frogs' legs. Of course we make a little money out of the substitution but we get the most satisfaction out of it because we fool our customers. I tell you we get a great thrill out of it, and if anyone tries to tell you that there is no romance in business you tell them I know better. Even if toads cost more than frogs I should do it just for the sake of the thrill!"

"What if you get caught?" asked Jones.

"Tush, boy. We never get caught. We contribute to the campaign funds of both parties."

Jones was interested to hear another side to the question. I feel sure that from his narrow viewpoint he thought business was pretty dull. A lot of people think that we old fellows are rather stupid. But we are not. We are mighty canny and subtle when it comes right down to it.

Jones stayed with the toads for another year before I heard from him again. He had let a couple jump away from him, but I paid no attention to it because they were run over by a truck just outside the factory and we used them anyway. Finally, he came in to see me.

"Sir," he began. "I was with the roosters for three years and I have been with the toads almost four years. I believe I have done my work well and I feel justified in asking for a raise in salary."

"How much are you getting now?" I asked.

"I am still getting only two dollars a week, sir."

"What was your starting salary?"

"Two dollars a week."

"How long have you been with us?"

"Over six years."

"Well, you have lived on two dollars a week for six years. Why can't you continue it?"

"But I haven't been able to save any money for investment and I haven't been able to feed myself very well. I have been forced to eat raw toads for lunch and at night I have always carried a couple of legs home for dinner."

"You have been stealing the company's property, have you?"

"Yes, sir, but I never took the good toads for myself. I always took the bad ones because I knew they were worthless."

"It makes no difference," I said. "It is dishonest and disgraceful."

I thought that colleges at least taught ethics. I did not know they made thieves out of innocent young men. And why hadn't the boy's parents brought him up correctly? I decided that Jones must be taught another lesson. Honesty is the foundation of all successful businesses, and I wanted him to realize it. I not only refused to raise his salary but I docked him to a dollar and fifty cents a week and reprimanded him severely. He broke down and cried and promised he would never steal another hop-toad as long as he lived. I saw that my discipline had made a deep impression on him.

Jones went on with the hop-toads, but after another year he became sulky and reticent. Then he came to see me again.

"Sir, I must have my salary raised. I can't go on much longer."

"Young man," I said, "I know what

you have been doing. You have been wasting your money on luxuries such as automobiles, cabarets, dances, wine, pool halls, and wild women. You are making a big mistake in not living within your income. That's the trouble with college. It gets a boy into a habit of high living so that he is discontented with even a very good salary. You have too many outside interests which use up your salary. Some day you will want to get married—then where will you be? If you can't live by yourself on a good salary certainly two can't live on it."

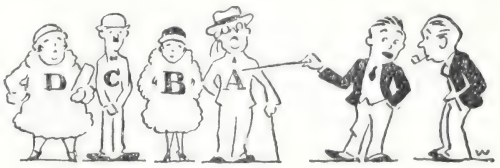
"But, sir, I feel sure that I could get more money somewhere else. I don't think it is quite a living wage. Besides, other men in this company who do the same work get more pay."

"You are wrong again," I said. "I have a report from the Department of Labor which says that any unmarried man can live on two dollars a week. Of course, a married man with six children needs three dollars a week; but you are not married. And the fact that other men get more money than you is none of your business. They have spent their lives in this business and have reached their highest earning power while you are just a beginner and besides, we are spending money to train you."

Jones left my office and quit his job. I had all the toads counted to make sure that he had not walked out with his pockets full.

Since my unpleasant experience with Jones I have never hired another college man. They are too impatient, too ambitious, and they have too many outside interests. After you have spent a lot of money training them they show no gratitude and will leave you in a minute. Of course, I do not believe that all college men are as dishonest as Jones. He was just an unusual case and I don't believe that he is typical in that respect. But they are unreliable and ungrateful. For instance, after Jones left me, he made a fortune out of his rooster-clipping machine, but he forgot entirely that he had developed it in my factory and that I had helped him work it out. When I asked him to let me have an operating license free just for old time's sake, he tipped his head back and cackled.

My manager was right when he said college men were worthless. I wish I had taken his advice in the beginning.



THE CLASSIFIED MISPRONOUNCER

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

"WHAT sort of people are those new neighbors of yours, the Wares?" I asked Thompson.

"Very nice. Amiable, kind, virtuous, neighborly, and all that."

"You don't seem to gush with enthusiasm," I pursued. "What's the matter? Are they vulgar, or unfashionable, or uneducated, or uninteresting, or noisy, or what?"

"No," replied Thompson slowly, "it isn't any of those things. Certainly they aren't vulgar or noisy. They have college diplomas, I've discovered. Mr. Ware is distinctly interesting when he talks about business. I imagine they come as near being fashionable as most of us, and anyway I don't care a hoot about fashion one way or the other. No—" Thompson hesitated. "Well, for one thing, they are Class C Pronouncers."

I suppose I looked mystified.

"Haven't I ever outlined to you my system for classifying people by their pronunciations?" said Thompson. "It's occasionally useful, in just such cases as that of the Wares.

"The population of any locality," he continued (as I still looked mystified), "is like a pie which may be cut up in any number of ways, and one of the favorite sports of mankind is to devise new ways of cutting the pie. Every time we cut it our attention is drawn to some new trait of our neighbors, and

sometimes the results are illuminating. We may divide them into radicals and conservatives, rich and poor, gentlemen and boors, conventional and unconventional people, Puritans and jazz-hounds, and so on. Every now and then somebody discovers a new way of slicing the pie, and we revel in the new division into bromides and sulphides, or highbrows and lowbrows, or Babbitts and anti-Babbitts. I flatter myself that there is something in my division on the basis of pronunciation. I slice the pie into four pieces—Classes A, B, C, and D. There is probably a Class E, but I detest slumming.

"Class D is made up of the people who pronounce the *ch* soft in *architect*. Usually they also drop the final *t* and make it archeytek. They refer to athaletics and reservoys, speak of a suit of furniture—meaning a suite—and call an automobile an otto. Cement to them is see-ment, with the accent on the first syllable. Roughly speaking, these are the people who wear Helen Wills eyeshades for motoring, and sleeve-garters, and who use toothpicks publicly; but in these days of books of etiquette you can never be sure. A large class, millions of whom own ottos, as anybody can see who goes out on the state roads on Sunday.

"When we reach Class C we are on more delicate ground," continued Thompson. "Class C is also very large. They own, not ottos, but ottomóbils, and apparently all have taken up golf (to judge from the rotogravure supplements). To me the distinguishing mark of the members of Class C is that while they do not say archeytek, they place the accent on the first syllable in the common word for a hairy growth on the upper lip."

"Mústache," I ventured brilliantly.

"Precisely," said Thompson. "They also refer to an amachoor instead of an amateur, rhyme tomato with potato, call a garage a garridge and a chauffeur a shofer, and speak of eating arnges and chawklut when they mean oranges and chocolate. Some of my friends to whom I have outlined my system claim that anyone should be entitled to membership in Class C who accents bicycle on the second syllable, drops the first *r* in February, or makes library a two-syllable word, but I remain unconvinced; I know too many genuine members of Class B who do one or the other of these things. And perhaps I ought to add that no one of these pronunciations should by itself be regarded as a ticket of admission to Class C. The other day a dyed-in-the-wool member of Class B who would have taken poison rather than be caught saying that Suzanne Lenglen had lost her amachoor standing or that her husband had shaved off his mústache assured me blandly that to her *tomato* and *potato* was a perfect rhyme, and produced a dictionary to back up her contention. (As if there could be no such thing as a Class C lexicographer!) No, I am inclined to think that *amachoor* is the acid test.

"The members of Class C, incidentally, are the people who call the Rev. Mr. Jones the Rev. Jones, use *some place* as an adverb interchangeably with *somewhere*, call a suitcase a satchel, fail to distinguish between a visit and a conversation ('We had a nice visit,' they say, when as a matter of fact they simply met on the street-corner and talked), and in their letters begin sentences with verbs even when there is no necessity for saving space ('Am having a nice time. Went to the theater last night. Am having a veritable holiday.')"

"Wait a moment," I put in. "They tell me that satchel and visit, used as you just used them, are in perfectly good standing in the West. And how about suitcase itself?"

"Oh, the West, the West!" cried Thompson in a despairing voice. "The West is simply full of members of Class C who don't know any better. A prejudice, you say? But what is this but a convenient catalogue of prejudices? As for suitcase— Well, I use the word myself, and I may as well tell you

that for my purposes Class B is composed of people who pronounce as I do.

"When you question suitcase," he went on, giving me an uneasy look, "I almost suspect you of belonging to Class A, upon the members of which I look with the same distaste as the members of Class C doubtless feel when they hear us come down hard on the second syllable of chauffeur.

"Class A people are full of affectation. They call a vase a vaaz, they speak of the *Rice of the Dutch Republic* as if it were a treatise on agriculture, they say intríkkit for intricate, and envéllup for envelope, and shedule for schedule, and instead of giving extraordinary its usual five syllables they give it either six or one: the super-meticulous ones make it *extra-ordinary* and the Anglophiles make it *xtrordnry*. And some of them talk as if words like *chamois* and *voile* had never been Anglicized."

"Have they?" I asked innocently.

"Don't!" cried Thompson. "Don't suggest that they haven't. Stay with me in Class B! The word is *shammy*."

"How about those who call a blouse a blooze?" I inquired.

"Members of Class C trying to sound like Class A," ruled Thompson quickly.

"So you believe that there are those who try to climb from class to class?"

"We all do to some extent," replied Thompson. "Take me as an example. I started out calling an ornamental jar a *vaysse*. Then I was shamed into *vayze*. I now say *vayze* whenever I have time to think, and will probably continue to do so until I reach the age when men get careless and revert. But *vaaz* —never in the world. I should feel like a self-conscious ass. Whenever I hear *vaaz* I feel, 'There goes a prig.' A barrier comes down between us. There's a similar barrier between me and the Wares. It lifts for minutes at a time when I talk to Mr. Ware, and then, bang! down it comes."

"If you feel as you say you do about Class A," said I after a moment, "why do you call it A, as if it were superior?"

"A gesture of modesty, I suppose," said Thompson. "Very likely it *is* superior. And an instinct for self-protection. Why, suppose the Van Sicklens heard me at this moment. 'He actually is *complacent* about his pronunciation,' they would say. I shouldn't like the tone of that—as if they were nudging each other. Whereas now all they can say is, 'Thompson? Oh, very nice. Amiable, virtuous, neighborly, and all that. But—but not *quite*— Well, for one thing he's a Class B pronouncer.'"



Editor's Easy Chair



SOME THOUGHTS FOR THE DESPONDENT

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

CLARENCE DARROW, lawyer and radical, may safely be credited with trying these many years to make the world better; yet he seems not satisfied with what he has accomplished, since the papers reported him as saying that he would be glad when the time came for him "to get away from this bloodthirsty world." There is no peace, he said (as quoted), no rest, "nothing but blood, more blood for this wicked world."

Along with these reported words it is mentioned that Mr. Darrow, who spent the summer in Colorado, went often to Denver to get treatments at a hospital; which implies that he was not well, and may account for his despondency. For people who are close on to seventy and not very well, this present world leaves a good deal to be desired. Its prospects warrant the gloomiest forebodings if one shapes expectations by visible facts and historical analogies alone, and is not buoyed up by faith in the incalculable.

Dean Inge, who at sixty-six is by three or four years Mr. Darrow's junior, seems in good health, but is not much better pleased with world prospects than Mr. Darrow is. He seems persuaded that the world is going to the bow-wows, but still he does not want to give it up. It is the only world about which he has confident knowledge, and, besides that, it may be that he has not got his children raised as completely as Mr. Darrow has. But anyhow, he shows no symptoms of intention, or even desire, to quit his job, or leave the world whose present course so disconcerts him without such guidance as he can furnish and his help to steer it right. The Dean is a pious man after a highly sophisticated and instructed fashion, and probably believes more or less in what we call "immortality," and expects to continue some sort of conscious existence after he sheds his body. To anyone who believes as much as that, death is no more than a transfer, and a transfer presumably to new duties and development. How much one gets away from when his spirit leaves the body is a speculative question the full answer to which is not yet included in the compendium of human knowledge, though efforts to get fuller light on it go on unceasingly, to the edification of some people, and to the derision of many others, including Dean Inge. All that conforms with usage. It has always happened that people who think they see more than other people have a hard time of it until the other people catch up.

In the *Strand* magazine the other day there was a story by Mr. Kipling, doubtless included in his new book, in which he introduced Roger Bacon and other characters of his time in conference with a traveler from the East who brought with him microscopic lenses through which the animalculæ in water could be seen. The ruling representative of the Church at the conference (they

were nearly all monks), though much interested and admitting that the lenses and their work belonged to knowledge, finally destroyed them because he said they were too far ahead of the times, would be too upsetting, disturb the authority of religion, and do vastly more harm than good. It was well put, as Mr. Kipling would put it, and, of course, it is an old story. Knowledge has to bide its time until the world is ready to receive it. Pioneers discover, do what they can with what they know, gradually make some converts, and presently pass out. What they have gained survives them if the existing conditions of human life and the existing extent of human knowledge permit it. Very often they have not permitted it. Authority and vested interests have been able to suppress knowledge, sometimes for centuries. Vested interests are very strong, and to them their own survival always looks important and usually looks more important than truth. Even now in our own day vested interests often hold back knowledge. We read in the newspapers of great corporations holding back beneficent inventions that they cannot yet use because in view of large investment in existing methods they would be too upsetting and bad for business. They have the same feeling about them that the head churchman in Kipling's story had about the lenses, a feeling that they are bound to come, but not yet.

In these chaotic times, however, the mind is comparatively free to work and publish its discoveries. Incredulity there is and must be. Possessors of accepted knowledge entrench themselves often enough against offerings of knowledge not yet accepted. That is all in the day's work and not to be condemned, for it is part of the process of trying out and testing which all new knowledge must go through.

WHO has understanding and how does he get it? Is it solely a product of learning or of other and more intuitive processes besides? Consider Dean Inge. Very able, a scholar; his mind crammed with knowledge and history and able to gather more from contemporary documents. But has he in a high degree understanding? One would be sorry to think so, so very downcast are his feelings about the future of civilization and especially of England. Compare him with Henry Ford. One of the magazines that tells about country houses had pictures the other day of Henry Ford's home outside of Detroit, and there was a library in it with shelves full of books. But Henry has never prided himself on his knowledge of what was in books and though, of course, he must know even of them much more than is supposed, his great forte is not book knowledge but that insight into certain phases of human affairs which is the result of experiment, observation, and reflection. Henry's great asset is not so much his knowledge as his imagination. It is probable, indeed, it is almost obvious, that in understanding of human life and of its errand in this world Henry Ford is very much the superior of Dean Inge. But then the difference between them is the difference between a genius and a scholar. What the scholar has, he has learned; what the genius gets, comes to him. He does not learn it, he sees it—becomes aware of it.

The spiritists have been taking notice that this year is the hundredth anniversary of the birth of Andrew Jackson Davis, called the Poughkeepsie Seer. His works, of which there are fifteen or twenty volumes, have been republished in Los Angeles. The substance of them has been put into a book in England, which is sold in New York bookstores. Conan Doyle calls him the Prophet of Spiritualism, and has a chapter about him in his new history of that activity. Davis emerged from obscurity in Poughkeepsie along about 1845. He was the son of a shoemaker, grew up with no more than the bare rudiments of education; at eighteen

could read and write and not much more, but was found to possess clairvoyant and healing faculties, and was taken into hand by good people who got interested in him and helped in the development of his extraordinary faculties. With that much help he blossomed out shortly as a lecturer and author, starting with a book called *The Harmonial Philosophy*, published about 1847, which had in its day a very considerable circulation and evoked astonishment and high praise from such literary critics of that day as N. P. Willis, George Ripley, Parke Godwin, and Thomas Lake Harris. It was made up of discourses communicated apparently in a state of trance and was a philosophical work which expounded everything, explained most things, and forecast a good deal. It abounded in technical knowledge of various sorts which Davis could not possibly have acquired by ordinary means. Swedenborg, when he took up with the invisible world, already had a fair title to be called the most learned man in Europe; but this black-haired Davis had never learned anything, and how he produced this book and the succession of those that followed is a question for anyone who thinks he can answer it. Among other things, he predicted the motor car and the airplane with a curious prevision of details and of what must happen in mechanics before they could be. He finally brought up in Boston where he practiced healing for a long time and died at the age of eighty-four in 1910. His books seem to have been accepted as his. No fraud was brought home to him. His character was good. He was remarkably free from venality. He lived and died poor.

How did he do it? The natural inference that could be made from Davis and others like him is that knowledge is sometimes, perhaps oftentimes, communicated by processes other than study.

And as for understanding, one hardly gets it by study, though study commonly contributes to it. He learns what other persons have known, but to this knowledge he puts something of his own. His knowledge in a way is the collection of materials and tools that his imagination works with, and if he is oversupplied with such acquired knowledge his imagination may be stifled. Many people have observed that Shakespeare seemed to know more than he had any visible means of learning. To be sure he read some books, there were not so many in his time, but they account scantily for what he knew. The prospect improves, however, that when we know more than we do now we shall understand better the source from which Shakespeare got the information that he used. Christ in the Temple disputing with the doctors was not a prize scholar, though incredibly proficient for his age. His knowledge came some other way. Probably most people who show notable talent have a good deal given them that they never learned. Just now the world seems to need leaders. We cannot see where they are coming from, but there is faith that they will come; that men will turn up, or maybe women, who know more than they could have learned; who have the necessary gumption and devotion to pull the world right. For that arduous employment which has periodically to be undertaken, very curious people have sometimes been selected, and usually though not always persons not in favor with orthodox opinion. Joan of Arc was rated a heretic, and her successors mostly have been of that breed, the reason being that the ailments of life usually spring from fixed policies of one sort or another, which have to be broken before there can be a cure. Minds that are set have to move. The orthodox and the upholders of the *status quo* resist movement, and somebody from the outside has to accomplish it over their heads. The Bible, Old Testament and New, is full of the triumphs of the outsiders over the orthodox, which may be one

reason why it is so popular. The prophets seldom ran with the machine. They were usually out to break it, and often incurred the perils and inconvenience incident to that purpose.

ONE notices that schisms have started in the Christian Science Church and seem to be prospering. The seceders accuse the Mother Church of various deviations from sound doctrine as laid down by its founder. What one may expect to hear next is that the schismatics do as good healing as the regulars. There is apparently a healing and enlightening force which these interesting innovators use, and some of them may get at it from one angle and some from another. Meanwhile the Christian Science organization seems to be sharing the experience of the other churches in the decline of authority.

Heresy fights, which have developed in all religions, broke out in the Christian religion at least fifteen hundred years ago. They were about details of belief. Authority seems always to have been exacting and precise about details. Its hold on its job has depended on the possession of the absolute truth and on being able to say, when any dispute came, who was right. But of many things concerned with the religion, the absolute truth is not known, nor is it necessary that it should be. Heretics have been burned by thousands for unimportant deviations from the opinions of persons in power. It is marvellous what the Christian religion has survived; but a religion that is sound in its vital principle can live down its erroneous accretions. In like manner a form of religion that misses the vital principle cannot prosper, no matter how intelligent and liberal it may be about the details.

The *Forum* has lately had a succession of articles in which professors of different schools of religion have told what they have believed and why. Among the more recent contributors was Senator Smoot, who told why he was a Mormon. Mormon belief as he set it forth was the Christian religion as usually accepted, supplemented by expressions of confidence in Joseph Smith, the Mormon Prophet, and the revelation which came through him. What Senator Smoot did not expound was the hold of the management of the Mormon Church on the Mormon people, which, as is well known, is strong and efficient, particularly on its business side.

The Mormon Church is an interesting illustration of what a religious organization may contain and accomplish. The Mormon Bible as devised by Joseph Smith has never enjoyed the respect of the Gentiles. The story of the gold plates conveyed to Smith by the angel on the hill at Palmyra, N. Y., and translated by him by dictating from behind a curtain, has so far not been believed except by Mormons. Nevertheless, out of Joseph Smith's experiences and allegations came the Mormons, their separation from the ordinary body of Americans, their migrations to Ohio and Illinois, and finally their great trek to Utah under Brigham Young. There has been much doubt about the authenticity of Joseph Smith but there has been no doubt about the potency of Brigham Young. To him and others like him is due the present Mormon Church with a membership of six hundred thousand and a great industrial machine connected with it.

Now, spiritually, what have those people to live on? Mr. Smoot says in effect that they have the Christian religion. That, of course, is a substantial basis for life, and it is doubtless strong enough to carry an infusion of Joseph Smith and whatever proceeded from him. More or less like that it seems to be with the Christian sects in general. They have in them a sufficient infusion of vital spiritual truth to carry their errors. Out of all of them we see saints emerge, in all of them we see marvels done, and in all of them we see much confusion of unessential accretions with essential truths.

Personal and Otherwise

AMERICANS are used to hearing that the United States ought to collect the foreign debts because their cancellation would impair the structure of international credit, or that the United States ought to cancel the debts to relieve Europe of the burden of taxes or to relieve America of the odium of unpopularity; but the position taken by ***George Glasgow*** on this paramount problem in our foreign policy is unusual—especially unusual for an Englishman. As special correspondent on foreign affairs for the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. Glasgow has attended all the important international conferences in Europe since 1919 and has become intimately acquainted with present-day European diplomacy. He is also the English correspondent of *L'Europe Nouvelle* (Paris) and the *Prager Presse* (Prague), and is the author of *From Dawes to Locarno.*

Thunder on the Left, which came to its conclusion in the December issue of HARPER'S just a year ago, was one of the most successful serials in the history of the Magazine. Now ***Christopher Morley*** begins another continued story; and if it is utterly different both in theme and treatment from *Thunder on the Left*, this proves Mr. Morley's versatility. Not only is he essayist, critic, and poet as well as novelist, but in fiction he turns with equal readiness to tragi-comedy and farce. Formerly a columnist for the *New York Evening Post*, he now sends a weekly contribution from his Long Island home to the *Saturday Review of Literature*, and devotes the rest of his time to free-lance writing. His most recent collection of essays is *The Romany Stain.*

Katharine Fullerton Gerould, essayist, novelist, and short-story writer, is well known to HARPER readers for her excursions in fields remote from the prize ring. Her most recent essays have been on "The Plight of the Genteel," "This Vulgarity of Ours," and "Ladies and Gentlemen." Discovering that Mrs. Gerould was keenly interested in boxing but had never witnessed a big fight, we secured seats at the Dempsey-Tunney bout for her and her husband, Professor Gerould of Princeton, and suggested that she should write for us her candid impressions of the spectacle. Her article may upset many preconceived opinions among the fastidious.

Grace Sartwell Mason, of New York, writes infrequently but with high distinction. Her story in our August issue, "The First Stone," was one of striking beauty; incidentally the HARPER public may be interested to know that at least one clergyman was so impressed with "The First Stone" as to use it as the basis of a sermon.

Our portrait of the late Charles William Eliot is the work of ***Rollo Walter Brown,*** who as professor of English at Carleton College published *How the French Boy Learns to Write* and *The Writer's Art*, and since he moved to Cambridge to give his time to lecturing and writing, has produced *The Creative Spirit* and a recent biography of President Eliot's associate and friend, Dean Briggs, with whom Mr. Brown had studied in the Graduate School at Harvard.

If the Eighteenth Amendment was a colossal mistake, as millions of Americans believe, what can be done to extricate the country from its predicament? The divergence of opinion on this question is almost as wide as that on the merits of prohibition. We open the pages of HARPER'S MAGAZINE this month to ***Walter Lippmann,*** who not only would probably disagree with Dr. Alfred E. Stearns (whose "Liquor and the Schools" we published last month) on the merits of prohibition, but points out a way in which the country may at least mitigate prohibition if, as he believes, it so desires. Mr. Lippmann is the author of *A Preface to Politics*, *Public Opinion*, *The Phantom Public*, etc.; he was for

several years one of the editors of the *New Republic* and now is in charge of the editorial page of the *New York World*.

How much education should a woman have? ***R. Le Clerc Phillips*** (born in England, now resident in New York, author of "The Real Rights of Women" in a recent issue of HARPER'S) thinks a great many women have too much, or at least that their education has a tendency to turn them in an unprofitable direction. We especially commend Miss Phillips' article to the attention of feminists and college alumnae.

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In October, 1909, ***Olive Schreiner,*** the remarkable South African woman who wrote *The Story of an African Farm* and *Woman and Labour*, said in a letter from Cape Town to Mrs. Francis Smith: "I am sending you 'The Prelude.' Send it back when you've read it. I've got to revise it yet. It's just as it came to me many years ago one day on the Riviera. I *know* you'll understand it. I love it specially because it came to me in such a curious way. I wrote the rough draft of this novel years and years ago when I was quite a young girl, before I went to England [that is, before 1881]. In England I was too much absorbed in social problems ever to read it over, even. One day, I think it was in the winter of 1888, I was on the Riviera at Alassio; I was sitting at my dear old desk writing an article on the Bushmen and giving a description of their skulls; when suddenly, in an instant, the whole of this little Prelude *flashed* on me. You know those folded-up views of places one buys; you take hold of one end and all the pictures unfold one after the other as quick as light. That was how it *flashed* on me. I started up and paced about the room. I felt absolutely astonished. I hadn't thought of my novel for months, I hadn't looked at it for years. I'd never dreamed of writing a prelude to it,—I just sat down and wrote it out. . . . My mind must have been working at it *unconsciously*, though I knew nothing of it—otherwise how did it come?"

The novel to which she refers, *From Man to Man*, was left unfinished at her death in 1920; yet we have the testimony of her husband, S. C. Cronwright-Schreiner, that she loved it more than anything else she ever wrote and that of all this novel, she loved best The Prelude, which she entitled "The Child's Day". This is the exquisite story which we are now privileged to publish.

"'The Child's Day'," writes Mr. Cronwright-Schreiner, "is certainly almost wholly autobiographical: to take one small incident —she herself built the little mouse-house on the bare rock at Witteberg and waited for the mouse and then fashioned her hand to imitate the mouse entering into it." And in another letter to Mrs. Francis Smith, in 1918, Olive Schreiner herself said, "Would you, sometime, tell me something: when you read that little 'Prelude' to my book I showed you the other day, did you think it was a *made-up* thing, like an allegory, or did you think it was real, *about myself?* Please tell me, because, if I haven't made it clear, I must. I thought it was quite clear [that it was about herself], but the only other person to whom I've shown it didn't understand."

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Doctor ***Will Durant*** has had an interesting career. Brought up as a Catholic in North Adams, Massachusetts, he went to a Catholic college in New Jersey, thought of entering the priesthood, turned socialist instead, finally lost his enthusiasm for socialism and went in for the teaching of philosophy at Columbia, lectured on various philosophers at the Labor Temple School in New York, became director of the School, and then last spring leaped into national prominence as the author of the remarkably successful *Story of Philosophy*. Now he follows his HARPER papers on "Is Democracy a Failure?" and "Is Progress a Delusion?" with the first of a new series of Adventures in Philosophy.

The dangers which American business confronts through the activities of the go-getter are revealed by ***Jesse R. Sprague,*** who began his business career at sixteen in the jewelry store of a New York State village, worked many years as a salesman, went into business for himself in 1900 at Newport News, later operated a retail business in San Antonio (doing, he says, the go-getter things that he now condemns), and recently has

become a contributor to the *Saturday Evening Post* and other magazines, writing on the business problems of the day.

Frédéric Boutet, one of the ablest contemporary French short story writers, has recently contributed to HARPER'S two other stories of characteristically Gallic brevity and crispness.

William McFee, born at sea, served for many years as a sea-going engineer before he settled down to a literary career in Westport, Connecticut. His books include *Casuals of the Sea*, *Command*, and *Race*. His present paper is the fruit of a recent expedition to one of his favorite regions in Central America.

"Emerson and the Reformers" is the second of two papers in which ***Van Wyck Brooks,*** the distinguished author of *America's Coming of Age*, *The Ordeal of Mark Twain*, and *The Pilgrimage of Henry James*, borrows here and there from Emerson's own language in the Journals to draw a graphic picture of the great philosopher as he viewed the men and the sometimes embarrassing issues of his day.

The author of "Managing the Boss" naturally prefers to cloak himself in anonymity as he considers a phase of intensely scientific management strangely neglected by the business writers who take delight in telling us how we, too, may become successful.

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The poetry of the month is contributed by two associate professors of English, ***David Morton*** of Amherst and ***John Crowe Ransom*** of Vanderbilt University, both of them authors of much distinguished verse; and by two poet-novelists, ***Robert Nathan*** of New York, whose fiction includes *Autumn*, *The Puppet Master*, and *Jonah*, and ***Martin Armstrong,*** the English author of *At the Sign of the Goat and Compasses* and *Desert*.

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The Lion presents ***Justin Sturm*** of Chicago, who has two chief claims to distinction—one as a Yale football star (class of 1922), the other as author of an enlivening novel, *The Bad Samaritan*, recently published by Harper & Brothers; and ***Frederick L. Allen*** of the editorial staff of the Magazine, who in the October issue took as his subject "The House Terrible."

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The painting reproduced as the frontispiece this month was made by ***Maurice Fromkes*** during a recent visit in Spain. It represents a Spanish Renaissance polychrome wood-carving of the Virgin and Child. Mr. Fromkes was born in Russia, received his training at Cooper Union and the National Academy of Design, and later in Holland and France, learned much of the possibilities of decorative treatment and design from his friend Henry G. Dearth, now lives in New York, and is rapidly establishing himself as one of the outstanding painters of America. Much of his best work has been done in Spain and has dealt with Spanish subjects; his "Madonna of the Road" was the first painting by an American to be hung in the National Museum of Modern Art in Madrid. Two of his paintings have been reproduced as HARPER frontispieces: "Black and Gold" (a decorative study of Miss Clare Eames) in September, 1925, and "Candida" in March, 1926.

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The comments upon Mrs. Blair's article, "I Prepare to Face Fifty," have shown great diversity. One reader, a clergyman's wife, criticizes Mrs. Blair's whole point of view. "I fail to understand," says she, "how any woman whose opportunity it is to fill her life with devoted service to her family and the community in general can possibly spend so much time thinking, writing and planning about how to get the most for *herself* out of the next twenty years. Certainly not what we get out of life but what we put into it for the good of all will bring us true contentment and satisfaction before and after fifty." Others write gratefully that the article has helped them over hard places; one woman, Mrs. Blair reports to us, "says she is going to send me a Venetian glass goblet because of what the article has meant to her; another writes that she has purchased a copy of the Magazine for every friend over fifty." A widower, caught by Mrs. Blair's statement that each of us must face the problem of advancing years alone, says, "Talk about

facing it alone! I am living a bachelor-widower's life in the middle of my big apple orchards, cooking, choring, swimming, running a tractor, milking cows, chopping, hoeing, reading, writing, wondering—but not *waiting* for the end by any means, although I shall be sixty-five on October 25th. . . . It is a joke to me to read of people thinking of losing zest at fifty, or even sixty. Recall the Galtons, the Darwins, John Burroughs, Haeckel, Weston the Walker, Depew, Holmes. As for insignificant little me, I learned to turn a backward somersault into the water from a springboard after I was sixty." Another reader whose letter we quote at greater length insists that she prefers not to face fifty at all:

A man I knew, then in his sixties, used to say that he never saw the postman approach without a thrill of excitement at the thought that he might be bringing wonderful news. That, I think, is the way life ought to be. When anticipation is gone, we are really not living any more One of my friends, inhabitant like myself of the dubious region called middle age, has just received her Master's degree, delayed by circumstance. Now she has her eyes fixed upon a doctorate. It is a wholesome thing; she will be much happier pursuing that than she would be to rest upon her achievement—happier even though the goal may not be attained early enough to help her much in her professional career.

A year or so ago, I learned to ride horseback. I should say, I began to learn. For every time one adventures forth upon a horse, one learns something new, about horse nature and human nature and the combination. Many would say that for the brittler bones of advancing years horseback riding is a dangerous recreation. But I think it has meant more to me than anything else I have ever done, except perhaps, long ago, learning to ride a bicycle. I am not naturally strong in physical daring, and anything which leads me to take a risk, to use decision and prompt judgment, is worth while.

Some three years ago, I built a house. That, too, seemed in some ways a hazardous undertaking, for a woman practically alone in the world, with few resources except a not too large salary. I hesitated and dallied with the thought. Then suddenly I said, "Come! After all, a house is a house. If worse comes to worst, I can at least get most of the money out." I have lived in the house nearly three years now, and the greater part of it is paid for. It is more than paid for in satisfaction. And it is not a closed incident, a finished product; it is a growing organism. Some day I shall put French windows in the back wall of the sun room, to open out on the garden which, some day, will be a riot of bloom. Gradually I am replacing the less satisfying pieces of furniture with others, and it is an entertaining game to find new things which shall not quarrel with the old.

A few days ago, I had my hair bobbed. Not in a vain attempt to recapture the youth which, I know too well, has vanished with the rose. Partly because, as a friend of mine observed, if one follows the fashion in other things, it is not logical to balk at this; partly to escape the monotony of twisting up masses of hair every morning and taking them down every evening. I am quite aware that before long I shall find myself simply accepting a new monotony. But for the present it has the zest of fresh experience.

Mr. Cabell's view of life as a gray corridor leading to an inevitable exit, with certain alcoves in which we may pause to divert our minds as we go, is perhaps a bit dispiriting. And yet—so much depends upon the alcoves.

I don't think I shall face fifty. I shall fix my eyes on the book I hope to write—De Morgan, you know, did his first at sixty-four; on the journeys I want to take; on the friends I still have with me; on the work I on the whole enjoy. Some day, fifty will creep up on me and slide by, and I, busy with my doing and planning, shall hardly know that it has passed.

At least, I hope it will be that way!

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The growth of HARPER'S MAGAZINE is shown by the size of the edition required to meet the demand during the past three months.

Of the October issue, 126,000 copies were printed.

Of the November issue, 130,000 copies were printed.

Of this issue, over 140,000 copies are being printed.



KURDISTAN

By Hovsep Pushman

Courtesy of the Grand Central Galleries

VOLUME 154

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Harpers Magazine

GENTLEMEN PREFER WARS

BY I. A. R. WYLIE

IT IS my conviction that they do—the vast majority at any rate—and especially the poets. With few exceptions like Sassoon, who may have enjoyed himself more than he knew, the poets of the Great War were lyrical in their ecstasy and, from being a somewhat neglected species, became the spokesmen of the inarticulate, and entered into a dizzy popularity. The war over, they fell silent. Some of them had died gloriously like Rupert Brooke. Others had either ceased to be poets, or the subject matter at their disposal no longer inspired them. Even Sassoon who, one might suppose, would naturally break into pæans of thanksgiving, found nothing memorable to say. Perhaps the horrors of peace did not lend themselves to his favorite adjectives.

In this respect the poets of 1914–1919 were symptomatic. They were not real but merely occasional poets—ordinary men wrought up by events to a high point of ecstasy where they became articulate. They were the vents of national emotion. Hence their popularity. When national feeling died down they ceased to write poetry. They went back to their offices and grew bored and stout and melancholy, remembering happier days. Not that they openly regret the war; hardly any of them will be found to approve of it. The only thorough-going old-fashioned war-for-war's-sake firebrand is the man or woman who never went to war at all. No, the returned veteran invariably expatiates at length on the miseries and agonies of war and ends up with a fanfare of high moral disapproval. War is an anachronism—the end of civilization—and so forth. All of which is very reassuring for the future. For, after all, they are not old men. They have still an influence over their time and presumably—if they choose to exert it—over the next generation. So that at this stage the pacifist, who usually prefers his peace of mind to any sort of peace, would do well to drop his investigations. For press the disillusioned patriot a step farther, and he will admit frankly that the years from 1914 to 1919 were the best years of his life—which is certainly serious and causes the worrying type

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of pacifist like myself a lot of uneasy thinking.

Undoubtedly there are other men who will assure you that they would rather be put against a wall and shot than take up again a rifle in defense of their country. But of this minority the majority are revolutionaries who are perfectly ready to shoulder a rifle in the right cause. (Most of our English pacifists became Sinn Feiner or bolshevik and, incidentally, an amazing number of the women had been militant suffragettes.) It is merely a matter of the kind of people they enjoy shooting. The man who dislikes fighting anyone for any cause is so rare that his influence is negligible.

It is true that one can quote only the survivors. The rest are, of necessity, silent. But even the crippled and those whose whole material existence has been apparently blighted by the catastrophe are oddly without bitterness. They complain as little as they did when they were actually in the trenches. This is, one admits frankly, since they are human like ourselves, an example of the heroic stuff of which humanity is made. And I am not underrating their supreme virtue when I suggest that one must look deeper than heroism to explain a sustained struggle of five years—that is, if the League of Nations is to function to any purpose.

Speaking bluntly, I do not believe that whole nations of men can be kept for five years at a job which they profoundly detest—no matter how moral the cause nor how desperate the pressure. I believe that over and above the grief and suffering, the nations, as a whole, like the individuals, were enjoying the best days of their history. The governments, had the people desired it, could have made peace at any time. They did not do so. They were all of them, of course, and especially the Germans, sustained by a high moral purpose, but better than that, they had behind them a united and satisfied people. And as it is the business of governments to keep their peoples united and satisfied, they were naturally in no hurry to make peace. That much, at least, is beyond controversy.

It is equally true that governments, confronted by serious discontent and disunity, have time and again discovered that the National Honor had been insulted by somebody in order to go to war with flying banners and a good conscience. War, in fact, is the cure-all which statesmen have always kept in their medicine-chest for severe cases. Naturally, the war has to be successful in order to succeed. An invaded country gets altogether too much kick out of the business, and in the last Great War the French were obviously not enjoying themselves as they would have enjoyed themselves had they been invading Germany. And, as a result of this deprivation, you will find more bitterness in France than you will among the Germans in spite of the latter's final defeat. Even so, one suspects that for all their dramatic gestures, the French too were not as suffering as they thought they were. At any rate, in the midst of peace today they do not seem conspicuously happier.

From this point of view, Great Britain had incomparably the best of it. A large proportion of her civilian population was in direct and constant touch with the enemy without enduring either the horrors or the fear of invasion. (For whatever may have been in the minds of her leaders, the idea that she might be invaded, much less defeated, never entered the minds of this stupid and obstinate people.) She had, in fact, the full emotional stimulus of war without its discouragement. When the Germans bombarded her coasts and bombed her cities they gave to the British constitution just that fillip that it needed to settle down to the war with a good heart. From the moment the civilians realized that they were in it too and might be blown up at any moment, they began to enjoy themselves and the German fate was sealed. London, bombed month after month and often night after night, was never for a moment panicstricken. More people were

killed through their own reckless interest in the display than through German marksmanship. An old lady of my acquaintance came up regularly to town on moonlight nights in order not to miss a possible "show"—thereby displaying, if you like, a regrettable but quite typical lack of proper regard for German intentions and her own and other people's safety. And I recall to mind as equally typical, a little Devonshire maid servant of mine whom I roused one early winter morning with the information that the German Gothas were immediately overhead. Rubbing her eyes sleepily, she remarked, "Lor', Miss, how you frightened me. I thought I'd overslept myself."

You can call such a temper heroic or merely stupid. In fact, it is neither. Rather, it is true that men and women confronted by death lose their fear of death, and that a fighting and suffering people are often a happy people, profoundly at peace.

And here, in order to spare myself the accusation of a paradoxical flippancy, I shall, at this point, endeavor to make clear what I mean by happiness and enjoyment, and that I am not referring in any way to the kind of emotions aroused by a picnic or a jazz-party, which are nearly always those of frustration and exasperation. I refer to a state in which the whole personality is alert, conscious, and living. It has been said often enough, and with truth, that we are all of us, in various degrees, more than half asleep, and that few of us ever wake up and then only for brief interludes, and under very powerful stimulus. These interludes are our periods of happiness, and it is relatively unimportant whether the condition which has stung us into wakefulness is painful or otherwise. More often it is painful. An exalted state of bliss may be too like an extension of our everyday lives to be thoroughly effective. Pain, by the violence of its contrast, arouses us more completely not only to awareness of itself, but to appreciation of its cessation. Thus, men going into danger may do so in a state of exaltation, serenity, or agonizing fear, but they will come out of it with every faculty strung up to such an acute realization that the commonest feature of every-day life will seem to them glorified. For a little while they really see with their eyes and hear with their ears and remain happy for just so long as they remain awake. Without further stimulus, however, they sink back into a moody and discontented dreaming in which the past appears to them, with all its distress and havoc, as a time of living satisfaction. Even in every-day life, grief at its climax is never without this compensating quality of exalted emotional activity. It is the aftermath—the sinking into a monotonous sense of misery, a return, in fact, to emotional sleep, which is unbearable. It is, therefore, a perfectly natural and common phenomenon for a person to enjoy the funeral of someone whose death is a crushing and irretrievable loss. The more simple and naïve the character, the more openly this enjoyment will be displayed.

In this sense of the word happiness, it is my belief that the fighting men of 1914–1919 were happy.

II

If there is one thing which we mortals suffer from more than another it is our habit of saying things we know to be untrue and ruthlessly and obstinately believing them. Much of our so-called morality is based on this intellectual perversity, and most of our misery can be traced back to it. Thus, as a commonplace but important example, from the times of Genesis, we have declared that work is a curse or at best a duty, and have taught our children to regard it as such. Whereas every intelligent man acknowledges by his actions that work is his only respite from the arduous misery of doing nothing and that his so-called periods of rest are bearable only if he can find some means to exhaust himself effectually.

Only the lowest types of humanity can

endure idleness without wanting to kill themselves, and they usually end by killing one another.

It is, in fact, high time we began to strip the sentimental unreality from our ways of thinking and speaking. In time of war we talk about the sacrifices brought by the fighters, as though they were abandoning immortality and paradise, whereas we all die sooner or later and more or less miserably, and from start to finish few of us can even guess what paradise may look like. The man who, when asked why he had volunteered, replied that it was the only way he could get away from his family was irreverently but sincerely paraphrasing the motives of thousands who with equal sincerity would have admitted that they went to a probable death in order to get away from an intolerable life. Were it possible for some explorer to free men who would go with him on some forlorn and hopeless enterprise, from obligations to their dependents—as was virtually done during the war—he would find himself besieged by applicants from the very class which would seem to have the most to lose. For men exaggerate their fear of death in almost the same measure as they pretend to find satisfaction in things that do not satisfy them at all. And least of all are they afraid to die when they are happy in the sense in which I have used the term. Men, in fact, who are utterly alive, who are in a lofty and peculiar sense "above themselves," are not hag-ridden by the cold dread of annihilation as are men who feel in their bones the beginning of corruption. Whether they are intellectually aware of it or not, they become immortal—a conscious part of the eternal stream of life. The half-dead—the vast majority of mankind—have the damp odor of the vault perpetually in their nostrils. The martyr and the hero are, in their degrees, liberated both from the fear of death and the apparent futility of living.

Individually, we are always acknowledging these facts, but we do not follow through to their logical conclusion. When we read of the deaths of such men as Captain Scott, the explorer, and his companions, we are profoundly moved but we rarely stop to analyze our emotions. If we did so, we should discover that they were those of acute happiness and entirely removed from pity. We should not even wish these men alive again—as little as we should wish to destroy a work of art which they, as supreme artists, had been able to complete with that final gesture. But we refuse to acknowledge that war is the average man's unique opportunity to follow their example.

In the first two years of the Great War, two million men in Great Britain *volunteered*. Perhaps one-tenth thought they knew what they were fighting about, and that tenth was probably mistaken. But they were not deceived victims on that account. Nor were they bloodthirsty butchers. They were not even inspired by any particular animus against the enemy, to whom they displayed from first to last a rather absurdly amicable toleration. They were simply an inarticulate people totally unaware that in surrendering to a brutal domination they were making a break for freedom, and that in their suffering and death they were proving themselves masters of the art of living.

But it would be foolish to pretend that these are the only considerations at the bottom of men's willingness to kill and be killed. We tend to forget, rather astonishingly, that other people are just as silly as ourselves and that grown-up men in vitally responsible positions are swayed by motives which would make a schoolboy blush if he had to acknowledge them. I once asked an American who had joined up with the Coldstream Guards at the beginning of the war and had done extremely well in the worst fighting, what had precipitated him into the conflict; and after he had done telling me about Belgium and his love for dear old England, he added with a twinkle, "And then, of course, I rather fancied myself

in the uniform." And he was so obviously being funny that I knew he was telling me the truth.

This matter of personal vanity was indeed a very serious factor in the last war, for the German Army was built up on it. The average German is notoriously the worst dressed man in the world. He is also afflicted with a bad figure and an inferiority complex. With more sagacity than they were probably aware of, his leaders offered him a beautiful uniform with enormous social prestige attached to it and sufficient physical exercise to keep his figure within bounds in return for his military service. And Germany became a great military Power. Had the German officers been compelled to adopt mufti when off duty, as is the case of the British Army, German militarism would never have swollen, as it did, to the bursting point.

This is a trivial instance of the trivialities which influence our most portentous and tragic actions. And they are not confined to the Germans. Those who witnessed "The Big Parade" will remember the scene in which the hero enlists. At the Declaration of War he betrays no particular interest and certainly no serious intention of enlisting. But on a motor run, he happens to encounter a regiment marching to a band. His foot marks time to the invigorating measure. (At this point the orchestra becomes increasingly martial.) Suddenly he throws his hat into the air and himself into the World War. (One has the suspicion that if at this point in the drama someone would come on the stage and announce that the United States had declared war on Timbuktu, the audience would throw its figurative cap into the air with the same enthusiasm and with just as much reason.)

From first to last none of the three chief characters seems to know or care what they are fighting about. But it is suggested that two of them were bored stiff with their job, and one of them was emotionally responsive to music. Certainly the producers did not mean to convey this impression—I am not so sure of the author—but inadvertently the truth slipped out. And anyone who has run two blocks to march with a regiment of Highlanders playing the bagpipes—and who of us hasn't or wouldn't, if he had the chance?—might just as well own up to his share in this form of human absurdity.

To ignore our own absurdity in this matter is like ignoring a cask of gunpowder in a thunder-storm.

III

One gathers that primitive man fought largely from fear or hunger. Later, fighting, in addition to the undoubted joy of combat, gave him a profession and fair chances of acquiring a decent living in hard times, and even, if he were lucky, a fortune. Later on he fought to retain the loot he had looted from other looters and became a patriot. But war as the explosion point for the pent-up discontents of peace is a modern phenomenon—the most sinister and symptomatic of our civilization.

In fact, though war remains our most permanent human institution, our attitude towards war is perpetually shifting. Even in my own time and in my own country, I have witnessed some remarkable changes. I was a child at the time of the Boer War and at the advanced age of ten was, I think, fairly representative of the national intelligence. In these days, we spoke of the Empire with our hats off and though, being a homogeneous people, we had no hundred per cent Englishman—we had the next best thing—the Imperialist. (Also we had some scurvy knaves, called Little Englanders, who would certainly have been lynched if lynching had happened to be an English custom.)

To the Imperialist war was a sort of national sport, half-sacred, like cricket, but free from the taint of professionalism, which he played fairly and good humoredly. It never became a serious business, but it was an occupation to which an

Englishman should be able to turn his hand at any moment. To suggest that war was wicked or even horrible, was like criticizing the Dear Queen. It bordered on blasphemy.

We were a smug and contented people.

But even before 1914 that phase was over. We were already near the point where Beatrice Lillie could come on the stage as a caricature of Britannia and make mock of sentiments that fifteen years before had been treated with an almost tearful reverence. And we went into the World War as soberly and with as little flag-waving as any people in history. Nor did any people go into the war with higher motives or less clear thinking. Obviously, the individual soldier had no hope of personal advantage and precious little interest in national aggrandizement. To suggest that two million men volunteered in order to wrest Germany's colonies from her is simply silly. Equally untrue, though not so obviously absurd, is that the two million had any real belief that their country was in danger. Not until 1918, and then only very dimly, did such an idea really affect the national purpose. (That an Englishman can never be ultimately defeated, is one of the laws of nature which only an Englishman understands. But he understands it thoroughly.)

Nevertheless, the two million went. They went in spite of the fact that the national conscience no longer justified war. In the sense that, with the exception of a handful of Die-Hards, we were through with Imperialism in its ugliest form and entirely through with the belief that it was our duty to run the Universe, we were the most civilized nation on earth. The Boer War was no longer possible, as statesmen who had tried to subjugate Ireland had found to their cost. The Great War could only be fought by a whole-hearted people if the loftiest possible motives could be found to justify them—and there were motives enough. Civilization and democracy—these were two of the most important deities that the two million carried with them on their sacrificial procession to the slaughter-house. Lesser and more absurd motives, as I have suggested, no doubt played their part: love of adventure, vanity, pure destructiveness—a hundred primitive stirrings—but none of them strong enough to inspire a whole people for five years. And I am not suggesting that they did not believe that they believed in their gods, but only that, if there had not been a deeper force at work in them, there would be no cause for future anxiety. For it is clear now, at any rate, that no worthy god was served by their sacrifice and that, therefore, we need only leave ourselves to civilization and democracy in order to reach the end of all war. The fact that we have no such confidence—that we live in almost daily expectation of another conflagration—suggests that beneath the heroic resolution of that significant two million was not faith in civilization but disillusionment.

The two million fought for possessions they no longer valued. The Victorian era was over. Great Britain, for all time and for all peoples, had made the disconcerting discovery that men do not live by bread alone and that even with jam and butter added unto them, nations, like men, are in a bad way, unless they discover the secret food which alone can satisfy their no less mysterious hunger. We had found nothing. The chance to die for a high cause came like a deliverance.

The two million went because they wanted to go. And the poets—the most civilized among them—sang in ecstasy.

IV

Herein, no doubt, lies a vital difference between the British, as more or less representing the European point of view, and the American. It is the very natural way of Americans to regard the inevitable squabblings of Europeans with impatience, and European wars with a lofty disapproval. America, at

the moment, is happy as we were happy fifty years ago, and she sees no reason why, with good plumbing, better business methods, and a telephone in every home, the world should not settle down to a similar contentment. She still believes in a millennium to which prosperity is the open sesame, and that when everyone in the United States owns his own car the riddle of man's relation to man and to the universe will have been satisfactorily elucidated.

Actually, when every man in America owns his own car, every man in America will wish he didn't. America too will have reached the saturation point where modern civilization, which is only another name for materialism, will appear to her as bleak disillusionment. And at that moment her statesmen no doubt will discover that the national honor is insulted or some high principle involved and another war will be in full blast.

Always supposing that there is somebody left for her to fight with.

It is of no use reminding humanity of the sufferings of war. For the suffering is never more than that of the individual. It is not cumulative any more than the suffering of peace is cumulative—and it is infinitely more spectacular.

It is of no use reminding men that the next war will probably mark the end of our civilization. They don't care. If they admitted the truth, which they can't, because they daren't, they would say that they don't like civilization—that it has turned out something totally different from what they had intended, and that it had better be destroyed before, like the R. U. R. puppets, it grows too strong for them.

It is of no use throwing the responsibility of governments on Leagues of Nations. War is not, as most pacifists would have it, the outcome of the machinations of wicked politicians and worse capitalists. Politicians and capitalists are not so much villains as cat's-paws of the national temper. Nor is war a horrible calamity forced on men by a blind outside force or a revengeful deity. It is a symptom of modern man's profound discontent with himself and his environment; and there will be no end to war until he himself has found peace. And there will be no chance of his finding peace until he has admitted honestly that he hasn't found it. When men acknowledge that the whole thrust of their endeavor has been in the wrong direction, that they have not been able to create a civilization in which their souls can live, and that war is a way of escape from their consequent miseries and an outlet for their thwarted virtues, then the League of Nations may function to some purpose.

V

I have written more especially of men. Women and War would require a book to themselves. But at least it may be suggested that the temptation to fight and to encourage fighting is as strong in women as it is in men and correspondingly dangerous. In the last war, millions of women who were risking all they cared for were happy for the first time.

And if in spite of this women are obstinately set against war, it is because they recognize that if it is an opiate, it is no cure. Also it may be that, as some philosopher observed, since they have never been really civilized, they are better able to withstand civilization. Women through all the jangle and mechanical turmoil of modern life have been able to keep their course as human beings. It is still within the lot of them to suffer and to bring sacrifice. And thus perhaps they have, in a measure, retained their sanity and obtained peace.

WANTED: A SUBSTITUTE FOR RIGHTEOUSNESS

BY AVIS D. CARLSON

LIKE conscientious, but very inexperienced young parents, society is perpetually bewildered and anxious at the New rising about it. In the last years, especially, every sage from the curbstone philosopher to the college president, and every writer from the columnist armed with quips to the sociologist girded with statistics, has been busy with this perennially interesting problem. Our ears are full of the warnings a multitude of voices have been crying: "We are in a period of moral laxity"; "Ours is an age of jazz"; "Our easy money is ruining our youth"; "Too many laws have made us a nation of lawbreakers"; "Our girls are affecting the vices once confined to men." On the other hand we hear almost as frequently: "The old prudery is giving way to frankness"; "Many of the conventions once held sacred were in reality vicious"; "Victorian idealism was a soft, cowardly way out."

Now both reactions are phrased in the same language, and that a language which is fast becoming obsolete. It assumes a point of view from which young people, as I see them in the curious cross-section of American youth known as a state university, are rapidly emancipating themselves: that life is neatly divided into two hemispheres, one called Right, the other Wrong. This conception of life has been the heritage of the English-speaking world for so long that it is no wonder our very vocabulary is colored with it. But to understand, much less guide the new generation, one must get outside that system of thought.

The ways of determining the desirability of an action are limited. One may judge it to be right or wrong, pleasant or unpleasant, prudent or foolish, social or anti-social, intelligent or stupid, beautiful or ugly. We English and Americans have always insisted upon the first standard, with its ideal character the psalmist's "righteous man" instead of Aristotle's "high-minded man." The second is the standard of children and childlike races; as the individual or the race grows up and learns by experience, actions come to be judged as prudent or imprudent, that is, practically wise or practically foolish. The nineteenth century tried, rather futilely, to introduce the social standard. The last two standards are rooted in two ideals which the Greeks always wedded, but which moderns have always insisted upon divorcing: Truth and Beauty. The real Greek trusted the human intelligence to solve the problems of life; and he was perfectly sure that only the beautiful, whether in art or in conduct, was worth striving for. In every succeeding age and in every nation (though they undoubtedly appear most often in France) there have been stray individuals whose minds, less befogged by custom and more coolly reasonable than other minds, have seen a proposed course as intelligent or stupid. At the same time and in about the same proportion, other stray individuals have—as naturally as they

breathe—regulated their lives by the æsthetic standard. Both of these types have stood lonely and apart, lifting puny voices in protest or mockery at each other as well as at the throngs in the dusty mid-way.

The reason for the Christian aversion to these last standards is not far to seek. Aristotle and Plato spoke warmly of "that which is fitting for myself." In the eyes of the early Christian theologians the human self was such a poor little thing that to arrogate to it any power of deciding what is desirable or undesirable would be sheer folly. Moreover, the early Church was faced with the strenuous necessity of assimilating whole nations of barbarians, lusty blood-drinkers who recognized no standard but might. So the code of dogmatic, arbitrary partition of right from wrong, inherited, no doubt, from the ancient Hebrews with their tabulated Thou Shalt's and Thou Shalt Not's, was incorporated into the Christian religion.

One cannot insist too strongly, I think, that the right-and-wrong standard is based on authority. The Roman Catholic Church was for long the authority. What it sanctioned was right; what it condemned was wrong. With the Protestant revolt came a new authority for Northern Europe: a Holy Book was substituted for a Holy Church. One consulted not a priest but a Bible. When a chapter and verse covered the matter in hand the issue was forthwith settled. In case one could find no chapter and verse which seemed to fit, an efficacious expedient was to open the Good Book at random and accept the command of the first words to meet the eye.

Furthermore, there were always certain accepted centers or institutions of authority. One's church, for instance, which formulated all sorts of specific rules and bylaws for the moral convenience of its members. Or the state, which hustled wrongdoers to the whipping post or gallows. Or parents, whose word was law through the first one-third of life. Or school-teachers, who could and did flog unmercifully. See how authority piled up on every hand! And when, as was always the case, all these centers of authority agreed as to the rightness or wrongness of any given act, what possible point could there be in the individual returning any answer but unreserved obedience? That is, if he were social-minded at all. Of course if he were disposed to put himself outside the pale of authority, he could; and in that case society knew perfectly well what to do with him. One was a good man or a bad man, just as white is white, and black, black.

II

But bewail it or not as we like, authority is passing. The average young American to-day has no more idea of what is in the Bible than he has of what is in Homer, which any teacher will attest is precious little. Ask fifty university freshmen to explain the simplest biblical reference in Stevenson or Huxley, and perhaps five of them can answer. The only contacts most of them have ever had with the Bible were twenty-minute sessions once a week at Sunday-school, when they read not the Bible but handsomely illustrated story booklets—or perhaps planned when the class should hold its next picnic or basket-ball practice. A freshman will tell you with round eyes and hushed voice that the Bible is the best of all books; but get him to read it if you can! A senior, making out his list of ten books he would keep if he could have no others, will head it piously with the Bible, then half an hour later assure you that Nicodemus was a character in one of Shakespeare's plays—he can't quite remember which. In a recent article Francis Hackett points out that the French and Irish differ from the English and Americans in being un-bibled. He should have added to his "Americans" the saving phrase "of yesterday." One who comes into any sort of contact with

young New Yorkers and San Franciscans knows that their attitude toward the Bible is a superstitious reverence for a thing whose valuable properties everybody extols, but of which they themselves are darkly ignorant. Naturally, they have no sense of its personal guidance.

Look at the other centers of authority. The Church, torn internally with the modernist-fundamentalist quarrel, tries desperately to retain its hold upon society by relaxing its rules. One of the largest evangelical churches recently repealed the clause about amusements which its young members had been ignoring for years. And no wonder. When two-thirds of its members see no harm in dancing or card-playing, how can the church insist upon their evil? Instead of the individual adjusting himself to the Church, the Church now adjusts itself to him. Consequently, services are exactly half as long as they once were, music and beautiful buildings growing more and more important, sermons and prayers less and less important; consequently, too, the Church builds social centers with gymnasiums, club-rooms, and billiard halls, all of which would have been frowned on as instruments of the devil a hundred years ago. The Catholic Church retains more authority, but I am inclined to think that, although the young Catholic goes to early mass when he has been to a late dance the night before and although he observes Lent, his compliance is largely superficial and habitual. Too many of them have told me, "Of course I go to church—it would hurt the folks if I didn't." Likewise, I know too many of them who are marrying Protestants as easily as if there were no rule against it.

And what of the other centers of authority, the home, the school, the State? Surely their status to-day needs scant emphasis. The American parent is famous for his subservience. What man addressed as Dad and spoken of as "my old man" *could* play the patriarch effectively? Except in the rarest of homes obedience to parental law simply does not exist. In elementary schools authority is still fairly intact, but except in large city-systems where the ponderousness of the educational machine quells rising disorder, discipline is the hardest problem of the secondary teacher. Superintendents and principals of smaller schools always want to know first of all about a prospective teacher, "Is he a good disciplinarian?" That is, is the force of his personality sufficient to overcome the opposition he will inevitably meet in teaching people who presumably come to school to be taught. As for the authority of the State, who in this day drives under thirty-five miles an hour because it is "right" to do so, or refrains from drinking because it is "right" to do so? Yet the State says both of these are "right," and the opposite courses "wrong." Young America obeys traffic regulations only when a motor-policeman is in sight, or when for some reason slow driving is more pleasant than speeding; it drinks or doesn't drink because the circle it happens to move in drinks or doesn't drink.

The force we have sought to substitute for the crumbling centers of authority is public opinion. That operates pretty effectively for the average, docile, comfort-loving individual, and for the more intelligent being so long as public opinion is undivided and so long as he does not imbibe the contempt for it which is always in the intellectual air. But let him get hold of the notion that public opinion is a rhymeless, reasonless, thoroughly treacherous old crone who commends his act in one milieu, ridicules it in another, and frowns on it in another, and he sends public opinion packing and begins to flounder for standards of his own.

The case of the youngster brought up in a home where there was an attempt to make the dogmatic cleavage of right from wrong is worse still. From his earliest recollections his elders have asserted the rightness of some things and

the wrongness of others. Naturally, he has accepted superior wisdom. But as he begins to make little excursions out from that sheltered field of morality, he finds that apparently perfectly nice people do the things he has been taught to think evil. The flowerlike girl he envelopes in a mist of romantic idealization smokes like an imp from the lower regions and pets like a movie vamp. The chum his heart yearns toward cultivates a hip-flask and "a wicked line with the women," not to mention a brand of stories which fascinate and revolt him. And, oh, the awful scorn which falls upon him if he protests against such acts as "wrong." If the force of home authority were stronger, there might be some hope for the lad going on with the old right-and-wrong standard. But home authority is not strong enough in America. Unless the boy is not particularly social and unless he is made of rather tough, unyielding fiber, he will, somewhere near the end of his high school or the beginning of his college days, chuck out the right-and-wrong standard. I have known a few individuals who went through four years of a state university without revising in the least the standards into which they were initiated in their cradles; but those people were never influential, and be it remarked, never much respected by their mates.

We teachers know that to appeal to our students on that old standard is to waste our breath. The very words in which the appeal must be couched have gone out of their vocabulary. We know that when we assign a portion of *Pilgrim's Progress* to be read by sophomores and juniors, they will come up the next day and ask, "What's he raving about?" We know that if we undertake to discuss the theology which animated Milton—or Carlyle, for that matter—we cannot assume students to be acquainted with the simplest of its terms. "Salvation," "sin," and "wicked" have lost their connotation; "righteous," "pious," and "saintly" have acquired new and very different ones. The word "moral" itself is going into ill repute. As for "conscience," one young man assured me gravely that he knew he kept his in his stomach, for every time he ate hot dogs at midnight he was sure to have a bad spell with it. Others humorously bemoan their Puritan ancestors "who cursed me with a conscience." They know a very great deal about gasoline engines and sports; but matters like conscience and right for right's sake strike them as rather foolish. When they appeal to you for advice, as they often do, for they are no less perplexed by the problems facing them than other young people have been, you must take care not to put the advice on the grounds of abstract right and wrong. If you unwittingly make that mistake, the young person bows himself out and seeks advice elsewhere. Next week you hear that his opinion of you has had a great come-down: he hadn't thought you a "pious sort." And if unhappily you expressed an easy optimism, you are demolished by the single epithet, "Pollyanna."

III

In the face of all this would it not be the sensible part to recognize frankly that the standard of abstract right and wrong, with its ideal of righteousness, is moribund? If we should stop trying to resuscitate it, give it a decent burial, and then set to work to put something in its place, we might perhaps render some service to these jazzy, outspoken, conventional-minded youngsters.

The positivistic, humanitarian nineteenth century made a genuine effort to substitute the social standard, but our post-war youth has been too well fed and clothed and motored to find it appealing. He is not altruistic, not sentimental, not idealistic, not romantic. He can stand an amount of emotional stimulus which would have bowled over his grandfather. He can dance cheek to cheek, breast to breast, knee to knee

for three hours to music that would stir a savage to madness—and then he can go home and sleep. He can sit untouched through the most sensational of movies. The most fervid of evangelical or political oratory glides coolly off his well-groomed back. To appeal to him, the social standard would have to be entirely re-grounded and rephrased: shorn of its emotionalism and what Carlyle called its "rose-pink sentimentality."

Our standard to-day is prudence, practicality, caution. We begin to develop it the first time we discover that what was pleasant enough yesterday sometimes turns out to be extremely unpleasant to-day. Just as soon as we have thoroughly fixed the time-idea in our judgment of pleasantness, we become prudent. Much has been said of the recklessness of this generation. It has been my experience with the fairly large group whom I know intimately that they keep a shrewd weather-eye out for what they call "stuff you can't get by with." "Getting by" is almost the twentieth-century equivalent for morality. I have at times grown so tired of that eternal phrase that I have positively gloried in the few rash youths who refuse to trim their sails to the wind of public opinion, and thereby, I have to admit, make utter fools of themselves. But if there is anything the average collegian will not do it is to let himself appear foolish. He wears what the crowd wears, eats what the crowd eats, drinks and thinks with the crowd. He lives in a time when manners and ideas are standardized, and he is too busy going to places and doing things to worry about being an individual. His very reason for being in college is prudence: he has heard that his chance for a respectable position in society is much greater if he owns a diploma. Prudence is in the air, and he is prudent.

There are serious objections to this standard of prudence. The one usually advanced is that it is wasteful: one doesn't learn it until one has burned one's fingers a few times; and the natural disposition of adolescence is impatience with this graybeard philosophy of life. It is this proverbial dearness of experience which frightens parents and teachers who are dealing with children of the high-school age.

But contrary to the usual opinion, that seems to me far from the most serious objection. Left to fend for himself, as he usually makes sure that he is left, the average young American is surprisingly precocious in getting his sea legs. If he has had free rein through his last years in high school he has an armor of hardness and sophistication by the time he reaches college which his father probably did not possess at thirty, and his mother may not yet possess. If he doesn't have it at the beginning of his freshman year, he will by the end of it. People who still talk sentimentally of "the tender years," meaning the late teens, should read from sixty to a hundred themes a week for five years as I have done, and should hold three hours a week of conference over anything from the placing of commas to the expediency of booze parties. At the end of a regime like that one feels that he knows what is in the heads and hearts of young people. And except for the rare young person already mentioned who has come up in a home where the right-and-wrong standard was still rigorously applied, and whose case, just because he is not armored like his fellows, is very sad indeed, I do not worry greatly about the mere wastefulness of the standard which finds its sanction in experience. I am still awed by the sureness and the level-eyed poise with which sorority pledges steer in waters their mothers never dreamed of trying to navigate. They know, these rouged and marcelled seventeen-year-olds, that there is a definite margin of "stuff you can't get by with," and they are careful not to allow any pretty sentiment or rash impulse to take them beyond that margin.

No, the really deplorable thing about this prudence is not its wastefulness, but

its dullness. It is a pedestrian philosophy with no wings for the flights which the human spirit requires. There is no poetry in it, and no adventure, except the low-grade one of seeing how closely one can skirt the margin of "stuff you can't get by with"—and even that wears out in a few years. It does for the ordinary, earthy souls who conceive of life as a business house, whether factory or amusement hall, but it palls upon souls who by some chance are lighted with a spark of imagination or a flash from another, more romantic world. And worse still, it smothers at birth any fineness of spirit, any largeness of reach which is latent in the individual. It condemns him to a dull, commonplace existence where he never knows the exquisite pleasure of savoring his more delicate and complex emotions. It forbids him the sense of life as a glorious drama in which he has his own not inconsiderable part. It screens from him beauty with all its fine escape from the commonplace. It cuts him off from spiritual values—dooms him to a boredom which he tries vainly to enliven by jazz orchestras, bootleg, and racing cars.

To me the saddest thing about the generation which is now growing up is its ennui. It has swept out the old sentimentalities; in the political and social idealism which animated a previous generation it has detected a degree of cant, and it will not tolerate cant; the wealth amassed by its fathers keeps it from surrender to an absorbing struggle for existence; machinery has denied it the joy of craftsmanship. It has nothing, except a search for pleasure, to which it can give itself freely and fully. And human life always has and always will go flat unless it can find something to claim its loyal and eager devotion. I have talked to so many of these young people with their beautifully clothed, thoroughly scrubbed bodies and their listless, rudderless minds, that I have come to feel that never probably was civilization more harsh to a generation. The more intelligent of them understand their situation and, after a period of posing as cynic and misanthrope, scramble about until they find some interest. The rest of them never clearly understand what is the trouble and go on vainly trying to put some zest in life by amusements of one kind or another.

IV

Out of this muddle there seems to me a possible way. The old right-and-wrong appeal is going, and we may as well admit it; it could draw the warm and undivided allegiance of men in Cromwell's time, but it leaves our day cold. Youthful hedonism hardening into prudence is unendurably boring. The social standard by itself will not do. What if we tried one or both of the remaining two?

For some time now James Harvey Robinson has been telling us that we need to take the intelligent view of life, that our hope of solving our problems lies solely in our development of the disinterested, scientific attitude which examines motives and procedures with total disregard of the hoary burden of the past which, like the Old Man of the Sea, squats upon human shoulders. But I wonder if he does not ignore too serenely the immensity of our racial heritage. Perhaps some day intelligence may become general, but that day is still terribly remote. Meantime the mongrel blood in our American veins is too largely Celtic, Anglo Saxon, Teutonic, Slavic, and Southern European to allow the one wee strain of French great influence. True, there are always individuals to whom the most distasteful of all adjectives is "stupid"; and one of the most encouraging things about young people is the frequency and vigor with which they burst into that damning phrase, "How dumb!" But Mencken is right about us: we can't as a people claim intelligence in the narrow sense in which I am using the word. We are shrewd buyers and clever sellers; we

have our share of native wit and a positive genius for organization—but we do not have that clear, dispassionate faculty which is able to detach itself from the web of likes and dislikes out of which most of us weave judgment. Nowhere is this more plainly evident than in a university. Students have their warm admirations and aversions; but if some Socratic professor prods them for reasons for either emotion, they either become irritated and thereafter avoid his courses like the plague, or they tolerate him as a "funny old Bolshevik." In a section of thirty one may expect to find two intelligent students, though he should not be disappointed if there is only one. The occasional section with no youngsters who would have run after Socrates is compensated for by the occasional section with three. The average is a little less than two, about six per cent of the whole. Now if that is true of the supposedly select group in an educational institution, one dares not speculate upon the percentage of intelligence in the country as a whole.

I am perfectly aware that even to mention the single remaining standard must seem ridiculous. And yet many conditions to-day are analogous to those which surrounded the Greeks. We have a love of sports and a healthy frankness about our bodies which no age since theirs has possessed. Machinery is fast giving us the leisure which slaves gave to them. We are purged of the exaggerated and sickly sentiment which affected so many generations of English. We are free from the fear of eternal punishment which enervated us so long, and hence our intellectuals are less timid about scientific and philosophic speculation. In view of these undoubted parallels it seems reasonable to suppose that the love of beauty which animated the Greeks might save us.

If it appears a hopeless undertaking ever to instil that love in America, the most notoriously unæsthetic of all nations, stop to consider some small beginnings we have already made. The present fashions of vivid figures in silks, of bright wall hangings, of gay roofs and geranium-filled window boxes all testify to an awakening color sense. Clothing, both masculine and feminine, is vastly better in design and color than it was fifty years ago. Architecture shows a genuine improvement; houses are not only better plumbed but more often built with an eye to permanent beauty. Contrast the towers and gingerbread atrocities of a wealthy home or the square, boxlike plainness of a more modest house of yesterday with the English and colonial adaptations in the better residence sections to-day! Interior decoration is also infinitely more colorful and artistic than yesterday. Even automobiles have improved quite as much in line and design as in power and upholstery. Women clutch with pathetic eagerness at anything advertised to make their faces or figures more lovely. Young people shudder away from physical ugliness or deformity in a way that would have seemed unforgivably cruel to their grandparents. Faulty and ridiculous though popular taste may be, it is true that people long to have beauty about them. If they buy mere tawdriness, that is the fault of their taste or purse, not of their instinct.

If righteousness rests upon authority, æsthetics is a matter of taste, which is a very individual affair. But fortunately taste is much more easily cultivated than the will or the memory—or the intelligence. A few good books read with gusto, and one no longer relishes literary froth or crudity. A few weeks with good furniture and one can never again go back to the ugly makeshifts with which one formerly did very well. Even a glimpse of the enchanting richness and fullness with which life may be invested, and one is not content with the stodgy, cautious yardstick with which he has been thumbing out his way. Our taste will no doubt always differ from that of the Greeks. A people nursed from its savage infancy by Gothic cathedrals and the institution of feudal-

ism with their romantic excesses cannot ever return wholly to the Greek "nothing too much." Especially can it not when it now travels at a hundred-odd miles an hour and piles its buildings fifty stories into the air. Moreover, to whatever extent we have become Christianized our notion of moral beauty must show the influence of the Sermon on the Mount. But whatever its form, this demand for beauty may be no less important for us than for the young Athenians who first thrilled to the "Antigone."

No one who has ever heard a child croon ecstatically over a new dress or toy, "Pit-ty, pit-ty" can doubt that the age-old hunger still lives. What we have usually done to that child is to smile, then take steps to curb the vanity which seems to be appearing. For his artistic edification we gave him the "funnies," sent him to the movies, and told him pallid stories about minding mother and giving one's playthings to poor little sick boys. We pecked at him eternally about tidiness, politeness, and truthfulness—graces acquired by and necessary for society; but we never said a word about beauty, which is so much older. Through twelve years at a public school we taught him many useful things and some not so useful; but we neglected to tell him about the handling of color and line and sound, knowledge which he will use or enjoy every day of his life; we did our best to fit him for a good position in the business world, but we didn't bother to teach him how to live happily with himself.

And yet we did not entirely kill his instinct for beauty and spiritual adventure. One who gets to know young people cannot really doubt that. The average one has no taste to speak of, but he wishes he did have. When you wander off the straight path of the daily assignment to talk about æsthetics, all of your class, except the very smuggest or stolidest, awake and listen as they listen to nothing else you say in the course of the year. My most interesting students have almost without exception said wistfully to me at one time or another, "I wish I knew more about such things." I have heard dozens of seniors and young alumni revile their alma mater because in four years it did not cultivate in them a taste for what they call vaguely, "the finer things of life," meaning good books, music, paintings—that is to say, beauty. One of the jazziest of the jazzy (by a great stretch of the imagination he might almost have come from a "collegiate" story of the *College Humor* variety!) told me once that he had figured out why he always had to be in love: life was so humdrum without it and so beautiful with it. He was astonished and pleased when I told him the Platonic theory of love poured forth in "The Symposium." Another chap with more developed sensibilities who had had an unusual mystical experience described it wholly in æsthetic instead of theological terms. I could, had I time, enumerate other not very exceptional instances to show that there is a very real craving for beauty abroad, even on campuses of state universities.

But to-day's crop of young people is so afraid of seeming soft and sentimental, so bent on being prudent and sensible, that in groups (and they keep themselves in groups as much as possible for it is "queer" to be alone) one detects in them only the hardness and dull emptiness which are driving faculties to concentrate despairingly upon engineering, accountancy, and industrial chemistry. To know what is really going on behind the bored exteriors which face him, an instructor must be less cynical and more patient in his effort to understand than most instructors are. If he is willing to forego the delights of the faculty clubhouse long enough to cultivate an intimacy with more promising students, he is apt to find back in an obscure corner of their minds a dissatisfaction and dim ache not at all evident at, say, week-end fraternity dances. If he loves beauty himself, that instructor

can do more real teaching in a half hour over coffee cups than in ten hours in a class room, and do it without preaching.

When one is really alive to beauty, the next step, the transition to an ideal of beauty in conduct, is amazingly simple, and may be taken amazingly early in life. It is exactly as easy to say to a child, "That's not pretty" as, "That's wrong"; and, if the child has not been æsthetically stunted, much more effective. A lucky little girl in my acquaintance whose mother has carefully fostered her love of beauty can be brought out of any mood by the remark, "You aren't pretty when you do that," or turned from any projected naughtiness by, "That's not a pretty thing to do." As she grows older the general words "pretty" and "nice" in which the appeal must now be phrased will change naturally to more specific terms like courteous, kindly, truthful, tactful, and charming. But the appeal will be the same.

In at least two respects young people have already adopted for themselves the æsthetic standard. One is the hatred of cheapness which is so deeply ingrained in them. They loathe imitations and shams; to most of them a reputation for frequent appearances before a police judge is preferable to a reputation for buying clothes at a mail-order house or toilet articles at dime stores. When they call an acquaintance a "cheap skate" they have done their worst for him. And when one considers all the implications of stinginess, littleness, and vulgarity packed into the phrase, that worst seems enough.

But an ethical factor even more important than their disdain for cheapness is their love of good sportsmanship, a basically æsthetic ideal which even their critical elders must find admirable. Say that you consider a course of action "yellow," or a piece of grand-standing, or unfair and, if he respects your judgment at all, the most blasé young Charleston expert will wince. And he does not fool himself into thinking those qualities wrong or imprudent. They are simply not the fitting or comely way to play the game. Thus do young people recognize that the original meaning of "fair" is after all "the agreeable to the sight."

Just one more concrete illustration. Last spring a freshman whose intensity and refractoriness had troubled me all winter stopped at my desk and asked to walk home with me. We talked of this and that until I turned to relieve him of my books at my door. Then he got out, "Tell me what you think of free love." I assured him that I thought any real love must be free, but that in the technical sense in which I presumed he used the phrase, I thought it might be a fine name for promiscuity, which didn't seem to me particularly desirable. He went on to say that a girl with whom he had been going about had almost converted him to the theory. When I asked about her, he said she was older, had been married and divorced, he thought, and now practiced what she preached. "Oh, she knows her oats," he summarized.

A day or two later he came to the office. He had an engagement with the girl for that night. Some last little pang of indecision had sent him in search of advice. I tried prudence first, pointing out that he was inexperienced, the girl experienced, mentioning possible legal and physical consequences of no very attractive color, and emphasizing the irrevocableness of the step. My arguments failed to touch him. His eyes glowing, he said he thought he could manage the situation. He had always been kept too "innocent" at home—it was time he was growing up.

Then I tried the other way. Had he thought much about love? Oh, yes. With his fondness for pretty things he would want love to be beautiful, something romantic and rich? Of course. Did not this thing he was contemplating seem a pretty cheap substitute for the lovely experience he dreamed of? Ye-es, but he didn't think it was *wrong;* nobody

much except his parents seemed to think so nowadays. Inwardly cursing a home which could send a boy into our world to-day with no moral equipment but the brittle right-and-wrong standard, I told him that I didn't know that I thought it wrong, but it did seem to me cheap, as if one were so anxious for a diamond that one put on a ten-cent bauble instead of saving for the real thing.

I shall never be sure that that got him, but I learned later that he postponed "growing up" for at least that night.

The æsthetic standard is naturally more appealing to youth than the right-and-wrong or the prudent-and-foolish because it is more positive and more adventurous. It is right *not* to steal, *not* to covet, *not* to outrage another's feelings; it is prudent *not* to attempt the things experience has shown disastrous. Such a system is like a vast park strewn with "don'ts" with no interesting possibilities of "do" in evidence. Put it the other way: theft, covetousness, and wanton violation of another's personality are ugly things which do not belong in the pattern of grace and charm upon which we are shaping our lives. Hence we are not concerned with them. But generosity of spirit, tolerance, and a fine kind of courtesy are lovely qualities which it is worth while to embody in the pattern. This patient effort to make "what is fitting for myself" really a part of myself demands a lofty notion of myself, even though tempered with an intelligent estimate of the clay in my composition. Æsthetic morality is summed up in the sentence one hears everywhere: "That would be a lovely thing to do." No compulsion, no hope of reward or fear of punishment is expressed here—only an appreciation of the richest of all pleasures, a sense that one is doing the act appropriate and magnanimous.

Santayana insists that the æsthetic demand for the moral life is the highest possible standard. May I go farther? If morality or, for that matter, interesting living is ever again to be possible for a civilization which denies itself the sanctions of eternal punishment or reward, it must come when a love of beauty is so much a part of us that we shrink away from the ugly and strain toward the lovely deed.

A DRINK OF WATER

A STORY

BY WILBUR DANIEL STEELE

SHE is a puzzle, in ways, to the gentlemen who are in need of blondes. One meditates: "How cleverly they do do it; you'd never imagine her to be a day over thirty-five." And another, perhaps the very next: "How it does tell on them; she looks thirty-five already if she looks a day." So much for mystery; that she happens to *be* thirty-five never seems to occur to any of them.

Perhaps it is simply because she doesn't care. This is no fault of hers. It is possible that she would like to care, but has lost the way of it.

Occasionally gentlemen are troubled. There grows, at times, the resentful suspicion that she is not there, but somewhere else. But it is wrong of them to upbraid her. If she's not thinking quite altogether of present company, certainly she's not thinking of any other; and what more can gentlemen ask? It's wrong, too, to find anything wanting in the kindness of her smile. For if it's a slow smile, it's a conscientious and unfailing one—as unfailing as the greeting that goes with it, "And what can I do for *you?*"

And it's wrong again to look for irony or mockery in that. For that, simply, is what she means to say. She grows toward simplicity; from the complexity, say, of a girl of fourteen, toward the simplicity of a girl of six. Perhaps some day the one vestige, the one thought-wrinkle graven between the straw-colored brows, will fill up and come out smooth. Then, perhaps, her simplicity will have become so transparent that no gentleman, no matter how elderly or needy or ashamed, will do her the ill of suspecting either weariness or raillery in her words.

Once upon a time one gentleman echoed them. "What can you do for me? You might tell me the story—if you'd like to, that is."

"What story? I'm not very good at stories."

"There's always a story, isn't there? How you—how it happened?"

"Oh, you mean how I fell?"

At twenty-eight, except for glimpses, Clare Mayo had never seen the ocean. In so big a gulp, then, it would have been strong medicine for anyone.

What Clare had written for was something "just big enough for one," where for her fortnight she could simply dream and do nothing, "not crowded," if possible "away out on some shore." The agent had promised her she wouldn't be pestered. The next cottage to hers, he wrote, was "well away."

It was. No more than a gray peak of its roof was visible, over the gray-grassed rise of a dune up-shore, a good eighth of a mile away.

"That's Mrs. Eccles. She won't bother you, though, land knows."

"But, Mr. Kinsman—" Then Clare, the close-mouthed, closed her mouth. She turned again to survey the dimensions of the solitude she had bargained for. To Kinsman, the house agent, the symptoms were not altogether unfamil-

iar. So he made haste to recite his piece.

"For anybody wanting peace and quiet, this shore out here is the acme, the very acme, Miss. Nothing to bother or molest any Heaven's living thing. Folks don't know what their latches are for out here, nor their window-shades. That's easy. Nobody's going to come all the way out to this end of the island that their business don't bring 'em. And what *is* there? Look all that side out front. The Atlantic Ocean, Miss. Course, if a body's timid of whales—huh-huh! Then where you're looking there, to the north'rd, out that point of land. Nobody. Not a Heaven's soul, except one coastguard station. And now round astern here, inshore: I'm sure of one thing, nobody's coming in on you across them swamps, and I'll tell you why, because all around that pretty-looking, sweet-water pond down there it's so chock-a-block full of quicksands you couldn't put a doll down anywheres but it would go right straight through to China. It's all fenced in, you can see, but still I make a point of speaking of it to renters, even though there's signs up for them that run to read. But you stay your side of that fence, and I don't know anywheres in all this Hollow Beach region, any time of day or night, a child of three couldn't feel as serene as in its own crib in its nursery. . . . Here's all the groceries, Miss—the vegetables—Enid James' boy brought them out this morning, as you wrote—"

They were in the house, somehow or other.

"Milk—yep, there it is. That blue-flame was new this season. Water in this tank. Fresh this morning. My man comes by to fill it mornings."

Clare had passed out of the kitchen into the front half of the box, the bed-and-living-room. She sat down on the cot there and stared at the windows.

"Potatoes, yes, and eggs," the agent's soothing voice wound after her. "And I make a point of mentioning to renters, in case they're not too able swimmers, they say certain tides there's apt to be a mite of an undertow along this beach—once in a great time when the wind's eastering—"

There were two windows facing Clare. The shades were two-thirds drawn. What was left was the blank blue of the sea. The emptiness she had wanted so long. But it moved. She saw it moving swiftly and directly at her. And now for the first time she became conscious of the sound it made. The rolling sound, too, came at her, loudening.

"But, Mr. Kinsman—" Her voice lifted and thinned. "*Mr. Kinsman!*"

She ran out into the kitchen. Through the open door she saw the agent's Ford in flight along the wheel-ruts across the wavy moor.

It was after two, and Clare had had nothing since her roll-and-coffee on the Fall River boat. She fell to pawing over the comestibles, but her interest was still-born. Presently she was out of doors. Child of the midlands and of cities, she felt herself shrinking. "I wanted to be alone—but heavens!" She went around front. "Well, I suppose I came to see the ocean, didn't I?"

From the shack there was an illusion of the water coming up, clear, deep and heavy, under the very foundations of the land, where it broke off there, fifty yards away. But when she had waded to it through knee-high wire-grass, she saw that that was only a bank, and that beyond and beneath it a wide beach intervened to hold the sea at its distance, and even play with it, in fripperies of white lace and pale-green cornucopias. What was more, at a distance along the sandy ribbon there was a bevy of picnickers, their luncheon implements winking like semaphores, youngsters sprawled in bright bathing suits to soak up the September sunshine or hopping in and out of the shallow snowdrifts of the surf.

It worked magic. Clare thought, "How silly I have been!" A sudden softness ran in the wind, space shrank,

and the light on the sand was gold. Now she remembered. She was on the holiday of years. She recollected the weeks of dreams, the romantic plans, the adventurous purchases. At that, hurrying back to the house, she opened her bags and tumbled things out. She latched the door, drew the shades, undressed and, letting her clothes lie where they fell, she put on the new blue-and-white-striped boy's bathing suit.

Shivering with bareness and the tiny sword-cuts of the grasses, she ran out again. There was a flight of wooden steps down the seven-foot bank, but she wouldn't take it; she spread her arms like wings and sailed. Picking herself up from her soft landing below, she ran on, light as nothing, down the wind-rippled slope toward the bubbles and the shine. She laughed at the feel of foam on her ankles, full of pebbles, like an electric rain.

Clare was afraid of a great many things, but water wasn't one of them. She had almost lived in the river in her girlhood summers, and she had swum in Lake Erie lots of times when the waves looked quite as high as these. But there was something more. In the revulsion from that opening moment of panic it seemed as though nothing in all space could harm her. She had never felt like that before. . . . Arrowing her hands over her bent head, she dived into the wall of the oncoming comber white as milk and smooth as glass.

So strong was that sense of liberation from cowardice, she was conscious of no dismay when the undertow took her. Wonder, yes; but wonder paralyzed too quickly to turn to terror as it swept her down.

An oppression. A green darkness, greener, darker, veined with fluent lightnings. An incalculable violence, smooth as satin. Down and down. Life left far behind, no bigger than an orange, whole, round and brightly lit. Blackness in a vortex, whirling deeper, deeper. Then sudden radiance.

The face above hers, as she lay on the sand, was the face of an angel with a halo, a nose a little stubbed for humor, a tendency to freckles, and blue eyes that were dark with anxiety. A man's mouth, made for kisses to dream of, opened and said, "Thank God; waked up. Lucky I was headed this way, wasn't it? You ought to have had more sense." What a smile!

His eyes looked down into hers; hers looked up into his. They could never be strangers. They had skipped all that. Dreams do come true.

The thing was, Clare was as drunk as any lord that ever reeled. It was the first time she had ever been touched by an elemental violence; it was the first time she had ever died: and to find it hadn't hurt her was dazzling.

"I wish I'd known the sea long ago. *That's* what I've wanted *all along.*"

"How do you feel?" asked the hero. "Swallowed much water?"

It was music. Celestial. Why speak? Why stir? "I wonder if he isn't—maybe—the Man. Wouldn't that be too wonderful!"

"Tell me, can't you? Feel any better? Feel all right?"

Why stir? Why speak? "He loves me. He does. *Me!* He's not like them—all the awful others. It's because he can't help it: it's like the fearful pull of that undertow. My hair's all down my face and my lips feel blue, and he doesn't yet even *know* I'm beautiful. It's just because he's he and I'm me."

"You're frightened," he said. "Of course. But don't be any more."

Making a cup of a hand, gently he imprisoned one of her breasts.

She couldn't help it; it wasn't *her* recoil; it was the flinching of her nerves. It wasn't *her* gasp; it wasn't *her* hand that freed her breast and flung his hand away. It was—well, simply, she had been Clare Mayo too long.

He was on his feet, yards off, his face as red as hers, bewildered.

"Why—what'd you think?—I was just seeing if your heart—"

But then he laughed for bitterness.

"My Gawd! can you beat that!" And wheeling, he walked away.

Words ran through her brain. "No! Listen! Please listen! Oh, you know I never meant—you didn't mean—"

But he was too far now, even if she could have uttered them, an affronted ramrod, stalking back to his picnic party where he belonged. She rolled over and put her hands around her eyes.

The sun through the hands made a chamber of warm rose, color of bliss. Into it tears fell. A stupid anguish. A tide of fury. "You fool!"

There was a joke there if one wanted to look at it. The weeks of anticipation. The opening panic. The liberation. The undertow. Death. Resurrection. The hero. All those steps of a dramatic preparation, like a story in a book. And then—

But, no! If nothing else would tell her, common sense would. Things as big as that aren't stopped by things as accidental and meaningless as that.

"He'll come back. He'll see. You watch if he doesn't. He'll be back."

She lay still, all ears. The surf rolled thunder up the sand, but that didn't matter: she would hear the crunch of his soles a hundred feet away.

"He'll come. You wait and see."

Once she started, as if she had really been sleeping, parted her fingers and peeped. The beach was bare. The picnic had packed up and gone.

"But that's nothing. What difference? He will—he *shall* come back."

The shadow of the moor-bank slipped toward her across the reddening sand. She had a headache, and the chill had got into the hollows of her bones.

She didn't hear, after all; she simply knew. She rolled over, sat bolt up, and took the hands from her eyes.

The man there shifted his eyes quickly, to the sea. He wore a baggy tweed patterned in "invisible" plaid and carried a picked-up stick in his hand. In the mid-forties, sparely built, clean shaven, restless lipped, there was in his air a compound of absurdly warring elements—excitation and sang-froid—embarrassment and a kind of galvanic sprightliness.

But all Clare saw about him was that he was not the man.

She became conscious of the nakedness of her legs. When she had wrapped them in her arms, the arms too were bare. As the man's gaze pretended to discover her, with a slight start, she turned her own away. An old rancor gathered an old frown between her moody golden brows.

The man drifted nearer. He sat down. He sighed, as if he had sat down because he was leg-weary.

"Little bit chilly, isn't it?"

Clare felt cheated and sore and angry. She felt like giving this one, this time, a bawling-out he wouldn't forget. But what was the use? Getting to her feet, with only a passing stare, she walked to the bank and climbed the steps.

At the house she dressed hurriedly, the pain in her head increasing. It occurred to her it might be because she hadn't eaten; and once more, conquering an aversion, she tackled the untidy heap of her provisions. She had a wick of the stove lighted and a kettle on to boil when, passing the open door, she saw the stranger with the stick outside. He made the most of her arrest.

"Nice little place you have here, Miss—uh— My name is Smith."

It was in a way pathetic and in a way ridiculous, if Clare could but have seen it so. Under pretense of admiring the lines of the jerry-built shack, his gaze, full of the wistful excitement of the man towards fifty, continued to encompass her. He kept winking his eyes and gnawing his lip and hummed in his throat as if to cover the beating of his heart.

"Yes?" Clare's eyes, divided by the frown, passed deliberately over him. "What can I do for you?"

He seemed confused by the direct question, and took out his watch.

"If it's the old one about its having stopped—it's just six-twelve."

"Oh, no—no—it's not stopped. Good

watch. Good timekeeper. Would you believe it, I've carried that watch—"

"I'm sorry, but I'm busy now."

"Only I thought—uh—could I have a drink of water, d'you suppose?"

Pinching her lips to keep from further words, she filled a dusty tumbler at the tank-tap. When she got back to the door the man was nearly in.

"Just come, have you?" He peered. "All alone here? I should think you would be a little— Oh, thanks, yes. That's so sweet of you. Mmmm! this drink of water will save my life. . . . As I was saying—"

"You can leave the glass on the step when you're done. I'm sorry again, but I've got other things. Good-by."

On his face, in the narrowing aperture of the door she closed, Clare saw a whole drama. She saw for the first time that under his easy daring he was almost sick with timidity, and under his sprightliness wretched with nerves and shame. She saw the eagerness of a screwed-up youthfulness collapse into the wistful chagrin of middle age.

He wouldn't believe it, even yet. He rapped. Then he pounded. His voice sounded thick. "Say! Why the huff? All I wanted—I hadn't finished thanking you for the drink of water. . . . Well, can you beat that!"

The door was already locked; Clare found the bolt above it and slid it loudly home. She stood leaning there against it for a while, again all ears. She was frightened, but oddly enough it wasn't of the man himself. It was of the thing that possessed him. She had seen it so many times, and she didn't yet know clearly what it was. It was the same with drunkenness: that too made the mildest of men dare to make asses of themselves.

It made her weary and it made her angry. It was precisely from that sort of thing that she had run away for her two short weeks—and here it was.

Where was he and what was he doing? She couldn't hear. The wind whispered too loudly over the shingles outside, the surf droned, the kettle had begun to sing.

She wouldn't say it till she was sure. But at last she was sure.

"Thank Heavens! I guess he's gone away."

Then her heart skipped. Feet were moving on the porch at the shanty's farther end. Knuckles on the front door.

Presently, a little out of patience, a woman's hail.

"Woo-hoo! Anybody home?"

Clare had some bread and butter and cocoa. The woman from next door insisted. Afterwards, by starlight, they sat out on the step of the porch.

"So you're Mrs. Eccles," Clare mused. "Mr. Kinsman was telling me—"

"Mrs. *Eccles! Mrs.* Eccles!" The caller leaned back and for drama held her sides while she chuckled. She was a woman somewhat older than Clare, but smaller and brunette, of the type that will stand a lot of refurbishing and fool them for years. "So Mr. Kinsman takes me for—but of course he would. I bet Tom Eccles would have a duck-fit, though, if he heard him call me that."

Clare didn't quite follow. Nevertheless, she hastened to fill the pause.

"You're staying late, aren't you?"

"Yes, it is late. Tom was to come and get me two weeks ago; then a week ago. Now it won't be until—" She sat brooding at the black ribbon of ocean, her arms around her knees. "*If* he's coming at *all.*" Her voice grew harsh. "I wish to *God* they'd tell you. They might. It's not their getting through you mind so much; you expect it. It's the way they get out from under and leave you to find it out. Damn men!"

Clare simply sat. The other cast off that mood with a shrug.

"Well, we should worry. Now let's talk about you. Your name is—?"

"Clare Mayo. Miss."

"Miss, eh? You must've had *your* work keeping single with *your* looks. Because I suppose you know you're

exactly the type that knocks 'em dead."

Clare picked at a crack in the porch floor, pouting self-consciously.

"Well, I wouldn't say—though I guess I *was* fairly good-looking once, or at least they seemed to think so. The year the war finished I was—well I was 'Miss Dayton' in the Beauty Contest conducted by the Cincinnati *Press*. And they gave me—well—the prize."

"My Heavenly Father! And you mean to say, after that, you could keep 'em off with a pole? Didn't you get millions of proposals?"

"Oh, dear, yes. It was too perfectly terrible."

"Too *what?*"

"It scared me so. It was too revolting."

"Oh, but there must have been *some* that didn't look so bad. No?"

"They were mostly all letters. I had twenty a day some days."

"How could *letters* scare you, for Heaven's sake?"

"Oh, I don't know—but the nerve of them! How could they know they'd love me, just from pictures in papers? What did they know about me? I mean *me*. It made—love—seem so—somehow—there was something so somehow insulting about it all. And the worst of it was, it made Avery—"

"Ah!" The other grew sage. "I see. You were in love already."

"Not—not formally. But Avery and I—why, we'd been kids together. He was shy. He was a little lame, from an accident, and had some scars. But he was earning good money as a drug-clerk, and in another year or so—but then when I was getting those letters, all of a sudden he gave up his job and went away."

"Oh, dear! And now what have you been doing with yourself?"

"I'm assistant-manager of a Woolworth store in Newark just at present."

"And you've never been in love with anyone, since—Avery?"

"How can you be? When all they want to do is flirt and hold your hand and call you by your first name before they've known you ten minutes. *Love!*"

"But afterwards?"

"There doesn't seem to be any 'afterwards.' They never seem really carried away enough, heart and soul, to want to— Oh, I don't know, but it seems to me, when they see I don't respond to their very first advances—"

"But you are in love now."

"I? No, I'm not. Heavens and Earth! Me? Who with?"

"With yourself."

It was too startling and too absurd. But it paid her, for opening to a stranger, the mouth she had kept shut so long, and a dubious one at that.

"If you mean I've some self-respect, why, yes, I have. I presume my ideas about love may seem funny to you, and old-fashioned. But to me, it's too big a thing to fall into one minute and out of the next. Maybe I was taught wrong as a child, but here's what I do truly believe. I believe I was meant for some one man, somewhere, and some one man was meant for me. I do believe that when he sees me it won't be any mere 'Some baby! guess I'll give her a call' with him. I know that when our paths cross at last—when our eyes meet—I don't care where it is—"

The catch was in her throat, bitter with rue, before the memory was in her mind. A nose a little stubbed for humor, blue eyes dark with dilation looking down into her wide-open ones, a man's mouth, a boy's smile, and a halo against the blue. *Was he the man?* Or rather, was he *to have been?*

Clare surrendered to bitterness, and it cried in her voice. "I can't help the way I'm made. All I know is, the way I am, I won't be anything unless I can be everything, and that means forever. I never quite knew it until to-day, when I got into that undertow down there—but that's what I am—that's what I've got to be. I refuse to be a brook or a puddle to wade in. I've got to be the whole world's ocean to some one man. That's me."

The other nodded thoughtfully as she dreamed into the starlight.

"Yes, I know. We're all like that, we girls. We'd all like to be the ocean to some man if only it was left to us."

"Well, after all, why isn't it—in a way?"

"Because only some of us were born to it. God didn't pay as much attention to our wants as he might have; he was too busy with the men's. There are some men that need an ocean. But there are some, and there are plenty, that wouldn't know what to do with a whole ocean of water. All they want is just a cup of it here and there. Just somebody standing at the crossroad to hand them out a smile and a drink of water on their way. Whoever the old writer was that wrote it might have put it, '*She* also serves—'"

Clare had turned to stare. As word by word it grew more incredible and at the same time more sibylline, her jaw hung heavier and her eyes grew big.

"We can't help it," mused the woman, dropping her feet from the step to the sand. "We can't help our type."

She got up with a flicker of laughter and a shrug. When she had said, "Good night, neighbor; sleep tight," she walked away into the darkness, leaving behind her for a moment after she had vanished the whisper of her legs through the papery tangle of the grass.

Clare must have sat there for a long, long while. When she got up her muscles were aching. She didn't know which way to turn. She had an impulse to sit down again where she had been. But she didn't. She went to the north end of the shallow porch and stood staring out.

"What did that woman mean, we can't help—?"

It had been bad enough by daylight there, the sense of everything solid crumbling away into the swirl of uneasy waters and the solitudes of space. But now by starlight it was worse. When the earth had run a rod beyond the bright oblongs thrown from the windows, that was all. Then the black gulf began. Nothing any more to go by. Nothing to touch. Nothing even to see, unless it was a powder of fallen stars a little way down to the left, where the pond in the marsh made a mirror. And that was quicksand, all that way.

"Wh-what did she mean, we can't help our—?"

Clare ran away from it. Inside the house she set to work closing and bolting all the shutters. She slipped off her blouse, her skirt, and her shoes; then, overtaken by a curious exhaustion, drew a kimono over what was left, blew out the light, and crept under a blanket on the cot that did for a bed. But then the air grew bad. The shack hadn't been rented; it smelled of a whole year's vacancy. She felt more than stifled; she felt boxed up and nailed in. To save herself she had to unlock and open the door again. She pulled the cot over to it, where she could reach it with her hand.

"Oh, but I can never sleep this way, never." She lay staring out into the emptiness. There was no wind. The sound of the surf had died to a riffle. It was strange; the thing she felt now was not the solitude; it was the sense of a fearful publicity in face of it. "I can never! I can never!" She pulled the blanket up over her ear.

Clare awoke with a whiteness in her eyes.

The moon that had arisen was no more than a silver rind, belly down and tips in the air, but it gave out an extraordinary light. It made a road all the way in from the horizon to the porch; the blades of the waves far out were no more shining than the blades of the grasses near at hand. Beneath its ray everything looked different, more cut-out, more rational. Clare had never been so wide awake, nor her mind so calmly, so pitilessly, clear.

"Why, of course! That's why everything has always been all wrong. *I am that type.*"

The devil in it was that, of a sudden, it

explained everything. It made order out of disorder. Like one of those weird moon-rays cast back, it lighted all her memories from a new angle, never dreamed of. And the hated faces. Now she saw that it was she who had been the wrong one; it was they, with their quickening glances, the trailers and note-writers, the sailors and travelers, the young foxes in automobiles and the gray wolves walking alone, who had known what they were about.

A shiver passed from her ankles to her scalp, like slow lightning. She started to sob, but caught herself, and turned it into a raffish titter.

"*Oh*, very well!"

The life she had had seemed far away, but just now she couldn't mourn it; her mood was too glittering. A glittering mutiny. Glittering dismay. And little by little, deep somewhere, the glint of a thrill. She saw herself so tragic, so strange.

"So you thought you'd be the ocean. With *your* type."

She recollected the fellow who had saved her from drowning, with a wince of mockery. "Not in yours, Dearie. He's the kind that does want the ocean, just now, anyway. It's the other sort, like that awful creature—*Oh, Lord!*"

All this while she had been lying as still as sleep, frozen by the moon. But now she started to an elbow and held her head erect.

"Oh, dear! where has he gone? The one I gave the drink of water, at the door. How do I know— Yes, and he asked me particularly if I was alone here. And he looked so—so— Oh, dear! how do I know he's gone at all?"

She saw the bitter joke. "Why, he's exactly the sort God was thinking about. Clare, dearie, *they're your kind.*" Lying back she stared out at the water.

"Oh, all right." She pinched her shoulders in a shrug, and again she tittered. "Let 'em come."

She was wide awake, yet it had the color and the inconsequence of a dream. There had been nothing in her eyes but the shine of the moon on the water, suave, fluent, a million threads interweaving. And when she had spoken, and though she hadn't even winked, the shape of a man stood against the glow.

He stood knee-deep in the grass out near the bank and, since he was so black in silhouette, there was no way of knowing which way he was facing, seaward or landward, until he moved. When he moved, it was toward the shack.

It was so quiet she could hear him, step by step, *shuffing* the grass-stems. She saw him, without changing shape, grow large. She was conscious neither of fright nor of wonder, nor even of acquiescence, unless a log can be said to be acquiescent. She lay like a log.

If he had come right on, he could have come right on. Why he didn't was beyond her fathoming. Was it some sound she had made without knowing she made a sound? Magic again. There he had been, and there he no longer was.

But this time she knew what had happened. She could see the gap where he lay hidden under the silver carpet of the grass.

That frightened her at last. She swallowed, and the swallow started her heart going, and she could put out her hand. She pushed at the door. She slipped out of bed, and because both hands were shaking she used them both to keep the key quiet as she turned it and muffle the bolt as she edged it to.

No!

Her teeth chattered. She sank on the foot of the cot.

No! No! She was Clare Mayo, and no one could make her anyone else. And if she was in a fix now, it served her right.

That type? "Type! Type! Type!" *What* type, for goodness' sake? What a lot of babbling nonsense! From the mouth of a kept-woman too! And just because she was lonesome and blue, she had swallowed it whole, and pitied herself, yes, and almost been persuaded that she felt a kind of maudlin thrill.

She held her breath to listen, but she couldn't keep her heart still.

"No! No!" it pounded. "No! No! No!"

Why, it was all a dream; it must be; she ought to have known. The impulse to jump up and throw the door open wide was getting beyond her, when again she went cold.

Feet were on the porch. Near the door, which had certainly looked open but a moment ago, they paused, mystified. . . . The tread again. The weight of a hand on the shingles. He had gone to the window. Though the shutters were fast, the sash was raised, and Clare could hear his breathing. It sounded obstructed and heavy, yet rapid, whipped by nerves. There was the snap of a fingernail wedged under the shutter's flange, trying.

"Oh, God!" Clare prayed.

Sudden knuckles were on the door-panel, inches from her ear. Rap-rap! Then, exasperated: Bang-bang-bang!

"Oh, God!" Clare prayed.

God answered. Scuffing, the feet passed off the planking of the porch.

Not a sound. Whether the sheathing was too thick to let her hear, or whether he had gone back to stealth, or whether, for a miracle, fooled by silence into believing the shuttered place was empty after all—

"No, but he knows! He *knows* I'm here."

She started to run. She had to spread her fingers out ahead of her in the pitch-dark for fear of colliding with things.

He won by yards. While she was still midway of the kitchen his hand was on *that* door. Had she locked it? She threw her body against it. Yes, she had.

"Go 'way! You old thing you! Go on away!"

If hers wasn't like any human voice, neither was the one beyond the wood. It sounded weazened and penurious, whispery, stammery, appalled.

"Please! Let me t-t-tell you—"

"No! No-sir! Go on away!"

"All I want— Won't you o-o-open the door? A l-l-l-little mite?"

"I should say I would not! Not in a million years!"

"Don't be—be scared of me. All I want is ju-ju-just a—"

"Oh, I know all that. '*A little drink of water, please?*' I know all that."

"Y-y-y-yes. Yes, yes!"

Clare nearly forgot she was terrified: it was she now who pounded the door.

"You listen; I'm not that type, I'm *not*, and don't you fool yourself I am. *Oh!* I hate you and all like you. I detest and despise you. I wouldn't give you a drink if you were dying in the Desert of Sahara. For God's sake, come to! Beat it! Go 'way!"

Outside, not a sound. He must have been laid out. Utterly flattened.

It began to grow awful. Clare remembered what had happened when she shut the door in the man's face at dusk: the beginnings of red veins that were in his eyes.

"I'm not alone here," she called of a sudden. "And I've got a gun."

She couldn't hear what it was he said. But then it came. Fists in a tempest on the hollow wood. A shoulder, battering. A rain of heels. Her wits gone, legs propped stiff, Clare leaned with all her weight. The blows banged her shoulders and shivered down her spine. The latch cracked. A bit of it, as it flew, stung her wrist. She hadn't had time to pray.

Almost as suddenly as it had begun, it ended. As though appalled by its own racket in the hush of the moors, it dwindled to nearly nothing. Fingernails trailing down the wood. Then nothing at all.

Clare bent over. Near the crack, waist-high, she heard a puff of breath. It was queer; it gave her a queer turn.

"That's finished," she said to herself. "He's had enough."

No "perhaps" about it; simply, she could tell. And with that, with the passing of the need of fright, the strangest thing came over her. She couldn't

help it; she thought to herself, "He was young once, handsome maybe; probably lots of girls were after him. Then they weren't after him so much. Shy, to begin with, he had to begin to try not to be so shy. By and by he had to begin even to be a bother. Now at last he's made his spectacle of himself, good and plenty. And that's that."

Weak tears dampened her eyes. Mixed with her pity there was a prick of guilt. "And there are some . . . all they want is just a cup of it. . . ." It was insidious: it took her off her guard. "*She* also serves . . ."

Clare spread her fingers out and walked into the other room.

"Bosh!" She struck the tears away with her wrist. "How many times do I have to show *that* stuff up, for Heaven's sake? I know as much about God as she does. I know more about me. I know what I want. I want my man."

She lay down on the cot. Everything went out of her. The darkness careened a little. Time stopped. It wasn't a swoon, yet it wasn't sleep.

Clare raised her face from the pillow and saw the cracks in the shutters white. She got up, reeling slightly, unlocked and threw open the door. The sun was still beneath the horizon, but up in the sky it was day. She was still giddy. All she knew was that she wanted to get away from there.

"I'll run over to *her* house."

Then she saw her neighbor, in a dressing-gown, out at the steps to the beach, waving. When she had stepped out, careless of stocking-feet, she became aware of others, nearer, and grew confused, for they were men.

There were three. They approached, half bent, studying the sandy spots beneath the grass. One was in uniform. It was he discovered her.

"Anybody this way last night?"

"N-n-not that I know of." Why in the world did she lie?

"Nobody bother you?"

"I slept sound."

The man pursued the tracks. Around the porch. Around the corner.

"Guess you did."

Clare followed them, fascinated. When they had come to the back door and examined the ground there, the coastguard gave her a queer look.

"Guess you did sleep sound."

Even this failed to break the shell of her fascination.

They moved off, away from the shack, inshore, still parting the grasses. The coastguard came to a halt. He raised his eyes and stared ahead.

"Good Lord!" he said. "Of course!"

The second man whistled. "The pond! Of course he would. Not knowing."

The third man took his jaw in his fist. "Good—*night!*"

Clare ran away. When the woman known as "Mrs. Eccles" saw her coming she disappeared down the steps. Clare followed.

On the beach sat a boat, a weed-soiled dory with a broken stick through a thwart and a rag of sail. A second coastguard leaned on the gunwale, smoking a pipe. The sun, pushing above the ocean, turned everything pink.

The dory sat high where the tide had left it. Not dry, though. The surf-landing had half filled it with water. In this, as in a bath, a man reclined. He was making a horrible face at Clare.

"What is it?" she asked the coastguard. "What's the matter with him? Is he—is he—dead?"

"Sure is; this one. Wa'n't quite as tough's the other one, I guess."

"But how did he—how did it come here? The—this boat?"

"Oh, got parted from some fisherman out there somewheres, on the Georgias most likely. Then most likely blowed offshore a spell. Must've been adrift quite some little while, by the looks o' things."

"But what's he making that face—why is he—sticking out his tongue?"

"You never seen thirst?"

GETTING OFF THE BANDWAGON

BY OSCAR LEWIS

AT a luncheon last summer in a Western city a citizen well known for his benefactions got to his feet and talked before a group of business and professional men for, perhaps, fifteen minutes. It was the first public speech of his career. He spoke in a quiet, conversational tone, with none of the orator's tricks of gesture or articulation. Yet before he had said a dozen words the room had become so quiet that the dropping of the proverbial pin would have sounded like a commotion.

"Let us begin," he had remarked casually, "by recognizing that the booster has outlived his usefulness."

He could hardly have found a sentence better calculated to jar his audience into immediate attention. Coming from a man of unquestioned public spirit, of demonstrated devotion to the common good, his words had all the reassuring and tranquilizing effect of a bombshell. He continued in the same vein, presenting the first telling indictment of booster aims and accomplishments that most of his audience had ever heard.

"I venture to predict," he remarked in closing, "that within a very short time we shall see a nation-wide reaction against boosterism in all its forms. We shall be made to realize that we have been on the wrong track. We have been following the bandwagon blindly, and the bandwagon has led us into a very dubious neighborhood indeed. We shall have to beat back to more attractive surroundings. That will be our problem. It will be a long, dusty journey, and we won't like it. But it will have to be made."

The body of his short speech was a temperate, common-sense arraignment of the doctrines which underlie the national mania for bigger and better everything.

"In the past few years we have succeeded in accomplishing a very remarkable thing. We have convinced ourselves that doing is vastly more important than being. We have tried to stamp out the personal equation, to deny that living is an individual problem, and that the first concern of the individual is to live his life as fully and comfortably as his circumstances permit. We have reached the point where we are ashamed to acknowledge in public that a sense of personal well-being is the part of life that chiefly concerns us. We shall get back to earth on the day we realize that a city is not, fundamentally, a collection of buildings, which should be made bigger, but a collection of human beings, who should be made more comfortable. We are already beginning to make progress. The average man is no longer flattered when the epithet booster is applied to him. In a few years it will be a term of open derision."

Since the day he listened to that informal and devastating little speech the writer has been curious to know how far the statements made there square up with the facts. He has kept his ears and eyes open, and he has read, and he has asked questions. He has learned a number of things that surprised him, and that may surprise others. If he were asked to-day, "Is the booster era about to come to an end?" his answer would be an unqualified "Yes."

II

It will be interesting to examine the evidence. The inquiry will be confined to California, both because it is here that boosterism has sunk its roots deepest into the soil and reached its most luxurious growth, and because signs of reaction are already visible here and are not yet visible in other parts of the country.

Here it is easy to trace the evolution of the booster, and when the Californian remarks, as he sometimes does, that he adopted boosterism by force of circumstances, he is speaking the truth. The beginnings take us back twenty-five years. About 1900 an interesting and significant movement began to get under way; its origin, not in California, but fifteen hundred miles to the east. Half a dozen agricultural states in the Middle West, Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Missouri . . . were then just finishing what was without doubt the most laboriously hard-working quarter-century in the history of the country. The industry of the Middle-Western farmer was so remarkable that it became a national byword. Throughout the entire region breakfast was served in farmhouse kitchens at four-thirty, and at the end of the day teams were unharnessed and stabled by lantern-light. It was a period of unrelenting toil, a long-continued and bitter struggle to "get on." It was also a period of almost unparalleled progress. There were temporary setbacks, bad years when crops were poor or prices ruinously low, but in general the line of prosperity followed a steadily ascending curve. By 1900 there were scattered throughout the district literally tens of thousands of middle-aged farmers and businessmen who had made comfortable fortunes. These had the means and the leisure to travel, and presently they also got the desire. They traveled.

A great many came to California and a certain number—a rather large number—liked it so well that they decided to remain. The mild winter climate was then, as it is now, one of the chief attractions. By permitting them to live outdoors the year around, the climate, combined with rest, restored to health and activity many bodies which a lifetime of hard work had brought near the grave. News of the sort of life to be lived on the Coast spread through the Middle West. In a few years it came to be the accepted thing for prosperous citizens to move to California when they retired. The migration, beginning about 1900, has continued ever since, reaching its height during the decade between 1905 and 1915. It was in these ten years that California, and in particular, southern California, found the wealth of the Middle West pouring over its borders at the rate of millions of dollars a month.

We come now to what is meant when the Californian says that he had boosterism thrust upon him. The tide of settlers from the East brought sudden and sharp stimulation to the business life of a region that had been taking its responsibilities lightly. There was land to be sold, houses to be built and furnished, a wide variety of new needs to be supplied. All these things were required quickly, and all were paid for liberally, in cash. It was a new California gold rush, and speed and quantity were the only essentials to success. The man who built the most houses, and built them first, reaped the biggest reward, and what was true of individuals was true of cities. The result was the abrupt appearance of a spirit of intense, bitter competition which for twenty years was to run through the commercial life of the state, and to wash over into the social life, developing attitudes of mind which to-day color the opinions of ninety per cent of the citizens. It has shown signs of abating only within the past two or three years.

The beginning of this period of intense competition was the beginning of the booster era. Its original intention was to attract the attention of buyers by pointing out the unrivaled advantages

of the particular residences being built by a particular one of the competing contractors. Its growth was a natural one. Beginning with the rivalry of individuals, it spread in widening circles until its waves agitated the whole pool. It was presently no longer enough that the contractor's twelve-room modified Italian-Moorish villa should be the ultimate triumph of domestic architecture; it must also be the best house on the block. The block, in turn, must be incomparably the most desirable in the subdivision, the subdivision the finest in the city, and the city the finest in the world. The forwarding of these commercial rivalries, hence, presently became not merely individual, but community concerns. There followed an epidemic of organizations formed for the purpose of boosting this, that, or the other; a surprisingly numerous and serious-minded group of clubs and associations and societies all actively and loudly extolling the advantages (which were not always visible) of a particular street, a particular neighborhood, a particular city or county, or a particular half of the state. They were mutual benefit associations and their chief purpose was to attract settlers to their own areas and away from those of their rivals. This purpose saw one slight modification: it was presently narrowed to an effort to attract, not settlers in general, but settlers with capital. Those without capital were privileged to settle elsewhere if they so pleased.

How large a part this campaign of individual and organized boosterism has played in the growth of the state during this past quarter of a century must remain problematical. That the growth was in a large part natural and would have occurred without the artificial stimulus of chamber of commerce publicity bureaus, of development drives, of million dollar funds for national advertising, and other devices to which the booster points with pride is, to say the least, a not impossible theory. But rightly or wrongly, the credit has gone to the booster, and he has accepted it gracefully and with a pleasant sense of having done his duty, and having done it—to be quite frank—remarkably well. He presently came to think rather well of himself and his work. He had but to look at the impressive story told by the census reports, the statistics relating to bank clearings, the activities within the building trades, to find ample confirmation of his private opinions on the subject.

III

Meantime he, and the whole theory of boosterism, had undergone a remarkable metamorphosis. He had started with a purely personal and commercial aim—that of selling his own product in a highly competitive market, and he had wound up twenty years later in the guise of public benefactor, as a sort of minor empire builder. The change in his role had been accomplished by such imperceptible degrees that he himself was seldom aware of the transition. Until very recently his satisfaction in his accomplishments was unclouded by a single doubt. There were, to be sure, a few novelists and a few agitators who had poked rather barbed fun at him and his clubs and conventions, but these had hardly ruffled his calm. That the next attack would come, not from mere irresponsible outsiders, but from some of the most influential and thoughtful of his former leaders certainly never entered his head. The onslaught, when it came, shook solid ground from beneath his feet.

Signs that the booster era was approaching its end began to grow manifest when citizens here and there started to question very seriously the wisdom of continuing to strive after size. It got its first impetus when circumstances brought home the fact that census figures and bank clearings fail to tell the whole story; that these supposedly infallible gauges of progress do not necessarily bear a favorable relation to the matter that chiefly concerns the average

citizen; that is, himself. When they finally awakened to the fact that, after a certain point has been passed, further growth means a corresponding decrease in personal comfort, the reaction against boosterism began to gather force. As yet, this truth is far from universally comprehended, but it is winning disciples daily. Presently will come the landslide. To-day one hears with portentous frequency the flat statement that "we don't want more population." Five years ago such an announcement would have been considered revolutionary; to-day it is looked on as a possibility that must at least be faced, as a legitimate subject for debate.

Almost unanimously, the deserters from the bandwagons of the boosters name personal discomfort as the cause of their leaving. The cycle thus has been completed and the problem has come back where it started—to the individual.

A man who in 1925 gave up his membership in two booster organizations and announced that he would make no further contributions to any fund intended to attract more population to his city had this to say in explanation of his heresy:

"For ten years the conditions under which my family and I have been living have been growing, not more attractive, but less so. During that time the population of the city has increased almost one-third. In 1915 we led a comparatively unhampered existence. Our children went to public schools which were not overcrowded, and which were within reasonable distance of our home. There were open spaces in our neighborhood where they could play, and the air we breathed was something more than a mixture of factory smoke and gasoline fumes. It was still possible on Sundays to drive out into the country and see something besides the stop-signal on the car six feet ahead. It was even possible to drive my car to work when I felt like it, and for my wife to use it when she went shopping. She could find parking space within a block or two of where she wanted to go, and even in midafternoon she could generally find someone to wait on her in the shops.

"She does her shopping now over the telephone, which is revolting to all her inherited instincts. She goes downtown now only when she cannot avoid it, and when she goes she rides on the street cars. I do the same. We have not had our car downtown in six months; I gave up trying to drive it to work two years ago. I leave home half an hour earlier than I used to and I get back forty-five minutes later. That's not the whole story, but it is enough to indicate what ten years of progress have done for me. That's why I refuse to grow enthusiastic over new schemes to attract another hundred thousand. It seems to me that it is time to stop for a while and try to get back some of our lost freedom."

There is no logical answer to this man's complaint because there have been no compensating advantages to balance his lost conveniences. He differs from tens of thousands of others only because he has voiced his dissatisfaction. When these others presently join in, the solo voices will swell into an overwhelming chorus. The result? Exit the booster, and the collapse of his "Million by 1940" campaign.

IV

The question arises: What will come after? One may be certain that there will be no sudden diminishing of activity, no abrupt simmering down to quiescence. The energy which for twenty years has carried on the campaign of militant boosterism will hardly evaporate overnight, and the habit of acting co-operatively in the furthering of common causes is too well ingrained to permit its falling into disuse. This formidable organization and force will presently be applied in other directions, and the result will be worth watching.

In warfare a successful advance involves the immediate responsibility of rendering the new line tenable, and the march of national growth requires sim-

ilar halts while new positions are consolidated, intentions and accomplishments verified and corrected, and the parts considered in relation to the whole. Peacetime consolidation has its problems. What are some of them?

Chief of all is the necessity of winning back some of the personal comforts we have been tossing away with such engaging indifference. To accomplish this, we must first throw overboard, bag and baggage, the impossible theory that a consideration for individual convenience is in any way detrimental to good citizenship. It needs to be recognized that such concerns are at least as worthy of consideration as "public" policies like population increase and the development of manufacturing facilities. On the day these matters assume their proper importance the battle will be practically won, and they are already beginning to move to the fore.

The energy is at hand, and the organization, and the direction in which the campaign will progress is at least indicated. Necessarily, discussion of the aims of the post-booster era is still largely theoretical, but one occasionally hears a concrete plan of action. Here is one opinion that is worth quoting. The speaker is typical of the growing class of thoughtful citizens who in parting company with boosterism have not felt that they were sacrificing their obligations as citizens.

"If our population growth were to stop to-morrow, it would still take us ten years to put the city back on a basis where its advantages as a place to live will again outweigh its drawbacks. We are like a child who has outgrown not only his clothes, but his thoughts and everything he touches and uses. We shall have to provide him with a new outfit in keeping with his size, but more important than this, he needs the facilities for satisfying his new interests, for exercising the faculties that are his by right of his new estate.

"A very large part of the problem will concern the purely mechanical job of catching up. There is not one of our public utilities, for instance, water, sewers, telephone, garbage, gas, and electricity, that doesn't need overhauling from top to bottom—their own officials are first to admit it. These systems have been growing so fast about the edges that there has been no time to strengthen the centers. Transportation —and this includes traffic control, and widening present streets and cutting new ones—is another enormous job. Then there is the matter of parks and playgrounds, and the further matter of the public-school system, to say nothing of such needs as an adequate library system, and museums, and art galleries, and music. The truth of the matter is that for years we have had time only for makeshifts, and the point where makeshifts will do has been reached and passed. Under the circumstances it is folly to want to grow bigger. We can't grow in and out at the same time. We can't continue indefinitely to accept population statistics as a substitute for the common conveniences of life.

"We shall have to do a complete about face on this population question. This is not guesswork; it is a demonstrated fact. There is no other course open to us. We have our job cut out for us, and it will not include any clever schemes for stimulating further population growth. The important question will have to be not How many? but How? What we need is to narrow this broad view we've been so proud of until it includes our own back alleys, and then go to work. After ten years or so, perhaps we'll have something more than mere chaotic size to exhibit to the world. Perhaps we shall have something vastly more civilized and attractive: a convenient, interesting, pleasant place to live."

Convenient, interesting, pleasant. The words sound tame to the ears of the empire builder. He was brought up on lordlier slogans. Yet if these become the aims of the citizens of the post-booster era we may safely forget some of our fears for the future of the cities.

ARE THE ENGLISH EGOTISTS?

BY FRANK SWINNERTON

"One of the things that amused me most was his (Admiral Von Tirpitz's) suggestion that the English looked down upon Germans and considered them their inferiors."—Colonel House, May 27, 1914

THE English, who are as much a mixed race as the Americans, have throughout the globe a notable reputation for contempt. They are said to be arrogant from a sense of superiority to all other nations. Admiral Von Tirpitz thought in 1914 that they looked down upon Germans. Many American writers, even to-day, assert that they look down upon Americans. And as no man cares to be despised, particularly by the English, the English are often attacked upon the ground that, nationally, they are egotists. It would appear that they must be the most unpopular nationality in the world. Are they?

It is not my experience. It is my experience—and a very strange one, I assure you, but not for that reason unusual—that I have only to say, "I am English," and immediately I am given the best that is to be had. An American woman with English blood and a distinctly—though not aggressively—English air, once told me that in one of the big cities in the Middle West she drove up to a traffic policeman and asked if she might park her car at a certain point. His reply, after a sharp glance, was, "An Englishwoman, madam, may park her car *anywhere*."

It will be said, "How nice for the Englishwoman! But what about reciprocal treatment? Are Americans in England informed that they may park their cars anywhere?" The answer is quite brief. They are not. I am told that some Americans in England experience great discourtesy. If that is true, I regret it. I do not think the English, as a rule, are either effusive or discourteous. But as far as the difference lies between the treatment of English visitors in America and the treatment of American visitors in England, I shall return to the subject later in this article, as I have a theory to propound.

There remains the first onset of the question: "Are the English egotists?" In England, of course, we cannot agree to the charge of egotism. We do not know upon what facts it is based. We have a great power of contempt, it is true; but the contempt we feel is for the other English. It is for the Government of the day (always incompetent), for British officials and their pink tape, for those fellow-English who disagree with us about politics, and for what is called our national habit of muddling through. No human being is more dissatisfied with the English than we are ourselves. We assure everybody that the English are stupid, unimaginative, and inefficient. I learn from friends that in the United States it is considered something worse than bad form to "knock" one's friends or one's country: the English, on the contrary, are doing it all the time. It is their nature. From the Government to the climate, from themselves to their families, they are accustomed to look upon the dark side.

Furthermore, we have tremendous admiration for men of some other na-

tions. Serious enmity is impossible to us. We have a great admiration, to give an example, for the Irish. Mr. Pett Ridge in one of his novels described a stout Cockney lady at a concert, weeping as she listened to a song called "Killarney." "Anything about Ireland," she said, "always makes me cry. I come from Peckham." We praise the Irish, we acclaim their writers. We tell them they are the only Playboys of the Western World; that they have the genius and we the grovelling habits of common sense. The Irish repay us with indignation. The more we love and admire them, the more indignant, the more truculent they become. "The English," said the celebrated Tim Healy, "succeeded in oppressing us so long by putting it about that we were a very clever people, and that they were a stupid people. Now we *ar-r-ent, and they ar-r-re!*"

It is beginning to be the same with the United States. We show our appreciation of the Ford car by using it all over the country. We keep that schoolgirl complexion with American soap; we give a hearty welcome to American novels and films and plays, which accordingly choke our theaters and our picture palaces and our libraries; we gape at the American genius for mechanics, for organization, for the study of the past (the *Times* refers to-day to an American professor as "the first living Palæontologist") with something approaching marvel; we regard the United States as the only hope of saving the world for civilization; and, although there are still some Americans who feel English blood running warm through their veins, there are many more, and these are particularly vocal, who accuse us of egotism, who accuse us of systematically ignoring or belittling the work of their country. To vary the words of Admiral Von Tirpitz, these Americans charge the English with "looking down upon Americans and considering them their inferiors."

Where a charge of this sort is so freely made there must be some reason for it; and I think it would be foolish not to admit that there are conceited people in England. I have seen a few of them. I dislike them more than I can say. But they are individuals. Are there none elsewhere? Nobody will pretend that conceit among individuals is otherwise than common to all countries. What is alleged is that the English, *as a nation*, are conceited. This I deny. But there is some truth in the charge, if one goes deep enough. During the War a little Cockney, transplanted to Canada, offered himself for enlistment. He gave his birthplace as London. "London, Ontario?" asked the sergeant. "Naow!" cried the little man, indignantly. "London the 'ole bloody world!"

And once, when I was traveling in a foreign country with a close friend whose views upon the English do not usually exaggerate the merits of his countrymen, we stepped on board an English ship en route for home, after a month of incompetent service. We saw the sailors and stewards of the English ship neatly and methodically dealing with all matters proper to a ship and the comfort of its passengers. "After all," said my friend, resignedly, "there is *something* in belonging to the greatest nation in the world." He put his hands in his pockets and surveyed the scene with majestic calm.

Is not that the tone that critics of the English resent? I believe it is. But why do they resent it? National pride in a Spaniard creates no resentment. In a Chinaman it would be tolerable. A Dane, a Swiss, a Czech might with perfect reason claim that his countrymen represented the finest type known to modern civilization, and the remark might provoke argument, or amusement, or even assent. Only when the assumption is made by an Englishman does it provoke annoyance. Why is that? I offer an explanation.

When I was young, if I had enjoyed some lucky chance, I used jokingly to say, "I am a very clever fellow." The statement was accepted. As time wore on I noticed that if I said, "I am one of the cleverest fellows in the universe"

some discomfort and embarrassment was caused to my listeners. They said, "You're not as clever as you *think* you are," and so on. Now I have never thought of myself as particularly clever. I have even been warned against too much modesty. But modesty could give me no explanation of the embarrassment I caused by saying, "I am a very clever fellow." The explanation came to me one day in a mood of sudden incandescence. My friends did not object to my self-praise, which they knew to be jocular, as long as it linked up with no thought in their own minds. But as I began to publish books, and receive outside praise, my friends were troubled by my claims to greatness. They began to suspect that these claims held some terrible germ of truth. They were alarmed. Hence the snubs which followed. Now the point of this story is that I am English. The English are in the habit of saying—jocularly or tentatively—"The English are the Salt of the Earth." It has been left to the men of other nations to believe this.

II

I will tell you why I make the above suggestion. If you will look at the map of the world, you will see that British territory is colored red, and that (apart from the sea, which the English are said to regard as a British possession) there is more red in the map than any color. But if you look for the heart of the British Empire, you will see that it lies in a very small island off the coast of France. Looking upon the map, your first thought is of the material wealth, the power, and perhaps even the greatness, of the British Empire. Your second thought may dwell upon the fact that this wealth and power and greatness has all proceeded from the inhabitants of that tiny, that insignificant island. Looking at the British Empire from the outside, in fact, you perceive its magnitude. Reading its history, you realize what its extraordinary growth has been *in the last three centuries.* In three hundred years, the English have acquired all these tremendous resources of wealth and power. You cannot help admiring the breed that has acquired so much, and in such short time. You may criticize that breed, but you are indisposed to deny it a considerable place in the history of the world.

So much for the outside view. The Englishman, upon the inside, is unaware that all over the world the internal affairs of his country are incessantly under examination. He does not know that his football results are to be read in the New York *Times;* he does not know that quite minor political incidents, which hardly creep into his own cheaper newspapers, are studied in Madrid and Copenhagen, in Prague and Warsaw and Pekin, in Tokyo, Lisbon, Paris, Rome, New York, as if they had an importance for the world. He does not know, because to him the British Empire stands for something vague, while his thoughts are turning to his own summer holiday, or the machine he is using, or the bat with which he is to play cricket upon Saturday afternoon. During the War there was a recruiting poster which said, "Is this Yours? Fight for it!" The words were set under a map—and it was not a map of the British Empire, but a map of England. If you say "British Empire" to an Englishman, he may look solemn, but he will rarely look possessive. If you say "England" his face will light up.

That is the point that I am making. If one who is not of England thinks of an Englishman he supposes him to be possessor of half the world, and conscious of his possessions. Nothing could be more false. The average Englishman's heart, whatever his address, resides in England. It is the English countryside, the English town that he loves. He may fight for the Empire, but his patriotism is a small, intense thing, born of the love of a locality. Mr. Stuart Sherman once wrote that whenever an English poet wished to describe some-

thing beautiful he did it with perfect simplicity by saying "an English rose," "an English lane," and so on. Not conceit, you perceive, but love. The Englishman does not understand or care for that notion of patriotism which is summed up in the French "*la Patrie.*" Imperialism in England is the obsession of a clique; it is not even a mob notion. And, accordingly, when one who is not English meets an Englishman he is mistaken in supposing that the Englishman has his mental eye fixed upon a map of the world. He is probably conjuring up a picture of his garden or his chickens, his lathe, or his automobile engine, and is unaware of the fact that his pensiveness is being assumed by a spectator to be arrogance.

I recall discussing this point once with a Russian, to whom I said how interested and impressed I had been by the Continental habit of beginning a conversation with a stranger by a statement of name and, at times, of occupation. My friend brushed aside my liking for this frankness. He said—I give his exact words, "In England it is unnecessary. On the Continent one is assumed not to exist until one gives such details. In England, although perhaps one may not be spoken to, one's existence is immediately recognized. It is admitted. The English are old political nation. They have grasped idea of liberty—of individual freedom."

If I may say so, I think this is true. But I think also that there is truth in what I said above of the smallness of the average Englishman's interests. He loves his home, he loves his play (some few Englishmen love their work, but all love their play), he likes getting dirty and puddling about with tools and earth. But he does not as a rule take much interest in himself. Nor does he take much interest in the idea of greatness, whether it is his own or his country's greatness. Mr. Bernard Shaw (an Irishman, but in some respects typically English) said the other day, when he was seventy, that he was disconcerted by a popular effort to regard him as a great man. "I haven't got the great man feeling," he added. Of course he has not. He has spent his life in telling the public that he is one of the cleverest fellows in the Universe; and he has been snubbed for his pains. He has given many people the notion that he is extremely conceited. Those who know Mr. Shaw believe him, for all his irrepressible exuberance, to be one of the most modest men alive. Is my meaning clear? It is that Mr. Shaw has gone on with his job, not caring very much what was said or thought of him, boasting of his greatness (because he thought it amusing to do so), and in the end, after the execrations which greeted his boasts had died down, reaching the age of seventy without ever experiencing the great man feeling.

Incidentally, Mr. Shaw has gained his tremendous popularity with the English public by continually railing and laughing at the English. In "Cæsar and Cleopatra" the character of Britannicus, and in "John Bull's Other Island" the character of Broadbent, have given the English public more delight, perhaps, than any other of Mr. Shaw's dramatis personæ. Why? Because in those two parts Mr. Shaw has showered his scornful laughter upon the English. Because he has taken the common English idea that the English are stupid, and has pictured stupid, complacent, muddling Englishmen as comic characters. Because the English, who do not know or care very much about themselves, were delighted to find that English stupidity is so amusing when it is handled by a great wit. I doubt whether any other nation has idolized its satirists as England has done. I doubt if any other nation could have enjoyed, against itself, Gilbert's laughter:

> He is an Englishman.
> For he himself has said it,
> And it's greatly to his credit,
> That he is an Englishman!

For he might have been a Rooshian,
A French or Turk or Prooshian,
Or perhaps I-tal-i-an.

But in spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations
He remains an Englishman, etc.

III

Adverse critics may say that the English imperturbability in the face of criticism is due to self-complacency. Let these critics try the effect of ridicule upon the most complacent person of their acquaintance. They must ridicule deftly, of course, and not with rancor (for that is not ridicule), and they must choose genuine ground for ridicule. But if, after this effort, they find the ridiculed person more affectionate to them than ever, they can rest assured that if he has not English blood he has a spiritual affinity with the English. The cruelest thing one can say about any Englishman is that he is well-meaning. The most scathing thing—it will provoke anger—is to call him a liar. But the hardest thing of all, which is said by the English with a shaken head of bewilderment, is that he can't see a joke against himself.

For, contrary to a very wide-spread American belief, the English sense of humor is capacious. Mr. H. G. Wells cries out against it. He finds in it much of that carelessness, that ridicule of earnestness, that indifference to failure (which I fancy he thinks an assumed indifference, taught at our public schools), which he so much condemns in his countrymen. In his new book, *The World of William Clissold*, Mr. Wells makes one of his characters say:

"This damned sense of humour! . . . You might do a decent thing that would make you look a bit high-falutin'. And so you do a shabby, lazy, second-rate thing instead, and grin and say, 'Thank God I've got a sense of humour.' . . . All this gentlemanly grinning and smirking and enjoying the quiet fun of it unassumingly . . . Those chaps who won't take themselves seriously ought to have been headed off by birth control and never begun. All this half-doing things! All this living with the guts out!"

The average Englishman will read this outburst with sympathy. He will feel that it expresses truth. But it will make no impression upon him, because it does not make him laugh. It sounds angry. And the whole English convention is against anger. It is against any appearance of effort, any boastfulness, any suggestion of singularity. It is based upon the fetish of sport. In England games are played with laughter. Victory is sweet, and men will do much to attain it; but a well-fought game, be the result what it may, is rarely a source of bitterness to the vanquished. Naturally, this convention of indifference to victory is an exasperation to those who take games seriously, and to those who take life seriously. It seems to them to show a levity which is hindering progress all the time. So it is. They are quite right. But this convention is precisely the reason why egotism is the most unpopular thing in England. The conceited Englishman who takes himself seriously has few friends. Often enough, personal conceit is doubled by personal unpopularity, if in fact a feeling of personal unpopularity has not created the exaggerated sense of merit which we call conceit.

But in spite of the fact that the English dislike conceit—or bumptiousness—they have a vanity. It is that the English, although not clever, or imaginative, or in any other way distinguished among those of other nationalities (especially the Irish, by whose gifts the English are invariably dazzled), are marked by strong common sense; that they are reliable, obstinate, stolid, solid, decent human beings; that they scorn to take an unfair advantage of opponents; and that they stick to their bargains. This is the English vanity. Not that the English are better than others, but that with all their faults they are sensible—whether *more* sensible, will depend upon the individual. Such observers as Colonel

House support this vanity, for Colonel House says (under date Jan. 20, 1917): "With the English, one knows where one is. They may be stubborn and they may be stupid, but they are reliable." Those words would be very sweet to most Englishmen. Most Englishmen want to be—not only to look, but to be—ordinary, common sense, solid, decent sportsmen. But reliable. Men who will not let other men down. Men who will play the game. Men who will pass unnoticed in a crowd.

Fate is against them. Some Englishmen, in spite of all efforts, turn out to be clever. Some, trying to play the game—either of sport or war or exploration—have discovered new lands, have made fortunes or reputations, have created prosperity or ruin (but generally prosperity) in all parts of the world. By accident, I say; by design, say foreign admirers of England; by graft, hypocrisy, cunning, tyranny, says the enemy of England. Which of us is right?

Some Englishmen, of course, are terrible. Most of them improve upon acquaintance. If one gets closer to them one finds the frigid air, and what we call the "public school" voice and pronunciation (it is far from common in England, though it is supposed to be universal) to be but mannerisms. Even so, frigidity is only the attribute of a class in England. Some people call this the Civil Servant class; but as I know several very inoffensive Civil Servants, and have heard of many more, I am driven to make another definition. Others call it the "Oxford manner," and these, too, show slight acquaintance with Oxford men, who vary tremendously, in manner as in character. In my opinion, the objectionably mannered men in England, who give foreigners the impression that the English as a nation are egotists, are the intellectuals, the *intelligentzia*. Most of them are to be found among those who have at one or other of our older universities received what is called "a classical education."

From close study of a few of these classical students, I have come to the conclusion that the classical education in England makes a man feel high and haughty. Why this should be so, I do not know. He feels, apparently, that he belongs to an order apart. He despises all human beings who have not had a classical education. And for some reason the English classical education seems to him to be the best in the world. With this sense of superiority, the classical student (and there are still many thousands of him in England) stalks the earth. The simple-minded of other nations regard him as a typical Englishman. They suppose his disdain to be an English disdain for foreigners. Nothing of the kind. It is the disdain of an educational aristocracy for the *hoi polloi*.

The average Englishman claims no such distinction. He seeks only to be normal, inconspicuous. When he seems aloof and repressive, it is because he is trying to be invisible! It is the intellectual, conscious of communing with the products of the dead languages which his neighbors do not understand, who feels above the world. Not, however, because he is English. His contempt for the English is exquisite. He is not popular with the English. He does not do anything, except turn up his nose; and he turns up his nose because he does not do anything. I mean, he makes no contribution to his country's good, or the world's good, except to deny the importance or the interest of all that is native and all that is vigorous. He stands frigidly, like a notice-board which says, "Trespassers will be prosecuted."

As I say, this type is not conceited about England or the English. It is conceited about its own education, about its own type. The average Englishman could not properly be conceited about his education, because the education of most Englishmen is so much powder in the jam of comradeship and sport. We are not a highly educated nation. All we like to do is to get on with the job

that interests us. For this reason, such ambitious men as are born in England have a comparatively light task before them. They can always push past the mass of their fellows. What the average Englishman wants is a living wage, peace and quiet, a little leisure, and games—these games, if possible, to involve the use of a ball. As to wanting the whole earth, or measuring himself with the men of other nations, the desires never occur to him. He is not much interested in other nations, whom he regards as a little queer, a little excitable, but anyway as not his business.

With Americans (and here I fulfil a promise made earlier in this article) the average Englishman is upon different terms. The English will continue forever, I think, to regard the Americans as their younger cousins. This explains their bewilderment and slight impatience with what has been called "the American Language." It is a pity that the American language should sound like an English dialect; for while the English readily adopt American slang in colloquial speech, they do not very quickly absorb into their written language any slang whatever. This leads some Americans, ignorant of the fact that there is a racy English slang, which is similarly excluded from written English, to suppose that the English have a prejudice against American phrases as such. Not at all. What they feel is that written English is on the whole Standard English; and that written English necessarily differs from spoken English, as well as from any other kind of English. It is a part of the English conservatism, and implies no slight whatever.

But it is true that the English, like other older nations, suppose that all who speak their language are in fact their relations. They take no heed of the fact that the inhabitants of the United States are a comparatively recent mixture of races. They cannot grasp, because few of them have leisure or opportunity to cross the Atlantic, how Americans in New York differ from Americans in Georgia or California, and again from Americans of the Middle West. To the English, all Americans are cousins. And when Americans come to England the English *treat them as cousins!* They look upon the slightly different clothes, accents, and manners of the visitors as family differences. Now, the English attitude to members (even distant members) of their own family is quite different from the English attitude to strangers. It is not an attitude that I, personally, approve, or one that is practiced in my home; but there are many customs in the world which I do not care for, and this is one of them. I cannot exhibit the custom better than by quoting a joke of the English comic artist, Mr. George Belcher. His drawing represents a very disheveled lady who has had a bad Channel crossing. A stewardess, approaching sympathetically, is asking whether the lady would like to wash before landing. "It doesn't matter, thanks," groans the lady. "I'm only going to relations."

There is a similar note in Sterne's *Tristram Shandy*, written one hundred and fifty years ago, in which Mr. Shandy decides not to shave before paying a visit to some mummies, as "'twill be more like relations to go with our beards on." I do not propose to attempt to justify this slovenliness, which in some families goes so far as the neglect of common considerateness; but I instance it as showing why there is a difference between the American attitude to the English and the English attitude to Americans. The Americans, when visited, are found to be sociable, eager to please, and delighted to display their community. The visited English are obsessed by the notion that "they must take us as they find us." Americans are young, quick, zestful for change and fresh contacts and fresh experiences. The English are very old, very indisposed towards fresh contacts, which they consider to be an interruption of the day's work, not inhospitable, but full of routine, full of dislike of interference, dis-

turbance, and what is called "fuss." The difference is one of habit only. No question of national egotism is involved. There is more national pride in a single city in the United States than there is in the whole of England.

But upon neither side is there any question of excessive egotism. The American, if my suggestion earlier is true, has an urge to visit the Old World from which his ancestors sprang. He comes full of enthusiasm. Sometimes, I am afraid, full of boast and cocksureness, and ready to find our hotels defective—as they are. But then he comes to England to see the antique. He is met by an apparent coldness and a stolidness to which his own country offers no parallel. Having "looked upon the map when it was red," he supposes the coldness to be due to pride of national achievement, and to disdain of himself. This is not the case. So far from being coldly egotistical, the average Englishman naïvely thinks of the average American as a very boastful, go-ahead fellow. He thinks that Americans are impatient with English slowness. He is even rather obstinately resolved not to be rattled by this American impatience, or by what he regards as the hobbledehoyish American habit of "going gay," or by the rush of American tourists to see antiquities which, as they are next door to him, he has never troubled to examine. But his lack of curiosity, his unreadiness to abandon habits which go back for centuries, his love of the garden, the newspaper, the (to an American) intolerably somnolent game of cricket are all natural to the Englishman. So is his love of the empty railway carriage, of solitary work, of almost speechless friendliness with those who are most dear to him.

It is not a sense of superiority to strangers. The comparison is rarely made, indeed, because English national consciousness is quiescent except in time of crisis. Nor is it an egotism personal to himself. It is an instinctive love of detachment, of semi-solitude, and an absorption in the idea of tranquility and his own job. I notice the same habit among farmers and mechanics, among writers and among artists. Sometimes the Englishman does think of the British Empire as something rather wonderful; but as he is never very sure what parts of the world constitute that Empire, and as he never looks at the reddened map to ascertain, he quickly loses interest in the subject and returns to his work.

This comes of living upon a small island with a variable climate, where ancient institutions are still powerful, and where for centuries the most priceless of institutions—the liberty of the individual—has been less proclaimed, and more observed than it has been, perhaps, anywhere in Europe. It comes of thinking of England as "home." It comes of not having the great man feeling, or the great nation feeling, but experiencing a peculiar warmth of the heart when the word "England" is named. And, of course, it comes of believing somewhere, far down, that he would rather be an Englishman than anything else, because "with the English, one knows where one is. They may be stubborn and they may be stupid, but they are reliable." Is that very egotistical of him? Somehow it seems to me that it is quite bearably modest. I, for one, clearly as I see the greatness of other nations, and much as I love many of those who live scattered about the world, have this incorrigible love of England and the English. It is a love and not a complacency. Therefore, when it is said by Americans that the English are arrogant I feel bound to challenge the assertion and to remind such critics that every nation has its bounders, its snobs, its autocrats, and its fools, and that while there are some thousands of insufferable Englishmen in the world, the majority of my countrymen have less national vaingloriousness and less egotism than their apparent preoccupation with their own greatness, backed up by that redness upon the world map, might lead strangers to suppose.

THE PORTRAIT

A STORY

BY PHOEBE H. GILKYSON

THE fat old butler blinked suspiciously in the July glare. Mrs. Chandler's friends knew she mustn't be disturbed earlier than four o'clock, but Mrs. Wickes brushed past him into the cool wide hall.

"Jacob, I know Mrs. Chandler is resting," she said hurriedly in her high monotonous voice, "but I'll wait. I must see her soon as possible."

He would have led her into the drawing-room, but she turned to the library, on the right.

"Tell the nurse I'm here," she bade him. "Don't disturb Mrs. Chandler; I'll read until she comes down."

Mrs. Wickes, tall and sunburnt, stood for a moment by the table. She plucked off her small mannish hat and pushed damp wisps of short gray hair back from her clever, rather ugly face. Her eyes darted restlessly about the shadowy room, where books in tapestried rows mounted to the ceiling. Long windows, behind fretted silk blinds, were rectangles of ivory against the afternoon heat, and roses in a huge green bowl drooped limply, too weak to shed their petals. Mrs. Wickes moved suddenly to a telephone on a side table and, taking the receiver from its hook, left it deliberately disconnected. Then she drifted back to a linen covered chair, and lighted a cigarette. Her fingers drummed the arm of her chair; she puffed her cigarette in short quick puffs, while her gaze seemed held by a piece of Chinese embroidery between two windows. Jacob creaked again across the hall.

"Mrs. Chandler wasn't asleep, and says she'll be down in a few minutes," he reported.

When he had gone Mrs. Wickes rose from her chair and, drawing aside the Chinese drapery, revealed a portrait set into the panelled wall. Primarily it met the eye as an inlay of bold color, blue-green and gold, flesh and black. This translated itself into the full-length likeness of a young woman in a close-fitting white gown of a mode twenty years gone; slender for that opulent period, a bit awkward in a coltish way, but instinct with vitality. Even the absurd pompadour into which her satin-black hair was drawn, the tight waist and long skirt couldn't spoil the impression of youthful arrogance, or distract from the clear audacity of her gray-green eyes, under their oddly arched lids. Mrs. Wickes, studying the face, turned as a wheel-chair glided softly into the room, propelled by a trained nurse.

"Don't waste your time on that callow snip, Marion Wickes," commanded Mrs. Chandler gaily. "I want all your attention myself. My dear, it is good to see you. Thank you, Miss Murphy; everything's fine. Run along, I won't need you until bedtime." In a teagown of thin, trailing green she lay back upon her cushions, a picture of exquisite indolence, subduing even the bitter restraint of a wheel-chair to her personality.

Marion Wickes looked from her hostess to the portrait in naïve embarrassment, as one caught involuntarily between

forces hostile to each other, loath to offend either.

"I was reminding myself of her," she explained. "It's strange, Ellen, how you take the color out of her. You—you burn with a whiter light. Perhaps that's why you keep her covered." She studied Mrs. Chandler now as she had studied the portrait. It was true that the vivid coloring of Ellen as a girl paled beside her more gracious maturity. The black hair now was lustrous white, cut short and loosely waved, but her skin was untroubled as a child's, and the eyes under their arched lids were softly brilliant. In looking at her one thought first of spun glass—she seemed so luminous and fine—but there was no fragility in the quick turn of her head or the movement of her strong white arms. She was not the obvious fulfillment of the angular, eager youngster of the portrait; the two personalities defied, rather than supplemented each other. She was beautiful now, with a more feminine, pliant loveliness; the aggression was gone, and the ruthlessness of adolescence had yielded to a remote, inscrutable serenity.

"That's a very handsome speech," she observed. "I hope she heard you. I keep her covered because she is nineteen and I'm thirty-six; isn't that reason enough to hate her? Aren't you dead with the heat? You are thinner; I'm afraid you are working too hard, now that you are a feared and respected business woman. You haven't been here for an age."

"I never see anyone, much. But I enjoy work; it keeps me out of mischief and augments my income agreeably. You are the only person I really care about seeing any more. I dashed over to offer my congratulations—I'm so happy and proud to hear you won the Farnsworth Prize."

"Only third prize, and I didn't deserve that."

"What did you send, the Concerto?"

"Oh, no, I never finished the Concerto. It was just a little ballade. Allan made me send it. Marion, wasn't it you who tried to get Allan on the telephone at noon?"

"Yes, I wanted to see him right away, about the title to the Ainslee property."

"Did you catch him by long-distance?"

"No. Just missed him at two places."

"I'm so sorry I couldn't be more explicit about the address. He might be at any one of several places when he dashes off to New York."

"When will he be back?"

"Not until late, I'm afraid. I haven't seen him since yesterday afternoon. He came in last night after I was asleep, and left a note this morning to say he had played bridge at Hargraves' until quite late, and had to make an early start for New York. Shall I tell him to call you as soon as he comes in?"

"No, it will be too late." Mrs. Wickes broke a cigarette and tossed it into the fireplace.

"I'm sorry, but let's forget business. Stop fidgeting, Marion. If you don't learn to relax you'll kill yourself. Look at me; I've learned."

"Why didn't you finish the Concerto?" asked Mrs. Wickes brusquely.

Ellen laughed, but flushed a little. "One can't relax and write Concertos."

"Then you've no right to relax."

"I get such ugly lines in my forehead when I work," Ellen retorted flippantly. "And it makes me irritable. Allan couldn't stand it. Here's Jacob; let's drink and smoke and gossip. Jacob, you forgot the cucumber sandwiches."

"Mr. Allan said they wasn't good for you," Jacob informed her firmly.

"Did he?" Ellen was amused. "Wasn't that quaint of him! Marion, isn't Allan priceless?" When the butler had gone she added, "You seem a bit low, Marion. Is something worrying you?"

"I'm thinking of what you said. Are you actually letting your music go to pot, Ellen?"

"Certainly not. I play a great deal. Now don't be heavy, Marion, like

Zelinsky. He's always nagging me to do more composition. He called up this morning and insisted that I give a private recital. And he wants to bring Mr. Farnsworth to call to-morrow."

"Well, why not? Have them to luncheon and play the first movement of the Concerto. They'll make you finish it."

"Allan can't bear Zelinsky. And Mr. Farnsworth is very peculiar, I hear. Oh, Marion, I can't start things like that! One can't have time for naps and facial massage and grind away at the piano too."

"Ellen, what a silly pose!"

"It may be a pose, but it's not a silly one. Don't be disagreeable this hot day!"

"I feel disagreeable. Has Allan objected to your working seriously?"

"Marion, how can you! Allan is a saint, and spoils me frightfully, as everyone knows."

"I heard you were ill yesterday," said Mrs. Wickes. "I tried to come see you and was turned away."

"Just a headache; I coddle myself frightfully. I stayed upstairs all day and sent Allan out in the evening, because I don't like him to see me when I don't look well. But I didn't know you had been here. You are trying to change the subject, but I won't let you do it. You shan't misjudge Allan."

"I don't. But I can't see why you should cheapen yourself to please him."

"It's to please myself, don't you understand?" Her laughing manner had snapped. "Oh, Marion, if I let myself be drawn into the world of music again I'll grow frumpy and neurotic. It's too big a thing; it would involve me endlessly. And I'm too cowardly for that."

"You a coward!" Mrs. Wickes laughed.

"I am, I am! You shan't take me seriously. I won't be thought a martyr! That's the very thing I have fought against—the respectful pity of my friends. Here I am, only half a human being; if I work at my music any more I'll have no vitality left for a normal life. I'm not patient; I've merely learned not to kick against the pricks—because they hurt so. Indolence, amiability, dilletantism—that's the only gesture left to me. It's all rot, of course. Do you think I wouldn't be high-handed if I could get away with it? I'd neglect my home and my husband too if I had the chance. I'd have fits of temper if it didn't spoil my complexion—but what other asset have I, as a woman, but my looks? Oh, I mustn't think of it; I must flatter myself along from day to day until I forget that I ever wanted anything else. Do you call that courage?"

"Ellen, I love you; and I can't bear to see you submerged by the commonplace people about here. You could have a salon if you chose, with your talent and personality."

"But I've no ambition to be one of the admiring laity; I'd rather hold court myself. And Allan would be so bored. Marion, look at that beastly portrait. Can't you see that she was an autocrat, a selfish, exacting thing who demanded everything of life? She had a ruthless desire for perfection, and she knows me for a hypocrite. That's why I keep her covered. She wouldn't accept half-measures, as I have. Some day, when I've killed all of her that's left in me, I'll take down the curtain. I've almost conquered her; I'm almost the person I pretend to be. Don't you think I'm nicer than she? You didn't like me—then."

"I was afraid of you," admitted Mrs. Wickes. "I still am, but I've learned a few things myself, since then. I like it now."

"I suppose you mean that for a compliment. I'd rather you knew my weaknesses and liked me anyhow."

"Ellen, this is nonsense. What more can any of us do than try to be happy with what we have? And you are wasting your abilities."

"You are quite wrong, Marion. I am happy, as you say. My married

life is perfect, and not many women can boast of that. To keep Allan always my lover is worth some sacrifice, isn't it? Marion, I'm afraid he and I might have developed differently and drifted apart, if it hadn't been for my accident. She"—motioning toward the portrait—"never tried to adapt herself to anyone or anything. But things were easy for her. . . . You see, after my accident, the long season of pain kept me chastened and subdued. But when it abated, and I knew I should never walk again, I was like a trapped wildcat. I know what it means to waken in the morning to the feeling that even an hour of life is intolerable. Poor old Allan! How patient he was—how tender. I see now it was my pride that he saved, out of a hell of humiliation. He never for an instant let me feel that I was an impotent cripple, anything less than a normal, attractive woman. Don't I owe him everything for that? It was he that made me catch at straws of small diversions, and I found that one's mind can in time be distracted by everyday trifles. But it is horrible, Marion, to read in the uplift magazines of "shut-ins" who tell of the joy they find in religion, or canaries, or budding geranium plants. It's like bragging of using dope. It isn't noble or brave; it is craven, treacherous to life! If I were brave I'd have killed myself and left Allan free. But I'm not sorry I wasn't brave. I still have vanity and curiosity, and I get on very well as an interesting invalid, with French gowns, a taste for music, an adoring husband—and an adequate cellar. Don't dare to be sorry for me, ever. I'm much happier than you."

"That's quite true. No, I've never dreamed of the word pity in connection with you. But you haven't proved an alibi concerning your music."

"Music, Marion, takes the place of an illicit passion in my life. A woman needs that to keep young—provided she never yields to it. Try one of these Russian cigarettes; they're rather good."

"No, I've smoked too much." Mrs. Wickes crossed to a window and raised the silk blind. At the rear of the room the telephone buzzed impotently, and she caught her breath, but didn't turn her head.

"How funny! The receiver is off," exclaimed Ellen. "Fix it, will you please, Marion?"

Mrs. Wickes replaced the receiver. Instantly the bell chimed.

"Shall I answer?" she asked, her face averted.

"If you will. There's an extension in the back hall, but Jacob is so slow."

Marion Wickes took up the instrument and turned to her friend. "Ellen," she began hurriedly, "Ellen, there's something I must discuss with you, and I'm in a hurry. May I stall a bit if this is for you?"

"Of course. Why didn't you tell me . . . "

The bell peevishly interrupted.

"Hello. Yes, this is Mrs. Chandler's residence. I'm sorry; she is engaged just now; please call in half an hour." Abruptly she hung up.

"I'm sorry, Marion! Why, why did you let me indulge in so much rhetoric?"

"I wanted to hear you. It helped me, in a way."

"I knew something was on your mind. Let's have it."

But Mrs. Wickes hesitated, and pulled at her tiny lawn handkerchief with tense fingers. "I don't know why I bother you with this," she began abruptly. "But I must have your advice."

"I love to give advice."

"It's—it's about my niece, Nancy Warren; she's in a nasty scrape."

"But she's so young and pretty!"

"That's it. She flirts, and Henry is jealous."

"Jealousy is his particular mania, isn't it? I remember poor Anne."

"You see, after his first experience, he isn't apt to show much indulgence for a younger wife. But Nancy, like a fool, has found it exciting to trick him. And

now she's been caught in a rather incriminating situation."

"She wouldn't want me to hear this!"

"She would! I told her I wanted your calm, impartial judgment. She was supposed to be staying with me last night, so I'm involved. But I'm at my wit's end—I can't have that child fall in the mud, and I know Henry Warren's methods."

"The other man—will he stand by her?"

"He is married too. Try not to be too disgusted, Ellen! It's all commonplace enough. Nancy was really swept away temporarily—she married before she'd had her fling, you know—and she's a selfish, sensation-hunting little piece. But Henry really adores her and I know she'll be happy with him, once she settles down."

"The man is the one who should suffer, but of course he won't."

"I—I don't entirely blame him, Ellen. Indeed, I think it's worse for him than for her. He really fought against an entanglement, but she is impetuous and he—is a man."

Ellen moved restlessly.

"A man can do as he likes, of course," she said coldly. "But don't expect me to be sorry for him. If he is in love with her he must stand by her; if he isn't, he deserves more than he'll get."

Mrs. Wickes hesitated, still pulling at her handkerchief.

"Neither wanted the other enough to make any sacrifices," she admitted, "and I believe he did all he humanly could do to get out of it."

"Well, never mind about him for the present. The point is, how to save Nancy. Just what does Henry know about it all?"

"He knows that she left my house last night and was with the other man until about two in the morning."

"Where?"

"It all hinges on that. You see, she and her reluctant admirer had agreed to see each other no more. But Nancy, like all women, wanted one more farewell. She had reason to believe he was alone last night, so she arranged to meet him—in the back garden of his home. She was seen to enter, and to leave."

"Seen by Henry?"

"No, but he'd been suspicious, and had her watched. He was away; that's why she was with me. His man wasn't a professional detective, so he didn't dare break in upon them; but he reported to Henry this morning, and Henry, half-crazy, called upon Nancy for an explanation."

"What did she say?"

"That the man's wife was with them all evening."

"That's plausible enough."

"For anyone but Henry. Now he proposes to call upon the wife and find out."

"I see."

"She is a thoroughbred, and if she understands the situation, no doubt she'll come to the rescue. So I've been elected to tell her."

"Why must you mix in? That surely is the husband's affair." Ellen still was politely detached.

"He left this morning—for San Francisco, or some such place. A business trip. He'll be gone indefinitely."

"Well, you are the only one I'm sorry for. But you'll save Nancy from a scandal, and I hope she'll learn her lesson."

"Ellen, that isn't the big problem. But how can I make the wife understand? I'm afraid she'll think she stands in the way of their happiness."

"She'll understand all too well. She doubtless knows her husband's failings."

"She doesn't dream of it. She's an irrepressible idealist."

"She may forgive him, but she'll never forgive you for knowing about it. Make Nancy go to her—please keep out of it!"

"Nancy can't leave the house, or even telephone. She sent me a note at noon. If I don't go, the wife will hear about it from Henry. You see, it's up to me."

"I suppose it is. And yet, the thing

that will hurt her most will be to hear it from another woman."

"You still don't see the important issue. It's the man in the case. He's the one I want you to pity."

"Pity!"

"He worships his wife. She is his strength; other women are his weakness. There—there have been others. Don't you believe if she knew there were others she'd be more apt to realize how light his infatuations are? Shall I tell her that?"

"Anything you say will be wrong."

"He doesn't dally with common women, like so many men. Perhaps that would have been better. But he has charm and no sense of humor; that sort is irresistible to women. They pursue him and tell him how their husbands misunderstand them, and he's caught again. He fights against it and hates it in himself, and suffers frightfully from remorse."

"And you consider this pathetic?"

"Yes, because he really loves his wife. He puts the best of himself into his life with her, and without her faith he'll be a lost man."

"And yet he lies to her!"

"Ellen, I can understand that better than you. She is of different fiber, and he knows it. He tries to live up to her standards, but without her faith in him he couldn't even try. I think it is the realization of his hopeless distance from her that makes him crave contact with women frail as himself."

"What farcical lives people lead!" said Ellen wearily. "Well, such a relationship couldn't endure long. The wife must be a frightful poseur herself, to compel him to live a lie with her. She's probably one of these detestable noble persons."

"Ellen, didn't you just tell me that you had learned to adopt a pose yourself, for the sake of peace and tranquillity?"

"I did, but I don't try to be noble. It can hurt no one but me."

"But are you sure? I'm only asking because I don't know."

"Then don't let's be sentimental about it. How I hate that sort of emotionalism! Life hammers us all, whatever we do. It's mawkish and officious, too, to attempt to carry other people's burdens. It's better to be hard."

A vicious peal of the telephone cut into her words, and Mrs. Wickes arose agitatedly.

"Ellen, this man's wife is the only one of the four strong enough to carry shame and bitterness. She'll have to do it."

"Well, you'll have to leave that to her."

Again the telephone, insistent, vindictive.

"Oh, I suppose I'm a fool to care!" Mrs. Wickes' voice was hoarse. "Don't think I'm just meddlesome. But I must make that woman conscious of her own strength, whatever I lose by it." Embarrassed by her display of feeling, she stooped to pick her hat from the floor, and Jacob presented himself in the doorway.

"A gentleman is on the 'phone, ma'am. Won't give his name; wants to speak to you and says it's important."

"Ask again for his name," said Ellen slowly, "and tell him I will call him in a few minutes."

"Good-by; I must hurry," said Mrs. Wickes. Her hand on Ellen's was cold and shook slightly.

"Sorry I couldn't help you. I hate to see you so troubled." Ellen looked into her friend's face with calm, inscrutable eyes.

"You have helped," said Mrs. Wickes deliberately. The door closed behind her.

Presently Jacob announced, "The gentleman is Mr. Henry Warren, madame. He would like to speak to you, as soon as possible, about some important business."

He hesitated, but she made no comment, so he silently withdrew.

Her fingers fumbled unseeingly at the drapery of her gown, and her mouth was set in a vague frightened smile. A light wool scarf hung on the back of her

chair, and she pulled it about her shoulders with an involuntary, subdued shiver. Long minutes passed. She leaned slightly forward in her chair, breathing with an effort, still fingering at her gown. Her eyes, wide and staring, moved blankly about the room. They strayed to the pitiless young face of her protrait, and she shrank back into her chair, involuntarily raising one of her groping hands, as though to ward off its gaze. From it her eyes moved to the piano, and then back to the portrait. Stirring in her chair, she passed a hand over her eyes.

"Let me think," she said aloud, impatiently. Reaching out, she pressed the electric bell.

"Raise all the blinds, Jacob," she said, "it is growing so dark. . . . Raise them quite high. Now get Mr. Warren's number and bring me the telephone."

Jacob brought the telephone on its long extension-cord and stood it beside her on the table.

"Woodhill six one two," said Ellen. "May I speak to Mr. Warren? Oh, is this Mr. Warren? This is Ellen Chandler. Sorry I kept you waiting. Not at all; I don't mind answering questions. Yesterday? Oh, not really ill. Just a headache. It did me good to have a glimpse of Nancy. Of Nancy, I said. Yes, so nice of her to drop in. Tell her I found the piece of music we were looking for last night, and I'll be glad to go over it with her any time. I'm afraid we kept her quite late, but Allan and I are great night-owls. She said she was staying with Marion Wickes, since you were away. You must come with her next time; we never see you. . . . Oh, no, it didn't tire me at all; you mustn't scold her. You see I'm dependent upon my friends' coming here. . . . Please don't thank me; you are very welcome. Good-by!" The receiver clicked into place.

Ellen's breath came like that of a spent swimmer. She relaxed upon her cushions, and her hands at last lay inert upon her lap. Her face was tired and drawn, but her eyes still roved about the room with a dull amazement, as though seeing it for the first time.

A screen door closed with a bang, and quick footsteps crossed the hall.

"Ellen, darling! How romantic you look, all alone in the twilight. Were you thinking of me?"

A tall, youngish man with close-cropped fair hair stood in the doorway, warm, dusty, eager.

"Allan! . . . Yes, I believe I was."

He seized her hands eagerly, and rubbed her strong white fingers over his face, kissing her palms. She submitted listlessly, as though her hands were not a part of her. "God, I'm glad to get home. I've had a tremendous day, and have lots to talk over with you. I saw Simonson at last—what's the matter, dearest; aren't you well?" His eagerness changed to quick anxiety.

"Perfectly well." She shifted a bit in her chair.

"Headache gone?"

"Quite gone."

Reassured, he dropped to the floor beside her, and like a dog begging to be petted, rested his head on her knee. But she looked away, her hands hanging stiffly over the arms of her chair.

"I'm tired as hell," he sighed. "I can't rest anywhere but here, Ellen. I have to be near you. I told Simonson I couldn't decide anything till I talked it over with you; so I'll have to call him by long distance to-morrow. We'll hash it out after dinner. I must run up now and have a shower."

"You asked the Merriweathers for bridge, I thought." Her words came slowly.

"So I did." He jumped to his feet, and Ellen watched him absently, as one might watch a restless child. "We'll send them home early."

"Allan, before I forget . . . something so odd happened. Mr. Warren called me on the telephone."

Allan Chandler had risen to his feet, but stood very still at her words, his back to her.

"Allan, he is a vulgar old thing."

"Really?" He cleared his throat. "What did he want?"

"He seemed excited; it wasn't quite clear. Something about his wife . . . he thought she had been here last night." A dark flush spread over her husband's neck, into his fair hair, but he still stood motionless.

"I realized," continued Ellen, very calmly, "that she had lied to him, and used us as a sort of alibi for some little lapse of hers. So I stepped into the breach and said yes; several people had been with us last evening and that she was one of the party. Wasn't that immoral of me? But it was all he deserved. She is young and foolish, and I know Henry would have no mercy. I'm sorry for them both."

"Well, I'm not!" He turned his suffused face toward his wife. "She is a rotten little spoiled piece—and he dared come to you about it!" He clenched his hands till the knuckles whitened. "Ellen, Ellen, we must keep away from cheap people. The world mustn't touch you that way! That you should have to lie to that old bounder!"

"I found it quite exhilarating. A good lie gives one such a sense of power, doesn't it?"

"It's my fault, I know." He turned his face from side to side, as though to avoid seeing something unpleasant. "Ellen, I would cheerfully suffer any pain to spare you a glimpse of ugliness."

"I think I need more ugliness," she said wearily. "I am growing too soft. Allan, I want you to find a substitute for me in your game to-night."

"Why?" He met her eyes, but she dropped her eyelids to avoid seeing the fear in his face.

"I waste too much time on cards and silly people." Her voice suddenly sharpened. "I'm frittering away my time being a doll. I want to accomplish something worth while before it's too late. Zelinsky wants me to work up a recital. He's bringing Mr. Farnsworth to luncheon to-morrow, so I think I'll do some practicing tonight."

"I see. Well, I'll tell the Merries not to come; I don't enjoy cards without you. I'll listen while you practice."

"I'd rather be alone. You can get another woman for bridge, and if we shut the doors I won't disturb you."

"I don't want another woman. God, I'm sick of women. They speak only one language these days." His fear had changed to sulkiness. "I'll go to bed if you want to get rid of me. And I'll go back to town to-morrow; I can't stand that Zelinsky with his dirty collars. Of course I can't blame you for getting fed up with just me and my circle of sincere drinkers."

"No, you can't blame me," she admitted. "Hurry, if you want a shower before dinner. And tell Jacob I want him."

He hesitated, studying her face. "You are perfect in that green gown," he said in a more natural voice. "All other women are common compared to you." Bending over, he kissed the nape of her neck, rumpled her soft hair, and strode from the room with long masculine strides. She listened to his retreating steps and put both hands hard against her face, covering her eyes.

"Jacob," she said a moment later, "push my chair over to the piano, please; and turn on the light. It's so hard to see."

When the old man had gone she sat stupidly before the instrument, her hands in her lap. Even the light hadn't dispelled the strange fog that seemed to come between her and the piano. The fog, she knew, was merely a physical oppression; her mind was feverishly clear. It had been her impulse to play something very modern and brilliant, like Stravinsky or Schönberg: not because they fitted her mood but because they would confuse and irritate Allan, and she wanted to strike back at him—put him in his place.

Suddenly she was frightened. The piano keys seemed vaguely hostile, like

bared teeth. She had thought her music so great it might carry her away from Allan, and now she was afraid it wasn't great enough. She had no illusions about the work it involved. Now to make of it a vehicle strong enough to lift her above pain she must labor for hour upon hour: she must become an anxious, pathetic figure, struggling against an enormous handicap alone. Alone! The intolerable loneliness of abnormality had been her dread all these years. To disguise the personal aspects of her tragedy had become an obsession; she had dedicated all her time and strength to acquiring an atmosphere of urbanity. Now its futility was apparent. Life had marked her for an object of pathos.

She moved restlessly. Anything rather than that! If life cannot end upon a crescendo, why not accept its diminuendo gracefully? Better, surely, to be ignoble than pathetic. Only the very young could afford pride and passion; she was neither young enough nor strong enough to demand perfection in anything. Even this ambition to renew her music was merely a melodramatic gesture. If she had a touch of genius, as her amiable friends believed, she would never have neglected it for new gowns, beauty-specialists, light fiction—the sedatives of ambition. She had played with it as Allan played with women: a sensuous dalliance, not a grand passion. They were both past the age for adventure; now they wanted security. And she knew in her heart that her security had not been threatened. Allan needed her as she needed him; to punish him, even indirectly, would destroy whatever there was of beauty in their lives.

When Allan, scrubbed and youthful in white flannels, joined her a few minutes later, she still sat motionless before the keyboard.

"I'm going to 'phone the Merries not to come," he told her cheerfully.

She sighed, as though yielding to an insistent pressure.

"No, let them come," she said, "I think bridge will do me good. I'm too tired for the piano to-night."

"Cards are relaxing," he agreed delightedly. "I've been thinking, dearest, that I can't let you overdo your playing. It is much too great a strain. You weren't meant for work, Ellen; you are your own excuse for being."

"Excuse!" she repeated wearily, "that's what I've been hunting for; an excuse. An excuse to be lazy and comfortable! I'll do whatever you say, Allan. It's so pleasant to put the burden on you."

He took her hand in both of his and kissed it. "I say, just be my lovely Ellen, always."

She laughed, with an hysterical note. "Thank you, dear. You have saved me from facing an embarrassing issue." She drew him down to her with a sudden gesture. "Oh, Allan, let's be kind to each other's little vanities. Time goes so fast, and we'll soon be old. Hold me tight, Allan; I need you so."

After a pause, with his lips against her hair, he exclaimed suddenly, "Why, Ellen! The curtain is gone from your portrait!"

"Oh, yes, I told Jacob to take it down. I forget now why I had it covered. It's an amusing study of adolescence, isn't it?"

"Yes, I always liked it. But it isn't you."

"No, it isn't I," she agreed gaily.

WHAT, THEN, IS CULTURE?

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

"'*What is truth?*' said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer."

"*What is culture?*" said an enlightened man to me not long since; and though he stayed for an answer, he did not get it. He would have none of Matthew Arnold's definition, on which, for a few decades, our world pillowed itself comfortably. "Contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world," he insisted, was not the whole story. Together, we eliminated requirements, which is much easier than setting them up; we became empirical and voted on certain well-known critics and humanists; in the end, we left culture an uncracked nut. I, at my leisure, was supposed to crack it as best I could.

The introduction is meant to be deprecatory, for the writer is no more able to determine with assurance what culture is than she was a few weeks ago. The little necessary impulse to cogitation, to be sure, was given by my interlocutor's refusal to accept Matthew Arnold's opinion. When, some years since, I had ventured, at the request of an editor, some remarks on this subject, I had more or less assumed that Arnold was right. Here was a quite different editor requesting me to venture more remarks, on the assumption that Arnold was wrong—or, at the least, insufficient.

Perhaps the sole compensation for growing middle-aged—certainly I know of no other—is that after one has passed forty one ceases to accept authority. I am in full agreement with the anonymous critic of Mr. Aikman in the September *Harper's*, who maintains that youth is hidebound and that intellectual freedom comes only with being grown-up. We do not rid ourselves at forty of convictions, devotions, obsessions; but we do select the objects of our reverence, our partisanships do result from personal taste. Our opinions derive from our temperaments, the profounder qualities of our being. We do not care whether we agree with X or not; we decide for ourselves. At least, we are capable of this. Youth is intellectually more unselfish, idealistic, courageous, than middle age; but middle age is intellectually more independent. At twenty-five one accepts Arnold, if at all, because he is Matthew Arnold and a warlock among critics; at forty, if one accepts him, it is because he has the honor to agree with us, and neither his urbanity nor his irony can mesmerize us against our will.

The great fault of Arnold's definition of culture—contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world—is that it disposes, ruthlessly and finally, of everyone who does not, for example, know Greek. Leaving to one side, as one reasonably may, civilizations such as those of China or India, from which our own world in no immediate sense derives, I still do not see how one who follows Arnold can get away from the necessity of knowing the classics. By the best that has been said and thought in the world Arnold means the best in European civilization, in historic times. He might let you off the Minoan remains, but he would never let you off Homer, Plato, Virgil, and Marcus Aurelius. He would not let you off Dante, Goethe, Milton. I doubt if he would permit you

to substitute Confucius or Averroës, or even the Vedic poets, since these are not, in the same sense, our intellectual ancestors.

Now if culture means contact with the classical poets and dramatists and philosophers, it demands initially a classical education. You cannot evade the requirement by reading all these people in translation. Some of them, perhaps, but not all. The disciples of Arnold would, I think rightly, suspect the culture of the man who could read Homer, Virgil, Dante, Cervantes, Racine, Goethe only in English versions. The point is purely an academic one, in any case, for there must be very few people who have taken the trouble to read translations of all the European classics. It is only the hero of certain sentimental novels who, having no language but English, spends his midnights in exhaustive perusal of Bohn editions. "Is he cultured?" is a merely rhetorical question, since there is no such animal. No: the linguistic demand is clear. You virtually cannot be cultured according to Arnold without a fair classical education. Theoretically, it may be possible; practically, it is not.

That formal education does not suffice, Arnold would probably have been one of the first to agree. The English aristocracy of Arnold's day had read Greek and Latin if it had read nothing else; they were none the less "barbarians" to him. To some contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world they had been forced, at public school and university. It is clear, one would suppose, that a forced, or a reluctant, or a careless contact will not do the trick. In order to work, it must be a contact enjoyed, appreciated; electric, not merely physical. It is no doubt possible to read Homer in Greek and yet be a person to whom Homer says nothing. To be educated you must have a certain amount of knowledge—not spurious but real; not the kind that can be got from Sunday supplements, or five-foot shelves, or university extension lectures. You must, perhaps, have a trained mind. The object of academic education as it is now conducted at the best universities is to teach the young man to distinguish between the truth and a lie. His mind is exercised in one field of knowledge, that he may learn methods and standards. By dealing correctly with one mass of facts, he learns (this, at least, is the theory) how to deal with any mass of facts to which duty or desire may later introduce him. Sciolism is not required of him, but the correct approach to the unknown is.

II

Yet even this is not culture. No one who has had long experience of academic communities can have failed to note that culture is far less common in college faculties than one would expect. The pedant is apt to be farther from it than the man of natural good taste whose formal education has been scanty. Even the scholar—whom I would contrast with the pedant—is not invariably a cultured man. Even to him, contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world has not always sufficed. Learning is not culture, though it is a mighty aid thereto. I have known many people lacking any college experience who were more cultured than many others well dowered with doctorates. Specialization is the persistent foe of culture. Even a humanist sometimes concentrates too much on "settling *Hoti's* business," and, while still living, is "famous, calm, and dead." Also, they who constitute criticism are too apt to take critics seriously. There is overmuch tendency among the highly educated to accept the dicta of other highly educated folk; too much tendency for a man who himself has a Ph.D. in classics or economics to think that opinions are most trustworthy when they emanate from other people who have Ph.D.'s in classics or economics; to believe that the man who is right about *Hoti* or free trade will be right about a novel, a play, a picture, a prize fight, or a human being.

This academic snobbishness defeats the purposes of culture; for culture implies a varied taste, a vital interest, and a complete independence. The person who always knows the correct opinion and who always voices it is never a truly cultured person: he is only the parasite of experts.

Culture, then, is not conterminous with education. It presupposes, above all things, an attitude of mind. One cannot be born cultured, for culture implies a process endured, an experience undergone; but one can be born either more, or less, susceptible of culture. Henry James stated somewhere the necessity for the aspirant writer of being "a young person on whom nothing is lost." That is, surely, the first duty of the man or woman who would be cultured. If the word "culture" fell into disrepute for a time, it was because the pedants and the parasites were the people who claimed culture for their own. Contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world does not absolutely suffice, as we have said; since there are those whom that contact does not fire, mold, alter. There are, besides, people whose contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world has been, owing to restrictions of circumstance, fairly scanty, yet who are recognizable, to the impartial judge, as cultured beings. One of the people who rises most quickly to the surface of my mind, as I drop the word "culture" in to see what happens, is a woman with small Latin and less Greek—I suspect, indeed, neither, in any measure—who has never traveled abroad or widely in her own country, who has been cut off by straitened circumstances, ill-health, and small-town life from most of the recognized agents of culture. Her garden is very small, but she has cultivated it intensively, tirelessly, and with delight. If to be cultured is to have a natural instinct for fineness in whatever intellectual field or plastic form, to have pursued fineness as constantly and as variously as circumstances allow, never to be seduced by the mere prevailing fashion, and to find continual, unsatiated delight in fineness of quality, wherever it appears—and I can think of no definition that approximates the meaning of culture more nearly—then this friend is one of the most cultured people I have known. The individual of timid, or inhospitable, or intolerant taste is never cultured, though he should have heard the great music, read the great books, seen the great landscapes and the great pictures. Some of the most experienced and fortunate people I know, whose eyes and ears and minds have been fed full with the great masterpieces of God and man, are not cultured and never could have been. Like vaccine, truth and beauty do not always "take."

Slavishness is the greatest deterrent, perhaps, to the development of oneself as a cultured being. As one thinks back, one realizes that half the "cultured" people one has known are not truly so, since they are incapable of deciding æsthetically or intellectually for themselves. They are like compasses flung out of true by any contiguous piece of iron. Criticism in any field is educative and helpful, but one must not be Polonius agreeing with Hamlet, whether Hamlet is Pater or Berenson or Bernard Shaw or George Jean Nathan. Too many people let some expert fix their fluctuating judgments; and the judgment must be fixed from within. No: this is not a brief for ignorance or for arrogance; a brief, rather, for intelligent impressionability, for a spontaneous, not a forced, reaction to stimuli. The cultured person does not get his impressions second-hand; he does not, while registering an impression, try to square it with the impression of his preferred critic.

Why, then, someone might ask, is not every cocky person, who cares nothing for outside opinion, cultured? Are they cultured, all the brash and ignorant creatures who despise every hint of their elders and betters? What becomes of the famous retort to the man who said (and still says) "I know what I like"? (The

retort, I believe, was, "So do the beasts of the field.") Does culture, then, consist in vociferously defending the comic strip, or the Irving Berlin song, or the Mack Sennett comedy just because one is too ignorant to be aware that there are better things? There are millions of people who do not even know that there are critics who can be disagreed with. Quite so; though in the last analysis, the cultured man is like the beasts of the field in "knowing what he likes." These millions are cut out of the controversy before it begins. Even the man with a natural flair for fineness—which is a prerequisite to culture—is not cultured if he has seen, heard, experienced no fineness. He is an untempered instrument. There would be no point in proving that the majority of mankind is uncultured. Everyone knows that. In distinguishing between the cultured and the uncultured, we must deal with the people about whom there can be a question. If you were trying to determine the presence or absence of a Celtic strain in certain West-European groups, you would not waste your time in examining Asiatics. I have been referring to a large percentage of those people whom the world agrees to call cultured; people who are not really cultured because their taste has been so lessoned and tutored and coerced that in the end they have no taste of their own at all. However they may attempt to conceal the fact by indulging in safe little fads of their own, they are Tomlinsons: they got it from a Belgian book on the word of a dead French lord. The pseudo-cultured are pleasanter folk than the non-cultured, yet their servility, though it has a neater vocabulary, is the very servility of the Chautauqua.

III

Next to slavishness, perhaps, among the sins against true culture is narrowness. A cup can be no more than full, and to few is it given to be divinely aware in many fields of art or thought. As in academic education, so in culture, the educative experience has often to be gathered in one or two fields. We cannot know all arts equally well. Yet I wonder if that man is truly cultured whose sense of fineness can be exercised only on very limited and familiar phenomena. The gift and habit (for both are necessary) of perceiving fineness must not be too narrowly channeled. Almost every purposeful activity has its own excellence, and there is something, even for culture, in being "an all-round man." The "cultured" tend too much to look for, to expect, to credit beauty or perfection only in certain accustomed places. The truly cultured person apprehends beauty in a form in which he has never before seen it. I remember being accused by a friend, in my youth, of being "narrow-tasted." Nearly all the cultured people I know—I cannot claim culture for myself—are far too narrow-tasted. We cannot, ourselves, be equally sensitive in all directions, or summon delight whenever we are told. We might, however, more than we do, confess to, admit beauty that is not our special business. I think we must not "high-hat" perfection, wherever it may be found. The man who gets his keenest pleasure out of "Paradise Lost" or a Beethoven symphony will probably not greatly enjoy a prize fight. "Better a third-rate cathedral than the noblest work of God," an æsthetic friend of mine once retorted to my youthful praise of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado. She was a cultured person who cared very little for what is called "scenery."

These preferences are natural, and so long as they are honest, no one need mind. Yet when it comes to denying other people's preferences, true culture will walk warily. It is as unenlightened to say that there is no beauty in Dempsey's boxing, or in the cowboy's bronco-busting as to say that there is none in the Velasquez Venus or in a certain César Franck symphony. Why wall oneself completely in, though it should be inside a Salon Carré? I know many cultured folk who declare that

they can get no pleasure from motion pictures. In many cases the plea is honest, and arises from the fact that they have never seen enough movies to adjust themselves to the medium. They probably do get headaches, *plus* a sense of unreality. The remedy is to accustom oneself to the genre. There are, however, a great many individuals who can be seen to preen themselves while they express their dislike. I am afraid they think they are being "cultured." I myself have found more beauty, in the last half dozen years, in motion pictures than in any other form of art except the great field of English prose. Those years, to be sure, have not been adventurous, or explicitly oriented towards the arts. One has no reproaches for the people who get headaches at movies: one can only be sorry for them. One has, indeed, no reproach for the people who honestly do not enjoy them. One's only reproach is for the people who have pre-judged them, and relentlessly stay away because they suspect that to enjoy a movie is vulgar.

Is all this to widen the boundaries of culture too much: to make a vast public park of a necessarily limited preserve? I think not. For it must be obvious to everyone that the cultured, until Utopia is realized, will always be a small minority. True culture will never find its joys "in widest commonalty spread," though true culture will never discredit an appeal because it happens to be well-nigh universal. An acquaintance told me recently of standing on the brink of the Grand Canyon and of a man next her remarking that "it was very common." "You mean 'uncommon'?" she asked, thinking she had misunderstood. "No, I mean 'common'; there's so much of it," was his reply. The gentleman, without doubt, had inklings of "culture." It is possible that he would have had no trouble at all with Mona Lisa. However absurd his application, he was endeavoring to state the principle that mass-production destroys beauty. The principle itself is fairly sound, though the really cultured person, I think, will permit even mass-production to God Almighty. Mass-appreciation is another matter. We may as well admit that the cultured man gets a large number of his keenest joys from objects and experiences that would leave the great majority uncertain or cold. One of the surest tests of his culture, however, is to find out what popularities he rejects, and why. The finer the temperament, the more complex and subtle the delight; but it is very dangerous to condemn a spectacle merely because millions get pleasure out of it. You cannot blacklist "Hamlet" because it has always got across to the groundlings. You cannot declare that moonlight is overrated (I have a delightful friend who once did) just because Tin Pan Alley has made sentimental capital of it. Yes, I have heard the moon put out of court and called cheap. Which is a kind of transferred epithet—confusing the attributes of Hecate with those of her lesser devotees. One must hold one's judgment truer than that. One must even admit that there are beauties, tragedies, delights by which the common, average heart can be pierced—and which are, themselves, none the less authentic. It is not strange that cultured individuals, seeing the majority go wrong so often, should instinctively beware of what the majority likes. Have not most of us stayed away purposely from "Abie's Irish Rose"? I confess that I have always stayed away purposely from the Yosemite, for much the same reason. But if one carries this distrust too far, one will some day miss a great experience.

IV

It all sounds, no doubt, like an impossible counsel of perfection. Well, it is; and it should be. It is more important to have a decent conception of culture than to give away the label generously, with both hands; less painful to admit that oneself and a lot of one's friends are not truly cultured than to

accept the debasing definitions of those who call themselves "cultured" without warrant. The cultured need not, after all, be numerically few. Opportunity is very wide, and in a country where one out of every eight people can possess a motor car, surely one out of every ten thousand might be cultured if he would. The greatest foes of culture are inside, not outside. By their own affectations and insincerities and snobberies they bring it into not undeserved disrepute. They have made Culture appear to be a power in whose service people could grow dry, intolerant, and precious. They have made it depend wholly on the content, not at all on the quality and attitude, of the mind; and they have tended to prescribe that content too rigorously. They have herded too stupidly, given themselves over to fantastic shepherds, followed bell-wethers that other generations will forget. Only those are truly cultured who have dared to be lonely.

Is contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world, then, unnecessary? I certainly should not venture to say so. But we have perhaps minimized the power of one æsthetic or intellectual intimacy to throw light on all others. It is possible, I fancy, for the rich encounter with one masterpiece to teach one the correct manner with masterpieces in general. I have known more than one person with a limited formal education who, by his natural susceptibility, say, to music or to architecture, by assiduous adventuring within the one field, has achieved for himself the cultured point of view. The history, development, and florescence of one art, well mastered, can give a man intuitions of the others. True, it may not do so; he may, for example, become a mere specialist. The truly cultured person must, I imagine, have sampled more than one kind of beauty, be aware, at least, of the vast variety of intellectual experience. He cannot be ignorant of civilization. If he has acquired a real and entire intimacy with one of the great genres, he can hardly have avoided some acquaintance with the main stream of human history. Can a man be cultured who has never heard of Plato? Probably not; since never to have heard of Plato is an almost impossible condition for anyone to fulfil who has documented himself in any intellectual or æsthetic field. Can a man be cultured who has never read Plato? Assuredly.

True culture must be, it would seem, a matter of both mind and spirit. That there cannot be culture without some real knowledge goes without saying. Our mistake has been to think that knowledge is the whole story. Equally important are natural sensitiveness and intellectual independence—I had nearly said, the dreaming heart. Anatole France, I believe, defined his type of impressionistic criticism as "the adventures of a soul among the masterpieces." To be cultured one must first have a soul that is capable of adventures among masterpieces; then, a soul that has been given some opportunity for adventuring. But that soul must have its own adventures, not someone else's, or it is only a pseudo-culture; and it must keep a charity, an eagerness that make it ever ready to seek beauty in unproclaimed places, and to respect ardors it cannot itself feel.

> The perfect judge could go face to face before God. . . .
> Before the perfect judge heaven and hell shall stand back.

Not to anyone—Petronius Arbiter or the Admirable Crichton or anyone else—is it possible to become the perfect judge The truly cultured person does not confess anyone, dead or living, as the perfect judge, since even the finest temperament has its limitations both of capacity and experience. He will ever be gathering knowledge, accumulating experience, as he can; but if he once surrenders his independence or loses his divine curiosity, he has forsaken culture and become, according to his type, either a catalogue or a code—in either case, a hindrance and a bore.

THE PROBLEM OF HEART DISEASE

BY LOUIS I. DUBLIN

TWENTY-FIVE years is a short time as we count human affairs; yet, in this brief space, a revolution has occurred in the hazards to life and health. The change has passed almost unnoticed. The discoveries of modern medicine and the development of the public-health movement have brought one infectious disease after another under control. The ravages of typhoid fever, yellow fever, cholera, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and infantile enteritis have been checked and are now, in the most advanced countries at least, well on the road to extinction. Tuberculosis, which a quarter of a century ago was the leader among the destroyers of life, has been reduced more than fifty per cent. It is now relegated to fifth place in the list of causes of death. As a result of this progress, more than ten years have been added, in this generation, to the life expectation of the whole people. A new order of vigor prevails to-day in the civilized world. Men are able to live and work more freely, unhampered by the fear of premature death. Life is safer and easier and, for that very reason, is economically more productive. In the struggle to overcome the bacterial enemies of mankind the outlook has never been more promising.

These victories have brought into relief hazards of another sort. The control over the external infections has resulted in a greater interest in the defects of our internal organism. To-day the emphasis is shifting from the infectious diseases of youth to the degenerative conditions of middle life, such as heart disease, the hardening of the arteries, Bright's disease, the nervous disorders, and cancer. There is good evidence that these conditions, taken together, are increasing. It is entirely possible that the way we now live has a good deal to do with the situation. The crowding of immense populations into the cities, their intense and noisy activity, the drive for money and for the excitements which money supplies are certainly not conducive to orderly and reposeful living. Leading psychiatrists have stressed the possibility that the new ways are injurious to our nervous organization, and some of them believe that they may predispose to the degenerative diseases. But we really know very little in regard to this relationship. Much remains to be discovered in this field of medicine. In any case, it is time that the public interest should be directed to what is happening. The present trend of the more important of this group of diseases should be more generally appreciated. This is a first requisite to any steps that may be taken to check their effects.

Heart disease is now the first in the list of causes of death. It is also first in the amount of damage it does through producing disability and invalidism. In the United States the deaths of nearly two hundred thousand persons are ascribed to it each year. If the present situation should continue unchecked, one in every five of the population now living will eventually succumb to this disease. At age 10 one is three times as likely to die eventually from it as from tuberculosis. A man at 30 is four times as likely to die of heart disease as from tuberculosis, and for a woman the prob-

ability at that age is more than five times as great. If these deaths from heart disease were limited to old people, one could hardly complain; for this mode of exit is as good as any for those who have rounded out their life work. But, as we shall see more fully later, the deaths from heart disease are not limited to the aged. There are all too many young and middle-aged victims whose premature death is often preceded by long periods of disability. For every death from heart disease that occurs annually, there are probably ten persons living impaired and deficient lives because of the breakdown of heart function. Altogether, two million people in the United States, or about two per cent of the entire population, suffer from some form of heart trouble, many of whom cannot engage in productive activities and are, to a greater or less degree, a drain on the resources of other people. Proper medical and nursing care of such patients is expensive. There is to-day no more fruitful source of impoverishment and family breakdown. The annual reports of our charitable organizations show strikingly the prominence of heart disease as a primary cause of dependence. It has more than replaced tuberculosis, which is being relegated to a position of decreasing importance. The economic loss to the community from heart disease is enormous. I consider the problem involved an outstanding one in contemporary medicine.

II

In discussing heart diseases we must remember that they are not the result of one, but of a combination of many factors and related disorders. The heart is a complicated organ. Essentially, it is a muscular pump composed of four chambers and their incoming and outgoing blood vessels. The action of these chambers is co-ordinated and controlled by an intricate nervous mechanism. The chambers are paired into a right half and a left half. The upper chamber on each side is called the auricle; the lower, the ventricle. Each auricle is separated from its ventricle by a muscular valve which permits the flow of blood downward but prevents the leakage of blood backward. Venous blood arriving from all parts of the body in the right auricle passes from the auricle through the valve into the right ventricle. It is then pumped through the pulmonary arteries to the lungs where it is aerated. The blood then returns to the left auricle, passes down through the valve on that side into the left ventricle, whence it is pumped out through the aorta to be distributed to all parts of the body.

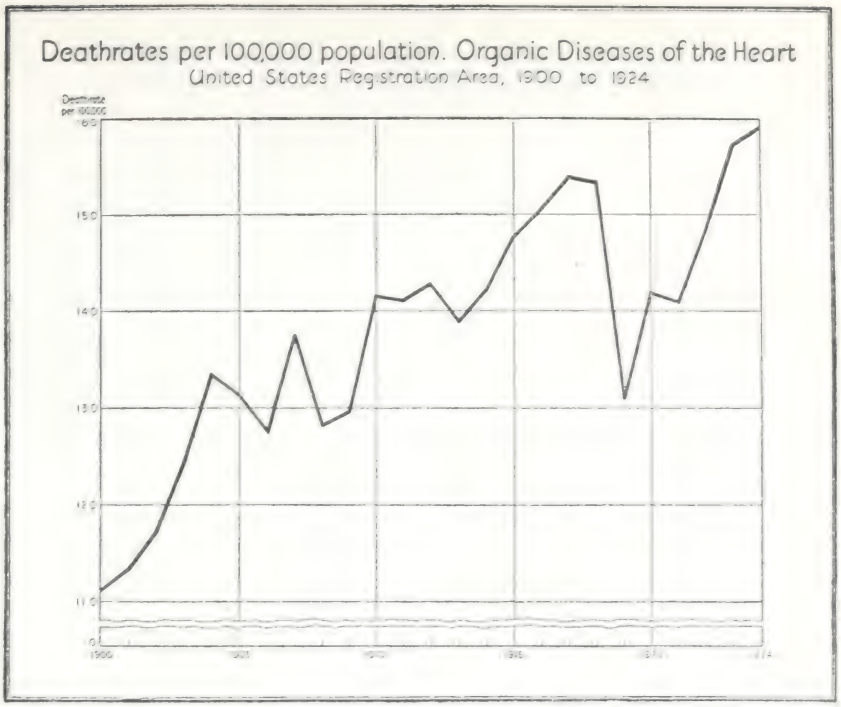
This complicated pumping mechanism may get out of order in many ways. A group of very common heart disorders arise from difficulties outside of the heart itself. These are the so-called *functional* cases. The nervous mechanism which regulates the heart action may be temporarily and slightly deranged, producing heart symptoms without causing structural changes in the heart. Emotional states and severe bodily exercise will increase the demands on the circulation and overstrain the heart. The symptoms in such cases are sometimes very distressing but usually are of no very great importance. If they are allowed to continue for long periods of time, however, these functional disorders may result in permanent heart impairment. The cases of so-called *organic* heart disease, on the other hand, reflect conditions within the heart itself, and are much more serious in character. Disease of the heart valves is lamentably common, usually the aftermath or an accompaniment of disease elsewhere in the body, such as scarlet fever, serious dental infection, tonsillitis, or acute rheumatic fever, more rarely syphilis. It is estimated that acute rheumatic fever alone is responsible for twenty-five per cent of all cases of heart disease, and that syphilis accounts for ten per cent more. Rheumatic heart disease is usually acute, occurs in early life, and more often affects the valve between the auricle and ventricle on the left side. Syphilitic heart dis-

ease, on the other hand, is much more chronic in character, occurs among persons between 40 and 60 years of age and affects the aorta or the aortic valve, which is on the right side of the heart. The affected valves in such cases become scarred and deformed and no longer function perfectly. The inflow of blood from one chamber to another may be impeded, or an incompletely closed valve may permit blood once through to leak back into the chamber whence it came. Obviously, to meet the body's needs, the heart must increase its labors under such conditions and, ultimately, the muscle will become exhausted. Frequently, valvular disease is accompanied by certain sounds called "heart murmurs."

The most common form of heart trouble is associated with hardening of the arteries or with elevated blood pressure. Forty per cent of all heart cases are of this type. The arteries are normally elastic tubes, expanding and contracting, and thus aid in the distribution of the blood. As they become hardened, there is an increased resistance to blood flow and, as a consequence, more work for the heart. The hardening of the arteries may take place in the muscular walls of the heart itself, thus impairing its nutrition. Bright's disease, in much the same manner as arteriosclerosis—perhaps together with it—may increase the load upon the heart and predispose to ultimate disaster. The enlargement and the degeneration of the heart muscle are the physical signs of this type of disease. The valves are usually not involved at first. The disease is chronic in character and occurs, for the most part, in persons after age 50. A variation of this class of case is that found in old age. The senescent heart, even without any local disease process in the muscle or valves, is not able to function properly. The origin of about ten per cent of the cases of heart disease is still unknown. In the remaining fifteen per cent of the cases the cause may be one of a number not so easily classified. They include such cases as result from certain excesses, such as alcoholism, or from an attack of goiter, and from a number of other primary disorders.

These are some of the commoner ways which lead to cardiac failure. The trained physician can usually determine whether there is any considerable enlargement of the heart muscle by the physical examination of the chest, supplemented by means of fluoroscopic or x-ray pictures, and can determine the particular lesion by the unusual sounds or murmurs heard in the heart as the blood flows through from chamber to chamber. The subjective symptoms which the patient brings to the attention of the physician are of the greatest importance in leading to a diagnosis. By means of an instrument of precision, the electrocardiograph, the heart specialist is able to diagnose more accurately still the particular defect which exists, even in its very early stages. Finally, by the actual test of the heart's ability to tolerate standard types of exercise, the skilled physician is able to determine the amount of the heart's disability.

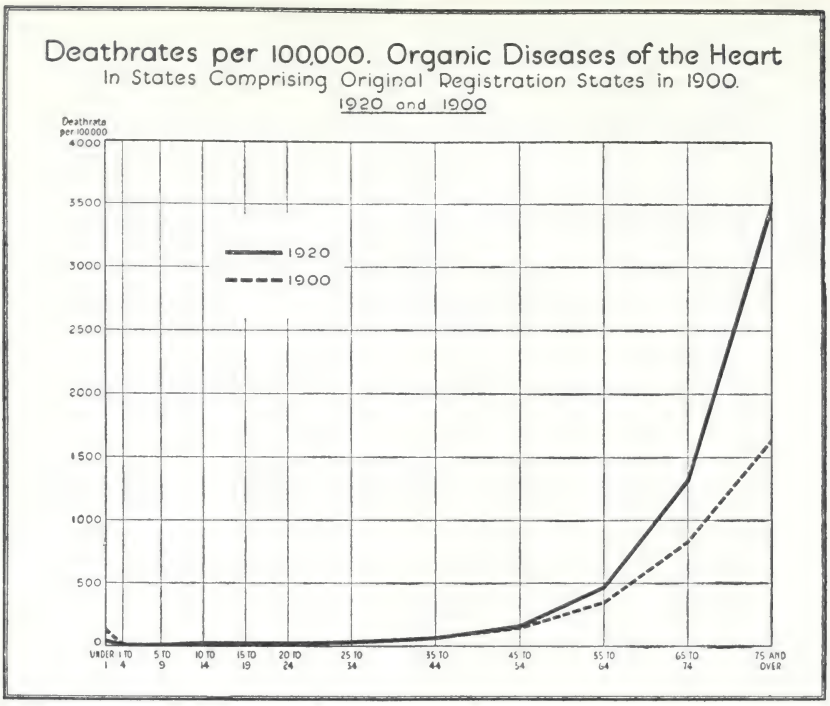
The first question for the vital statistician to answer is whether heart disease as a cause of disability and death is now actually increasing or decreasing. We must examine the crude death rates over a period of years. In 1900, when the earliest reliable figures for the U. S. Death Registration Area became available, the rate was 111.2 deaths per 100,000 of population. This means that one-tenth of one per cent of the total population died from this cause during the course of a year. Between 1900 and 1910 there was a continuous rise in the rates, the figure for 1910 being 141.5 per 100,000. In the decade beginning with 1910 the rates were first fairly stationary and then rose regularly up to the war and influenza years, 1917 and 1918, when figures above 153 per 100,000 were reached. Following the influenza epidemic, the three years 1919, 1920, and 1921 were years of comparatively low rates. There is every indication that this decline was, in large measure, the



result of the epidemic itself. Physicians everywhere noted that the influenza was very often fatal to those who had been suffering from serious heart affections. Many died of influenza in 1918 and 1919 who, in the ordinary course of events, would have died two or three years later from their heart disease. Since 1922, the rate has been rising slightly each year, bringing the figures back to what they were immediately before the influenza period and even beyond.

The general impression given by these figures and which is confirmed by the graph, is one of increasing heart disease incidence during the last twenty-five years. But this rough method of analysis is subject to very decided limitations. Heart disease is pre-eminently a condition of the older ages of life, and it may well be that such increase in the number of deaths as has occurred has resulted not so much from an increase in the hazard from heart disease as from the shifting of the age distribution of the population. In recent years more people have reached the older ages when heart disease is more likely to occur. The gradual reduction in the death rate from such diseases as tuberculosis, pneumonia, and the other infections has transferred many additional persons to the later age groups. It is then that heart disease is most frequent. Under conditions of twenty or thirty years ago, many of these people would have died in early life. To-day they survive to middle life and old age and then are much more likely to develop a heart defect and to die of it. Our first question, accordingly, resolves itself into a second, namely: "Is the hazard of dying from heart disease actually increasing at the various ages of life as well as during the aggregate life span?" This question can be answered only by reference to certain figures which we call age-specific death rates. These tell us the probability of dying from heart disease during the specific age periods in question.

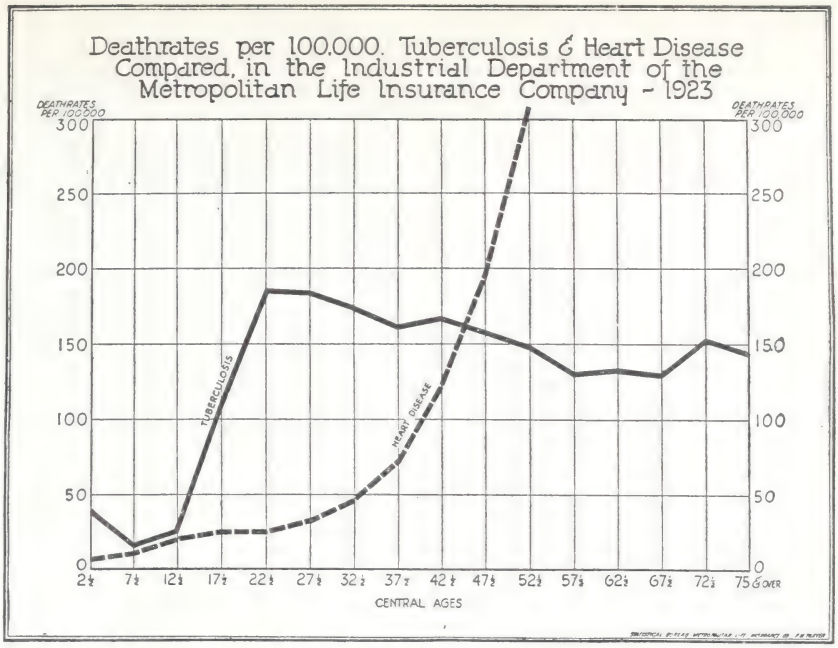
A comparison of the age-specific death rates of 1920 with those for 1900 shows at once a number of interesting items. Among young children under 5, the rates declined considerably during this twenty-year interval. Between ages 5 and 45



the specific death rates remained unchanged. Conditions, to be sure, varied somewhat from year to year, but taken altogether, the disease was *in statu quo* over this period of life. One in every seven deaths from heart disease still takes place among persons under age 45. It may be interesting at this point to contrast the contour of the age curve for heart disease with that for tuberculosis. The latter disease under present conditions shows its maximum at or about the age of 25 and then declines with advancing years. The curve for heart disease crosses that for tuberculosis at about age 45 and then mounts to its huge maximum at the oldest ages. After age 45 the rates were uniformly higher in 1920 than in 1900 and the excess of 1920 over 1900 is greater with each advancing age period. After age 75 the 1920 figures were 114.8 per cent higher than in 1900. Among both men and women the increase in the total rate in recent years has been the result of the marked changes in the death rates at the older ages, beginning at forty-five or fifty years. Not only do more people die from heart disease because more arrive at the older ages, but also because there is an increasing hazard of dying from heart disease in the later ages of life.

III

It should be of some interest, then, to determine under conditions as they now exist what the probability of dying from heart disease actually is. The real question is, "What is the chance that an ordinary man or woman will die eventually from heart disease?"—and this question cannot be answered as easily as it seems. However, calculations have been made, and the reader may be interested in the underlying principle of the method used. We begin with a group of 100,000 persons at a fixed age, let us say age 10. We keep in touch with these people, recording their deaths as they occur until all have passed away. We note also in each case what was the particular cause of the death. We thus learn how many persons in the group die at each year of age after 10. If we sum up the number of deaths from heart disease



from age 10 onward to the end of the life table and divide by the total number of persons in the group, we obtain the measure of the probability of dying from heart disease. For example, if we began with 100,000 boys at age 10, we should find that ultimately there would be a total of 19,218 deaths from heart disease before the entire group had passed out of life. This means that for a boy 10 years of age there are 19 chances of dying eventually from heart disease as against 81 chances of dying from some other cause. In the same way, the probability of dying from heart disease can be calculated at any other age. We find, for example, that for this particular disease the probability of dying eventually from it increases slightly from age 10 onward. At fifty the probability is 22 per cent; at 70 it is 24 per cent. In other words, virtually one out of every four persons at age 70 will die from this cause. The figures for girls are approximately the same. The probability of dying eventually from heart disease is one in five at age 10, and a little less than one in four at age 70. It will now be possible to see what has actually happened in the last fifteen years; for in 1910 the probability at age 10 of dying eventually from heart disease was only 15 in a hundred. In other words, there has been an increase in the probability of 31 per cent during this short interval. At age 50 the probability of dying ultimately of heart disease in 1924 was 26 per cent higher than in 1910, and at 70 the increase was 26 per cent. These figures better than any at our disposal indicate how great is the budget of heart-disease mortality at present. No other disease or condition shares its primary position when studied from this angle.

Another interesting statistical comparison relates to the incidence of heart disease in the several races that compose the American population. The most striking difference is shown by the white and colored races. During the main age-periods of life the rates for colored people are about twice those for whites at the corresponding ages. It has been suggested that the higher prevalence of such diseases as malaria, typhoid fever, and especially of syphilis, plays an important part in creating this excess of heart disease among the colored people. The lower standards of personal hygiene and the more difficult conditions of life of

this race are clearly important items. There are also marked differences in the amount of heart disease prevailing among the various nationalities that make up the white population in our country. Those of foreign birth divide into two groups: those with a low and those with a high incidence of heart disease. Those of native birth are intermediate between the two foreign groups. The favorable foreign stocks include those born in the former Austro-Hungarian Empire, the Russians (mostly Jews), and the Italians. These are the newer immigrants of eastern and southern Europe. The stocks with high heart disease rates include those born in England, Scotland, and Wales, Germany and Ireland. The figures for the Irish are particularly high, recalling those for the colored people rather than those for any white group. Why this should be so it is difficult to say. No such unfavorable conditions occur among the Irish people in the old country. But they are uniformly bad among the Irish in America. It will be an interesting study in future years to determine whether the descendants of Irish immigrants are able in their own generation to overcome this handicap of their parents and grandparents and to approximate the better conditions prevailing among Americans of other racial origins.

But, irrespective of race or group, the figures for heart disease are as engrossing as any we can present to-day. No other disease in the entire field of medicine, with the possible exception of cancer, offers so large an opportunity for life-saving service. It is too true, however, that the medical profession and their allies, the public-health workers, have only recently become concerned over the hazards of heart disease and have taken the public into their confidence in developing a program of relief. What can, in fact, be done in the present state of our knowledge to bring this condition under some control? The answer must in the nature of the case be somewhat cautious and conservative. The campaign is at its very inception. We shall be better able to define the issues and to move more quickly as the program is tried out. The experience that the public-health workers have gathered in their attack on other conditions, especially tuberculosis, will prove of great service in the campaign against heart disease. At the very outset two lines of attack present themselves. The first affects the individual; the second concerns the community as a whole. Each has its proper place. No great headway will be made until the two efforts are thoroughly co-ordinated and put into operation with a full measure of public support.

The campaign as it concerns the individual reduces itself largely to one of personal hygiene. We must, all of us, so live as to avoid heart impairments. More definitely, this means that children must be protected against the infections which often bring heart disease in their train. Unfortunately, we do not yet know the true cause of rheumatic fever, an arch enemy of childhood. But we can prevent and give adequate convalescent care to many cases of tonsillitis and sore throat which appear often to bring on rheumatic complications. The prevention of cases of typhoid fever, of diphtheria, and of scarlet fever through specific inoculation of children against them will cut down a proportion of heart sequelæ. Among young adults the reduction of syphilis will have its effect in fewer heart cases later in life. Saner and more temperate living on the part of all, with due regard to rest and exercise, will result in healthier bodies better prepared to avoid heart impairments. But probably the most potent of all personal efforts will be the development of the habit of the annual medical examination. The periodic health examination is the key to our problem so far as the individual is concerned. This rule applies equally to children as to adults. It is a striking fact that most persons who have heart disease have discovered this in the most accidental and casual fashion. Usually the cases are

found as the result of a life-insurance examination or through the health examination of children at school, or by industrial physicians in examining applicants for employment. Usually between one and two per cent of all such examinations result in the discovery of unmistakable heart disease. The great majority of those who are found to have a heart lesion of one kind or another have not been aware of it. On the other hand, those who believe they have heart disease and go to doctors to have their suspicions confirmed are usually in error. I have no doubt at all that if periodic health examinations became the rule in the United States tens of thousands of persons would be discovered every year with early cardiac defects when it would still be possible to remedy the situation. Changes of habit or of occupation are often sufficient to keep an early lesion under control, certainly for long periods of time.

The contribution the community can make is likewise many sided. The first step is to spread the knowledge of right living; to inculcate good habits of life through the agency of the schools and the other channels of public education. The public schools are in a particularly strategic position. They can discover the large group of children who are predisposed to heart disease and can provide for them a special regimen of instruction and of care which will serve to protect them from further deterioration of their heart structure. As in the successful campaign against tuberculosis, the organized health agencies of states and cities must provide heart clinics with skilled examiners and adequate equipment to help discover and treat cases of this disease, especially among adults. New York City, stimulated by the wise counsel of the Heart Committee of the New York Tuberculosis and Health Association, has taken the lead in such activities. There are now forty-seven heart clinics distributed over the city. It is not at all surprising that these are crowded, with an ever-increasing number of patients. In the year 1925 there were about twelve thousand active patients under care in these clinics of New York City, fully as many as there were receiving care in the much older tuberculosis clinics of the city. Young people for whose relief there is much hope constitute a large number of the patients, as might be expected. The clinics serve as centers of supervision and instruction and as exchanges for the distribution of patients to those agencies that are best adapted to keep them.

Sanatoria and convalescent homes are especially necessary in the attack on heart disease. For in this disease there are periods of acute outbreaks when the patient must receive intensive care and complete rest before he can be released to his family or his work. And, what is equally important, suitable work must be found for such patients if they are not to slip and become helpless cripples. Only the organized agencies of the community can provide such service. Fortunately, most American cities are finding themselves in a position where they can provide such care without involving themselves in great initial expense. General hospitals with their out-patient departments and their staff of trained social workers are ordinarily well adapted for this type of service. There is also the possibility of utilizing vacant beds or even whole wings of tuberculosis sanatoria now more or less unoccupied. Actual experience has shown in several well-managed tuberculosis hospitals that the type of care and the equipment necessary for the conduct of tuberculosis sanatoria are adapted also for the care of heart patients. There is nothing inherently difficult or dangerous in the undertaking, and it should be entirely possible as the tuberculosis death-rate declines to shift the facilities of organized health agencies, both public and private, to the care of incipient and moderately advanced cases of heart disease.

The life insurance companies occupy a particularly favorable position in the campaign we are sketching. The large

number of examinations made annually by insurance medical examiners discover many new cases. A number of companies offer free annual examinations to their policyholders and these, too, result in bringing many cases to light. The value of this service can hardly be overestimated. A few of the larger and more powerful companies, because they pay out millions of dollars in death claims each year on account of heart disease, are especially active in spreading hygienic information broadcast among their policyholders and the general public. But what is the attitude of the companies toward those who on examination are found to have a heart defect? Do they insure such persons and, if they do, what has been their experience? On the whole, the companies have been rather conservative. Lacking information as to the gravity of most heart defects, they have permitted themselves to insure limited numbers and those only who had the least dangerous lesions. The experience has been concentrated in a few companies. Taken altogether, the mortality rate has been found to be about two and a half times as high as that which prevails among normal people accepted for standard insurance. The cases have been almost altogether limited to those having the hypertensive or arteriosclerotic type of the disease, cases with a slight enlargement, and in which the mitral murmur is not pronounced. These are the cases which Doctor Mackenzie, the great English heart specialist, looked upon very favorably. He felt that the insurance companies could take a great many such people without loss, but experience has shown that he was not correct. Only the least impaired cases of organic heart disease are insurable; the rest require premiums so high as to put insurance out of reach of most persons. As information and experience increase, protection will undoubtedly be offered to larger numbers.

IV

What shall we say as to the future of our problem? The prognosis is neither very clear nor very encouraging. There is good reason to believe that the extension of the program of prevention along the lines we have outlined will save many lives and prevent much suffering among young people especially. With more effort it should be possible to keep larger numbers of persons with impaired hearts active for longer periods with greater comfort for themselves and less financial strain on their families. There are many people who suffer from chronic heart affections and who break down at or before age sixty. Nothing could be more desirable than to postpone their premature collapse. The possibilities for such service are good. There is, however, much disappointment in store for those in the heart movement who are sanguine of quick results. This enemy of mankind will not be easily vanquished. Wherever we suffer from the results of man's habits, relief will come slowly. There will always remain a heavy tax payable by way of heart disease. The future will probably show more heart deaths rather than less. The achievements of preventive medicine will work in that direction, for they will bring many people over into the older ages when the heart mechanism finally breaks down. If only we could be sure that a death from heart disease was synonymous with a long life and no serious interference with work! That is really the aim of the heart movement. But to accomplish this end much time will pass and much more knowledge will be needed on the causes of heart disease, on how to prevent it and, failing prevention, how to take care of the afflicted over longer periods of time. A high type of statesmanship will be required to put this knowledge to work. The educator and the social worker will share with the physician in this new service.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART II

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

SYNOPSIS OF PART I—The imaginary duchy of Illyria has become a post-war republic and the leader of the Labor Party, Herr Guadeloupe, elected President. When the story opens he with his pretty daughter, Nyla, are arriving at the castle, where they endeavor to adapt themselves to luxury and splendor. A smartly dressed, handsome young man introduces himself as Cointreau from the Department of Public Safety and hints that "certain people" from the League of Nations wish him to help Guadeloupe "make a go of it." He advises both father and daughter about proper clothes and delicate points of etiquette, and readily consents to the suggestion that he take up his abode in the castle, assume a uniform, and the title of Colonel. His cheerful imperturbability, however, is for a moment disturbed when a telegram announces the approaching arrival of Hon. Ulysses Quackenbush, an American Ambassador, to discuss the debt settlement.

VII

THE Cabinet, hastily summoned, met next morning in the Red Room with many controversial topics to discuss. As Herr Guadeloupe had feared, one of the puny gilt chairs proved unequal to the anxious shiftings of Herr Leutz, the obese Finance Minister. But even under Romsteck's censorious eye a broken chair was the least of the President's anxieties. Herr Leutz stayed to lunch, to discuss further details of the fiscal statements to be laid before the American Ambassador; but Colonel Cointreau and Nyla were nowhere to be seen. The absence of his privy councillor, when events of such delicacy were toward, agitated Herr Guadeloupe.

The Colonel had risen that morning in the highest spirits and began his inspections with vigor. Admiring the clarity and brilliance of the weather, he insisted that now was the time to make sure that the Presidential car was in good running order. He satisfied himself that the tank was filled with *essence* and dismissed the chauffeur. He and Nyla rolled gaily away down the avenue in the elderly but impressive limousine, on which the shield of Illyria was freshly enamelled over the erased coronet of the Grand Duke.

They had not returned by the time lunch was over, and the President was annoyed. Herr Leutz, moreover, had been a depressing companion. Like all conscientious treasurers of an insolvent exchequer, he had a hundred irrefutable reasons for the red ink in his ledgers: his remarks about the dangerous flatulence of the Illyrian currency were only too true. He obviously disapproved the luxury of the President's surroundings, and seemed with somber eye to be mentally converting the Grand Ducal plate into new florins. Guadeloupe, sharpened by Colonel Cointreau into observation of such matters, noted that the Finance Minister was an untidy eater and resolved that he must not be placed too near Frau Quackenbush at the state dinner. They *might* have given me, he reflected bitterly, at least one Cabinet member who could be trusted to make a pleasing impression on our foreign creditors.

As he escorted Herr Leutz to the door, Guadeloupe was thinking secretly of a nap. He was weary and would need all possible freshness for the evening.

Romsteck was not visible, and the President had a mental picture of stealing upstairs, removing his boots, and stretching out for a recuperative hour. But at that moment Lorli, his daughter's maid, appeared, and curtsied charmingly.

"I'm sorry, Herr President, but it's time for you and the Herr Minister to take the dancing lesson."

"Dancing lesson?" ejaculated the President. "What on earth do you mean?"

"Colonel Cointreau left positive orders that after lunch you and Herr Leutz were to practice in the ballroom."

"Impossible," said Herr Leutz, making for the door. "I have sixteen different deficits to analyze."

"Colonel Cointreau said, Herr President, that interests of state absolutely required that both you and Herr Leutz should dance with Frau Quackenbush this evening."

They followed Lorli like two guilty schoolboys. In the ballroom they found a determined-looking trio: Pigalle to play the piano, Frau Innsbruck to represent the Quackenbush, Romsteck to supervise. The major-domo had already removed all small gilded chairs from Herr Leutz's access.

"Dancing of the ballroom sort," he said solemnly to his two pupils, "is very different from the rustic maneuvers we executed yesterday. Owing to the greater intimacy of personal contact, all the more grace of deportment is necessary. It was the Grand Duke's custom in these affairs always to begin by inviting any lady he specially desired to honor to accompany him in a lively fox-trot. For example."

He bowed magnificently to Frau Innsbruck, motioned to Pigalle, who struck up some spirited and mischievous syncopations, and swam off with the housekeeper into a species of rotating pedestrianism with occasional sideway slidings. To the President, who was totally unfamiliar with modern dancing, it seemed completely absurd. Frau Innsbruck's solid figure, molded on the Queen Victoria contour, floated with genteel gravity in this antic demonstration.

"So," said Romsteck, bringing the lady to port alongside the reluctant chief magistrate. "Now the Herr President and the Herr Minister are to imagine themselves entering the ballroom with their partners. The music begins, they are off."

Frau Innsbruck, thrilled in spite of herself by the honor of dancing with the President, tried hard to help him. He struggled nobly, with his eyes on his feet, but when he happened to catch sight of Herr Leutz's large boots shuffling miserably among Lorli's twinkling members the spectacle unnerved him. He lost count, faltered, and came to a stop.

"It's too difficult," he said hopelessly. "Better for the debt settlement if I don't attempt it. I'll get Colonel Cointreau to do it for me."

"Once again, Herr President, by yourself, to get the rhythm," insisted the major-domo, and Guadeloupe performed a lugubrious *pas seul*.

"The Herr President's trousers handicap him," commented Romsteck, walking beside him in his course and studying his morbid gyrations.

"Well I'm not going to dance without them, even for Frau Quackenbush," he retorted.

"That was not my suggestion," said Romsteck disapprovingly. "I mean that they impede by reason of their longitude. If the Herr President will permit—" He rolled up several inches of the drooping tubes, and sent for some of the 1865 cognac to hearten the sufferers.

With this refreshment things went a little better. Taking advantage of a pause by Herr Leutz to mop his broad brow, the President cut in on Lorli; he found her more stimulating as a partner. Both pupils were busily treading the measure when a cheerful hail surprised them. Cointreau and Nyla entered, radiant with health and enjoyment.

"Bravo, bravo!" cried the Colonel. "Herr President, you are the soul of

legerity. And the Finance Minister, treading with a toe of swansdown: like a man walking on red-hot budgets."

"Your merriment is ill timed, Colonel," said Guadeloupe peevishly. "I thought you came to Farniente to help me, and here you have been absent for hours when I needed you."

"You mustn't be angry, daddy," said Nyla, looking so sunburned and pretty that no one could have been. "We got lost in the hills. The Colonel was trying to find some goldenrod, it's a favorite American flower, and he thought it would be a delicate compliment to Frau Quackenbush."

"Certainly more delicate than my dancing with her would be," said the President.

"A good thing we *did* go," remarked Cointreau. "The car was in terrible condition. The valves need grinding, the clutch is dicky, the steering wheel's loose, and she's simply crusty with carbon. We got the goldenrod though, a whole taxi full."

"Taxi full?" asked Guadeloupe.

"Yes," Nyla explained. "You see, the car went bad at Laibach and we had to hire a cab to come home."

"From Laibach?" exclaimed the Finance Minister. "It's fifty kilometers!"

"It's quite all right, Herr Treasurer," said Cointreau hastily. "I arranged to have him send the bill to Geneva. Come then, to our affair. Music, please!"

Pigalle rippled the keys, and while the two unpromising pupils slithered heavily at their task, the Colonel and Nyla hovered blithely about them, twirling humorous patterns round the small area in which the others plodded conscientiously. The pair swooped and skimmed like gulls round a group of wounded porpoises, and the indignant President, amazed at his daughter's grace, paused to watch. They danced almost as though they had been professional partners, and Cointreau maliciously pretending himself to be Guadeloupe, called out suggestions as he and Nyla coasted to and fro. These suggestions he illustrated with appropriate action.

"Observe, Herr President, you are now dancing with Frau Quackenbush. A few perfectly simple rhythms to begin with, until Frau Quackenbush begins to enter into the spirit of the occasion. American women are cold, and require wooing. Then, as she begins to respond, your confidence increases; you murmur agreeable impromptus, complimentary and insinuating, into her ear—which will not be far away: This is your first visit to Illyria, Frau Quackenbush? We must make it memorable. Then, venturing upon more complex figures, now, perhaps, when she melts a little you steer toward a quiet corner: Surely, Frau Quackenbush, a great opulent country like yours will not be too hard on us in the matter of the debt? You will say a word in our behalf to the Ambassador?"

They came to a halt, Nyla rather flushed by the ardor the Colonel had put into his demonstration. Guadeloupe was just a little scandalized, and for a moment was the parent rather than the President.

"Here," he said sharply, "where did you learn to dance like that?"

"We practiced a bit in the hotel at Laibach," she said. "While we were waiting for lunch."

Cointreau, enthusiastic as ever, was for having all the chambermaids summoned, to provide a realistic rehearsal of the evening ceremony. He also was eager that the President and Frau Innsbruck should attempt a Charleston together. But Guadeloupe had had enough.

"If Frau Quackenbush is to be melted, I leave it to you," he said.

"I should prefer to remain in the background. The League does not like its representatives to push themselves forward," said the Colonel with unexpected modesty. "Besides, I have a headache. I believe I overexerted myself testing the car. I was thinking of remaining in my room this evening."

"Heavens, no!" cried the President, aghast. "My dear Colonel, I can't get on without you. I absolutely count on you as my interpreter."

"If I appear," said Cointreau, "I think it should be in uniform. A man looks much better dancing in some regalia."

"The Grand Duke left a whole wardrobe of uniforms," said Romsteck.

"Anything with a good splash of color in it?"

"The dress uniform as honorary admiral in the Dalmatian Navy arrived just before the War. His Grace never had an opportunity to wear it."

"True," said the Colonel. "I remember that the Dalmatian Navy spent the War prudently in dry-dock. I should have preferred a uniform with a more glorious record. However, blue and gold, with a cocked hat, will do very well."

"Choose whatever you like," said the President. "But, remember, I rely on you. And you promised to teach me a few American phrases of courtesy, that I can use when I run short."

VIII

Evidently relations between Nyla and the Colonel had ripened prosperously during their outing. The President having gone off for his much-needed nap, these two explored the old north tower, and on the dark stairway the Colonel's arm stole protectively round her.

"The trouble with this League of Nations work," he said, "it's so uncertain. Here to-day and gone to-morrow."

"Don't say that," replied Nyla gently. "Besides, this is to-day."

"Geneva is so capricious. Sometimes I'll barely get started on a job when orders will come to buzz off somewhere else. You never know when some delicate situation will arise that needs expert attention. They push you round so suddenly, to Poland, Greece, Armenia; even to North America. Sometimes you don't even have time to say good-by."

"There must be some mistake. They wouldn't send you to places like that if they knew the sort of man you are," said Nyla adoringly. "Or perhaps they're jealous of you at headquarters. Probably some of the people there are afraid you'll get their jobs."

"Darling," replied the Colonel.

There was just room for two to lean side by side, rather close, in the wedge-shaped recess of the window, looking out across the quiet water to the groves of the park. Nyla sympathetically returned the pressure of his hand, and looked admiringly at his handsome clear-cut features, now clouded with melancholy. This was a new phase of the volatile Colonel. Evidently beneath his frolic humor there was a deeper side.

"One hardly has time to put down roots anywhere, really become attached to—to places or people—before he's moved on. And I have great capacities for putting down roots," he continued wistfully.

"It's surprising," he added presently, "how small-minded people can be. Some of those department heads at Geneva would deny my very existence if it suited them to do so. That's what bureaucracy leads to. But whatever happens, you must always think tenderly of—of the League," he said generously. "It is a very noble and complicated organization."

Poor Nyla was almost in tears.

"Gene, don't talk like that about—the League. You *have* put down roots; I can feel them growing."

The Colonel was not anxious to linger unduly in the neighborhood of the Purple Room, lest the Grand Duke's murals become too visible.

"Let's see if we can find that secret passage," he suggested when she was a little comforted.

The door to the cellar of the tower was locked, but only with a padlock on a rusty hasp.

"No need to bother Romsteck," he said. "He might not like our snooping about." He fetched a poker from the fireplace in the Purple Room and easily snapped the fixture.

The cellar, at the foot of a winding stair, had probably once been a guard room or storage place. The Colonel was amused to find carefully laid away several dozen of the old Burgundies which, according to Karl's manifests, had been exhausted by visiting plenipotentiaries.

"Ha," he said. "This entry can be regarded as legitimate inspection. I suppose I really should report it to the League; sequestration of supplies, contrary to the Treaty. However, we'll be lenient. You see, alas, why international agents grow cynical."

The safety valve, as the Grand Duke always called his secret passage, was so cunningly concealed that a less ingenious investigator might have missed it. They tapped and sounded the walls without success, but then the Colonel fell to studying the coat of arms, elaborately carved and painted, high over the huge fireplace. It was surmounted by a visored helmet.

"There's something queer about that visor," he said. Climbing on a chair he reached up to it with the poker. The piece worked on a hinge, he pushed it upward, and with a soft rumble the iron fireback in the hearth slid aside. Behind was a tunneled opening.

"Fine stuff!" he cried triumphantly. "Forward, adventurers! Look out for your dress, Nyla; it's a bit sooty. Hang onto my coat-tail." He pulled out his mouth organ and gave a lively rendition of the Moating Song.

The passage, solidly lined with stone, was pitch dark, moist, and draughty, but there was an old candle on the mantelpiece which he managed to shield with his hand. They groped cautiously through with no more mishap than a few mud stains. Eventually they reached a flight of stone steps where a crack of brightness showed above. A little vigorous pushing and the Colonel burst through a trap door. They were in a small summerhouse, discreetly screened by rhododendrons. Two hundred feet away, beyond the moat, lifted the old silvery masonry of the north tower.

"Excellent," he said, rubbing the earth from his palms. "A little grimy for ladies, I fear. Now we'll go back and cover up our traces."

Nyla was eager to tell her father of their discovery, but Cointreau suggested that the President already had too much on his mind. "Let's keep this our secret, for the moment," he said. "People who work for the League are always stuffed with secrets. Now I think I had better go and try on that uniform."

IX

Herr Guadeloupe, refreshed by a good snooze, descended in a more hopeful mood. As he entered the salon, however, he halted in alarm, fearing another of those scenes of violence for which the palace was famous. Silhouetted against the tall windows was a menacing figure, with arms raised above its head and holding an object of dangerous shape. A bomb, thought the President, and dodged hastily behind the high-backed sofa. But Romsteck, standing by, seemed calm even if disapproving. Looking again, the President saw that it was Cointreau, glittering in blue and gold, with a sword in a scarlet sash and a cocked hat with a plume. Apparently he was in a state of violent passion: his arms were lifted and quivering as if in imprecation; he was agitating a vase wrapped in a napkin, from which came a rattling sound.

"What ho!" said the Colonel. "How do you like the Dalmatian Admiral? Pretty nifty. I'm giving the Major his first lesson in cocktails. I got the shaker from the hotel at Laibach. They'll send the bill for it to old Leutz. I thought the Republic ought to own one."

He continued to brandish while the

others watched in doubtful silence; then he poured three doses of pale yellowish fluid and held out two of them.

"Try that, boys," he said familiarly. "Where I come from that's supposed to be the River of Lethe at high tide."

"In Geneva?" asked the President innocently.

"Geneva!" exclaimed the Colonel scornfully, but then checked himself—"Yes, exactly. Indeed, Herr President, the word *gin* is merely an abbreviation of Geneva, as any dictionary will inform. Why the very last thing Ramsay MacDonald said to me was, 'Teach them to drink cocktails. It'll help them over many a rough place.'"

Guadeloupe and Romsteck drank, and were struck chiefly by the extreme icy chill of the draught. It tasted, they thought, rather like paregoric dimly flavored with orange.

"It seems mild enough," said the President, holding out his glass.

"Only one to begin with," the Colonel advised. "I have seen European statesmen of the very highest rank, overconfident with this mixture, sign away whole provinces. No, Herr President, speaking as your adviser, if you desire to emerge from this negotiation with a whole skin, go easy on the cocktail. Myself, having less at stake, perhaps I may be permitted—"

He poured himself a second one and handed the shaker to the butler.

"Remove it," he said. "Bring it in again after the Ambassador's arrival."

"Major, is everything in readiness?" asked Guadeloupe.

Romsteck was well aware of the importance of the occasion.

"Yes, Herr President. The American shrub has been generously displayed in Frau Quackenbush's bedroom and also elsewhere about the house. The staff have their instructions."

"It makes a pretty decoration," said Cointreau, admiring the sprays of goldenrod on the marble mantel. "Just matches my epaulettes. I also instructed Lorli to dress Fräulein Nyla in yellow, which will go well with these trousers. The sword must have been rather a nuisance to Dalmatian admirals. An awkward thing when you're trotting round a dry-dock." He removed the weapon and laid it on the table.

"And now, Herr President, suppose we run over our vocabulary while we can. Did you study the list of informal phrases I wrote down for you?"

Guadeloupe took out a sheet of paper and glanced over it anxiously.

"I tried. American seems an eccentric language."

"The Americans are an eccentric people. What would you say if you wanted to express to Herr Quackenbush that something had made a powerful impression on you?"

"Zat gived me a vhale of a kick," replied the President, whose American had a rich guttural and laryngic timbre.

"Excellent," commended the Colonel. "The very idiom. And a phrase of admiration in honor of a lady whom you desired to compliment?"

The President pondered.

"I say, she is hot dog."

Cointreau shook his head.

"I tell ze vorld, she is hard-boiled."

"That might be true," said the tutor, "but not diplomatic."

"I say she have four flushes."

"Wrong again. We'd better go over this once more."

They were interrupted in their studies by Romsteck, who announced that the Ambassador's car was coming down the avenue. The President waited nervously, muttering phrases to himself. Through the doors, open to the warm summer afternoon, they could hear the approaching whirr, but above this there rose shrill yells of distress. They looked at one another doubtfully.

"Is it possible that Frau Quackenbush arrives in hysterics?" said the Colonel. "This is ominous for the debt."

"I think it is a dog," said the President. "That same dog that followed me down the avenue yesterday. I recognize his voice." Troubled by this

indignity he forgot his instructions, which were to remain in the Blue Room until the guests were ushered in. He seized the gilded sword of the Dalmatian Navy and ran briskly to the front door to drive off the intrusive animal.

But it wasn't the dog. Herr Leutz, pale with trouble, was climbing from the front seat of the government flivver, while inside the car Mr. and Mrs. Quackenbush strove to control a small girl of about nine years who was evidently in an advanced stage of weariness and bad temper. "I don't *want* to go to another hotel," she screamed. "I'm sick-an-tired of hotels. Take me back to Geneva."

"Don't smack her again, Ulysses," said Mrs. Quackenbush. "It only makes her worse. Hush, Treasure. It isn't a hotel. This is where the President lives."

The screams were halted by the surprising sight of Herr Guadeloupe popping out among the assembled footmen with sword in hand. "It *is* a hotel," she whimpered. "I can see the elevator man," and she pointed to the Dalmatian Admiral who had appeared in the doorway. The yells began again when Herr Leutz, after a piteous glance at the horrified President, tried to lift the child out of the car. Mr. Quackenbush seized her savagely and handed her to Romsteck, who carried her in and deposited her howling on the floor. A truck, containing at least three times as much baggage as the President and Nyla had brought, drove up behind the flivver. Among the general movement of servants Herr Leutz seized the opportunity to flee. He leaped into the car and was driven away.

With a series of sweeping bows and with gestures rather than articulate words the guests were cajoled into the drawing-room. Mr. Quackenbush, a large, handsome, hearty gentleman impressively senatorial in appearance, had not unnaturally assumed both the small man in the ill-fitting cutaway and the splendid figure in naval uniform to be attendants of some sort. The preceding weeks of this his first trip abroad had already been so full of surprises that now nothing could startle him. When Guadeloupe, in an accent enriched by embarrassment, introduced himself and presented Colonel Cointreau as his secretary, the American envoy's manner was perfect.

"Some baby," said Guadeloupe soothingly, putting out a friendly hand toward the odious child, who gazed at him with concentrated hostility. "I am strong for vife and kiddies," he added with a polite obeisance.

Mrs. Quackenbush, holding the small girl firmly in leash, had the bearing of a resolute lady accustomed to preside over large Middle-Western women's clubs. The President, scanning her powerful figure, couldn't help morbidly thinking of her as a dancing partner. She looked prosperous and well knit, the kind of person who would resent being trodden on.

"Oh, Mr. President," she exclaimed, "do forgive our having brought the little girl without warning, but our Swiss nurse fell ill unexpectedly and we had no time to arrange to leave her in Geneva. I'm sorry she's so upset, but you know what children are; it's such a trying journey. Myrtle, make your pretty curtsy to the President, that's a Treasure."

Myrtle ducked sullenly.

"Please?" said Herr Guadeloupe inquiringly. He was ambitious to air his smattering of American, but his ear was not quick enough to follow rapid conversation.

"I think this is a bum hotel," said Myrtle. "I bet there's no hot water."

"Pleasure to receive hard-boiled Americans to our tender republic," said Guadeloupe. "I tell de vorld." Here he broke down and gazed helplessly at the Colonel.

"My interpretation tell de vorld," he concluded.

"The President wants me to assure you of the warmth of his welcome," said Cointreau. "He apologizes for the

meagerness of his English; I fear that I myself am not perfect."

"Why, you speak *elegantly!*" cried Mrs. Quackenbush. "Such a relief! You know we were *so* embarrassed when we got orders from Washington to come here, our French is bad enough but our German simply doesn't *exist.*"

"Why does the elevator man wear a sword?" asked Myrtle.

"Hush, Treasure. You mustn't be rude. I'm sorry Myrtle is a little peevish. She can be so sweet when she's herself. She's not just an ordinary Myrtle; are you, Treasure? You know she was named for her grandfather, General Myrtle of Cincinnati."

"Hot dog!" said the President cheerily, eager to propitiate Quackenbush. "Your maternal vife give me one vhale of a kick, Herr Ambassador. Pretty nifty! Now perhaps she please to undress herself."

"The Herr President overstates his intention," explained Cointreau tactfully. "He does not always mean all that he seems to say."

"He's funnier than Charlie Chaplin," said Myrtle. "Come on, boy, take us up in the elevator. What's the number of our room? I want to write my name in the register myself."

Her exasperated parents, already goaded by a long journey cooped in a compartment with their difficult urchin, made a joint move toward her, but at that moment Romsteck piloted in two footmen with trays of cocktails and caviar sandwiches. Myrtle eluded the punitive grasp, skipped briskly across the room, and seized one of the glasses.

"Gee, I'm thirsty," she cried, and drained it. "Why do they wear short pants?"

"Myrtle!" exclaimed her father furiously.

"She'll be ill," said her mother. "Treasure, how *can* you behave so?"

In all his career as a diplomatist Colonel Cointreau never surpassed his conduct at that moment. He saw that the Quackenbushes were approaching the frontiers of endurance. With skilful suggestion he lured the excited child onto the terrace, promising to keep her amused so that Frau Quackenbush could unpack in peace.

X

"Now you must have American cock's tails," said Guadeloupe, somewhat nervous to find himself left without his interpreter. He drank one hastily himself, hoping it might cause some sprouting in his small garden of American idiom. "So much I hear about your great outlandish contry. Ve drink to dose Unitarian States, de whole tirteen of dem."

The envoy bowed graciously. "You mustn't feel offended," he said, "if Mrs. Quackenbush doesn't drink. She is a leading member of our W. C. T. U."

"Yes, yes," said the President, puzzled, but desperately anxious to understand. "Qvite natural after a long journey."

But he could see from Herr Quackenbush's startled face that he had erred in some mysterious way. He struggled bravely to improve.

"Be qvite easy. Frau Quackenbush shall plenty to drink enjoy. Your liddle offsprings too. Ha ha, how it leap upon de cock's tail! Ve onderstand, peoples from de League alvays some lushers. I tink you like our liddle contry, Herr Ambassador?"

"I think so indeed. Of course you have very different views from ourselves."

"Views! Ah, for views, Herr Ambassador—ven de sun sits down in de mountains, all rosy in de icebergs! Dose icebergs are like companions, as good for Frau Quackenbush as a second hosband."

"I'm afraid, Herr President, you are premature in calling me Ambassador. My nomination hasn't yet been ratified by the Senate."

"It is de same ting," said Guadeloupe, blissfully ignorant of American politics.

"Ve so happy to be recognize by America, great contry, rich but honest. You tell your President perhaps, Illyria small contry very poor. Ve soffer pretty nifty in de Var, de Var got our goats good and plenty, I tell de vorld."

"Let us drink to a happier future," said Herr Quackenbush kindly. "These cocktails are delicious."

"Is it not so!" exclaimed the delighted host. "Colonel Cointreau tell me, dat is de drink you Americans use to put hair on de chest. To de generous great Repoblic of Unitarian States! *Ich trink auf Ihr Wohl*, Herr Ambassador. I spik Engleesch a liddle, but American is hard-boiled, makes to me a little cuckoo."

"I think you do very well, Herr President," said Quackenbush politely, though inwardly rather staggered by the other's figures of speech. "You have several phrases of quite lively American slang."

"You think? Dat is my interpretations, Colonel Cointreau. A most singular man. It is de Colonel who introduce de cock's tails, he visit America, he spik all de tongues of men und of angels, dance de folk dance, he is how you say my right hand, I tell de vorld. I vish you talk mid him, he put you vise to everyting."

"That is the gentleman in naval uniform?"

"He looks like naval's uniforms, Herr Ambassador, but dat is uniform of interpretations in Illyria. Colonel Cointreau say no officer so important as interpretation who make rich powerful contries understand troubles of poor liddle contries. Important officers must have important uniforms."

"And the gentleman who met us at the station, that is your Finance Minister? I suppose he is the one with whom we shall discuss the matter of payments?"

The President, painfully aware that Illyria and the United States would be discussing payments for at least sixty years, was anxious to postpone the topic as long as possible.

"To-night I hope ve tink only of happiness. Anodder cock's tail, Herr Ambassador? So ve have arrange for you und Frau Quackenbush a liddle dinner, mid dancings *und lust.* Colonel Cointreau he is de man, alvays lusting. So chenial und so nifty mit his feets, he dance mit Frau Quackenbush, he give her a vhale of a kick."

"It's very kind of you, I'm sure. What a wonderful old house this is."

"Ve hope you und Frau Quackenbush be careless here in Farniente, just so careless as you were to your own house. Ve show you all our interests, yes, de bullet holes vere dey shoot at de Grand Dukes, de pilliard tables vere dey lay out de corpses. My interpretation he exblain, he haf de gift of de gab. Like peoples in America he have how you call rubber heels. Alvays so comical, I tell de vorld. Such a charming, he can tread on people's corns und dey thank him for it."

"He'd make a good ambassador," remarked Herr Quackenbush.

Meanwhile the highly praised interpreter had found Myrtle not bad company. She was a spoiled, precocious child, and now tired and cross, but this was the first time she had gone walking with an elevator man and she was naturally flattered. The Colonel's artful wiles completed the conquest his uniform had begun.

"I guess there's not many Americans comes here to Illyria," she said. She was aware that she had not cut a good figure at her entrance, and with sound feminine instinct she was hunting about in her mind for reasons to reëstablish her self-esteem. "I guess maybe I'm the first American child that's ever been here. You know, my nurse, in Geneva, she wasn't really sick, she just got nervous prostrations from taking care of me. I can give most any nurse nervous prostrations if I really try."

"I'm sure you can," said the Colonel. "It's a gift."

"You ought to be running an elevator in a hotel in America," she remarked.

"You've got too much class for an old dump like this. Maybe I could get you a job at our hotel in Washington. I don't suppose you ever get any decent tips here."

"I manage to get along."

"It's nice to have someone to talk to," she said graciously. "Daddy and mother aren't really congenial to me, and these people over here are such boobs about speaking English. Lots of times I have things on my mind and can't say them."

"Nothing is more painful, I quite agree."

"There was another American on the train, but he didn't amount to much."

"How can you tell when they amount to much?"

"Well, you're a foreigner, I guess you won't understand. Daddy told me for God's sake to take a walk in the corridor so's he could get a nap. In one of the other cars I saw this man, and he was chewing gum. That's how I knew he didn't amount to much. He was riding second class, too."

"It's useful to have a way you can tell, isn't it?" said the Colonel amiably.

"He was some kind of policeman."

The Colonel seemed interested. "That was queer. What would an American policeman be doing, way over here?"

"He said he was looking for someone. He offered me a stick of gum, but when I told him who I was of course he knew I wouldn't take it."

"Where was he going?"

"He didn't say, but he was awful anxious to see daddy. I fooled him, though. I wasn't going to have him wake up daddy's nap, so I told him we'd see him after the train left Laibach. Then, you see, we got off at Laibach to change and I guess he went on with the express. I didn't see him on the other train."

"Well, you're a great kid," said the Colonel admiringly. "I guess you told your father about it afterward."

"No, I forgot about it till this minute. I had one of my tantrums, and it escaped me."

"I tell you what I'll do," said the Colonel in a burst of generosity. "If you slip up to bed right away, *right away* mind you, and don't bother your father and mother, because they've got to dress for dinner, I'll make you a present of that sword. You can take it to bed with you."

"Honest?" she exclaimed.

"Sure's you're born. Come on now, I'll get Frau Innsbruck to give you a glass of milk and a cooky and you beat it right to bed. Then we can pull some big stuff in the morning."

XI

It was odd that so brief an interval should have had so marked an effect on the Colonel. When he rejoined the President and Herr Quackenbush, the interpreter's fluent American had suffered an obvious deterioration. He now spoke with an Illyrian accent hardly less strong than the President's own. Herr Guadeloupe, however, unconscious of any change, welcomed him joyfully and prepared to shift the difficult burden of small-talk to a more capable linguist.

"Ha, my interpretations!" he said jovially. "I schust tell de Herr Ambassador ve turn over new leafs in Illyria. He und Frau Quackenbush see how ve burn all our britches behind us."

Herr Quackenbush, somewhat puzzled, turned to the Colonel, who was deftly abstracting for his own use the cocktail that he could see the President did not really need.

"Not britches, britches," explained the Colonel. "Not britches in de sense of pantaloons, britches in de sense of Brooklyn Britches. Ve burn our britches in de behind, dat is to say ve begin a new era."

"The President tells me you have been in the States," said Quackenbush.

"Ach, soch happy memory of your great contry," cried the Colonel blithely.

"I drink to it, so. Zose beautiful Statue of Libertine, zose tall Voolvort Building, zose companionable sobvay, ve haf noddings in Illyria to comparison."

"He tell you how much ve admire America?" asked Guadeloupe, who was unable to keep up with the rapid-fire of his interpreter.

"I say to Herr Quackenbush dat all de modern civilization come to us from his contry, de Ford cars, de movies, de fine plumbings. I say ve owe de Americans a great deal."

This last phrase, which the President could understand, seemed to him ominous, and he frowned covertly on his volatile adviser.

"Now that the United States has recognized the Illyrian Republic," said Quackenbush, turning politely to Guadeloupe, "we shall expect you to send a minister to Washington. Why wouldn't the Admiral—I mean, the Colonel—be just the man? I could give you some telephone numbers in Washington that might be useful to one of your tastes," he added, observing that the Colonel was waving the cocktail shaker to verify its emptiness. "There would be no need to mention the matter to Mrs. Quackenbush."

"Dat suit me down to de terra firma," replied the Colonel brightly. "First crack out de box I be real von hundred per cent American." But the President shook his head.

"I could not spare de Colonel," he said. "He is my four flushes. Besides also, Colonel Cointreau is delicate official on de staff of de League of Nations, Geneva need him near de bedside. He is de midvife for any contry dat is going to haf a baby repoblic."

The conversation was interrupted by Nyla. Evidently the Colonel's instructions had been followed, for she was lovely in an airy frock of some golden tissue. She was introduced to Herr Quackenbush, and greeted him charmingly. But it was plain to that experienced observer that the brightness of her eyes was chiefly for the interpreter. Nor did he even blame her; he too was vastly taken by the humorous young official.

"It pleases for me to meet you," she said in so daintily foreign an accent that the gross jargon of the others was put to shame. "Dat is de speech Colonel Cointreau tell me Americans alvays say to demselves."

What is so delicious as one's own tongue delicately mispronounced by a beautiful woman? So thought the Ambassador and made her his best bow.

Nyla reproved her father for having kept Herr Quackenbush talking when it was time to dress for dinner. The President appealed to his adviser with his eyes, but saw no sign of encouragement. When the two statesmen had gone, the Colonel began a graceful speech about Nyla's costume, but she cut him short.

"Gene," she said mysteriously, "you understand about Americans, perhaps you can help."

"What's the trouble?"

"I know it sounds silly, but—do you suppose Frau Quackenbush has a secret sorrow?"

"She has Myrtle, but there's nothing secret about *her*. And even Myrtle has her points."

"Well, there's something wrong. She's making queer noises."

"Who, Myrtle? It's that cocktail."

"No, not Myrtle, Frau Quackenbush."

"What kind of noises?"

"Lorli says she's sighing and groaning."

"Probably trying to get into her dinner dress. The American women have a passion for wearing their clothes too tight."

"Lorli says she's in a terrible state, tears running down her face."

"Maybe she's heard she'll have to dance with your father."

"But what can we do? Gene, you're so clever, I thought perhaps you could think of something. If you could have a talk with her I'm sure you could cheer her

up. You're the only one here who can understand her."

"What's the matter with her husband?"

"If *you* had a secret sorrow, would you confide it to Herr Quackenbush?"

"He knows some useful telephone numbers. But maybe I have a secret sorrow. Nyla, listen, I want—"

"I've got to go and see that daddy finds his studs."

"But Nyla—"

"If you can comfort Frau Quackenbush, you can tell me about that later."

"Nyla, you little fiend—"

The blue sleeves of the Admiral were round her, but only for an instant. The victory was as brief and fallacious as any of the engagements of the Dalmatian Navy, for just then Romsteck entered, with a petty cough, to supervise the removal of the appetizers.

The major-domo's manner as the footmen cleared away was perfect. The Colonel, on the other hand, seemed somewhat at a loss. He lighted a cigarette, studied the bullet-holes in the panel, and then stood with his back to the room, looking off over the terrace. The underlings departed noiselessly; finally Romsteck signaled with another small cough.

"Romsteck," said the Colonel, without looking round.

"Sir?"

There was a pause.

"Could you cash a check?"

"No, sir."

Another pause.

"But I'd have no objection to lending it to you, sir."

"Romsteck, are you trying to embarrass me?"

"Impossible, sir."

"This League of Nations business is so uncertain."

"Very."

"I might be called back to Geneva quite suddenly, and I find that I have neglected—"

"Precisely, sir. I admire you for it."

A pause.

"Damn it, Romsteck, you *are* embarrassing me."

"It does you credit, sir."

Another pause.

"If a couple of hundred florins would do, sir, it would be like old times. Quite in the Grand Ducal tradition. I felt the tradition reviving yesterday; but I was sure of it when—when I interrupted you just now, sir."

The Colonel wheeled angrily and strode across the room.

"Look here, not a word against the Fräulein, do you understand? Damn you, the grandest grand duchess in the whole mildewed tribe wasn't worth the heel of her slipper."

"That also does you credit, sir," said Romsteck calmly.

Cointreau stared at him and then turned again to the door by the terrace.

"Well, what is it?" he asked presently.

"What leads you to believe there is anything further, sir?"

The Colonel laughed, flicked away his cigarette, and came back into the room.

"Romsteck, I underestimated you. You're a clever man. But there's not much time before dinner. I've got a good appetite, I'd hate to spoil it."

"There is a man here to see the American Ambassador."

A pause, and the Colonel studied Romsteck's face keenly. It was properly inscrutable.

"Does he make chewing motions with his mouth?"

"It might be so described," admitted Romsteck.

"The Ambassador is dressing. The man will have to wait."

"Would it not be better, sir, to see him now?"

"You know very well it is important the Ambassador should not be upset. The Herr President particularly wants to keep him in a genial frame of mind."

"Quite so, sir. Therefore, I say, see this man now. He is from the American military police."

"Ah. I think we shall need a little finesse," remarked the Colonel. "Rom-

steck, I believe this man is a dangerous fellow, dangerous to the best interests of a happy evening. I can count on you?"

"Absolutely, sir. It is quite in the Farniente tradition."

"A glass of the 1865 cognac and two or three footmen, the big ones, would be helpful."

"Very good, sir," and Romsteck retired.

He returned a few moments later, ushering a burly fellow in citizens' clothes, who saluted briskly to the figure in brilliant uniform.

"American M.P., sir," said the stranger. "Sergeant Higgins."

"Please for to meet you," said Cointreau in his best guttural. "I tought all de M.P.'s ver Engleesch."

"Military Police, from the zone of occupation. On medical detail from the Base Hospital at Coblentz. I have to see Mr. Quackenbush."

"I am sorry, M.P., I onderstand Engleesch mid huge difficulties."

"Maybe you can read it, sir. I have an extradition paper here that explains the matter."

The Colonel examined the document, apparently with some perplexity, for he lingered over it until three footmen entered with a decanter of brandy.

"Dere is a photographs here," he said. "Vot a nasty-looking gustomer. You hunting somevon, hey? De Herr Ambassador he is fugitive?"

"No, sir, but I need his OK to get cooperation from the Farniente police."

"It is pitiful, M.P., de Herr Ambassador could not be co-operated schust now. His vife got hysterics, his baby got de nervous prostrations, himself is about to try to gollect some money from de Illyrian dreasury. It is a difficult moment. You seddle down qvietly, visit de sights, by and bye ve see vot ve can do."

"I'm sorry, I got my orders."

"I do not onderstand," said the Colonel affably, signaling the footmen to approach. "Anyhow, our old Illyrian osbitality must be observe. A glass of de 1865 cognac, M.P., den ve summon de Herr Quackenbush. More dan vonce, dey tell me, dis cognac have save de state."

The sergeant, much pleased, accepted the glass and drank with enthusiasm. He was then surprised to find Colonel Cointreau holding a small shining barrel at his face.

"Put 'em up!" said the Colonel. "Quick! No noise about it, buddy."

The M.P.'s arms rose, one hand still holding the empty glass, which Romsteck carefully took and replaced on the tray. The three brawny footmen stood ready.

"You dirty Fritz, what's the idea?" cried the astounded victim.

"Tousand apology," said the Colonel, remembering his accent, "but ve cannot haf Herr Quackenbush interruptioned dis evening. You take my advices, M.P., and keep qviet; it is de old Farniente tradition."

The man ducked suddenly and dived for the Colonel's legs, but the footmen threw themselves upon him. The struggle was fierce but brief. It cost the Colonel one of his Dalmatian epaulettes, but the cold pressure of his weapon on the policeman's cheek brought the enemy to terms.

"Sorry ve haf to be so rude," said the Colonel. With one hand he detached his scarlet sash and handed it to Romsteck, who gagged the angry captive. "Dis is de first time de Dalmatian Navy ever see any active service. Romsteck, take him away. Keep him quiet until the morning."

The major-domo and the footmen led off the bewildered M.P. The Colonel, now that the tension was over, put his revolver to his mouth. On it he played a cheerful variation of the Moating Song.

XII

Colonel Cointreau, resourceful as usual, hunted about the drawing-room for a pin. As he expected, he found one eventually in the long blue-damask window curtains. He stood trying to reattach the large golden epaulette to his shoulder when he was startled by

a soft explosion. It came apparently from the great hall, a sudden popping sound followed by a faint whistling gasp. It was not unlike the fracture of an electric light bulb fallen from a height; but there are no electric lights in the Farniente Palace. He listened sharply. But nothing further happened, so he resumed his task, attempting to adjust the heavily fringed ornament at its proper angle. He had got it affixed, rather insecurely, when the sound came again, louder. This time there was discernible also a sort of strangled fizzing.

Hastily he crossed the room and flung open the door; on the very instant he was met point blank by a second repetition at close range. This time it was unmistakable: a sneeze, followed by a gulping sob. The mourner was Frau Quackenbush, weeping fluently.

"My dear lady," he cried aghast. "Vat can be loose, indeed? Lean on my arm, lean on de Dalmatian Navy dat have gonsoled so many unfortunate females. So, so; there, there."

He supported her tenderly to the sofa, where she sank heavily, carrying him with her. In spite of her beautiful silver gown Frau Quackenbush was a lamentable sight. Her eyes were bloodshot, glazed with tears; her nose red and swollen, her handsome features puffed with misery. She buried her face in her handkerchief.

"Ach, Himmel!" exclaimed the astounded man. "Speak, lady. You haf a pain? Myrtle is sick? De gown too tight? Some calamity is too moch bust!"

She shook her head faintly, pressing the handkerchief to her face, a small vinaigrette held limply in the other hand. Cointreau respectfully removed the handkerchief hand and pushed up the smelling salts under her nose. She sighed, and then was seized by another sharp convulsion. She trembled, shuddered, emitted a gargling groan, and struggled for breath. The vinaigrette bottle clattered on the floor.

"*Gott* save us! You feel easier? Ve must buck up, de gompany be soon here."

"I can't go through with it," she moaned faintly.

"Vat rascal have got you in dis gondition?" said the chivalrous Colonel. "Your osband, he is onkind? I call him out, I schpit him mit my sword. No, Myrtle gone to bed mit de sword. I play him a fatal jackpot. Lady, lady, tell to me vat is wrong."

"I can't tell you," she gasped. "It would offend you."

"Nodding ladies ever did could offend Cointreau," he declared soothingly. "Alvays I prepare for de vorst."

She shook her head, and mopped her eyes hopelessly.

"Is it de sorrows of our little contry dat bray upon your spirit? De difficulty of gonversations mit de Herr Bresident? I imblore you, Frau Quackenbush, be confidential in me. Ve be soch friends, ve dance, ve make insinuations. See, ve haf pretty gustom of Illyria, vear a favor for friends. You brace up, not distress de Herr Bresident mit dese griefs, I gif you my trophy. Please, you vear it for me?"

He plucked the loosely pinned epaulette from his coat and offered it gallantly. With bleared eyes she could hardly see it, and recoiled with a choking cry.

"What is it, more goldenrod? Take it away, it's killing me! The whole house is full of it. Send upstairs for my atomizer, I'm suffocating."

A light broke upon the distracted Colonel. Like a man putting out a fire he leaped to his feet, rang the bell, then seized the bundles of goldenrod lavishly displayed in every vase and hurled them through the open door far across the terrace.

"It's my hay fever," said Frau Quackenbush in a strangled whisper. "Goldenrod is the one thing that absolutely kills me with asthma. I didn't know you had it in Europe."

She sank back against the cushions with another shattering sneeze.

"The maid said you got it for me as a special compliment," she murmured

huskily. "So I didn't like to throw it out."

When Herr Guadeloupe and Nyla entered the salon a few minutes later, Frau Quackenbush was stretched, an imposing contour, on the couch. On his knees beside her the remorseful Colonel, uttering frantic endearments, was pumping the atomizer into her nose and throat.

"Tell me, dear lady, do de nostrils seem any happier?" he was asking solicitously. "Hosh!" he cautioned the horrified President. "I tink she revive. She breathe more freely. She have a dreadful attack, unspeakable."

"*Gott!*" ejaculated the President. "An attack? Is it assassinations, ravishings? Ach, de Herr Ambassador add anoder million florins to de debt."

Frau Quackenbush struggled gamely to her feet.

"I'm better, Herr President," she said hoarsely. "Please don't be alarmed."

"She vas very nearly ruined, but she improve," said the Colonel, medicating the air busily in various directions.

"You prefer ve cancel de guests?" asked Guadeloupe. "Perhaps Frau Quackenbush too sick for de dancings?" he added hopefully.

"No, please," she said. "I shall be all right in a moment. The Colonel saved me."

"But still I do not onderstand vat is happen," said the mystified President. "And how is dis?" he added, picking up the severed epaulette from the rug. "Signs of stroggle? Surely de age of ravishings is gone by?"

"Ve hope de age of ravishings never go by," said the Colonel charmingly. "Frau Quackenbush und I haf our liddle secrets. It is de old Farniente tradition. Hosh now, here come de Ambassador."

The footmen brought in candles, and a moment later Romsteck announced the first of the arriving guests.

"Herr Finance Minister Leutz, Frau Leutz," he shouted solemnly.

As the company gathered the Colonel devoted himself assiduously to Frau Quackenbush, and by the time dinner was served she was greatly improved and in excellent spirits.

Nyla went in to dinner on the Colonel's arm.

"Gene, I knew you could fix things somehow," she whispered gratefully. "What's become of your sword and the lovely red sash?"

"I gave them away," he said. "I'm giving away the whole outfit, bit by bit. Wear this for me." And he gave her the golden epaulette.

TO BE CONCLUDED

WHAT ABOUT THE CHILDREN?

THE QUESTION OF MOTHERS AND CAREERS

BY EVA vB. HANSL

Before her marriage the author of this article occupied for several years an important editorial position on a metropolitan newspaper, and was actively interested in the development of vocations for women. Since her marriage she has made various experiments with part-time and full-time jobs and has become, through a personal need in bringing up her two children, interested primarily in parental education. She recently received an offer of an editorial position at a far higher salary than she could command prior to her marriage, and refused it because she felt it would be an injustice to her children to accept. Her views thus express convictions grown out of wide personal experience rather than mere theories of an onlooker.
—*The Editors.*

THE call that went up some fifty years ago urging women "to come out of the kitchen" was so enticing that the effect of their wholesale response has assumed almost the proportion of a stampede. The sudden realization of their new-found powers in untried fields and the joy of the new freedom from the confines of the traditional sphere seem to have propelled many of them so far from home that they have forgotten what it is they left behind them. And it is of this that I should like to remind them.

After reading innumerable articles written by women who argue that economic independence is the *summum bonum* for mothers, I strongly suspect that most of them never honestly tried the experiment of staying at home to see what satisfactions may be derived from experiences and relationships there. Else how can they ignore or skirt so gaily the whole question of what the career does to the children? That, it seems to me, is the crux of the whole matter in any consideration of careers and mothers ("Careers and Marriage" is quite another matter).

The question is not "What right has a woman to pursue a career that takes her away from home the greater part of each day?" but "What price career?"—what does she give up for it and what does she get out of it? What effect does it have upon her home relationships and her life as a mother?

Every reasoned choice in life is a matter of determining values. What is an extravagance for you may be a necessity for me. If I regard it as a necessity and think I must have it, I may be willing to make any sacrifice to get it. I know an able professional woman, the mother of two children, who regards a career as a necessity for one of her temperament, taste, education, and experience. She is willing to make certain sacrifices for it, she admits, such as social gaieties and the trimmings of life, like window curtains and embroidered linens, for instance. But what, I sometimes wonder, about the other things she must miss which some of the rest of us consider essential to our happiness? What about the time she has to spend away from the children—is that nothing? Does she ever wish that she might be with them at meal times when their sense of humor is usually at its best? Doesn't she ever envy the hired housekeeper who is there to hear the news when they come bursting in from school? I know no more important moment in the day than that in

which my small son comes pelting into the house, shouting for "Mom" at the top of his lungs. "What is it?" I answer, thinking that something tremendously important has happened. "Oh, nothing," he lets me down, "I just wanted to know if you were there."

"Being there" is the greatest contribution we mothers can make in the lives of our children. Being there, not to meddle or control, but to dispense comfort and consolation, to receive confidences, to share a joke or a sorrow, to straighten out a situation which may become very involved and have serious consequences later on; to scotch bad habits before they grow big, to build up good ones by tactful diversions, and to develop taste in the arts, in behavior, and conversation. Perhaps the business-going mother can do all these things in her off hours, but, as these are the early morning and late evening ones, when people of all ages are least inclined to be amenable, I ha' me doots!

Most of the professionally engaged mothers I know admit that they have had to give up all entertaining. They say it with considerable pride in the sacrifice. But will their children be as proud of this sacrifice when they find out that everybody has open house but they, that they are always going to other people's houses and never asking others to come to theirs; when they get to college and find they are sadly lacking in the social graces because they never had the opportunity to develop them at home? They can acquire these at boarding school—but what kind of an answer is that? Another one of those that evade the issue.

College presidents and school principals are so frequently being quoted as to seem almost unanimous in declaring that the standards maintained in their institutions of learning can be no higher than those of the homes and the communities from which the students come. Water cannot rise above its source. And, yet, how many countless homes there are that dump their children on the schools, expecting them to teach and train their offspring in everything from manual work to manners. Is anything still being taught at Mother's knee? (The evolution of woman's knee is a subject for a sociological study in itself.)

What is a home for in the life of a modern adolescent who goes from boarding school to camp and back again? A stopping-off place for repairs; a rest cure, an outfitting establishment where they sew the name-tape in your clothes free of charge. "Hello! Good-by!" Does anybody profess to know that child? He is one of several hundred in school and camp—is he more than a name in the books at home? I have just been reading an article by one of the foremost psychiatrists in the country on the needs of the growing boy and girl, in which he stresses the fact that each child must be studied and handled as an individual—that, where one may need social opportunities, the other requires enforced rest; where one is over studious and must be diverted from books, the other requires tactful prodding and persistent holding to the task to develop steadfastness of character. Is it within the range of many schoolmasters to give this individual attention, to show the patience and endurance which is necessary to see young people through their "difficulties"? Has any mother the right to ask others to do this for her? To me it seems an outrageous imposition. It is part and parcel of the great modern game of "passing the buck."

II

We each of us know the kind of home we should like to create and the sort of children we should like to see playing around in it. It is difficult enough to approximate any ideal when you are on guard all the time to see that it is not dragged down or compromised. How can we be sure, then, if we delegate the care of our children to others, that our ideals are going to be upheld? Is it

really possible to find someone outside the family circle who can help establish the family "tone" which you wish to have pervade your home? Will your substitute take the pains to make your children independent when it is so much easier to do things for them? How do you know that she will be intellectually honest with them and not stuff their minds with cock-and-bull stories and befuddle their thinking powers with superstitions and untruths? There are much more sinister faults in mother's helpers than failing to sterilize the bottle properly, and faults which are far more difficult to detect. Will not the mother-with-a-job, in short, either have to resign herself to accepting another's standards for her family or find herself in constant friction where she is absentee owner and not the actual manager of the estate?

As everybody knows, it takes an immense amount of money to substitute for a mother's labor in the home. A wife-and-mother represents, more than ever, the most economical service any man can secure. Some women, therefore, find it beyond their means to engage in mental work and to pay someone else to do their manual work at home for them. For purposes of this discussion we shall, for obvious reasons, have to consider only the households in which one or both parents are earning enough to enable them to engage expert help to attend to all the physical needs of the family. Granted, then, that the children are adequately housed, clothed, and fed—do they suffer any loss if their mother comes and goes with father to business every day? Is there no danger of introducing an institutional "flavor" when all the home tasks are attended to by paid workers? Why is it that babies in institutions, who have the most expert care, do not flourish as do the little pickaninnies and the unkempt urchins of warm-hearted tenement mothers? Nobody knows the reason, but I have a suspicion that affection plays the same mysterious part in spiritual well-being that vitamines do in physical health.

How do children regard the mother who leaves in the morning after a hasty breakfast and returns at night with their father, I wonder? Do they think of her as I found my son regarding the mother's helper who was with me one year when he was very little? "She was my mother once," he explained to a friend when she came to see us a few years later. I confess I am rather pleased to be reinstated by now.

The women who advocate a job for all mothers talk very much like an Englishwoman I once knew who was extolling their "Governess system." "What respect we have for our parents!" she exclaimed. "American children have no respect for their parents; they call them the most insulting names, like 'the old cheese' or 'the boss.' But English children wouldn't dare do that—they never see enough of their parents to become so familiar. Teatime was a great event for us, for that was the hour we might spend with our parents. We were always especially dressed up for the occasion and were on our best behavior. Our parents seemed like inaccessible gods to us and we always had tremendous respect for them." To which an American father answered, for the best of his kind, "I'd rather be a circus than a god to *my* children!"

Familiarity does not have to breed contempt—if the familiar sights and sounds are conducive to respect. It is really a great test of character to stand well in the eyes of your children—a test that is far easier to pass when you aren't around so much!

III

It's a tedious business—this of being monitor, cook, guide, policeman, buyer, general-houseworker, and stocking-mender for a bunch of squirming little nuisances. But it is a mistake to think that by turning our backs on it and going about a task that is more to our liking we can solve the whole problem

of a mother's relation to her children. There is a great deal more involved than hiring efficient, trained people to do these irksome things for us. And all these considerations are far more difficult to write about than the logic of woman's economic position because they are so intangible, so mixed up with emotions and sentiments and memories of one's own childhood, and also because they involve the use of two words so sadly in disrepute these days: duty and responsibility.

It really requires a great deal more courage to write of this phase of the mother-career problem than of women's rights because you lay yourself open to ridicule as being a sentimental old fudge. I dare do it only because I am an ardent feminist who regards it as axiomatic that a woman has every right to pursue any career she may elect. But to this I would add the corollary that when she chooses to bring children into the world, they have a prior claim upon her attention. If she can manage to give them their due in care and attention and can still hold her own in the competitive world outside her home, all credit to her. But how many women can really do justice to two such absorbing interests? It requires a remarkably buoyant personality and great physical endurance—and I don't know any man who would be fool enough to try it.

One of the chief difficulties, in my opinion, in the way of making a satisfactory compromise between an all-day job and a happy household is this conflict in interests. When I am engaged on some outside task—editorial work, a publicity campaign, or whatever else it may be—and must concentrate my efforts to make it a success, I have found that my children become distractions and interruptions. I have no time to play with them. I am always "dreaming" as they call it—thinking of things remote from them and not taking any interest in their immensely important affairs. Their prattle, which once amused me more than a three-ring circus, becomes annoying clatter. Their actions, which may be excellent for self-determining small people, disturb my adult thoughts; I become irritable, and they respond to my irritations with their own brand, which is even worse—and the fireworks are off! I may be wrong, but I think it is a rare person who can keep her adult interests and her interest in her children in separate compartments so that they do not interfere with one another. I have known only a few women who could do it successfully.

IV

The choice between the devil or the deep sea seems an easy one compared with that which confronts us women to-day. If we really had to choose between continuing a career on which we had started and marrying the man we love with the hope of bearing him children, it would be a cruel world indeed. But I do not think we must make this choice. I do not think we must cut off our careers entirely. Rather, I think we must look at the whole matter of careers and motherhood from a new angle, try to fit the one into the other and *make each a real part of a full life*. If we "take a long view of life," as the vocational guidance experts exhort us to do, and plan our lives to include the possibility of marriage and children as well as the satisfaction of our special talents, we may manage to pick out the sort of work which will enable us to make a happy combination of the two, should the opportunity present itself, later on. Work which exacts our regular attendance at an office or a laboratory is, of course, the most difficult to adjust. But, even here, the woman who has gone far enough in her field before she marries to be known, at least among her confrères, for the quality of her work, will have something marketable to offer in the work-a-day world at any time, provided she does not allow herself to "grow stale" during the infancy of her children. It's the old story of the

mouse-trap all over again—if any of us can do any one thing especially well, we can always create a demand for it. What's more—which is a far more daring thing to say—we can stipulate that we will give only as much time to satisfying that demand as we can afford to give after we have attended to the needs of our family. More part-time jobs is not what we need so much as more women with a real contribution to bring to the market-place.

The mother who yearns over her children and the mother who earns are the two extremes. Here, as everywhere, the mean is golden. Every mother owes it to her family as well as to herself to have a very real interest outside of her home circle of activities. But, she also owes it to her children to keep that interest subordinated to her interest in them. Her aim, it seems to me, should be so to adjust her life as to be a full-time mother on a part-time job rather than a part-time mother on a full-time job. I would suggest that she reduce her vocation to the place of an avocation during the infancy of her children and then restore it to its full importance as a vocation when they are in school most of the day and no longer require so much of her time and attention.

It can be done. I know any number of women who have done it. They spent from six to ten years, after graduating from college, in the pursuit of their career. Then they began to produce children and they went into that inimitable experience with all the zest, all the enthusiasm and determination to make good with which ever they began a new piece of work. Their spare time and strength (which is often precious little when children are babies) they gave to "keeping their hand in" their vocational interest. This meant, of course, giving up practically all social life in the daytime, and much of it in the evenings; substituting the reading of technical journals for magazines and technical books for fiction. But that does not seem a hardship to the woman who really enjoys her careering.

And then, when their children were old enough to go to school or a nursery school, if one was nearby, they had their innings. No sentimental weeping when "the last little one" went out the garden gate to school, no moaning "because the house seemed so empty," but a happy effort to see how they could best begin building up their careers so as to have them in full swing by the time they were put on the parent's retired list.

Nothing is more pathetic than the middle-aged mother whose children have been her only interest in life. When they have left home to go to college, or to start homes of their own, she is left high and dry without anything to do or anybody to fuss over. So she joins a woman's club or a lecture course to improve her mind, or she goes in heavily for social work for which she has had no previous training, or she goes into a decline in order to win back the attention of the family, which seems to be diverted in other directions. Sometimes being a grandmother and being allowed to bring up her grandchildren while her daughter pursues her career may keep her out of mischief for a while but, sooner or later, the woman who has had no interest in life outside of her children and her home becomes, if not a public charge, then a private one!

V

The girls who graduate from college to-day are not going to have to suffer the conflicts we graduates of ten or twenty years ago have been going through, and for the graduates of ten or twenty years hence it will be still easier. There are several reasons for this: In the first place, everybody looks at life much more frankly and fearlessly to-day, admitting, quite unblushingly, that motherhood is a thing to be reckoned with; secondly, we pioneers of the first quarter of this century have not worked in vain to educate the world to accept us in the professions; and finally there is develop-

ing a new science of child study and education which is opening a fine array of new occupations for women interested in children which will be much more compatible with the demands of motherhood than some of those which they have taken up heretofore.

Those of us who graduated from college in the first decade grew up without benefit of vocational guidance and in a madly feministic era. "We claim all labor for our field," we cried with Olive Schreiner, and we completely overlooked the labor of childbirth! Everything in the world was vastly more interesting than bringing up children (anybody could do that) but *we*—we would show the world what women really were good for. That was the campus-attitude when I went to college some fifteen years ago, when women were still subjected to the curriculum of men's colleges to show that they had brains. Great changes have taken place since then, and the World War hastened them. It showed that women would do almost anything if they had to, and it put a premium upon men and children. Also, the physical and mental examinations of the soldiers revealed such distressing handicaps which could have been prevented or cured in early childhood that the doctors and psychologists looked at one another and said, "Why didn't their parents know better?"

Why didn't they? Because the doctors and the psychologists twenty-one years before 1914 knew very little themselves and because, until the last five years, they made little or no effort to share their findings with the parents. But in these most recent years there has been a tremendous movement sweeping from coast to coast to educate parents to learn their trade.

Although there were rumblings long before this among parents of all classes, who asked why everybody was always blaming them for everything that was wrong with their children and nobody ever told them what to do, it might have been many years before they were heard and answered but for the memorials of two philanthropic women in whose name a fortune was set aside to promote the welfare of children and the education of their mothers. The Foundations created under the will of Mrs. Lizzie Merrill Palmer in Detroit and to the memory of Mrs. Laura Spelman Rockefeller in New York have done more to further the enlightenment of parents in a comparatively short time than any reformer could really hope for and, of course, one of the reasons why their works are so fruitful is that they are satisfying a demand and not trying to force something upon an unwilling people.

The movement for parental education is spreading not only through child-study groups, parent-teacher associations, and university-extension courses, but through the schools and colleges themselves. The Iowa Child Welfare Research Station, organized in 1917, has been followed by Institutes for Child Welfare Research in various parts of the country where important information concerning children, their nature and their needs, is gathered by experts in hygiene, psychology, nutrition, etc., and disseminated through various channels. At Vassar, the Department of Euthenics (the science of efficient living) conducted an Institute last summer which was attended by some forty-five mothers and teachers who were learning, and twenty children between the ages of seventeen months and five years who were being observed in a Nursery School rigged up for the five-weeks occasion. The cry of a baby on a college campus is an epoch-making sound, indeed! At Smith they have opened an Institute for the Co-ordination of Women's Interests—a name no more complicated than its object—to try to find some happy solutions at least for our daughters, if not for us, if we would have both careers and children.

The history of the development of professional schools in this country reveals the fact that each one was developed from the apprentice system. Pro-

spective doctors and lawyers, as late as the middle of the last century, attached themselves to some practicing lawyer or doctor and learned what they could by watching him work and reading what they could find to read. Engineering, architecture, journalism, and, finally, business, has each, in turn, been lifted from the plane of the trade that was learned largely by imitation and trial-and-error to that of the profession with a systematic course of training covering a period of years and meriting recognition from a university.

Braver souls than I have predicted that the next professional school to be developed will be that of Parenthood. Then, perhaps, the wish which Miss Julia Lathrop, the organizer of the Children's Bureau, and its first chief, expressed on the occasion of Vassar's Fiftieth Anniversary in 1915—that the universities establish graduate departments of research in the affairs of the home—will be realized. The revelations of the laboratory are showing us women how important are the early years of a child when we lay down the foundations of its whole personality, and that it is a thousand times easier to make good beginnings than effective reforms. When the instances of child-delinquency and of divorce increase steadily, and the age of youthful criminals and illegitimate mothers grows lower with the years, does it not seem as though the best minds might well devote some of their thinking to the causes of these things, and so affect the education that is disseminated in our land through the schools and colleges, especially their night schools, summer sessions, and extension courses, as to improve the quality of our home-making? It often seems as though the task that lies nearest is the one that is most easily overlooked.

So—there is hope! Hope that the child will come into its own—not only in research and education, health laws and labor laws, but—in its citadel, the home.

What I have learned in ten years of being a mother in order to keep my family well and happy and our lives filled to the brim with things to do, to enjoy, and to think about is only a tithe of what I wish I might have learned, and yet it is far more than ever I put into my head in all the years of my formal education. And it is the more pleasurable, this learning, because it all seems so purposeful, so necessary, and important. Can many men or women say that of the work they do in the business world? Never did the preparing of food to pour into ravenous little tummies seem as futile as pouring words into the bottomless pit of a newspaper often seemed when I spent my days in that occupation. Everything that makes up children's diet is important, and even more so is everything that is soaked up by those little sponges ordinarily called minds and that is felt and acted upon by those tender little things we used to call hearts before the days when the mechanists lumped us all into bundles of behavior. Doesn't it behoove us, therefore, to make certain that what we feed them is the right food to grow on, physically, mentally, and spiritually?

Moreover, one must consider the value in character building to the parent of staying on the job and remaining an individual unsubmerged by the demands of house and family. Anyone who has ever been chastened by the experience of being a parent will admit that it is one of life's severest disciplines. The physical experience of bringing a child into the world is not what develops the finer qualities in women which Goethe, for one, apotheosized in the second part of "Faust"—it is the process of being a mother "for better or for worse" through the many years and keeping free and flexible the individual mind and personality.

Much will need to be done to change this world to accommodate the mother who would have a career. Housing will have to be adapted to easier housekeeping; ways and means will have to be found to eliminate some of the endless

detail involved in providing three meals a day; and, most important of all, husbands and children will have to learn that mothers have rights which must be respected. But by the time all these things have been made right for her, let us hope that she will have realized that there is still a great deal she owes in return, and above all that there is small satisfaction in bringing children into the world only to turn them over to other people to enjoy.

VI

What is there about a career that makes it the will-o'-the-wisp so many women would pursue? Does it seem so attractive or thrilling only in contrast with the domestic life? Is it the money return it brings in (which often diminishes in proportion as the career becomes disinterested!) or other worldly recognition of their powers that women want, or do they seek careers solely because their creative ability must find an outlet? I think it is the human need of doing something that is their own, something that they know *must* be said or done, that drives them on in its pursuit. It is, also, the need of the trained mind to enjoy continuity of thought and action and to prevent its being splintered into fragments by the frittering, repetitious details of housekeeping. This sort of continuity comes only when set tasks can be carried through to completion—to the publication of a book, the hanging of a picture, the conclusion of an experiment.

As soon as women assume a professional attitude toward everything they do—from housekeeping to business—their problems of combining careers and motherhood will begin to adjust themselves more easily. They will have a test by which to measure their longing for something outside the domestic routine; and if it seems to them that the home must be the scene—for a time at least—of their principal labors, they will have the assurance that, with all the new knowledge which has been accumulated concerning the bringing up of children, they can bring to this vital task the intensity of interest and the professional skill which will make homemaking in the true sense a career.

Every decision that any mother makes to engage in a career must be an individual one, depending upon innumerable factors in her own family situation—such as, for instance, her husband's earning capacity, his temperament, and his standard of living; whether they live in a small town, a suburb, or a city; and, above all, whether her talent or abilities are of sufficient magnitude to exact any sacrifice from the family to enable her to develop them.

Each of us must evaluate all these factors—and many more—for ourselves. We must do it honestly and with an open mind as well as an unselfish spirit. That is, we must be willing to admit to ourselves—even if we don't want to admit it to anyone else—what the true motive is behind our career seeking. We shall all probably have to do a deal of experimenting with all sorts of arrangements; but if we do it in the spirit of the laboratory, admit when we have failed, start anew with a different set of conditions, analyze our difficulties so that we may avoid them another time, then the chances are that before long we shall arrive at some sort of an adjustment that will give every member of the family a full share of personal freedom as well as responsibility for the common good.

THE VANISHING OF VAUDREY

A STORY

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

SIR Arthur Vaudrey, in his light-gray summer suit and wearing on his gray head the white hat which he so boldly affected, went walking briskly up the road by the river from his own house to the little group of houses that were almost like outhouses to his own; entered that little hamlet, and then vanished completely as if he had been carried away by the fairies.

The disappearance seemed the more absolute and abrupt because of the familiarity of the scene and the extreme simplicity of the conditions of the problem. The hamlet could not be called a village; indeed, it was little more than a small and strangely isolated street. It stood in the middle of wide and open fields and plains—a mere string of the four or five shops absolutely needed by the neighbors; that is, by a few farmers and the family at the great house. There was a butcher's at the corner, at which, it appeared, Sir Arthur had last been seen. He was seen by two young men staying at his house, Evan Smith, who was acting as his secretary, and John Dalmon, who was generally supposed to be engaged to his ward. There was next to the butcher's a small shop combining a large number of functions, such as is found in villages, in which a little old woman sold sweets, walking sticks, golf balls, gum, balls of string, and a very faded sort of stationery. Beyond this was the tobacconist's, to which the two young men were betaking themselves when they last caught a glimpse of their host standing in front of the butcher's shop; and beyond that was a dingy little dressmaker's shop kept by two ladies. A pale and shiny shop offering to the passer-by great goblets of very wan green lemonade completed the little block of buildings; for the only real and Christian inn in the neighborhood stood by itself some way down the main road. Between the inn and the hamlet was a crossroad at which stood a policeman and a uniformed official of a motoring club; and both agreed that Sir Arthur had never passed that point on the road.

It had been at an early hour of a very brilliant summer day that the old gentleman had gone gaily striding up the road, swinging his walking stick and flapping his yellow gloves. He was a good deal of a dandy, but one of a vigorous and virile sort, especially for his age. His bodily strength and activity were still very remarkable; and his curly hair might have been a yellow so pale as to look white, instead of a white that was a faded yellow. His clean-shaven face was handsome, with a high-bridged nose like the Duke of Wellington's; but the most outstanding features were his eyes. They were not merely metaphorically outstanding; something prominent and almost bulging about them was perhaps the only disproportion in his features; but his lips were sensitive and set a little tightly as if by an act of will. He was the squire of all that country and the owner of the little hamlet. In that sort of place everybody not only knows everybody else, but generally knows where anybody is at any given moment.

The normal course would have been for Sir Arthur to walk to the village, to say whatever he wanted to say to the butcher or anybody else, and then walk back to his house again, all in the course of about half an hour; as the two young men did when they had bought their cigarets. But they saw nobody on the road returning; indeed, there was nobody in sight except the one other guest at the house, a certain Doctor Abbott, who was sitting with his broad back to them on the river bank, very patiently fishing.

When all the three guests returned to breakfast they seemed to think little or nothing of the continued absence of the squire; but when the day wore on and he missed one meal after another, they naturally began to be puzzled, and Sybil Rye, the lady of the household, began to be seriously alarmed. Expeditions of discovery were despatched to the village again and again without finding any trace; and eventually, when darkness fell, the house was full of a definite fear. Sybil had sent for Father Brown, who was a friend of hers and had helped her out of a difficulty in the past; and under the pressure of the apparent peril, he had consented to remain at the house and see it through.

Thus it happened that when the new day's dawn broke without news Father Brown was early afoot and on the lookout for anything; his black stumpy figure could be seen pacing the garden path where the garden was embanked along the river, as he scanned the landscape up and down with his short-sighted and rather misty gaze.

He realized that another figure was moving even more restlessly along the embankment, and saluted Evan Smith, the Secretary, by name.

Evan Smith was a tall, fair-haired young man, looking rather harassed, as was perhaps natural in that hour of distraction. But something of the sort hung about him at all times. Perhaps it was more marked because he had the sort of athletic reach and poise, and the sort of leonine yellow hair and mustache which accompany (always in fiction and sometimes in fact) a frank and cheerful demeanor of "English youth." As in his case they accompanied deep and cavernous eyes and a rather haggard look, the contrast with the conventional tall figure and fair hair of romance may have had a touch of something sinister. But Father Brown smiled at him amiably enough and then said more seriously:

"This is a trying business."

"It's a very trying business for Miss Rye," answered the young man gloomily, "and I don't see why I should disguise what's the worst part of it for me, even if she is engaged to Dalmon. Shocked, I suppose?"

Father Brown did not look very much shocked, but his face was often rather expressionless; he merely said mildly:

"Naturally, we all sympathize with her anxiety. I suppose you haven't any news or views in the matter?"

"I haven't any news exactly," answered Smith, "no news from outside, at least. As for views—" And he relapsed into moody silence.

"I should be very glad to hear your views," said the little priest pleasantly. "I hope you don't mind my saying that you seem to have something on your mind."

The young man stirred rather than started and looked at the priest steadily, with a frown that threw his hollow eyes into dense shadow.

"Well, you're right enough," he said at last. "I suppose I shall have to tell somebody. And you seem a safe sort of person to tell."

"Do you know what has happened to Sir Arthur?" asked Father Brown calmly, as if it were the most casual matter in the world.

"Yes," said the Secretary harshly, "I think I know what has happened to Sir Arthur."

"A beautiful morning," said a bland voice in his ear. "A beautiful morning for a rather melancholy meeting."

This time the Secretary jumped as if he had been shot, as the large shadow of

Doctor Abbott fell across his path in the already strong sunshine. Doctor Abbott was still in his dressing gown, a sumptuous oriental dressing gown covered with colored flowers and dragons, looking rather like one of the most brilliant flower beds that were glowing under the growing sun. He wore also large flat slippers, which was doubtless why he had come so close to the others without being heard. He would normally have seemed the last person for such a light and airy approach; for he was a very big, broad, and heavy man, with a powerful, benevolent face very much sunburnt, in a frame of old-fashioned gray whiskers and chin beard, which hung about him luxuriantly like the long gray curls of his venerable head. His long slits of eyes were rather sleepy and, indeed, he was an elderly gentleman to be up so early; but he had a look at once robust and weatherbeaten, as of an old farmer or sea captain who had once been out in all weathers. He was the only old comrade and contemporary of the squire in the company that met at the house.

"It seems truly extraordinary," he said, shaking his head. "Those little houses are like dolls' houses, always open front and back, and there's hardly room to hide anybody, even if they wanted to hide him. And I'm sure they don't. Dalmon and I cross-examined them all yesterday; they're mostly little old women who couldn't hurt a fly. The men are nearly all away harvesting, except the butcher; and Arthur was seen coming out of the butcher's. And nothing could have happened along that stretch by the river, for I was fishing there all day."

Then he looked at Smith, and the look in his long eyes seemed for the moment not only sleepy but a little sly.

"I think you and Dalmon can testify," he said, "that you saw me sitting there, through your whole journey there and back."

"Yes," said Evan Smith shortly, and seemed rather impatient at the long interruption.

"The only thing I can think of," went on Doctor Abbott slowly; and then the interruption was itself interrupted. A figure at once light and sturdy strode very rapidly across the green lawn between the gay flower beds, and John Dalmon appeared among them, holding a paper in his hand. He was neatly dressed and rather swarthy, with a very fine square Napoleonic face and very sad eyes, eyes so sad that they looked almost dead. He seemed to be still young, but his black hair had gone prematurely gray about the temples.

"I've just had this telegram from the police," he said. "I wired to them last night, and they say they're sending down a man at once. Do you know, Doctor Abbott, of anybody else we ought to send for? Relations, I mean, and that sort of thing."

"There is his nephew, Vernon Vaudrey, of course," said the old man. "If you will come with me I think I can give you his address—and—and tell you something rather special about him."

Doctor Abbott and Dalmon moved away in the direction of the house and, when they had gone a certain distance, Father Brown said simply, as if there had been no interruption:

"You were saying?"

"You're a cool hand," said the Secretary. "I suppose it comes of hearing confessions. I feel rather as if I were going to make a confession. Some people would feel a bit jolted out of the mood of confidence by that queer old elephant creeping up like a snake. But I suppose I'd better stick to it, though it really isn't my confession but somebody else's." He stopped a moment, frowning and pulling his mustache, then he said abruptly:

"I believe Sir Arthur has bolted and I believe I know why."

There was a silence, and then he exploded again, "It's worse than that. I'm in a damnable position and most people would say I was doing a damnable thing. I am now going to appear in the character of a sneak and a

skunk, and I believe I am doing my duty."

"You must be the judge," said Father Brown gravely. "What is the matter with your duty?"

"I'm in the perfectly foul position of telling tales against a rival, and a successful rival, too," said the young man bitterly; "and I don't know what else in the world I can do. You were asking what was the explanation of Vaudrey's disappearance. I am absolutely convinced that Dalmon is the explanation."

"You mean," said the priest with composure, "that Dalmon has killed Sir Arthur?"

"No!" exploded Smith with startling violence. "No, a hundred times. He hasn't done that, whatever else he's done. He isn't a murderer, whatever else he is. He has the best of all alibis—the evidence of a man who hates him. I'm not likely to perjure myself for love of Dalmon; and I could swear in any court he did nothing to the old man yesterday. Dalmon and I were together all day, or all that part of the day, and he did nothing in the village except buy cigarets and nothing here except smoke them and read in the library. No, I believe he is a criminal, but he did not kill Vaudrey. I might even say more; *because* he is a criminal he did not kill Vaudrey."

"Yes," said the other patiently, "and what does that mean?"

"It means," replied the Secretary, "that he is a criminal committing another crime; and his crime depends on keeping Vaudrey alive."

"Oh, I see," said Father Brown.

"I know Sybil Rye pretty well; and her character is a great part of this story. It is a very fine character in both senses; that is, it is of a noble quality and only too delicate a texture. She is one of those people who are terribly conscientious, without any of that armor of habit and hard common sense that many conscientious people get. She is almost insanely sensitive and at the same time quite unselfish. Her history is curious; she was left literally penniless like a foundling, and Sir Arthur took her into his house and treated her with consideration; which puzzled many, for, without being hard on the old man, it was not much in his line. But when she was about seventeen the explanation came to her with a shock; for her guardian asked her to marry him. Now I come to the curious part of the story. Somehow or other Sybil had heard from somebody (I rather suspect from old Abbott) that Sir Arthur Vaudrey, in his wilder youth, had committed some crime or, at least, done some great wrong to somebody, which had got him into serious trouble. I don't know what it was. But it was a sort of nightmare to the girl, at her crude sentimental age, and made him seem like a monster, at least too much so for the close relation of marriage. What she did was incredibly typical of her. With helpless terror and with heroic courage she told him the truth with her own trembling lips. She admitted that her repulsion might be morbid; she confessed it like a secret madness. To her relief and surprise he took it quietly and courteously, and apparently said no more on the subject; and her sense of his generosity was greatly increased by the next stage of the story. There came into her lonely life the influence of an equally lonely man. He was camping out like a sort of hermit on one of the islands in the river; and I suppose the mystery made him attractive—though I admit he is attractive enough; a gentleman and quite witty, though very melancholy—which I suppose increased the romance. It was this man Dalmon, of course, and to this day I'm not sure how far she really accepted him; but it went so far as his getting permission to see her guardian. I can fancy her awaiting that interview in an agony of terror, and wondering how the old beau would take the appearance of a rival. But here again she found she had apparently done him an injustice. He received the younger man with hearty hospitality and seemed to

be delighted with the prospects of the young couple. He and Dalmon went shooting and fishing together and were the best of friends, when one day she had another shock. Dalmon let slip in conversation some chance phrase that the old man 'had not changed much in thirty years,' and the truth about the odd intimacy burst upon her. All that introduction and hospitality had been a masquerade; the men had obviously known each other before. That was why the younger man had come down rather covertly to that district. That was why the elder man was lending himself so readily to promote the match. I wonder what you are thinking."

"I know what you are thinking," said Father Brown with a smile, "and it seems entirely logical. Here we have Vaudrey with some ugly story in his past; a mysterious stranger comes to haunt him and gets whatever he wants out of him. In plain words, you think Dalmon is a blackmailer."

"I do," said the other, "and a damned rotten thing to think."

Father Brown reflected for a moment and then said, "I think I should like to go up to the house now, and have a talk with Doctor Abbott."

When he came out of the house again an hour or two afterwards, he may have been talking with Doctor Abbott, but he emerged in company with Sybil Rye, a pale girl with reddish hair and a profile delicate and almost tremulous; at the sight of her one could instantly understand all the Secretary's story of her shuddering candor. It recalled Godiva and certain tales of virgin martyrs; only the shy can be so shameless for conscience' sake. Smith came forward to meet them and for a moment they stood talking on the lawn. The day, which had been brilliant from daybreak, was now glowing and even glaring; but Father Brown was carrying his black bundle of an umbrella as well as wearing his black umbrella of a hat, and seemed in a general way buttoned up to breast the storm. But perhaps it was only an unconscious effect of attitude; and perhaps the storm was not a material storm.

"What I hate about it all," Sybil was saying in a low voice, "is the talk that's beginning already; suspicions against everybody. John and Evan can answer for each other, I suppose; but Doctor Abbott has had an awful scene with the butcher, who thinks he is accused and is throwing accusations about in consequence."

Evan Smith looked very uncomfortable, then he blurted out:

"Look here, Sybil, I can't say much, but we don't believe there's any need for all that. It's all very beastly, but we don't think there's been—any violence."

"Have you got a theory, then?" said the girl, looking instantly at the priest.

"I have heard a theory," he replied, "which seems to me very convincing."

He stood looking rather dreamily towards the river; and Smith and Sybil began to talk to each other swiftly in lowered tones. The priest drifted along the river bank, ruminating, and plunged into a plantation of thin trees on an almost overhanging bank. The strong sun beat on the thin veil of little dancing leaves like small green flames, and all the birds were singing as if the trees had a hundred tongues. A minute or two later Evan Smith heard his own name called cautiously and yet clearly from the green depths of the thicket. He stepped rapidly in that direction and met Father Brown returning. The priest said to him in a very low voice:

"Don't let the lady come down here. Can't you get rid of her? Ask her to telephone or something, and then you come back here again."

Evan Smith turned with a rather desperate appearance of carelessness and approached the girl; but she was not the sort of person whom it is hard to make busy with small jobs for others. In a very short time she had vanished into the house, and Smith turned to find that Father Brown had once more vanished

into the thicket. Just beyond the clump of trees was a sort of small chasm where the turf had subsided to the level of the sand by the river. Father Brown was standing on the brink of this cleft, looking down; but, either by accident or design, he was holding his hat in his hand in spite of the strong sun pouring on his head.

"You had better see this yourself," he said heavily, "as a matter of evidence. But I warn you to be prepared."

"Prepared for what?" asked the other.

"Only for the most horrible thing I ever saw in my life," said Father Brown.

Evan Smith stepped to the brink of the bank of turf and with difficulty repressed a cry rather like a scream.

Sir Arthur Vaudrey was glaring and grinning up at him; the face was turned up so that he could have put his foot on it; the head was thrown back with its wig of whitish-yellow hair towards him; so that he saw the face upside down. This made it seem all the more like a part of a nightmare; as if a man were walking about with his head stuck on the wrong way. What was he doing? Was it possible that Vaudrey was really creeping about, hiding in the cracks of field and bank and peering out at them in this unnatural posture? The rest of the figure seemed hunched and almost crooked, as if it had been crippled or deformed; but on looking more closely, this seemed only the foreshortening of limbs fallen in a heap. Was he mad? Was he . . . ? The more Smith looked at him the stiffer the posture seemed.

"You can't see it from here properly," said Father Brown, "but his throat is cut."

Smith shuddered suddenly. "I can well believe it's the most horrible thing you've seen," he said. "I think it's seeing the face upside down. I've seen that face at breakfast or dinner every day for ten years; and it always looked quite pleasant and polite. You turn it upside down, and it looks like the face of a fiend."

"The face really is smiling," said Father Brown soberly; "which is perhaps not the least part of the riddle. Not many men smile while their throats are being cut; even if they do it themselves. That smile, combined with those gooseberry eyes of his, that always seemed standing out of his head, is enough, no doubt, to explain the expression. But it's true things look different upside down. Artists often turn their drawings upside down to test their correctness. Sometimes, when it's difficult to turn the object itself upside down (as in the case of the Matterhorn, let us say), they have been known to stand on their heads, or at least look between their legs."

The priest, who was talking thus flippantly to steady the other man's nerves, concluded by saying in a more serious tone, "I quite understand how it must have upset you. Unfortunately it also upset something else."

"What do you mean?"

"It has upset the whole of our very complete theory," replied the other; and he began clambering down the bank onto the little strip of sand by the river.

"Perhaps he did it himself," said Smith abruptly. "After all, that's the most obvious sort of escape, and fits in with our theory very well. He wanted a quiet place, and he came here and cut his throat."

"He didn't come here at all," said Father Brown. "At least not alive and not by land. He wasn't killed here; there's not enough blood." This sun has dried his hair and clothes pretty well by now; but there are the traces of two trickles of water in the sand. Just about here the tide comes up from the sea and makes an eddy that washed the body into the creek and left it when the tide retired. But the body must first have been washed down the river; presumably from the village; for the river runs just behind the row of little houses and shops. Poor Vaudrey died up in the hamlet somehow, after all. I don't think he committed suicide; but the trouble is,

who would or could have killed him up in that potty little place?"

He began to draw rough designs with the point of his stumpy umbrella on the strip of sand.

"Let's see; how does the row of shops run? First the butcher's. Well, of course a butcher would be an ideal performer with a large carving-knife. But you saw Vaudrey come out; and it isn't very probable that he stood in the outer shop while the butcher said, 'Good morning. Allow me to cut your throat; thank you. And the next article please.' Sir Arthur doesn't strike me as the sort of man who'd have stood there with a pleasant smile while this happened. He was a very strong and vigorous man with rather a violent temper. And who else except the butcher could have stood up to him? The next shop is kept by an old woman. Then comes the tobacconist, who is certainly a man, but I am told quite a small and timid one. Then there is the dressmaker's, run by two maiden ladies, and then a refreshment shop run by a man who happens to be in hospital, and who has left his wife in charge. There are two or three village lads, assistants and errand boys, but they were away on a special job. The refreshment shop ends the street; there is nothing beyond that but the inn, with the policeman between."

He made a punch with the ferrule of his umbrella to represent the policeman and remained moodily staring up the river. Then he made a slight movement with his hand and, stepping quickly across, stooped over the corpse.

"Ah!" he said straightening himself and letting out a great breath. "The tobacconist! Why in the world didn't I remember that about the tobacconist?"

"What is the matter with you?" demanded Smith in some exasperation; for Father Brown was rolling his eyes and muttering and he had uttered the word "tobacconist" as if it were a terrible word of doom.

"Did you notice," said the priest after a pause, "something rather curious about his face?"

"Curious, my God!" said Evan with a retrospective shudder. "Anyhow, his throat was cut. . . ."

"I said his face," said the cleric quietly. "Besides, don't you notice he had hurt his hand and there's a small bandage round it?"

"Oh, that has nothing to do with it," said Evan hastily. "That happened before and was quite an accident. He cut his hand with a broken ink bottle while we were working together."

"It has something to do with it for all that," replied Father Brown.

There was a long silence, and the priest walked moodily along the sand, trailing his umbrella, and sometimes muttering the word "tobacconist" till the very word chilled his friend with fear. Then he lifted the umbrella and pointed to a boathouse among the rushes.

"Is that the family boat?" he asked. "I wish you'd just scull me up the river; I want to look at those houses from the back. There's no time to lose. They may find the body; but we must risk that."

Smith was already pulling the little boat upstream towards the hamlet before Father Brown spoke again. Then he said:

"By the way, I found out from old Abbott what was the real story about poor Vaudrey's misdemeanor. It was a rather curious story, about an Egyptian official who had insulted him by saying that a good Moslem would avoid swine and Englishmen, but preferred swine, or some such tactful remark. Whatever happened at the time, the quarrel was apparently renewed some years after when the official visited England; and Vaudrey in his violent passion dragged the man to a pig sty on the farm attached to the country-house and threw him in, breaking his arm and leg and leaving him there till next morning. There was rather a row about it, of course, but many people thought Vaudrey had acted in a pardonable passion

of patriotism. Anyhow, it seems not quite the thing that would have kept a man silent under deadly blackmail for decades."

"Then you don't think it had anything to do with the story we are considering?" asked the Secretary.

"I think it had a thundering lot to do with the story I am considering now," said Father Brown.

They were now floating past the low wall and the steep strips of back garden running down from the back doors to the river. Father Brown counted them carefully, pointing with his umbrella, and when he came to the third he said again:

"Tobacconist! Is the tobacconist by any chance? . . . But I think I'll act on my guess till I know. Only I'll tell you what it was I thought odd about Sir Arthur's face."

"And what was that?" asked his companion, pausing and resting on his oars for an instant.

"He was a great dandy," said Father Brown, "and the face was only half shaved. . . . Could you stop here a moment? We could tie up the boat to that post."

A minute or two afterwards they had clambered over the little wall and were mounting the steep cobbled paths of the little garden with its rectangular beds of vegetables and flowers.

"You see the tobacconist *does* grow potatoes," said Father Brown. "Associations with Sir Walter Raleigh no doubt. Plenty of potatoes and plenty of potato sacks. These little country people have not lost all the habits of peasants; they still run two or three jobs at once. But country tobacconists very often do one odd job extra that I never thought of till I saw Vaudrey's chin. Nine times out of ten you call the shop the tobacconist's, but it *is* also the barber's. He'd cut his hand and couldn't shave himself; so he came up here. Does that suggest anything else to you?"

"It suggests a good deal," replied Smith, "but I expect it will suggest a good deal more to you."

"Does it suggest, for instance," observed Father Brown, "the only conditions in which a vigorous and rather violent gentleman might be smiling pleasantly when his throat was cut?"

The next moment they had passed through a dark passage or two at the back of the house and came into the back room of the shop, dimly lit by filtered light from beyond and a dingy and cracked looking-glass. It seemed somehow like the green twilight of a tank; but there was light enough to see the apparatus of a barber's shop and the pale and even panicstricken face of a barber.

Father Brown's eye roamed round the room, which seemed to have been recently cleaned and tidied, till his gaze found something in a dusty corner just behind the door. It was a hat hanging on a hatpeg. It was a white hat, and one very well known to all that village. And yet, conspicuous as it had always been in the street, it seemed here only an example of the sort of little thing a certain sort of man often entirely forgets when he has most carefully washed floors or destroyed stained rags.

"Sir Arthur Vaudrey was shaved here this morning, I think," said Father Brown in a level voice.

To the barber, a small, bald-headed, spectacled man whose name was Wicks, the sudden appearance of these two figures out of his own back premises was like the appearance of two ghosts risen out of a grave under the floor. But it was at once apparent that he had more to frighten him than any fancy of superstition. He shrank, we might almost say that he shriveled into a corner of the dark room; and everything about him seemed to dwindle except his great goblin spectacles.

"Tell me one thing," continued the priest quietly. "You had a reason for hating the Squire?"

The man in the corner babbled something that Smith could not hear; but the priest nodded.

"I know you had," he said. "You hated him; and that's how I know you didn't kill him. Will you tell us what happened, or shall I?"

There was a silence filled with the ticking of a clock in the back kitchen; and then Father Brown went on:

"What happened was this. When Mr. Dalmon stepped inside your outer shop, he asked for some cigarets that were in the window. You stepped outside for a moment, as shopmen often do, to make sure of what he meant; and in that moment of time he perceived in the inner room the razor you had just laid down and the yellow-white head of Sir Arthur in the barber's chair, probably both glimmering in the light of that little window beyond. It took but an instant for him to pick up the razor and cut the throat and come back to the counter. The victim would not even be alarmed at the razor and the hand. He died smiling at his own thoughts. Nor, I think, was Dalmon alarmed. He had done it so quickly and quietly that Mr. Smith here could have sworn in court that the two were together all the time. But there was somebody who was alarmed, very legitimately; and that was you. You had quarreled with your landlord about arrears of rent and so on; you came back into your own shop and found your enemy murdered in your own chair with your own razor. It was not altogether unnatural that you despaired of clearing yourself and preferred to clear up the mess; to clean the floor and throw the corpse into the river at night in a potato-sack rather loosely tied. It was rather lucky that there were fixed hours after which your barber's shop was shut; so you had plenty of time. You seem to have remembered everything but the hat. . . . Oh, don't be frightened; I shall forget everything, including the hat."

And he passed placidly through the outer shop into the street beyond, followed by Smith and leaving behind the barber stunned and staring.

"You see," said Father Brown to his companion, "it was one of those cases where a motive really is too weak to convict a man and yet strong enough to acquit him. A little nervous fellow like that would be the last man *really* to kill a big strong man for a tiff about money. But he would be the first man to fear that he would be accused of having done it. . . . Ah, there was a thundering difference in the motive of the man who did it." And he relapsed into reflection, staring and almost glaring at vacancy.

"It is simply awful," groaned Evan Smith. "I was abusing Dalmon as a blackmailer and a blackguard an hour or two ago; and yet it breaks me all up to hear he really did this after all."

The priest still seemed to be in a sort of trance, like a man staring down into an abyss. At last his lips moved and he murmured, more as if it were a prayer than an oath, "Merciful God, what a horrible revenge!"

His friend questioned him, but he continued as if talking to himself.

"What a horrible tale of hatred! What a vengeance for one mortal worm to take on another! Shall we ever get to the bottom of this bottomless human heart, where such abominable imaginations can abide? God save us all from pride; but I cannot yet make any picture in my mind of hate and vengeance like that."

"Yes," said Smith, "and I can't quite picture why he should kill Vaudrey at all. If Dalmon was a blackmailer it would seem more natural for Vaudrey to kill him. As you say, the throat-cutting was a horrid business, but—"

Father Brown started and blinked like a man awakened from sleep.

"Oh, *that!*" he corrected hastily, "I wasn't thinking about that. I didn't mean the murder in the barber's shop, when—when I said a horrible tale of vengeance. I was thinking of a much more horrible tale than that; though of course that was horrible enough in its way. But that was much more comprehensible; almost anybody might have

done it. In fact it was very nearly an act of self-defense."

"*What?*" exclaimed the Secretary incredulously. "A man creeps up behind another man and cuts his throat while he is smiling pleasantly at the ceiling in a barber's chair; and you say it was self-defense!"

"I do not say it was justifiable self-defense," replied the other "I only say that many a man would have been driven to it to defend himself against an appalling calamity—which was also an appalling crime. It was that other crime that I was thinking about. To begin with, about that question you asked just now: why should the blackmailer be the murderer? Well, there are a good many conventional confusions and errors on a point like that." He paused, as if collecting his thoughts after his recent trance of horror and went on in ordinary tones.

"You observe that two men, an older and a younger, go about together and agree on a matrimonial project; but the origin of their intimacy is old and concealed. One is rich and the other poor; and you guess at blackmail. You are quite right, at least to that extent. Where you are quite wrong is in guessing which is which. You assume that the poor man was blackmailing the rich man. As a matter of fact, the rich man was blackmailing the poor man."

"But that seems nonsense," objected the Secretary.

"It is much worse than nonsense; but it is not at all uncommon," replied the other. "Half modern politics consists of rich men blackmailing people—financiers and newspaper proprietors blackmailing politicians, for instance. Your notion that it's nonsense rests on two illusions which are both nonsensical. One is that rich men never want to be richer; the other is that a man can only be blackmailed for money. It's the last that is in question here. Sir Arthur Vaudrey was acting not for avarice but for vengeance. And he planned the most hideous vengeance I ever heard of."

"But why should he plan vengeance on John Dalmon?" inquired Smith.

"It wasn't on John Dalmon that he planned vengeance," replied the priest.

There was a silence; and he resumed, almost as if changing the subject, "When we found the body, you remember we saw the face upside down; and you said it looked like the face of a fiend. Has it occurred to you that the murderer also saw the face upside down, coming behind the barber's chair?"

"But that's all morbid extravagance," remonstrated his companion. "I was quite used to the face when it was the right way up."

"Perhaps you had never seen it the right way up," said Father Brown. "I told you that artists turn a picture the wrong way up when they want to see it the right way up. Perhaps, over all those breakfasts and tea tables, you had got used to the face of a fiend."

"What on earth are you driving at?" demanded Smith impatiently.

"I speak in parables," replied the other in a rather somber tone. "Of course Sir Arthur was not actually a fiend; he was a man with a character, which he had made out of a temperament, that might also have been turned to good. But those goggling suspicious eyes, that tight yet quivering mouth might have told you something if you had not been used to them. You know there are physical bodies on which a wound will not heal. Sir Arthur had a mind of that sort. It was as if it lacked a skin; he had a feverish vigilance of vanity; those strained eyes were open with an insomnia of egoism. Sensibility need not be selfishness. Sybil Rye, for instance, has the same thin skin and manages to be a sort of saint. But Vaudrey had turned it all to poisonous pride—a pride that was not even secure and self-satisfied. Every scratch on the surface of his soul festered. And *that* is the meaning of that old story about throwing the man into the pig sty. If he'd thrown him then and there, after being called a pig, it might have been a

pardonable burst of passion. But there was no pig sty; and that is just the point. Vaudrey remembered the silly insult for years and years, till he could get the Oriental into the improbable neighborhood of a pig sty; and then he took what he considered the only appropriate and artistic revenge. . . . Oh, my God, he liked his revenges to be appropriate and artistic."

Smith looked at him curiously. "You are not thinking of the pig-sty story?"

"No," said Father Brown, "of the other story." He controlled the shudder in his voice and went on.

"Remembering that story of a fantastic and yet patient plot to make the vengeance fit the crime, consider the other story before us. Had anybody else, to your knowledge, ever insulted Vaudrey, or offered him what he thought a mortal insult? Yes. A woman insulted him."

A sort of horror began to dawn in Evan's eyes; he was listening intently.

"A girl, little more than a child, refused to marry him because he had once been a sort of criminal; had indeed been in prison for a short time for the outrage on the Egyptian. And that madman said in the hell of his heart, 'She shall marry a murderer.'"

They took the road towards the great house and went along by the river in silence, before he resumed:

"Vaudrey was in a position to blackmail Dalmon, who had committed a murder long ago; probably he knew of several crimes among the wild comrades of his youth. Probably it was a wild crime with some redeeming features; for the wildest murders are never the worst. And Dalmon looks to me like a man who knows remorse, even for killing Vaudrey. But he was in Vaudrey's power, and between them they entrapped the girl very cleverly into an engagement; letting the lover try his luck first, for instance, and the other only encourage magnificently. But Dalmon himself did not know—nobody but the Devil himself did know—what was in that old man's mind.

"Then, a few days ago, Dalmon made a dreadful discovery. He had obeyed, not altogether unwillingly; he had been a tool, and he suddenly found how the tool was to be broken and thrown away. He came upon certain notes of Vaudrey's in the library which, disguised as they were, told of preparations for giving information to the police. He understood the whole plot and stood stunned, as I did when I first understood it. The moment the bride and bridegroom were married the bridegroom would be arrested and hanged. The fastidious lady, who objected to a husband who had been in prison, should have no husband except a husband on the gallows. That is what Sir Arthur Vaudrey considered an artistic rounding off of the story."

Evan Smith, deadly pale, was silent; and far away down the perspective of the road they saw the large figure and wide hat of Doctor Abbott advancing towards them; even in the outline there was a certain agitation. But they were still shaken with their own private apocalypse.

"As you say, hate is a hateful thing," said Evan at last, "and, do you know, one thing gives me a sort of relief. All my hatred of poor Dalmon is gone out of me—now I know how he was twice a murderer."

It was in silence that they covered the rest of the distance and met the big doctor coming towards them, with his large gloved hands thrown out in a sort of despairing gesture and his gray beard tossing in the wind.

"There is dreadful news," he said. "Arthur's body has been found. He seems to have died in his garden."

"Dear me," said Father Brown rather mechanically. "How dreadful!"

"And there is more," cried the doctor breathlessly. "John Dalmon went off to see Vernon Vaudrey, the nephew; but Vernon Vaudrey hasn't heard of him and Dalmon seems to have disappeared entirely."

"Dear me," said Father Brown. "How strange!"

THE CHANGING AMERICAN MIND

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I HAVE hung a large mirror in my open window, so that I can now see from my chair twice as much of the world outside. Past its rim my glance travels down across a tableland of black irregular roofs where queer tanks crouch on tripods and look like insect monsters. Clouds trail their shadows across this plateau which is riven not far away by a canyon at the foot of whose window-roughened walls flows a ceaseless traffic. This vista is closed by a gleam of water. Within the mirror the same tableland expands, then mounts, then is broken by the swift towering uprush of peaks whose form I have seen elsewhere only in the Dolomites. From their shoulders and crests white plumes of steam float and wave in the sunlight. I gaze at them, trying to decide whether it is their outline, or the knowledge I have that they are not natural objects but habitations of man—in fact, a typical New York roofscape—that makes them loom with such a veiled significance. What happens when men take to building mountains for themselves to live in?

All the things which I can see in the looking-glass have a queer extra vividness, depth, and grandeur which make the things seen directly appear trivial and almost unreal. Their color seems poorer, their countour flatter, their movement less spirited. They have a meager, desiccated, faded air, as though the life had been drained from them, but the mirror world beside them blooms with a mysterious and occult vitality.

Anyone may verify this mirror-effect; any mirror will give it, though the clearer the mirror the more striking the change. It is best seen when distant objects—mountains, clouds, or remote horizons—are within the reflected field of view. Many people, before and since Lewis Carroll, have brooded upon it without much result, for it is one of those facts of consciousness for which no full explanation has yet been found. Some would attempt to trace it to the "frame effect." By putting a frame round any view we increase its interest—that is why scenery is more impressive when viewed through the windows of the train or from a closed car than when we are in the open with it. But here the direct view through the window is more solidly framed than the mirror view, which seems to demolish this explanation. Others endeavor to link it up with the fact that the landscape looks more spacious if we contemplate it with our heads upside down. But this last effect has a basis in the structure of the eye and in the "routine of sensation" which is lacking here. The two cases are not parallel. We shall have to dig deeper into the facts of consciousness if we are to reach even a conjectural account.

These same excavations have a bearing upon our whole contemporary existence as conscious beings, upon the quality of our daily, hourly sentience, and upon the trend of civilization. For we must estimate this trend in terms of our consciousness, by the changes which are taking place not only in our intellectual outlook or in our emotional reactions but in the very air and semblance which the world from moment to moment wears. If the mind changes, everything alters with it.

There is some reason to think that our minds are changing. They must have altered often in the past, and human circumstances have never been so rapidly transformed before. We change our minds in a sense, of course, every day and every year; but I am not thinking of such changes as spring from hopes or fears, luck or failure, fashion, education, or new opinions, wars, strikes, or prosperity. These and a thousand other things vary the texture of our lives for us by weaving in this or that colored thread in new proportions and new patterns. I am thinking instead of changes in the colors of the threads themselves, changes at the dye-works, as it were, the dye-works being whatever it is which settles whether and in what degree and with what nuance we shall be conscious, which settles in short the quality and range of our feelings.

The Universe, as we know it at present, contains nothing so puzzling as Consciousness. And the oddest thing about Consciousness is that we should know so little about it. We have lately found out far more about the physical world than we could reasonably have expected ever to discover. But the nearer we come to ourselves the less hopeful investigation seems to be. We know more about the Giant Stars than about the Sun; we know more about beer than about our blood; and we know far more about our bodies than about our minds, if indeed these are not, as seems likely, two names for the same thing.* But let us at least use whatever hints there are.

Not all the many happenings in the mind are conscious. We can get some light upon the mystery by comparing those that are conscious with those that are not. Consider first: there is the wide contrast between the mental inflow and the mental outflow. Broadly speaking, the outward flowing tide of our impulses is not conscious; but a good deal of the inward flowing tide is. At the gates of our senses a myriad applicants are always battering. Comparatively few get through: those only which can engage such of our interests as are awake or can awaken a sleeping interest. It is the privilege of pains that they can nearly always waken some interest. Pains find these gateways easy to pass and normally they override all opposition. Even the strongest preoccupation goes down before them, and pains are—and this is a significant fact—the most intense form of consciousness which normal people know.

All other appeals to our attention have to adjust their claims to the simultaneous claims of numberless other appeals. Sometimes the adjustment is impossible. The pathway by which the appeal must be forwarded is already occupied, the line is busy. In these cases we ordinarily do not notice that any appeal has been made. We have been too much occupied to attend. But we may discover afterwards that we really *did* see or hear whatever it was that we passed by unnoticed. Those curious cases in which people dream of the whereabouts of lost objects illustrate clearly this curious fact of seeing without conscious awareness.

At the other extreme, acts which have become habitual, such as walking or writing, go through at the prompting of appeals from the sense-organs which are too smoothly adjusted to the claims of our other activities for consciousness to arise. The gradual lapse from consciousness of these activities as they become automatic suggests that consciousness may be compared to friction or to resistance. The best rough simile for describing consciousness is perhaps the electric light. If the current passed more easily through the filament no light would be given out. But the resistance in the case of consciousness is a complicated matter and seems to depend upon the difficulty of combining the activities which our sensations and ideas call for with the other activities which other sensations and ideas are

* I am indebted here and at some other points to *The Meaning of Psychology* by my friend and collaborator Mr. C. K. Ogden.

already investigating. Consciousness, in other words, arises through the mutual give and take by which the demands made upon us decide what our action shall be. The sight of a fly washing its face is in this sense a demand for action, if only for the action of watching it instead of getting on with the job. Most people will have noticed what an added vividness and intensity such trivial spectacles often gain through the fact of conflicting with or being integrated with more important experiences. At the moment of the greatest moral crisis of his life Stavrogin became absorbed by the sight of a small green spider which seemed to him more vivid, more remarkable, and more "real" than anything he had ever seen; and Dostoevski, who was far more conscious than most people and a very penetrating observer, put a great deal of his own experience into Stavrogin. Most people can parallel this observation from their own lives.

This same formula—that consciousness is an affair of integration under difficulties, covers also the emotional side of our existence. We become violently moved only when there is some conflict of tendencies within us. Think of the agitation in the timid lover's breast, so much less intense when the timidity has vanished. When there is no conflict we act immediately and almost unwittingly; and this holds good also of our most delicate and subtle emotional experience. The evidence on this point from the analysis of works of art, which after all do provide the best instances for studying this branch of psychology, is very strong. Literature and art have been too much neglected by the psychologists. They do perpetuate, in the only way in which perpetuation is possible, the very states of mind which he is concerned to examine. And they provide a clue to the direction in which consciousness may be changing which we cannot find elsewhere.

We can now come back, *via* my mirror to our main question. The secret probably of the heightened vividness of the mirror view is that it shares something of the picture's appeal. If we did not know that it is a mirror-space, not an actual space, into which we were looking, would this effect of extra depth and significance be found? The direct experiment is practically impossible for obvious reasons. The few glimpses which I have had into mirrors which I did not know to be mirrors have been inconclusive; but in each case, so far as I can recall, I discovered them to be mirrors not by noticing that what I saw was too good to be true but by detecting the surface gleam or by discerning some familiar object, such as myself, in the field of view.

Since experiment fails we are driven back upon the general argument. Vision through a looking-glass involves one thing more than ordinary direct vision, one additional factor to be reconciled with the appeals made by what we see—the knowledge, namely, that we are looking into a mirror. This knowledge, I suggest, offers just that additional friction or resistance which makes the scenes we view appear to be dowered with extra vitality. And this remark about extra vitality is only another way of saying that our consciousness, that part of it which is concerned with what we see, is increased through this slight resistance. The same explanation applies, though less simply, to pictures; the opinion that the less we realize that it is a picture—not a man, some dustbins, or a tree—which we are looking at, the better must the picture be, is an intellectual fallacy most favored by those who have least interest in pictures. The facts are the other way about.

It is the way in which we have to combine the effects of the picture as a surface with the effects of the picture-space, the imaginary three-dimensional world we see within it, which gives the painter his opportunity to make us more conscious while we are looking into his picture-space than we normally are when looking at actual things. A

similar combining activity partly explains our increased consciousness of what is said when this is given the artificial rhythm of verse, or the extra "reality" of the stage Hamlet which comes from our knowledge that he is only an actor.

Taking then this general notion as a guide, that the acuteness and vividness of consciousness depend, among other things, upon the friction or mutual resistance of diverse combining impulses, what changes should we expect to be taking place in contemporary consciousness and what actual instances of such changes can we find?

II

The general impression which perhaps most often comes to the surface in a foreign mind, attempting for the first time to respond to the bewildering and intoxicating phantasmagoria of New York, is that here is the clue, the half-worked-out solution, to problems which he has hardly been able even to formulate on the other side of the Atlantic. Specifically, problems concerning the future. He will know before he comes that something very strange has befallen Western Civilization. He will be familiar with plenty of those cracks which indicate that a break with the past on a most enormous scale is taking place. He will have wondered, not perhaps without some degree of dread, what terrific new scene in the drama of humanity is about to be staged. The War will have prepared him for anything, if he is old enough to remember it, and the rapidity with which it is being forgotten and the completeness with which the younger generation now ignore it are among the disturbing symptoms above mentioned. He will have tried to define for his own satisfaction the general trend of the changes which seem to him most suggestive and to prepare an attitude and a set of feelings with which to greet them, only to be discouraged by his own obscurity. Then he comes to New York, to find himself within a few hours apparently right in the middle of the very state of affairs which he had been trying vainly to imagine.

Above him soar buildings which have no counterpart in human history; about him throng leisurely unworried people, varied enough to give an ethnologist a nightmare, dressed and groomed in their tens of thousands with a care and refinement only to be matched in small, very select European circles. Through them passes an armored car to halt at the door of a bank, but nobody seems surprised. On every hand immense hotels offer the hospitality of their luxurious lounges to all and sundry who seem to use them as public places, dropping in to listen to the band or to chat beneath a waving palm—kept in motion by a well-placed fan. In the Public Library, even on a fine Saturday afternoon, hundreds of youthful readers sit working with all the air of serious students. And at night when the streets take on a new beauty from the colored fairy-lights borne by the myriad rushing cars, nobody seems to go to bed or even to look tired. Innumerable eating places are open and crowded till the morning.

I despair of being able to indicate to an American how all this impresses the English visitor. After two A.M. in London the people to be seen eating in public are racing touts or similar flashy individuals, on whose faces is the stamp of weariness or dissipation. On the other hand, our bank messengers, as far as I remember, wear top-hats to distinguish their calling—but for the rest are unprotected.

That armored car is the fly in the ointment and the point from which the visitor's speculations set out. He soon learns facts, familiar enough to every American, which account for it. I have generalized some of his reflections—about the new consciousness which springs from new blends of impulses—taking my mirror for a parable.

Let me particularize them here. All through contemporary Western civilization a change is occurring, slowly in Europe, more rapidly in America, which may be described as the substitution of suggestion for tradition. Tradition, what some would call the instinct for law and order, never more clearly shown than in the General Strike, protects the bank messenger in England. The bandit has no hope of escaping, for public opinion is too solidly and effectively against him. Over here, suggestion, if it does not indeed help the bandit in some respects, has not yet stepped in to take the place of tradition. But tradition is also breaking down in England, as it must in all communities much exposed to diverse influences. When the living, as opposed to the imitation, art of a people becomes untraditional it is only a matter of time for the rest to follow suit.

The living art of America, its vaudeville, its skyscrapers, and its poetry, reveal, as we should expect, a still bigger break with tradition. And suggestion, a fact which many Americans seem to deplore, is much stronger. Witness the power of advertisement and publicity in America—the really secluded English rural community gives a very poor response to a poster; witness the suddenness and brevity of popular crazes; witness the immense and ephemeral reputations of the most varied writers—reputations which sometimes seem to have so little basis. An astonishing plasticity or adaptability, and an equal suggestibility are the two impressions of American mentality which a visitor receives—after the first effect of a masked heterogeneity has worked off. It is possible that this very susceptibility to suggestion, explained in part by the mingling of traditions which is here going on, is the greatest asset of the American and the one which holds out most hope for the future of mankind. For only such a suggestibility will allow an increased fluidity to be held in control. Man has hitherto been too little plastic, too little able to meet new situations with a new and appropriate response, too bound down by his habits. I have known a very distinguished neurologist deplore the low percentage of our asylum cases as indicating too little power of variation. But too much adaptability is dangerous to society as well as to the individual. It is a most hopeful sign that the publicity expert has such power over here, for some powerful influence is required to keep fluid people together.

I have not really departed in all this one jot from my title, for the use of suggestion (in this wide sense) in place of tradition is virtually a making conscious of what was formerly unconscious. The traditional Englishman, now fast disappearing from the plowlands, had so many expectations so fast rooted in his mind, so many habitual responses to settled routines of experience, that he neither knew what they were nor, when they were by chance frustrated, knew what had happened. The Derbyshire man who grew "dizzy-like" if he were taken more than a mile from his home illustrates my point perfectly. By comparison the American has few settled expectations, but those he has he knows about, and he is markedly anxious to know more. It is no accident that Psychology is "that American subject" as they call it at Oxford. From the sophomore's preoccupation with the "poise" which his University career ought to give him to the desperate struggle of the modernist poet to render in full explicitness every apparently trivial detail and nuance of sensation and feeling, this transfiguration of the unconscious into consciousness is to the English visitor the dominant American characteristic, the feature which most links America with the future.

It is this feature also which most misleads the European who is constantly embarrassed by the American's zeal for elementary discussions. It takes some time to realize that this baffling enthusiasm over truisms—over

the fact that poetry is so beautiful, human nature so strange, or pleasure so attractive—does not necessarily mean either defective education or vacuousness or infantility. It is due to the simple fact that what is obvious and inevitable, accepted and settled for the European—taken for granted, almost unheard of and forgotten—is often none of these things for the American. "What is concluded that we should conclude anything about it?" asked Benjamin Paul Blood. A great many things are both concluded and concluded about in the European mind which are as fresh and beguiling as spring in the American mind. The moral issues for example. Why do this or not do that, and why do anything? To say that something is "not done" has a different meaning for the Englishman and for the American; so different that neither can quite understand the other. To put the difference metaphorically, the veto comes from much deeper down in the English mind. The American nearly always knows why it is not done, the Englishman hardly ever. All of which makes the American seem as shallow, rootless, light, and transparent as the Englishman seems dense, secretive, stagnant, and instinctive.

Both impressions are, of course, mistaken. For the American's truism which bores the Englishman is not what the Englishman thinks it is, and the Englishman who seems so oddly uninterested and uninteresting may be responding in ways which the American knows nothing about.

To quote from a volume recently published in London, under the title *New World Vistas*, by a new writer, Mr. James Wood, himself endowed with an unusually high degree of consciousness:

> At night as I lie in bed on the confines between sleeping and waking the thought of America opens vast and joyful before my straying mind, and I am unable to quell it. I grit my teeth and strive to crush it or to master it but it overrides me like a dash of Polish cavalry charging on white horses with a riot of bells and drums—I am lost in it like a rocket in the sky where stars shine white and blue upon me from all sides. It blooms like a Christmas tree lit with a thousand candles in a dark court-yard—the houses just visible around it faintly reflecting the blaze and increasing its magic. It runs to my lips and I fall asleep with these words often upon them:
>
> "America America America America."

But this, being the attitude of an artist, is admittedly not a usual one; and both English and Americans would be startled if the partial breakdown of communication were suddenly set right. The whole mental routine of the American has altered, the interplay of his impulses has shifted so that they have to be adjusted to one another much more consciously, much nearer the surface. In comparison with the European he *improvises* his life, and in the fact that he can do this so successfully lies the great promise of American civilization.

That there is another side to the matter, I know well. This deliquescence of what have so long been the rock-firm foundations of culture, our unquestioned, unconscious assumptions by which life is ruled and its goal set, is more a threat than a promise, unless conscious reflection and observation can provide better foundations. And the transition must inevitably involve casualties—minds which are merely chaotic, or lopsided, minds which have failed and have returned to cling desperately to some incomplete and imperfectly realized tradition. For a true tradition is something which we hardly know we possess. The little talked about but universal custom of having ice-water on the breakfast table is much more a true tradition than, for example, "Mother's Day." As soon as we become conscious of it, the tradition has been pushed out of its proper place and become a superficial not a deep lying part of the structure of our minds. No genuine tradition was ever built up deliberately. The highly conscious status of most American traditions is

only another example of the changes which I have been discussing.

Meanwhile this emergence into consciousness of problems and decisions which were once handled automatically brings with it, I believe, a general heightening of consciousness as well as an extension, a recoloration of the whole content of the mind analogous to that extra-vividness of the mirror view from which we set out. Together with this goes an eager interest in life and a passionate, if bewildered, desire to do something with it, "to have a good time," which makes the visitor feel sluggish. Often this interest seems to concern itself unduly with trivialities, with the accidents not the essentials of existence. And if this were so it would not be surprising. But sometimes this appearance has a better explanation. Thomas Gray was content to mention "the lowing herd," and could leave the rest securely to his readers' imaginations. A modern American poet has to describe the beasts as though nothing resembling them had ever been seen before. One reason is that he cannot count on his reader to the same degree; another is that his own impulses toward a cow are much more mixed and, therefore, he is himself much more interested in how exactly she seems to him. He may not do what he sets out to do as well as Gray, but we should be clear that he set out to do something different, and why he cannot as a serious artist set out to do the same old thing. And the poet is only the extreme instance (though his compatriots may not always recognize him in his lifetime as such) of what is happening in some degree to every mind in the community. New conditions, the break-up of immemorial conventions, the mingling of influences, and the task of integrating impulses which have never before come together, have involved America *en masse* in an experiment which only a few individuals have hitherto attempted, the conquest through consciousness of a new kind of control over the future of mankind.

EGO

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

AND if I cry into the dead of night,
A cry I swear significantly mine,
Shall I be heard? What star will cease to shine?
What wind will swerve a hair's breadth in its flight?
What matter though my heart break, are there not
A million hearts to beat the usual way?
What difference all I think, or feel, or say;
Is not all kept in mind, and then forgot?
Some day the clods will thump upon the thing
That holds itself erect and speaks its will;
And still the song will triumph, and the wing
Will flash along the forest and the hill.
Ah, so they say, and yet I know they lie;
All things will cease when I no more am I.

EVERY THURSDAY

BY DOROTHY WALWORTH CARMAN

SHE appeared at my back door one autumn Thursday morning, recommended as a woman-by-the-day to wash and clean. She was an immense, ebony figure in a checked coat and a picture hat swarming with roses. I learned on successive Thursdays to watch for her hats, which represented the discarded taste of her employers, or woman's inhumanity to woman. Some were gauzy affairs, ribboned behind; others had the tube and cloche effect, and their narrowness sat oddly with broad nose and full lips. I never could decide just what sort of millinery would become my woman-by-the-day, but of all the types I never saw one that did, and especially not a picture hat swarming with roses. But her expression under it that Thursday morning was disarming.

Her name was Mrs. Gregory. I never could bring myself to call her anything else, even though I knew her other name was Alfaretta. She was so huge, so plushy black, and above all so naturally dignified that only "Mrs." before her name would be suitable. She moved about our house almost delicately, with a soft flat-footedness, contrary to the traditions of cleaning women. Her only damage was an occasional scraping of wallpaper by a bedpost as she moved the bed. This was apt to give the walls of our bedrooms an harassed effect. But, there is a proverb about not looking a gift horse in the mouth, and there ought to be a proverb about not finding flaws in fine gold. Besides, there was an air of the circus about the house when she took a large mahogany bed and twirled it about lightly by one post. My small daughter considered the act as absorbing as a trained seal any day.

"Mamma," she would hiss, over the banister, "come watch. She's at it again!"

Mrs. Gregory had assured me herself, however, that she did not mind criticism.

"Ef everythin' ain' jes' the way you like it, Mis' Ca'man," she said, cheerfully, "you-all tell me. Ah bears no hahd feelin's."

But a moment later she added thoughtfully, "When ah'm yo' friend, ah'm yo' friend—but if you-all makes an enema of me, ah'm an enema fo' life."

Perhaps it was the fear of an enema for life which prevented me from ever alluding to the wallpaper. Or perhaps I kept silent because she was so impeccably careful of other objects, especially of the pictures, on which she commented as she dusted. Among these was a Raphael Madonna and Child which my irreverent infant pointed out to her as a baby about to have a bath. Mrs. Gregory struck an attitude.

"Lawd, chile," she said, gazing sternly into my infant's face, "Angels fum Heaven comes down every mawnin' to wash that baby."

I have said that my Ethiopian's only flaw lay in the direction of wallpaper. But there were weeks, also, when even she admitted that her "han' was off," and our small washing was somewhat scantly done. I remonstrated with her, particularly about my husband's socks, which were apt to be streaked and give a pasty effect to his ankles. I learned that Mrs. Gregory brought to her laundry all the temperament that a painter

brings to his palette. She set her wash basket on my kitchen table while she explained.

"Some days, Mis' Ca'man, ah ain' jes' *up* to it," she said, fingering a gingham frock in the basket with a calculating hand. "Some days ah ain' in the *mood*. Othah days ah jes' loves the soap an' watah. Them days when ah'm rubbin' on the wash bo'd, ah says, 'Alfaretta, you-all is sho' doin' a good wuk in this worl'. Ain' *nobody* kin git clothes so clean as you.' . . . But othah days ah says, 'Alfaretta, why are you rubbin' them fool clothes so clean? We all be in the graveyahd in the twinklin' of an eye.' . . . Them days yo' socks is streaked, ma'am."

I had experienced similar ardors and graveyard despairs over my own work, so I nodded understandingly, as one artist to another.

"Ah has to have propah materials," she continued, trying the quality of a silk dress between her thumb and finger. 'Ah won' wash secon'-rate clothes, ma'am, or ah should say ah don' *like* to. Wool undahweah that's half cotton, Mis' Ca'man, gets on mah nerves till you wouldn' believe. One lady ah wuks fo'—nice lady she is, too—her undahweah in the wintah, Mis' Ca'man—Lawd an' Mastah!"

Again I nodded with appreciation, while my mind ranged curiously along the known list of her constituents.

"Ah wants bes' soap, too. Angel Gabriel hisself couldn' get shirts clean without good soap. One lady ah wuks fo'—nice lady she is, too, 'cept fo' that one failin'—she don' give me nothin' to wash *with*. Many's the mawnin' ah've stood down in her laundry with a piece of yellah soap in mah han's, an' ah would have cried, Mis' Ca'man, only ah was too blood mad."

It was the anxiety not to make Mrs. Gregory blood mad which prompted me to purchase carefully on Wednesdays the materials necessary for Thursdays. But one fateful time I forgot, and Mrs. Gregory was confronted with a small section of yellow soap in my basket, while I watched guiltily from the kitchen door. She took the basket under her arm, muttered, "Mah Saviour!" and swept to the laundry with the look of a sculptor expected to make a statue without clay. Or perhaps she was the Israelites ordered by the Pharaohs to manufacture bricks without straw. She was well acquainted with the Israelites. Moses was a man whose troubles she compared with her own, particularly when he did not enter the Promised Land. One day I caught her singing on the stairs:

> "Ef ah had the faith that Noah had,
> Ah know jes' what ah'd do—
> Ah'd put mah little gum shoes on
> An' wade that flood right through."

A pause, a swish, a rolling of the eyeballs, and then:

> "Ef ah had the faith that Daniel had,
> Ah know jes' what ah'd do—
> Ah'd put mah haid in the lion's mouth
> An' tell him not to chew!"

I never knew whether I was supposed to be amused by this song, as it was sung with a funereal air, so I took the safest course and was not amused. According to popular belief, Mrs. Gregory should have sung negro spirituals and blues, but she sang spirituals seldom, and blues never. She admitted acquaintance, however, with one of the Hampton spiritual repertoire: "Nobody knows the trouble ah've seen, nobody knows but Jesus." This she rendered when things were going against her in her private life. When more optimistic she sang, "There'll be no mo' dahk valleys," and, still more often:

> "Will theah be, will theah be, any stahs in mah crown,
> When at evenin' the sun goeth down?
> When ah come to rest in the mansions so blest
> Will theah be any stahs in mah crown?"

I was sure Mrs. Gregory would have as many as could be fitted nicely to a diadem. After a lifetime of unbecoming, second-hand hats, an aureole made to

order would be the proper distinction. Moreover, she had her sorrows, and stars should be given for sorrows. As I heard her mammoth thumping on the washboard in rhythm to her singing, I often thought how seldom any of us were permitted the luxury of giving our whole minds to our work. We gesture such a large part of our days away, houses divided against ourselves, seeking to forget or seeking to remember. There Mrs. Gregory was, down in the laundry, gesturing over her clothes, trying to make them clean, while her mind was mostly occupied with her family troubles. There I was, up in the living room, busy with words, trying to make them fit for the public eye, while my personal problems played an obbligato. It would be simplest for us all, I decided, to do away with private lives! The machinery of the world would run like lightning, not slowed by any secret reflections. My washing would get done in half the time if Mrs. Gregory had no private life. I had seen her pause for precious moments in the act of fastening clothespins while she ruminated on her husband. He brought her to work in his ice wagon, which was only for show, as he had not sold any ice in two years.

II

She had told me about him, the chief of her troubles. There were two locations where she unbosomed herself. One was the living room, where she dusted as I wrote at my desk, unbosoming at intervals, with a candlestick in one hand and a dustcloth in the other. She never failed to tell me something important as she held the candlestick, and I used to wait for her to reach it, working her way through various bits of decoration along my bookcase top. Armed with the candlestick, she launched her bitterest invective and her most pungent philosophies.

"Mah husbum brings me to wuk," she would say, with a glitter, "then he goes home to his men—an' his women, Mis' Ca'man. . . . He drinks mawnin', noon, an' night. One of the ladies ah wuks fo'—nice lady she is too—her husbum drinks continual, but he's a rich man, Mis' Ca'man, an' he gets stuff what smells respectable. But the othah night mah husbum came home with such an ungodly odah on him, Mis' Ca'man, that ah says to him, 'You-all get out'n this-heah kitchen an' stay out till that weahs off'n you. You-all is scorchin' the very *hair* fum the cat.'"

She had told me many times about the cat, Binks, a black animal with a single eye and a double intelligence. Mrs. Gregory did "hair" in the evenings at fifty cents the head, and Binks would fetch the curling iron at the proper moment. He had also been known to retrieve lemons for the lemon rinse, but this I never quite believed. It was a great grief to his mistress when he was killed, in the flower of his age, by a blow from a teakettle.

"But what a man Will was when ah married him!" she continued, in my living room, nearing the candlestick. "He had six pairs of shoes! Yes, he did, Mis' Ca'man, ah lifts mah han' to Heaven an' sweahs it."

Here she raised a huge, simian palm toward my living-room ceiling.

"Ah had only one pair of shoes, an' ah used to hide 'em in the co'nah of the closet, ah was that 'shamed. He wukked in the Brooklyn Navy Yahd then, an' he's got a certificate they gave him when he lef'—Hono'ble Dis*charge*, Mis' Ca'man. He might have been a good an' Christian man to-day ef he had stayed in the Navy Yahd."

"What made him leave?" I asked, wondering how the Brooklyn Navy Yard would appreciate this reputation for fostering righteous men.

"He saw mo' money in waitin', ma'am. An' ef ah does say it, theah wasn' nobody could run around a co'nah with a tray so fas' as Will."

Here she described a pirouette, an imaginary tray in the flat of her hand.

"The houahs was sho'tah, too, Mis'

Ca'man. He come home two o'clock in the aftahnoon an' slep' till six, an' ah sat right by his bed, Mis' Ca'man, an' fanned him so he wouldn' presspiah. . . . He hated to presspiah in his sleep . . . an' sometimes ah would think and wondah what ah would evah do ef he was taken away fum me, an' the col' teahs would fall right out'n mah eyes, ma'am."

"Yes, Mis' Ca'man," she resumed, negligently waving my one Tiffany bowl about in the depths of her feelings, "them was the good days. But now what *wouldn'* ah give to have him taken fum me! The othah day when ah tol' him to get out'n mah kitchen an' stay out, he says to me, 'Alfaretta, ah don' believe you-all *cares* fo' me any mo'.' . . . Ah says to him, 'Will, so long as you live, ah'll nevah harm a hair of yo' haid. But ah wouldn' go across the street to see yo' funeral, no mattah how fine yo' corpse was dress'. You-all has made an enema out'n me.'"

She replaced the Tiffany bowl and began dusting under the mantelpiece clock, an operation that demanded delicacy.

"When mah chillun comes to me an' says Will has been mean to 'em, ah says to them, 'Chillun, that's *yo'* fathah.' He's no kin of *mine*, thank the Lawd. Mah blood ain' any of his trash blood. Ah'm pure black, Mis' Ca'man, but his grandfathah was *white*."

I shuddered with her, and she continued, having reached the candlestick, "Yes'm—his grandmothah had a little interjection with some white man, jes' like mah sistah down in No'th Ca'lina. Seems ef people of mah race couldn' keep out'n low comp'ny.

"Ah've tol' mah daughtah, Evadne, jes' *one* interjection from her an' ah'll send her to bo'din' school," Mrs. Gregory pronounced, maternal anxiety in her voice and the Ten Commandments in her gesture. After a tense moment she dropped down on her hands and knees under my console table and busied herself with the carving.

"Ah was attendance in a woman's room in Philadelphy once. Lawd an' Mastah, ah made good money, 'specially when ladies was daid drunk. Ah 'membahs one white lady—ah gave her fo'-teen glassfuls of bread soda an' watah."

"Fourteen glassfuls!" I echoed incredulously from my desk.

Mrs. Gregory's head appeared between the table legs.

"Fo'teen glassfuls, Mis' Ca'man. May Almighty strike me daid!"—and up went that hand to the ceiling again—"she nevah open her eyes till aftah the twelfth glass. Nex' day she come back an' gave me three of the prettiest little aprons. Nice lady she was, too."

The other location where Mrs. Gregory unbosomed herself was my kitchen, while she ate her breakfast and I peeled potatoes for dinner. At those times she told me the rest of the story which was running through her life, like all our stories, on the instalment plan. She had been content as "attendance" in Philadelphia while Will "waited," but some ill-advised relative had written Will and said there was big money in the ice business in Shantytown. So the Gregorys had moved. But the way ice melted on his hands got Will nervous, he fell into bad company, and sank.

"Your husband seems a pleasant man," I said one morning to open the conversation, remembering his corpulent face at the side window of the ice wagon.

Mrs. Gregory waved a bit of toast and lowered her voice.

"Mis' Ca'man, he would deceive the very debbil hisself. African tigahs could learn tricks fum him, Mis' Ca'man. Po', run-down ole rascul-pine he is, too. Think he's got six pairs of shoes now, ma'am? He ain' even got enough pride to want 'em."

She looked at me furtively, as if she wondered whether she had better say her next sentence. She evidently decided I could bear the worst.

"Mis' Ca'man—he don' even want to weah *pajamas* now. But ah've got a

fresh, clean pair all laid away to put on him in case he gets sick. So when the doctah comes he'll look like human."

She helped herself heavily to another piece of toast.

"Ah've got death insurance on him," she resumed, with bitterness. "A dollah a month."

"Death insurance!" I exclaimed from my potatoes. "What for?"

"Good Lawd, Mis' Ca'man, does you-all think ah'm goin' to spend mah good money on his fun'ral? Ef ah gets to thinkin' ah'm goin' to die fust, ah'll draw the money out an' buy mahself somethin' to be laid out in. . . . Will says he wants plumes on his hearse ho'ses. Ah says to him, 'You don' get no plumes on yo' ho'ses at a dollah a month. Give me fifty cents mo' an' you'll get ostriches'.' . . . But he won't do it, he's that blood mean. Ah had death insurance on mah mothah an' she died in the summah an' ah laid her out in purple satin with mosquito nettin' on the ho'ses ears."

She sighed into her coffee as she recalled this past glory. Her present glory was her eldest daughter, Evadne, who, by dint of superhuman saving, had been put through high school and then into a course at a nurses' training school. There were weeks when Mrs. Gregory worried over a new dress which Evadne had said she must have. There was the time when she denied herself the joy of church, even at baptism season, because she had no proper shoes, the shoe money having gone to Evadne. I rejoiced with Mrs. Gregory as the time crept by and her daughter was within two months of the diploma.

"Ah don' want mah Evadne to marry," she had said, "Ah wants her to be self-suppo'tin'. The men of ouah race, Mis' Ca'man, are few an' fah between. . . . Men anywheah, white or black, is few an' fah between. They is mostly a great disappointament."

She sighed, pushing her mop along the floor.

"Many's the time ah've said to Evadne on mah bended laigs, 'Evadne—men is jes' *meat*—jes' *meat*.'"

It was a week later that she took off her hat much less lightly than usual, a poke bonnet with pink feathers.

"Evadne has married," she said, and she held the absurd hat so that I should not see her tears.

There was nothing I could say. Two months from the diploma! My glance fell on Mrs. Gregory's shoes, bursting at the seams.

"It's like a bread knife in mah ches'," she said. William Shakespeare, over three centuries earlier, had written, "How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to have a thankless child!" To Mrs. Gregory it was a bread knife.

"I—I hope he's nice," I ventured, but received no reply. A few weeks later the new husband came under the family roof to add himself to her burdens. He had been "almost a postman," but now he was nothing. Mrs. Gregory must have been a gold mine to him. One of her lifelong ambitions was to have a bedroom by herself. She had furnished it piece by piece, in her mind, even to the enamel water pitcher with roses on it. But this dream was shattered forever by the advent of the husband and, later, by the certain expectation of a pickaninny.

"When ah gets to Heaven, ah 'spects to have a whole house to mahself, Mis' Ca'man. Don' the Good Book say, 'In mah Fathah's house are many mansions? Ef it were not so, Ah would have tol' you. Let not yo' heart be trouble'.'"

I visioned the snowiest of mansions for Mrs. Gregory, since she herself made other people's mansions snowy here below. And I hoped the immortals did not do without rosy water pitchers, dipping in the River of Life.

"Ah dreamed Evadne was doin' wrong," she confided, another day. "Ah dreamed she lef' the nurses' school, but *not with me*. Ah could see plain she lef' it, but not with me. . . . Ah has dreams, Mis' Ca'man—snakes an' loose teeth."

But snakes and loose teeth were all I

could ever induce the sibyl to say on the subject of dreams. Beyond that she only muttered and shook her head, as if that were a subterranean life I could not share. Once she divulged that a corpse at a wake had opened his eyes and looked at her, and closed them again. When I gave a party and used undertaker's chairs, she refused to sit in one, saying they were "bad luck sittings." Whenever there was a thunder storm she assured me at the outset, "The same Lawd is at wuk now as is at wuk in sunshine." But when the lightning became brilliant she pulled an old, black-leather Bible from her dress pocket, went down into the cellar, and stayed till it was over.

III

Those were all the signs I saw of superstition which is supposed to form such a large part of negro character. But I did see many signs of Mrs. Gregory's real religion, which was both the staff of her life and her escape. When she was washing my windows her religion was leading her through green pastures and still waters. It was both an amulet and a magic carpet. It made my heart stop, sometimes, to think how much she counted on the compensations of immortality. It made me want immortality to be true, more than ever. One cold, snowy morning she warmed her hands over my gas flame when she first came in. She was so cold that she did not take off her hat and coat at first, but stood huddled over the four blue rings of flame from my four burners. But her face was radiant.

"Mis' Ca'man," she said, "the good Lawd has done so much fo' me that ah ha'dly has time enough to thank Him fo' all His mercies. Ah says ovah an' ovah, 'Thank you, Lawd, thank you, Lawd.'"

"Has He done a lot for you?" I asked, watching the flame warm her hands that had gone quite purple with the frost.

"His goodness endureth fo'evah," she said. I felt ashamed to be ever less than happy. Then again I wondered whether her religion were a form of natural protective coloring that enabled her to live. Birds are given wings to save them from their troubles, foxes are given their swift feet, and Mrs. Gregory was given the blessed knowledge that the Lord's goodness endureth forever so that her troubles would not overwhelm her quite. She had the knowledge, simply as breathing.

"Yeahs ago ah determed to give fifty cents a week to ouah church. Ah always have done so, even when it comes hahd. When Evadne brung her husbum home, it was hahdah, an' one week ah thought ah sho' would nevah make it. The Ole Boy was sho' aftah me that week. He goes about like a roahin' lion, seekin' whom he may devouah. Ole Boy debbil says to me, 'Alfaretta, you'll nevah make that fifty cents!' But ah hung on, Mis' Ca'man, an' ah gave the fifty cents, an' the very *nex'* week ah made seven dollahs mo' than common. Lawd looks aftah His own, and the smokin' flax He will not squench. . . . Ole Boy debbil went away with his tail between his laigs, but ah 'spect he's only crouchin' behine a tree, waitin' fo' to spring."

There was that afternoon when she told me how she lived, and where were the wellsprings of her courage. She paused in the scrubbing of my kitchen floor, her brush poised in air above the blue-checked linoleum.

"Gawd Almighty knows how ah evah lives with Will," said she gravely. "Every mawnin' ah says, 'Lawd, help Thy servant to keep her tempah. Help me beah all an' say nothin'.' But sometimes, Mis' Ca'man, he's so blood mean that a screamin' feelin' comes on me an' ah says things, ah says things. An' then, when it's all ovah ah prays an' says, 'Lawd, ah'm *down* again. Help Thy servant to rise!' . . . Las' Sunday we had a beautiful singah at ouah church. He *was* lovely, Mis' Ca'man. He sang, 'The way is dahk, O Lawd, but on we go.' Ah sat theah in mah seat and sudden, Mis' Ca'man, ah was freed of mah sorrow. It had slipped off'n

mah back, an' theah was no mo' burden. Ole Man Trouble come back latah, but fo' that time he was gone, sho', when ah heard that beautiful singin'."

She described an arc on the blue-and-white floor with her brush. I knew there are moments when we are freed of our sorrow, as Christian in *Pilgrim's Progress* was freed of his bundle, and it rolled down the hill behind him.

"What will you do when you get to Heaven?" I said.

"Ah'll sit down fo' a thousan' yeahs. Jes' give me a plush chair in the shade wheah ah can keep an eye on mah Saviour."

Mrs. Gregory moved her pail to another section of the floor, leaving a bright, cleansed spot behind her that glittered in the sun through the kitchen window.

"What would ah do without mah Saviour?" she said from her new position, looking at me over her shoulder. "He keeps me fum dahkness. In this worl' we mus' all suffah—but in the nex' we are recompense."

There was no sound but the scratch of brush bristles on the floor, and I thought what a brute anyone would be who told Mrs. Gregory that perhaps there was no recompense, that perhaps, as some scholars said, personal immortality was out of the question. I had a vision of all the people who spend their lives in this world's holes and corners, and I hoped that, like Mrs. Gregory, they expected a chair in the shade.

That Easter she came to me with a request. She did not make it immediately.

"Ouah church is havin' a suppah this Sat'day night," she began nervously.

She paused and cleared her throat.

"You-all is a writah, Mis' Ca'man, an' ah was wonderin' ef you could do somethin' fo' me. Ouah pastah has been with us fo' ten yeahs now, an' we-all is goin' to present him with five dollahs at the suppah. Ah has to make the presentation speech, an' ah was wonderin' ef you would write it fo' me and put in the long words, Mis' Ca'man."

I wrote the speech, and with much care, throwing myself into the part of the grateful congregation and remembering that pastors enjoy having good things said. I put in the long words which would roll sweetly under Mrs. Gregory's tongue. And then I drilled her in the speech until she gave it with expression. The following Thursday, when she came into the living room with her mop, I said, "How did it go?"

"It went jes' beautiful. Everybody said how well ah done, an' the pastah was flippergasted."

I turned back to my work, but she came and laid a large palm on my desk.

"Ah wants to say ah'm always so glad when Thursdays comes. Ah wakes up in the mawnin' an' ah says,' Glory, Glory, ah'm goin' to Mis' Ca'man's today!' . . . You-all is a lady, Mis' Ca'man."

"So are you, Mrs. Gregory," I said, because she was.

She fumbled with her mop under my desk, her face hidden.

"Ah knows mah place," she said, and I wondered just exactly where her place was.

She had been employed in many houses in my neighborhood and it occurred to me that the other "ladies she wukked fo'" might have been as illumined by her as I was. I spoke about her to Mrs. W. with whom Mrs. Gregory had spent a season.

"Let me see—I can't remember her—I've had so many and they are such nuisances," Mrs. W. said, wrinkling up her forehead.

"She did washing and cleaning by the day. Lives in Shantytown," I said, to stir her memory.

"Oh, yes—and she charged three seventy-five! A perfectly outrageous price! I don't know what we are all coming to! Mr. W. says—"

Three seventy-five for all Mrs. Gregory had given me?

I called it cheap.

COLLEGE AND THE EXCEPTIONAL MAN

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

THIS essay proposes no solution of the problems, however desperate, which confront American universities. It abandons them to the experts who, in country weeklies, beauty shops, advertising agencies, culture clubs, and legislatures have freely acknowledged their willingness to assume responsibility for them—confident that in the face of such assurance the words of a college teacher would be negligible if not indeed presumptuous. It does perhaps indicate a conclusion to be drawn from these problems. But inasmuch as that conclusion suggests the abolition first of college faculties and then of college student bodies, it may be safely ignored as tending toward lunacy.

A principle of evidence that has been found valid in the courts holds that a witness who testifies against his own interests or safety may be held more credible—less likely to be deliberately or unconsciously lying—than one whose testimony is found to support his own welfare. If, therefore, I confess at the beginning that we of the English department contribute less than most of our colleagues to the education of the kind of students I am dealing with, I am at least admissible under Mr. Wigmore's code when I reproach the other departments for not contributing more than they do. These students are the men and women possessed of intelligence clearly superior to that average to the accommodation of which the college machinery is geared. Early in his career every teacher must decide what his attitude toward them is to be. Shall he devote his attention to them or to the ninety-eight per cent? Shall he orient his classes from the axis of the intellectual curve, or from its farthest margin at the right? It is only because I have always frankly chosen the two to the ninety-eight per cent that I here venture to suggest what their place is in the modern college.

The axiom has it that these superior minds ought to find in college the most nearly ideal environment, and yet it is a commonplace that they are more drastically disappointed than their mediocre fellows. It is also axiomatic that the colleges ought to do everything within their power to give these superior students the maximum opportunity for development; yet the dilemma cries aloud: either the colleges do not do their utmost, or that utmost is pitifully inadequate. The superior students leave at the end of four years, not only far more ignorant than with their capabilities they might expect to be, but convinced that much of their youth has been wasted in the pursuit of a respectable but counterfeit education. This disillusionment is in itself education; but to acquire it at the cost of four years' sincere worship of false gods is an altogether felonious waste. Better than disillusionment is the initial avoidance of illusions.

Their dissatisfaction is familiar, I think, to all teachers and to most editors. Not that the superior student is responsible for the undergraduate surveys which have become fashionable in the larger universities and which eloquently prove that the man who is his own doctor has a fool for a patient.

Those pretentious follies bud from the undergraduate newspapers, the laboratories of schools of journalism, or from "discussion groups," creations of uplift societies which pay their secretaries to keep students virtuous by making them miserable. No, the superior students do not organize their dissatisfaction; they have become hard-boiled toward organizations through watching them at work. They have no panacea which will require all Freshmen to take a course in the Majesty of Civilization and so cancel the option of Greek A or Math I. They do not pretend to know *why* or even *how* things are wrong, but only *wherein* they are wrong. They know that, so far as their kind is concerned, the failure of the college is beyond redemption by any plan of general examinations, division into junior and senior colleges, or partial cancellation of the requirements of class attendance. They know that the college has not lived up to the contract it assumed when they entered it. They know that their expectations, based on the plain promises of the college, have been betrayed and that, when a fiduciary corporation betrays a trust such words as fraud and malfeasance are appropriate.

We entered college, they say, expecting to receive certain benefits and to learn the mastery of certain tools, expectations which all authorities on education from Bacon to Spencer and on to Dewey hold to be legitimate. We have the empirical fact that, though we have done our part, those expectations have not been fulfilled. We have your sealed diplomas to witness your admission that we have not contributed to the failure. Wherefore you, the college, are altogether to blame, and we think that you are either incompetent or dishonest. You are either a failure or a con-game. And we see no obligation to be pleased by either one.

The epithets I attribute to them are not my own invention. Let me quote, substituting "Atlantis" for the name of the institution I serve, from a paper written in a class of mine in May, 1926, by a man who received his degree within a month. "I have learned that running a university is a damned good business and the most respected con-game in the world. The advertisements of Atlantis might most honestly read: 'Atlantis University, marriage mart and stadium. Send your daughter to Atlantis to pick a husband, and your son to learn how to wear his socks. Athletic diversions and other amusements featured.' In the lower right corner, if diamond type would not exaggerate the relative importance, we might add, 'Classes held occasionally. Material of no value taught.' America has developed the most amazing institutional system in history for the care of the unfit in mind and body. Hospitals assist them in giving birth. Skilled physicians care for the young bonehead. Nurses wait on him. Devoted virgins in special schools strive to force ideas in where ideas will not go. Then we, who exercise the most rigorous selective breeding over pigs and pups, turn him out to reproduce and inherit the earth. And as the keystone in our arch we have devised institutions of higher learning to make absolutely sure that the world shall be safe for stupidity. Let one who is born brilliant come to college, and we force him into an elaborate chain-gang where he must keep step with mediocrity. We teach him formulas and laws, forcing them down his throat till he must end by liking the abominable diet. Modern education is a fool-proof, infallible system for disheartening originality and annihilating individuality. Catch your man young. Don't allow him to think, but standardize him to the fraction of a mill, for machine-made minds are the bulwark of education as well as society. Educate him to the perfection of the amœba so that he will respond alike to all stimuli. Press the button and out comes your gum. Send him to Atlantis."

This exuberant cynicism, less subdued and less measured than some I might

quote, was written by a man who has had a fair share of undergraduate distinction. He is not open to the suspicion of belonging to one of the literary cliques who, the more conservative professors say, have damned themselves unto eternity by imitating Mr. Mencken, for he comes from that hotbed of orthodoxy, the school of commerce. No, he is only representative of many alert and eager-minded people who, towards the senior year, begin to discover that they have been bilked. His conclusions are carried farther by those of a young woman with whose undergraduate career I am familiar.

II

I base my account of Miss Wood's education on an essay written for my course in advanced composition, an attempt to chart the development of her mind. She came to Atlantis expecting to have her mind disciplined, to learn to distinguish appearance from reality, to be put in touch with the currents of the intellectual life. She hoped that college would help to explain the world, or if not that, would at least help her to find where she stood in relation to it. Subsequent disillusionment has not convinced her that she was asking too much. She found that college diffused her energies in three directions, and that of these the intellectual was held to be far less important than social life and what pass as "activities." An "activity" is anything which goes to make one's sorority prominent: any kind of athletics is an activity, so is a class office, so are dramatics, literary societies, the Y. W. C. A., selling tags for charity, writing "ads" for the campus papers, devoting so many hours a week to a settlement house. She found that her companions expected her to choose one or a half-dozen activities and to devote herself to them with a whole heart.

The accepted idea among the undergraduates was that classes existed solely to provide a background for activities, and that the experience she was to get from captaining the girls' hockey team or accosting men on the streets in the interests of the starving Armenians was to furnish the only valuable part of her education. "You get to know girls," she was told, "and you learn how to be diplomatic and self-possessed and how to organize things, and how to manage a tea or a dance. It makes a well-rounded woman of you, and what else do you come to college for?" For a time she accepted the new standard. She spent her days working at activities and, since her sorority was very prominent, spent most of her evenings being rushed from tea-rooms to dances and cabarets in the collegiate Fords of an equally distinguished fraternity. Pretty, clever and conventional, she began to develop into the type of "prominent woman on the campus" which seemed to be the co-ed ideal.

This momentum lasted well into her sophomore year. "Should a year at college have shaken me out of this lethargy?" she writes. "How? How could perfunctory classes in Latin, French, geology, and hygiene wake me up? How could they stimulate my mind at all? They taught no habit of mind whatsoever, nothing but attention to detail. They were not devised to enter into anyone's thinking in any way." She noticed, however, that she found no education of the kind she had expected. Her puzzled dissatisfaction was crystallized by the reading she was forced to do in a course in Eighteenth Century literature. (Here is the way in which my colleagues in English do, I insist, occasionally educate: they discover to their students the minds of such men as Swift, Johnson, Locke, and Hume.) The great century of rationalism struck her with the impact of new ideas. "English *C4* required me to read books and to make judgments about them, to think consciously about them and to analyze my opinions. . . . They taught me no facts but set me to thinking, or rather wondering, *and that was new.* I

could not do the necessary reading for such a course without stopping to wonder what I thought. What did I think about God, man, and man's relation to the world? Was life as I could see it worth living? Was man's shifting about here pretty much for himself, or was a conscious spirit guiding him? What might a man consider the aim of his life? Or could he have an aim? . . . For the first time what I was studying actually influenced my thinking."

The story now seems headed for the happy ending. The young woman, having begun to think critically, had achieved something beyond the reach of the ninety-eight per cent and could make rapid strides toward education. Quite the contrary. Her next discovery vindicated the judgments passed by the undergraduate body on classes. Eighteenth Century literature had given her questions of considerable importance. They were not all the questions she must ask before she could achieve orientation in the twentieth century, but they were fertile questions—they would lead to development and knowledge, they would be education. She spent nearly two years in a faithful effort to find in college, professors or courses that would cast some light on them. At the end of her third year she concluded that there were none.

Here and there she found a professor lifting his head above the morass of routine, convention, prejudice, and hypothesis. She clung firmly to zoölogy, especially genetics, for it seemed to her that there was knowledge which, though it was not interpreted to her, could be worked into her mind and used as the monument from which to begin a survey. Several times disappointed by the discovery that they rested upon prejudice or the limitations of a professor's doctoral thesis, she, nevertheless, returned doggedly to courses in philosophy and history. They and courses in literature that touched on really great men ought to make order of the world, if order could be made of it. Alas, she found that they did not so much fail as steadfastly refuse to try. She could make allowance for prejudice, bad logic, or astigmatism—as in calculus one makes allowance for error—but though these human qualities were abundant, they were eclipsed by—ignorance and superficiality. The professor did not *know;* he had merely written a thesis. He was not interested in *knowing;* he merely wanted to extend the thesis. The historian saw no reason why psychology, anthropology, medicine, or any economics later than Adam Smith should intrude on history. The psychologist regarded logic as nonsense. The economist scorned literature, and the teacher of literature knew neither economics nor psychology, neither history nor medicine. Try to bring one science to bear on another, and you were snubbed. All were ignorant of, or indifferent to all subjects but their own, and few knew the recent extra-academic developments in their own fields. And the puerile class system of high school went on. Not once was she asked to think something through to a conclusion, to gather all the available data about a fact, to subject a conclusion or a hypothesis to all available tests. To get something said about a certain number of pages seemed to be all the professor required of her. And to get something said seemed to be all he required of himself. Having it said, "he didn't much care whether it was true or false, verified or guessed, significant or meaningless."

At the end of the third year she found herself, in some degree at least, skeptical, hungry for knowledge, curious to know and understand. That was education, but the significant thing was that she had got this education entirely by herself. College had not contributed to it. College had interfered, done its best to make it impossible by requiring her to spend her time memorizing the details of "French, geology, and hygiene."

That third year ended in June. Her decision is not to come back to Atlantis. She is more interested in education than

in graduation. She understands that she must educate herself. For a year she will work, living away from home, thinking over what she learned and being able to spend at least as much time as before to learning other things. A library has no professor to assign topics and no dean to send you to chapel and make you take required courses in hygiene and geology. After that year, she may or may not go back to college. If she does, it will not be Atlantis but a place where she will have neither sorority nor activities, and she will follow a set plan of her own, ignoring professors. If she does not go to college, she will go to New York or Boston, or Paris or London to finish her education—some place where there are the right museums, libraries, art institutes, or what-not. Libraries have no pet theories to advance; the fossils of Mousterian caves are not concerned with defeating the opinions of some other school, and artists have a way of being more interested in getting things done than in getting things said.

III

I turn now to the case of Joe Roodles. Four years ago he appeared in a freshman class of mine, a tall, awkward, bashful Iowa farm boy. His growing interest in the sciences took him away from my formal instruction after that first year, but he had so roused my interest that I followed his development, and we are now friends. Joe's skill at mathematics led him to natural science and the beginning of his sophomore year found him undertaking the major in chemistry. The significant thing is that he reveled in the world science revealed to him. The dean's requirements made him acquainted with the other subjects which, boards have decided, constitute an education: economics, psychology, history, and philosophy. His response was hearty and conclusive: he gave them every chance to prove what they maintained, but they never proved it. Take his psychology professor, for instance. He spent eight or ten lectures elaborating an intricate hypothetical problem, saying that this *a* would happen if this *b*, *c*, *d*, and *e* might be assumed to be present and operating. Then a month later he spent three or four lectures making clear the entire inside of a man's mind. It was beautiful, it was revolutionary, it was breath-taking—only, Roodles discovered, it depended on the prof's conviction that *a* had happened. Wherefore, the prof was either a fool or a liar and the truth was not in him.

Or take Roodles's sociology prof. He had a magnificent system of progress and reform. It made the modern world a breathless, beautiful, and intelligible place. It fired the listener with a sense of the majesty of life, a lust to get out and help progress along, a great hope that fair things were yet to be. Only, Roodles found out, if you followed it down from flower to stem and on to root, you discovered that the whole grandiose structure rested on the idea that the social complex was an organism. If it wasn't an organism, then the whole system went to pot. And it wasn't an organism. It didn't assimilate, reproduce, build protoplasm, or consume oxygen in breathing. You could not cut it to make it bleed. To call it an organism was to volatilize and simplify the facts till they weren't facts but only conventional designs. To call it an organism was poetry, a metaphor. It was a pretty metaphor, but it was false, and the prof was what the philosophy prof called an animist and his system was rot. Or take the economics prof with his talk about the laws of economics. Laws? How did he get that way? A law was something organic in the order of nature. You could verify it by experiment; it was something someone had discovered by experiment. You could measure and chart its operation. Could you do that with the laws of economics? These "laws" were only somebody's idea of what might happen if things happened that way—only somebody had decided that his idea about unearned increment

or marginal utility was sacred and as demonstrable as $\frac{gt^2}{2}$ —which was absurd. Economics was intellectual entertainment for some, maybe, but as for knowledge—bosh. And his history prof had intimated that God's personal presence guided the Constitutional Convention, whereas in the Chem Lab we didn't let unknown forces prowl about that way.

You see, Roodles was a superior student. He had a thirst for knowledge and a skeptical insistence on leaving belief, speculation, and sheer guesswork out of knowledge. He differed fundamentally from most of his classmates. They either ignored classes altogether, as Ruth Wood had been advised to do, or they lapped up the pap that was fed them with what Roodles considered felonious stupidity. "There are half a dozen colleges here at once," he said to me. "There's the college where they go to take notes on stuff they think will help them sell bonds or manage an office or teach grade school. There's the one where they go to learn what kind of clothes to wear. There's the one that's guaranteed to fit them out with majority opinions on everything their customers will talk about. There's the social college, the matrimonial college, the college where they learn to organize the Junior Prom. Hell—they ought to fence off chem and physics and geology and math and biology, make a college out of them, and open it to the fifteen or twenty that want an education."

Or again: "Bunk—that's what we hire five hundred men to teach. That's what the whole damned nation has set at the top of its educational hocus-pocus. Somebody's guess as to what happens when I stick a pin under my finger-nail. Somebody's dream of what would happen if we were all enlightened altruists. Somebody's bad taste in the mouth because Luther was born or Adams didn't get a second term or somebody invented the steam engine." But, he admitted, that was the education most people wanted and, all things considered, it did very well for them. He didn't object to their absorbing as many predigested illusions as they could hold. Illusions satisfied most minds better than truth could. But he would stick to the laboratory where he could see truth with his eyes, heft it with his hands, weigh it and take it apart and put it together again.

He stuck to his laboratories so enthusiastically that he had to be given his degree after three years. The next September, which was *last* September, he was back again. This time he was going to dive deep into the real stuff—graduate work, original research. His ardor had in no way lessened, but he was a little puzzled, and that bewilderment increased as the months went on. For he had begun to wonder whether this knowledge he was so sure of had any significance and even whether it was capable of exactness, whether it was so free of assumption and rationalization. He discovered that the natural sciences habitually plunged farther into the unverifiable than the economics prof at his wildest. As the year wore on he spent less and less time in the laboratories. I found him oftener in my library. "Just reading" was all I could get out of him—but such reading! *The Golden Bough*, Henry Adams's *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres*, Rabelais, Shakespeare (I had once drawn down his scorn by suggesting that he take a colleague's course in Shakespeare), Moore's *History of Religions*, *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, Freud, Thoreau, *Our America*, and *The London Mercury* and *The Nation*. I noticed, too, that the rolls on top of the reproducing piano were frequently rearranged, and I caught him once quite rapt over the "Appassionata."

At midyear he announced, "I'm quitting chemistry. Too much guesswork. I'm going into mathematics. Those birds don't go beyond what they can prove. They've got the absolute. That's knowledge." He added, a little shamefacedly, "I get a kick out of math. I guess it's like the kick a bird gets from writing a poem or playing a sonata."

I did not see him for some time. I began to worry lest mathematics too had failed him and he had surrendered to Philistia by taking the job with a soap factory which his chemistry instructor had found for him. Then one day I met him —in overalls, jumper, and cap, unbelievably grimy. "I've quit school," he explained, "but I'm sticking around."

It developed that "sticking around" meant working five hours a night sweeping out the dining rooms of the town's largest hotel. Having supported himself doing similar work throughout his college course, he now proposed to go on in the same way and see what happened. What happened was significant. Delivered from contact with professors and classes, he found himself more stimulated than he had ever been before. He ransacked the library for books whose significance he had discovered for himself. In two weeks he learned more about conic sections than a year of "math" would have taught him. He began to haunt the theaters, the concert halls, and the opera house of the neighboring metropolis. One day he astounded me by spouting a reasoned criticism of an expressionist exhibit at the art museum. And a few weeks later I learned that he had written a paper refuting Gilbert Seldes' æsthetic of the movies, basing it on optics, Clive Bell, and Mr. Watson's behaviorism.

"You can analyze life down to a chemical formula," he said one day. "If they can't now, they will in a year or so. Or you can call it a thermostatic reaction. I used to be strong for that stuff. I thought that Jacques Loeb's hard sense was the last word. Right now I don't think it's any less futile than to talk about The Economic Man. Neither one tells you anything about the world as you find it." And again, "If they'd let you birds out of class work and give you an office in the library, where a chap could come in to ask you what to read or chew over a theory with you—maybe you might teach somebody something."

The sleeves of the gown worn by scholars, he assured me gravely, were immense simply because in the old days students were beggars. They were a sort of vagabond class. They were hungry to learn things. Well, that was the beginning of the colleges, and it looked to him as though the colleges had now reached a stage where only the vagabond class in them could learn anything. He was for setting them out again on their begging.

He has reached a measured conclusion. He wants to know what men's experience is and has been, and what's to be made of it. He wants to find what will enrich his own experience, give it a more lasting satisfaction, increase the range and subtlety of its pleasure. He wants to orient himself in the world of ideas—of critical, scrutinizing, challenging appraisal. He wants to enlarge himself with all the arts he can understand. He wants to live in the midst of the ideas which make the age to which he belongs. He wants to test the accumulated wisdom of the race and to pick his way through its storehouses of folly. . . . He realizes the florid ambitiousness of such desires, and yet he realizes that the attempt to gratify them is education. The conventional term being four years, he looks forward to four more years of sweeping out restaurants—after the theaters are closed—and giving his afternoons and evenings to the search for knowledge. The road which took him to college has proved to lead past and directly away from it. He feels that to call Atlantis, or any other college he knows of, an educational institution is to put on it a libel which its typical sons might legitimately resent. College and education set themselves different ends, different methods, different values. With education colleges are not—and in this age cannot be—concerned. Let those who hunger and thirst after education become vagabonds.

IV

I find myself convinced that these hungry minds, these passionate seekers

after enlarged and vivified experience, are the only students worth bothering about. When I wonder how many of them any college holds, I am sometimes optimistic enough to believe that as many as a dozen out of the two hundred who face me every year are worth an intelligent man's effort. That dozen suffice to make teaching an enjoyable profession, and yet every year adds to my conviction that in the college system there is no place for them, that I and my colleagues are tragically wasting the time of our best prospects and frustrating the too few years they can devote to education. They are swamped in a welter of mediocrity, they are fed into a machine which is built for the stupid average of ordinary minds and, in the nature of democracy, cannot be made over. The institution and its system are bad, and we of the faculty are no better. We are evasive, superficial, dishonest. Do I not make platitudes about Pater and Mencken and Shaw when they ask me about style? Do I not lecture about Shelley's saturation in the classics when I know little of Shelley and less of the classics? Have I not been known to praise Byron's poetry, which I believe almost the worst in English, and to voice from the platform æsthetic judgments which privately seemed nonsense? Can I believe that my colleagues are any more profound and honest about high tariffs, the Renaissance, acquired characteristics, or relativity? And even if I am the sole charlatan in a faculty of otherwise learned, profound, judicious, and honest men, how can my colleagues take for the initiation into life of the one superior mind the time which the university directs shall be expended in the teaching a hundred commonplace minds how to do the exercise on page six?

The pat answer is that the best education has always been self-education, even in college. That is true, but I see no need to erect an elaborate structure devised for those who will not educate themselves, a structure whose ultimate effect is to interfere with those who will. I say nothing about the ordinary students on whom our colleges prosper. They are indeed problems for the specialists in pedagogy, and, it may well be, insoluble problems. But I am convinced that the superior student has no place in the college of to-day, that his best educational interests lie elsewhere, that he is always gravely and sometimes irreparably hampered in the system of to-day, that he will most wisely altogether abandon it.

That is why I consistently advise him, when he appeals to me, to leave college to those who need and believe in and benefit from it, and to get out into such parts of the world as he may find education in. There are theaters, concert halls, opera houses. There are art museums, museums of natural history, museums of all kinds wherein is displayed everything that hard-minded men have learned about the world. There are libraries which house all that men have ever seen or thought or dreamed or wondered about—all their wisdom, all their folly. He has, to begin with, a famished hunger, a healthy skepticism, a deathless curiosity. Let such qualities guide him through these storehouses of knowledge. And in the end he will be educated.

So that of the hundreds of young lives that have submitted to my instruction, I can be sure that I have contributed to the education of only the few whom I have influenced to leave college. I have helped them, at least, to find awareness of the world. The reflection that I can count them on my fingers is by no means soothing to the ego. Maybe it might be otherwise —if! If, for instance, they would let me out of classes and give me an office off the library, "where a chap could come to ask what to read, or chew over a theory" with me. But they won't.

The Lion's Mouth



TRUTH: THE PASSION OF THE TIMES

BY EDWARD ANTHONY

"TIMES have changed," said the famous statesman to his biographer. "This is the Era of The Painful Truth. People won't read the life of a great man unless it proves that he wasn't great. Needless to say, I *am* a great man, but if you say anything nice about me in your biography I'll tear it up—or instruct my heirs to do so. Do you understand? I want to be shown up."

"That won't be hard, sir, will it?" asked the biographer. "Even the greatest statesmen have—er—known lapses of—er—"

"Don't stammer so," interrupted the great man, "it isn't necessary. Yes, I have known lapses. There was, for instance, the time I made the secret treaty with Chequo-Switzaria after coming out against secret treaties. I received a million gold pesetas—or was it kronen?—for that job. It was a particularly dastardly piece of work. Don't fail to say so. Vilify me to your heart's content."

"Yes, sir!" cried the biographer enthusiastically. "I'll pin the badge of infamy on you, all right. Don't worry. I know how to do it. If you've read my works you know that so far I've sent eleven famous statesmen, writers, actors, empire builders, etc., to Coventry. Each book started a scandal and sold at least fifty thousand copies."

"Good!" exclaimed the noted statesman. "I'm glad you know your business. I want a biography that will make the *literati*, in their learned criticisms, refer to 'this amazing human document, revealing the Machiavelian machinations of a cheap politician of whom the public, suffering from acute morosis, has made a popular hero.' "

"You may depend upon me!" said the biographer eagerly. "I'm a wonderful mud-slinger. I'll disgrace you, all right; and I won't ever include any of those weakening qualifications known as Extenuating Circumstances—insidious destroyers of many a luscious scandal!"

"That's right!" cried the great man. "I want a first-class discrediting. And, oh, yes, yes! Don't forget to mention that in the war with the Bulgovanians I got a 50% rake-off on all munitions bought by our War Minister. I split with him. But don't mention that low-life. After all, what has he done to deserve the publicity of a good round defamation? Confine yourself to denouncing me. That will give you plenty to do. Call me an unabashed crook."

"You betcha!" cried the biographer. "Anything else?"

"Have you no imagination?" asked the statesman. "Must I give you *all* the facts? Can't you invent some?"

"Can't I!" exclaimed the biographer. "Just watch me! I'll have you pardoning convicts at a thousand dollars a pardon, and—"

"No petty larceny, please," interrupted the statesman. "I don't want people to think me a piker. Make it five thousand a pardon."

"Yes, sir!" said the biographer. "I'll have the first chapters ready in a week or so. Anything else?"

"Nothing, except this," concluded the great man. "Bear in mind that this is the Era of the Painful Truth. It is no different from any other age except that what was once known as scandal-mongering now emerges as a Passion for The Truth. If you do your work well I shall become known as a man who, despite his ugly scars, was unafraid to sit for an Accurate Life Portrait. You will become known as a fearless painter, and your following will take in the picture with that comfortable feeling of virtue that accompanies the Passionate Search for Truth. Good-by—and get busy."



THE CRIME SITUATION

BY NEWMAN LEVY

SOMETHING really ought to be done about the crime situation. For some time past the better-informed section of our population has suspected that banditry is abroad in the land. Among the busy marts of commerce, along the crowded highway the whisper goes forth that crime is rampant and banditry is rife. Rumors of it have even crept into the newspapers. Every now and then the less restrained of our daily journals tell of the perforation of some local jewelry merchant by the vagrant bullets of our contemporary James Boys, or the playful looting of a cigar store or gasoline-filling station. Then it is that an outraged citizenry rises in its wrath and decides that the time has come at last to Take Steps.

Taking Steps is one of the most priceless of our institutions, one of the chief jewels in the crown of our national efficiency. As a panacea it ranks second only to Passing a Law. And of all the steps that we delight in taking none compares for sheer entertainment with the Appointment of a Commission.

After all, the chief function of a government is to keep its citizens entertained and amused. A century and a half of democracy has left most of us somewhat apathetic toward the great experiment. But there is one thing that we as citizens, voters, and taxpayers have a right to expect, and that is a good show. Some day the Vaudeville Theory of Government will be formally embodied in our political philosophy and chairs will be established at our large universities to teach it.

Thus, whether the problem is a crime wave or a heat wave, the way to handle it is by the appointment of a commission. Just at present the Quiz and the Probe are going out of fashion and the Crime Commission is coming in. Every community that can boast of more than twenty-five thousand inhabitants—or even if it cannot boast of them, so long as it has them—is setting up a crime commission composed of substantial, representative citizens, to study the problem in a serious way, with the view, as we stated before, of Taking Steps.

The personnel of the commission is most important. It should be small enough not to be cumbersome and sufficiently un-informed not to be meddlesome. There should be a few ladies on it for, after all, does the problem not affect each and every one of us? Criminologists, with their preconceived notions, are apt to be embarrassing; sociologists have been known to entertain rather extreme ideas. There is nothing like the absence of previous training and experience to guarantee the unbiased impartiality of an investigation.

The first step after the newspapers have published the names, photographs, and pedigrees of the appointees is the designation by the chairman of the army of stenographers, secretaries, investigators, and other supernumeraries that necessarily accompany a well-organized commission. The commissioners themselves serve, of course, without compensation. Drafted into the public service is the phrase. It is a political

axiom that whenever you find a governmental job being done by volunteers in the interest of economy and retrenchment somewhere in the offing will be found a retinue of paid accessories who are going to set the public treasury back a pretty penny.

The crime commission is now ready to function. Public hearings are commenced, subpoenas are issued, reporters, camera-men, and special writers crowd into the auditorium, speeches are made; crime is on the run.

There is one citizen, however, who seems strangely unaware of what is going on. You would think that any criminal who had a decent respect for governmental agencies, a proper regard for the amenities of a civilized community would forthwith abandon his nefarious career and settle down to a life of honest respectability. Possibly the criminal does not read the right newspapers; perhaps he is just a mean old spoil-sport who knows all about what is being done in his behalf and doesn't care.

Every crime commission should have at least one ex-convict on it. After all, criminals are human; they like those delicate little attentions and courtesies that mean so much to the rest of us. We do not doubt that many a yeggman and bank burglar, in the peaceful seclusion of his rustic cot to which he retires after a day of arduous yegging and burglary, has read wistfully through the list of appointees to a crime commission and has grieved to find none of his own profession on it. Ours, as someone has splendidly said, is a representative government. It seems no more than fair that the class most directly concerned with the subject of the inquiry should have a voice in the deliberations of the commission.

It may be urged that the presence of one having expert, first-hand knowledge of his subject, might interfere with that complete open-mindedness and stern judicial impartiality that is so greatly to be desired. As every student of our judicial processes knows, there is nothing that causes bias so much as information. On the other hand, this disadvantage would be more than offset by the moral effect upon the criminal fraternity of the appointment of one of their number. And no effort to cope with the crime situation can be completely effective without the whole-hearted support and co-operation of the criminal himself.

This is a point frequently lost sight of. Suppose, for instance, that the crime commission should find, as it always does, that the penalties fixed by law are not severe enough, and that increased sentences would have a deterrent effect upon crime. This may undoubtedly be sound penology, sound sociology, and sound psychology, but it is not going to work unless the criminal is willing to be deterred. Some burglars and hold-up men have been known to be quite pig-headed about that sort of thing. And what use is all the kind thought and devoted effort spent upon the subject of crime by these amateur criminologists unless the crooks and thieves have the decency to play the game?

The way it ought to work is something like this: Lefty McGoofus is about to depart to his daily toil. He bids his wife an affectionate farewell, and kisses the kiddies tenderly good-night. In his capacious pockets is distributed the impedimenta of his profession: his black-jack, his automatic revolver, his chloroform vial, his black mask, and possibly a can or two of nitroglycerine. Mr. McGoofus is gay and lighthearted; he is about to embark upon the crime of robbery in the first degree.

He hails a taxicab and purchases a newspaper on the way. What is this that greets his horror stricken gaze? "The Governor," he reads, "has signed the Jones Bill recommended by the Beamish Crime Commission, increasing the punishment for robbery in the first degree from twenty years' imprisonment to forty." Mr. McGoofus pauses and reflects. Twenty years he can, as the underworld argot has it, "do on his ear," but forty years is something else again.

He descends from the taxi, leaving behind his automatic, his black-jack, and his other felonious accessories, resolved to lead a more virtuous life in the future, in the comparative security of robbery in its second and third degrees. Thus is iniquity deterred and the wisdom of the criminologists vindicated.

Then, too, there is the matter of prison reform. There is a popular impression that our penal institutions are constantly besieged by eager hordes of criminals vainly endeavoring to break in. A state prison is pictured as a sort of poor man's country club, and its delights are contrasted with the drab squalor of the congested sections of the large cities. Pleasant, flower-lined paths wind through the grounds, and the merry voices of the inmates ring out as they disport gaily on the tennis courts and croquet grounds. There is a glee club, and even a brass band. In the evening when the lamps are lighted and night has fallen on the kindly gray walls of the old prison, kindhearted people come up from the city to entertain the inmates with music, plays, and motion pictures. Then what jollity, what merry laughter resounds through the classic halls! The lights are extinguished; each convict is tucked tenderly in his little bed; only the rippling of the waves beyond the walls and the protecting tread of the sentry within breaks the stillness of the night.

Despite this idyllic picture, the professional criminal, with the curious moral astigmatism of his class, seems to have a strange and unreasonable prejudice against incarceration. The lure of free movies leaves him cold; the glee club and the brass band fail to exert those charms that are proverbially believed to stir the savage breast. The felon who is in wants to get out, and the felon who is out wants to stay out. This, of course, is contrary to all current theories and is one more striking instance of the failure of the criminal to co-operate with the reformer.

There have been in the past several intelligent attempts to combat crime. The most notable was the series of posters that appeared in the New York subway cars depicting gangsters being taken in *flagrante delicto* by the vigilant police. These posters bore the significant warning "You can't win!" According to all the rules of the game, this Canute-like admonition should have stopped the crime wave then and there. Unfortunately, one trifling error delayed the coming of the millennium, one slight mistake that could have been corrected by any well-informed convict: criminals do not ride in the subway, they ride in taxicabs.

There was, however, another objection to this advertising campaign. The approach through threat and intimidation was psychologically unsound. Perhaps the implied challenge may have awakened some latent sporting instinct in the criminal; perhaps the veiled threat may have aroused a most natural resentment. A more rational understanding would have attempted to appeal to the criminal's better nature. A picture, for instance, of Whistler's Mother bearing the slogan "Stealing is wrong," would have been most effective. A portrait of George Washington, tastefully done, with the legend "He never told a lie" could not have failed to touch the heart of the most grizzled yegg.

The criminal has his human side: he is kind and devoted to his family; in fact, he once had a mother. The criminologist should not forget this. The criminal is the last surviving individualist battling against the engulfing wave of a communal civilization. Properly diverted, his energy, his audacity, and his predatory instincts can be utilized as potent instruments of contemporary society. But he must be met in a spirit of friendly co-operation. Then will the millennium draw near; the rubber hose of the policeman will be placed in camphor, the penitentiaries will be converted into art galleries and public libraries, and alert, public-spirited citizens will write to the newspapers demanding that something be done about the crime situation.



Editor's Easy Chair



CITIES, AND ESPECIALLY BOSTON

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

THAT saucy young Publius was saying the other day that Boston really didn't count for much any more: that textiles had moved south, finance had gone to New York, literature had followed it there, religion had dissolved into thinner substances, and the temples of the highbrows had pretty well succumbed to Rome and Erin. What it all amounted to was that Publius felt that, if you had anything big to put over, you had to come to New York to get it done; and this may be true after a fashion, though perhaps only temporarily true. On top of it there came along an article in the *World's Work* about how "New England Dies—But Prospers," setting forth in impressive detail how, even *in articulo mortis*, the insuperable Puritan was still doing a large and profitable business, supporting life and something over, and showing on the whole a very brisk vitality and a larger turnover than ever. On the strength of this it became possible to feel that Boston might last for some time yet. You can talk about that city and New England generally very much as Dean Inge does about England, but after he has finished you feel, as much as ever, that anyone who is going to sit up to see England perish has got a long period of insomnia ahead of him. Possibly England's function is changing; quite possibly Boston's function is changing; but Americans still go to England by the hundred thousand every year and come home in hopes of going again, and if more of them realized that Boston was a handsomer and in many ways a pleasanter town than London, very likely a larger proportion of them would occasionally go to Boston.

And, as it is, Boston is not neglected. It may not always be the unrivalled center of the shoe business (indeed one hears that they make a good many shoes now in the Middle West); as a wool market it may be surpassed, and probably is, but as the Puritan Mecca it has no rival and no immediate need to fear one.

Connecticut runs up to the New York line. The current of thought and travel of western New England runs to New York. Where the line is authorities do not declare, but probably it runs north, curving westward, from somewhere east of the Connecticut River—probably New London. Western Connecticut trades in New York and goes there for its entertainment. Eastern Connecticut and Rhode Island, affiliated with the Cape, flow very readily towards Boston. Narragansett Bay and Buzzards Bay are cousins. Narragansett is perhaps neutral water, but Buzzards Bay belongs to Massachusetts and to Boston, and all Down East flows to Boston. The money from the mills goes there; it has not ceased to be the New England metropolis. New York, of course, draws from every part of the country. It draws freely from Boston; but New Englanders do not as a rule go to New York for the pleasure of living there. For that they go to Boston. If they come to afford a house in town, Boston or near Boston is

where they want to have it. Sensible people, for the town is worthy of their preference.

WHEN our Mayor welcomed the Queen of Roumania the other day he told her New York was the greatest city in the world. Not so; London is still the greatest city. Anyhow he should have been more descriptive. He should have said the most over-populated city in the world or the greatest city ruled by the Irish. It is very over-populated. It is getting hard to move about except on foot or underground—a long lanky city with outrageous distances, too tall for its age, overgrown, over rich, and, as said, grossly over-populated. The New Englanders who come here do not come because they like it. They come because it is a good place to make money. It is that. It is very lively. Its shop windows are attractive. There are a lot of theaters, and they say that some of them are good enough and many others bad enough to attract steady company. Well, there are theaters in Boston. There is nothing in New York so attractive, so perennial in its soothing effects, as the Common and the Public Garden in Boston. New York, it is true, has Central Park, and Central Park is no slouch. It is pretty well starved out just now, but it can be replanted when the propriety of spending some money on it becomes sufficiently evident. But nowadays you cannot get to it without great risk of being massacred by motor cars before you reach it, and when you get inside you are exposed to the same peril. It is a carriage park. Since the motor cars have come, carriage parks have lost what repose they ever had. But the Common and the Public Garden, and the parklike streets which run out of them in Boston are places where one can walk and sit and invite one's soul.

Now heaven knows what there is in New York. If one had an airplane he might go about and try to discover. There is the Battery; there is a park down by Corlears' Hook; Tompkins Square is somewhere; Stuyvesant Square probably still exists. Also Gramercy Park, Washington, Union, and Madison Squares, the parks one passes going to the cemeteries uptown, parks on the East River, and the immensely notable and glorious Riverside Drive. Union and Madison Squares used to be nice but now they are over-populated and dingy. Most of the small parks are damaged. They are apt to have ugly fences. What land they ever had has usually been curtailed to give parking space to motor cars. They are not like the Common; no, not any of them. You can walk right down into that Common and you are safe. The pigeons will come and eat out of your hand; swarms of them! The greatest risk you run in the Public Garden or the Common is the danger of stepping on a pigeon. If there ever had been a Common in New York where would it be? Perhaps at the Battery; perhaps at the City Hall. To get to it you would have to make a voyage on the rivers or in the subway. But there are those open spaces in Boston still bordered by respectable habitations, still as much the center of the city, or pretty nearly as much, as they were in the days of Cotton Mather. Even Philadelphia is not quite like that. It has not moved as New York has moved, but it has moved. Boston really has location. You can hardly say that for New York, which has the sort of location that a hod carrier has as he climbs the ladder. But there are no more hod carriers to climb ladders in New York. We have outgrown that. Where would they be, climbing a ladder to the thirty-ninth floor!

New York leads the world in architecture! They say it really does, but even in that it runs to mass production. Boston has some big buildings and is getting more—a couple of huge hotels have pushed up, one of them between Beacon Hill and the Back Bay, another vast one on the side—but you can still see the church steeples in that city. If you get

on a high place you see the harbor. You can walk along the edge of the Charles River through a park. You can go out of town by parkways. So you can out of New York if you get far enough uptown. Very beautiful is the Bronx Parkway. Very beautiful, no doubt, are the Bronx Park and the Zoo and the Botanical Gardens, for people who can ever get to them. Perhaps people who live up there and ride back and forth in the subways ten miles for five cents have advantages that are comparable with the advantages of Boston. But no! Things up there do not look like Boston; probably don't taste like it.

WHAT is the best city? Certainly, not necessarily the biggest. Perhaps it is the city where the people think best. Boston being, as said, the Puritan metropolis used to be a fairly tough place. The Puritans were not Drys. Neither were they exceptionally moral, though strenuous for moral appearances. Rum abounded in Boston. People drank it pretty freely. In that respect it has probably improved, though it is not yet unreasonably perfected. But the thinking there is pretty good. People make game of it, but one observes that most of the thoughtful people who come here from Europe make a break for Boston pretty soon after they have passed the New York Custom House. Some of them go to consult with the hierarchy of the Christian Science Church; some to exchange suggestions with persons connected with Harvard College; some because they have friends in Boston. They go there as a rule to discuss something. It is a fairly Athenian city. There are always people there who are ready to talk about some new thing.

Of course, Boston has been rich; very rich in proportion to its size and population. What its population is now is a matter of no particular concern, but there seem to be plenty of people there and, if there is a Greater Boston, no doubt it comprises most of Eastern Massachusetts within thirty or forty miles of the Boston State House. If it does not, it ought to, for all that is Boston. That is still the most civilized area in the United States. Out of that has grown Harvard College. It has been developed with obvious intelligence; intelligence much more obvious than that which has governed the development of New York. New York's development has been more a misfortune than a fault. When the upper part of the Island was laid out in streets, nobody seems to have expected them to be inhabited, and the supposition was that if people lived in them they would go up and down the rivers. Then New York's development has come with a greater rush than Boston's and it never had suburbs like Boston to spread out into; never could have them. Its growth was first up Broadway and latterly up Fifth Avenue also. It spread a little in the long ago at the lower end of the island but, as far as good buildings went, it early lost the habit of spreading. Most of the good houses persisted in running up the middle of the island and, as everyone knows, business in New York more or less promptly overtook its best residential section, and its best houses were always being torn down to make room for shops. That is going on to this day as hard as ever. The most beautiful house in New York came down last year, and another building has gone up on its site. There seems to be nothing so destructive as wealth. When land values get excessively high they are taxed in proportion. To earn the tax and an income more or less proportionate to their assessed value, they have to minister in some large way to utility or luxury. Only churches and public buildings escape. That goes on in all prospering cities more or less, even in London, but the exhibition of it in New York is the most shocking show of the kind in the world. The open spaces are the ones that do not change, they and the churches and the libraries and such buildings, and in Boston, as said, preëminently the Common and Public Garden.

IF CITIES could go to an astrologer and get their horoscopes cast and so get a line as to what is going to happen to them, there would be many interested readers of the report. New York is inhabited largely by people who rush up or down the island twice a day in tubes, and partly by people who seldom go more than twenty blocks in any direction from where they live. The locomotion there is more difficult and more impeded every year. More and more people are thrown into the congested districts, more and more motor cars navigate the congested streets, and nobody knows as yet what will be the solution of a problem which everyone sees pressing in. The forest is getting so thick that the trees have no room to expand. Everybody sees that going on in New York. Everybody knows something will have to be done about it and wonders what the remedy will be.

We have seen one phase of what is happening,—the great houses forsaken by their owners, who go to live in apartments and see their late residences proceed to the knackers. People who are rich enough to have big houses in town now very generally prefer to have them in the country and to be contented with inconspicuous though very comfortable and expensive city habitations which apartment houses provide. Big houses were built as an expression of pride. People liked the advertisement they got out of them. Nobody seems any more to like them enough to keep them going. It looks like an increasing detachment from pride of life.

But cities—what is going to happen to them? Boston is nice because it is not so big as New York, because the people are more homogeneous and look better to you when you see them in the street. But after all, when you get to New York you have a feeling of arrival that is somewhat different from the feeling you have when you get to Boston. Everybody may hate New York; the West does, the South does. But it is unquestionably the metropolis of the United States, and critics somehow do not get its goat. All roads run to it. Every hamlet in the Union contributes more or less to make it big. That is not the fault of New York. It is merely its destiny. You may feel its strain increasing all the time. You may observe its perils. You may read about its crimes. You may get an impression that it is a fatal place and you may think its death rate must be high. But it is not high; it is low. It has very good doctors. It has lots of hospitals. It has a huge humanitarian service, good water, an excellent climate. Just now it has a pretty good city government. Nevertheless, it is tiresome, particularly to people whose nerves are not as good as they might be. There are children born in New York who never thrive there but have to be sent to the country where the tension is less. No doubt that is true more or less of all cities but it is intrusively true of New York. To a lady who came to town from the country after election day it was remarked, "You are looking very well," and the reply was, "Yes, but I am already beginning to wilt." And that was only two days after election.

Boston does not seem to be quite so bad. Perhaps the east wind there is healthy even if it is not pleasant. Perhaps the pace is a little slower. It is not conducting the same kind of a game that New York is. One feels in Manhattan Island a great sense of power. The stimulation of the place is enormous. Its opportunities are extremely varied. There are all kinds of people within reach if you have the energy to get at them—but that is it, the tax on energies is so constant. But that is pretty generally true of current life. Its opportunities are immeasurable, its call on energies is insatiable. What is going to happen? Is contemporary man going to have a blowout, or are we to discover new forces within ourselves that will make us more equal to the lives that are offered to us to live? When one goes to Boston his errand may be to search for some such force as that.

Personal and Otherwise

IT SEEMS that gentlemen have other preferences no less noteworthy than those ascribed to them by Miss Anita Loos. Their predilection for wars is set forth by ***Ida A. R. Wylie,*** the English novelist. Miss Wylie received part of her education in Belgium, part in Germany, part at Cheltenham Ladies' College in England; she spent many years in Germany, and is now living in New York: all of which would indicate that she is in a position to understand the point of view of more than one nation.

Much has been written about the conduct of the so-called younger generation—until we are weary of seeing them viewed with alarm or pointed to with pride. But when a writer goes, as ***Avis D. Carlson*** does, to the root of the problem which underlies their behavior, and claims that with the weakening of authority the whole right-and-wrong criterion of conduct is being challenged, we must listen; for this change—if she has correctly analyzed it—is of immense significance. Mrs. Carlson has reached her conclusions after many years of teaching in the English Department of the University of Illinois.

Wilbur Daniel Steele's last four HARPER stories have been "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven" (September 1925), which would have divided the O. Henry Prize for 1925 with Julian Street's "Mr. Bisbee's Princess" if Mr. Steele had not been disqualified as a former winner of the O. Henry award; "Blue Murder" (October 1925), which was included in the New York *World's* collection of the best short stories of 1925; "The Gray Goose" (March 1926); and "Bubbles" (August 1926), which has already been chosen by the O. Henry Committee as one of the small group of 1926 stories among which at this writing the judges are making their selection. This bare record speaks for itself. Mr. Steele has now returned from abroad and is living at Westport, Connecticut.

Oscar Lewis, a new contributor, lives in San Francisco, where apparently the revolt against boosterism is making headway.

Of all the British writers who have visited this country, none has retained more completely than ***Frank Swinnerton,*** through the trials and tribulations which accompany even the best lecture-tours, a friendly good will for Americans and a disposition to see them at their best rather than at their worst. This quality was manifest in his recent HARPER article, "English Pots and American Kettles," and should assure him a sympathetic American audience for his interpretation of his own countrymen, whom we sometimes accuse of being egotists. Mr. Swinnerton's most recent novel is *Summer Storm;* among the others have been *Nocturne, Shops and Houses,* and *September.* As we go to press he is again lecturing in this country.

"The Portrait" is the second contribution to HARPER'S of ***Phoebe H. Gilkyson*** (Mrs. Hamilton H. Gilkyson) of Mont Clare, Pennsylvania. Her first, "The Amateur," was a prize-winner in our 1924 short-story contest.

As the Tunney-Dempsey fight recedes into history, ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould,*** who journeyed from Princeton to the Sesqui Stadium to see Tunney win and recorded her impressions in "Ringside Seats" in our December issue, turns to a topic which will interest all who have the capacity for culture but are not absolutely sure that they know what it is or whether they possess it; and possibly those who are most sure that they possess it, deceive themselves.

Most of us have a hazy idea that although tuberculosis, typhoid, and other dreaded

diseases are on the wane, heart-disease, along with cancer, is gaining; but of the extent of the increase of heart-disease we know little. Exactly to what extent is it increasing? What is heart-disease, and what do we know about its causes? What are the chances that we ourselves will succumb to it? What can be done to overcome it? These questions are answered by ***Louis I. Dublin,*** who speaks with authority as statistician of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company.

The idea of "Pleased to Meet You"—or at least the idea of employing a moat in it—occurred to ***Christopher Morley*** at an old château in France. We have before us as we write a snapshot of the château. In the foreground is the moat, on the surface of the moat is a rowboat, and in the rowboat are three men: H. M. Tomlinson, Frank Morley, and the author of *Where the Blue Begins* and *Thunder on the Left.* Mr. Tomlinson, pipe in hand, appears to be lost in meditation; Frank Morley is usefully occupied at the oars; Christopher Morley, pipe in mouth (as usual), is apparently writing, though to tell the truth the picture is so small and the figures so much smaller that we cannot be sure. Perhaps he is composing a moating song.

The editorial headnote for "What About the Children?" gives certain facts about ***Eva vB. Hansl.*** To these we might add that she graduated from Barnard College; that for five years she edited the Woman's Page of the New York *Evening Sun;* that after her marriage and the birth of her first baby, she spent some time handling the publicity for Mayor Mitchel's Committee of Women, leaving the baby and the day's supply of bottles with the maid and spending all day at the office (an arrangement which she found beyond her strength); that in recent years she has given most of her time to her family but has spoken and written much on child study and parental care; and that she now lives in Greenwich, Connecticut. Those who recall Mrs. Mavity's recent article, "The Wife, the Home, and the Job," will note that Mrs. Hansl takes an opposite view of the same subject.

G. K. Chesterton sends us a new Father Brown story. According to his custom, the amiable priest walks into our pages just at the moment when a horrible crime has been committed and a detective is in demand.

Author of *Principles of Literary Criticism* and collaborator with C. K. Ogden upon *The Meaning of Meaning,* ***I. A. Richards*** is a Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and a lecturer in English at Cambridge.

With "Every Thursday," ***Dorothy Walworth Carman*** makes her first appearance as a HARPER contributor. Although Mrs. Carman graduated from Vassar only a few years ago, she already has two novels to her credit, *Faith of Our Fathers* and *The Pride of the Town.*

Bernard DeVoto, native of Utah and graduate of Harvard, has written two novels, *The Crooked Mile* and *The Chariot of Fire,* and is an instructor in English at a Middle-Western university.

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The single poem of the month is by ***Granville Paul Smith*** of New York, who has previously contributed more than once to the Magazine.

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The Lion's Mouth is fed this month by only two hands. They belong to ***Edward Anthony,*** whose most recent contribution was a composite Irish love-song in the November issue, and ***Newman Levy,*** who turns to the writing of light essays and such books as *The Opera Guyed* as a respite from his practice as a New York lawyer.

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Son of the Armenian immigrant who founded the firm of Pushman Brothers in Chicago and was a pioneer in the business of importing Oriental rugs, ***Hovsep Pushman*** has retained his American citizenship despite long residence abroad. He studied under Lefebvre, Robert Fleury and Dechenaud in Paris, has a studio in Paris, and has spent the past few years in the Orient. "Kurdistan," reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue, has been purchased by Mr. Rupert Hughes. It is one of

a number of Mr. Pushman's paintings of Oriental subjects—most of them delicate studies of still life—which have recently been shown in this country.

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Our correspondence has swollen since the appearance of John Macy's article on the myth of woman's equality with man. Subscribers have taken to sending us lists of friends to whom they wish marked copies of the November issue sent; one man's list consists of the names of thirteen women! We have space to quote from only a few of the many spirited replies which have come our way. The first which we select is from a lawyer (male):

I have read with keen amusement John Macy's article in the November HARPER'S and it seems to me that for his modern ideas he has drawn rather heavily from the Victorian period. I find many of his ideas very similarly expressed at the end of a book written in 1869 by Lecky and entitled *History of European Morals.*

Mr. Macy's observation that women (God bless them!) are conspicuous by their absence among the noted scientists, artists, musicians and professional people I question if anyone will take issue with. Lecky also mentions that. However, since when has it been man's or woman's policy to allow a chattel to grab the good things and sit in the seats of the mighty, while the owner steps graciously aside? Woman until recently has been man's legal chattel and still is in many places, and before we take Mr. Macy too seriously when he says that the men will always be "slightly ahead of the women," let us consider some of the reasons why man is now ahead and how he expects to keep there for some time to come.

Certainly there has never been a female United States Supreme Court Justice or a famous woman trial lawyer (except Portia), and I submit the reason is not one of lack of fitness or ability entirely. I happen to belong to the legal profession and have observed several other reasons.

A woman lawyer recently asked a member of a New York law firm about the prospects of women lawyers with that firm. She was informed that the firm would never pay a woman lawyer more than a certain amount a year and named the amount, which was just about what a good male bricklayer could easily earn. The sky is the limit for male attorneys in this firm.

Another firm has an office rule that none of its women lawyers may interview its clients, but restricts them entirely to paper work; and although a woman lawyer alone and unaided may have solved the client's problem, a man employee is given the privilege of interviewing the client and receiving the thanks due the woman.

A brilliant young woman attorney recently applied for a position in a New York law firm and was gallantly notified that her application was accepted, subject to approval by all the male members of the firm and also all the male law clerks. Incidentally, the firm had a few weeks before employed a male classmate of hers and his consent was required, although she had outdistanced him scholastically. (Her morals were unimpeachable and not in question.)

Thus does *homo sapiens* (male) to-day keep "slightly ahead" of the weaker sex.

The second reply is feminine—it is from Lillian Symes of New York:

It is unfortunate that John Macy, in his "challenge to feminism" in the November HARPER'S, permits himself to react so violently to the hysterical pipings of a small group of women that he becomes equally hysterical at the opposite pole—unfortunate because many of the things he says are wise and true. There is no such thing as a "Woman Movement" which one may buttonhole and call to account, any more than there is a "Radical Movement" made up of such divergent groups as socialists, communists, anarchists, single taxers, free traders and *New Republic* liberals. For every member of the National Woman's Party bent on legislating men and women into equality, there are probably a hundred intelligent feminists going quietly about their businesses in homes, offices, studios, and factories who realize that each sex has its superiorities and inferiorities in relation to the other, each its special and perhaps complementary capabilities. What those capabilities are we do not know as yet, and no amount of dogmatizing or comparison of illustrious names in either group will tell the tale. Not until several generations have passed in which girls have experienced the same conditioning and opportunities as boys will we be able to discover just what is inherently "feminine" and just what "feminine" traits are the result of social pressure, training and tradition. The few years in which women have been permitted to enter universities, to vote, and to smoke cigarettes are insufficient for the long look needed for dispassionate judgment on this subject.

The intelligent feminist has no illusions about her sisters and no prejudices about her brothers. She is merely asking that woman be given the

fullest and freest opportunity to develop whatever capabilities she possesses. She may be found as frequently in the ranks of the anti-Volsteadians as in the W. C. T. U. She is more likely to be a smoker than a member of the Anti-Cigarette League. In fact, the most violent opponents of feminism, as of suffrage, may be found among the "womanly" adherents of those reform groups which Mr. Macy so dreads.

Mr. Macy's battle cry of "back to the kitchen" is unworthy of one who must surely have some understanding of fundamental economic laws. Changes in our social and economic life have driven large numbers of women out of the kitchen and into the world, and feminist propaganda has had little or nothing to do with the change. If a small percentage of wealthy women have preferred business and political activity to bridge playing and entertaining, the great mass of women in industrial and commercial life have had little choice in the matter.

As to their standards of motherhood—the future, not the present, must pronounce judgment. When one looks about one at our present adult generation, raised under the personal and intimate direction of an omnipresent and devoted motherhood, one is inclined to question whether the "new" mother can do much worse.

Another reply (feminine), which makes much of the indignities which women have suffered in the past from "Mr. Macy's male ancestors," concludes with the following passage, which we would have our masculine readers take to heart:

And just one more point. I said Mr. Macy's ancestors. I think I may include his brothers of to-day. Perhaps I do not live in a representative community. Perhaps men elsewhere have thrown over the old beliefs which Mr. Macy lists at such length. All I may truthfully say is that among my friends and acquaintances, most of whom are connected with a university as students or faculty, there are few who do not consider themselves the lords of creation. Some in obnoxious blatant form, others only in the deepest corners of their minds. The few exceptions stand out as the only hopeful pillars of light.

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The Intercollegiate Contest will be repeated this year. The conditions will be announced later.

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We receive many appreciative letters about the Magazine. Ordinarily we are loath to publish them. But here is one which pleases us so much that we should like to share it with indulgent friends. It comes to us from a distinguished Congregational clergyman in Glen Ridge, New Jersey:

Dear Sir:

I have a complaint to make, a just and reasonable complaint. Believing that I must share with many others this grievance of mine, I make bold to set it down briefly.

I am a very busy man, I often think an overworked man, although I know of nobody else who holds that opinion. In particular, this is one of my busy days. I have piles and piles of work to get off my desk before I can call the day properly ended. The afternoon's mail brings me the November number of HARPER'S. In a moment of unguarded curiosity I break open the cover, and I am caught. I begin with Elmer Davis, and end with—but I do not end at all: I just stop. I have this minute escaped from your clutches. You have beguiled me of an hour and a half of precious time. You have ruined a day's work beyond repair, and I must retire to my couch under the nagging of an uneasy conscience. It is not right. It is not fair to a subscriber who has remained faithful through many years. Moreover such conduct on your part tends to break down the program of the times. In the interest of that "sterile efficiency" which we are trying to build up in our great and glorious country, you should make your magazine more dull

Very sincerely yours,

CLARENCE H. WILSON.



SNOWFALL

By Gardner Symons

Courtesy of the Grand Central Galleries

VOLUME 154 FEBRUARY 1927

Harpers Magazine

FISTS ACROSS THE SEA

AN UNSENTIMENTAL PROPHECY

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

SOME months ago Mr. Newton D. Baker made a strong plea for cancellation of the war debts. It may be taken for granted that he was not speaking for political effect in the narrow sense, since his party promptly repudiated his views. One must admit that a good deal of what he said might be best judged, probably, on the assumption that he was speaking as a survivor of the Wilsonian Old Guard; but he called attention to two facts that are very little known and are worth the prayerful regard of every American. The first is that nowhere in Europe are the debts considered as a binding obligation, and no one feels any moral responsibility about paying them. If they are ever paid at all, they will be paid to us, Mr. Baker says, "for a cause and in a form to them (*i.e.*, to the debtor peoples) not greatly different from the tribute which Rome imposed upon her friends and enemies alike."

This is a profound truth, and Mr. Baker deserves credit for pointing it out. It is a truth which our citizens have never even begun to take in. I wish they might dwell on it long enough to become aware—really aware—that it is the true view held by the debtor *peoples* of Europe. I am not speaking of their Governments' view. I think I know what that is, and I shall get around to it later on. But it is a fact that the masses of Europe, the "man in the street," Tom, Dick, and Harry, do not regard these debts as debts at all in the commercial sense, but merely as so much blackmail that we are trying to sandbag out of their necessitous condition. I do not believe the census-taker could ferret out one hundred persons in any debtor country who regard the demands of the United States as anything but a monstrous and iniquitous extortion.

This view may be all wrong, or it may not. It may be the consequence of ignorance, propaganda, or anything you please. Let us not go behind the returns—at least, not for a few moments, not until we fully understand that this

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view, odd as it may seem, is a *general* view, practically universal, and that it is an *honest* view. I have been in Europe many months now, and I get everywhere the impression that this view is as widely held by the peoples of Europe, however they came by it and however erroneous it may be, as the contrary view is held in the United States; and with just as great sincerity. I wish that Mr. Baker had laid stress on this point. I could have forgiven him if he had not been in such a tearing hurry to get those debts cancelled, and had done a little more to help his countrymen understand an alien frame of mind, for that is the important thing. In a matter of this kind, understanding is more than half way to sympathy, and both together are more than half way to appropriate and effective action. Cancelling the debts is relatively easy, but bringing about a change of mind and feeling on the part of whole peoples is extremely hard.

At present, neither the European nor the American understands the other's view; neither is making any effort to understand it; neither is getting any light or encouragement for such an effort from anybody, least of all from the several Governments. Our own Government has persistently shirked a psychological fact as obvious, as obtrusive, as inexorable as any fact can be. No doubt it has its reasons for so doing. The European Governments, probably for analogous reasons, have shirked the same fact as persistently. Consequently, human nature being what it is, both the American and the European tend to take a disparaging and contemptuous view of the other. It quite regularly happens so. The American, when he thinks about the matter at all, regards the European as a low, swindling fellow who wants to get out of paying for a horse that has died on his hands; the European regards the American as a sharper and a gain-grabber who will not recognize the principle that there is honor among thieves.

The American generally, as I believe, would put his case to the European somewhat thus: "This was your fracas—we did not start it—and for a long time we loaned you money to go on with, and finally came in ourselves to help you through. If the war was a mistake and didn't pan out, if you overshot the mark and shot your grandmother it is too bad, and we are sorry, and all that, but we can't see that it affects our claim. You gambled on your own judgment, borrowed our money to back your gamble, and now if you don't fork up, we American taxpayers have to make good. That is to say, we have to pay for your dead horse two or three times over, and we don't see it."

The European replies, "No, for you were in on the gamble as much as we were. You were in it, and on the make from the first moment, clawing incredible money out of it with both hands. Your pretended neutrality was a transparent fraud. You protracted the war by staying out as long as you possibly could, and you came in finally for no purpose in the wide world but to protect your investments, and establish yourselves in a colossal economic imperialism. We do not find fault with that; it was the regular thing done in the regular way, taking a leaf out of our book. We simply say that you can't have it both coming and going—you can't have it as a gamble for four years and a commercial transaction for the next sixty-two. We see no moral obligation in the matter, and we won't pay unless it is blackjacked out of us, and that is the word with the bark on it."

Here again, I say, it is not to the point to discuss the right and wrong, the wisdom or absurdity of these views. Let it pass that either or both are ten thousand times as wrong and absurd as anyone wants them to be, the primary questions still remain, first, are they held *generally*, and second, are they held *honestly?* Those who have doubts about the European view can settle them by coming over here and nosing about a bit, not being too careful about picking their

company. Those who think the American view is not held generally would seem to imagine that the size of the late Mr. Harding's popular majority meant nothing in particular—and there is hardihood in that thought. Those who doubt its being held sincerely, even enthusiastically, would seem to think that Senator Borah has made himself merely a prophetic voice crying in the wilderness for the fun of the thing; and anyone who thinks that is too simple-minded for this world—heaven is his home. No, if any respectable contention can be made against these views being held widely and sincerely as I have stated them I shall be unfeignedly astonished.

Well, then, here we have a serious misunderstanding, strong rooted enough in my judgment to stand a deal of grubbing and thrive on it. It is more than a detached difference of opinion. There is so much feeling involved in it, so much that is instinctive, that it might almost be called temperamental. Put an intelligent European and an intelligent American together to explain themselves to each other, and it is an easy hundred to one that they cannot do it. I have seen it tried several times, and never yet saw it done. Neither party can be blamed; neither of them can fairly be called pig-headed or vindictive in the matter, however wrong or absurd one may judge his view to be. Can this misunderstanding be modified? In time, a very long time, perhaps—nothing like that can be flatly put down as impossible. But will cancellation of the debts modify it, or even tend enough that way to make it worth while to cancel them? I greatly doubt it.

Mr. Baker's style of advocacy strikes one as a little unfortunate, because he seems to be trying to keep his eye on two things at once. He wants the debts cancelled as a demonstration "to the rest of the world that America's interest is not in dollars, but in a reconstructed international order, with as much as possible of the grief of the World War swept into oblivion." One takes this to mean that cancellation should be a gesture of benevolent and disinterested good will. This is very fine and very good. It touches traditional American pride in always doing the handsome thing where money is involved. But Mr. Baker devotes the larger part of his plea to showing what uncommonly good business it would be for us to make that gesture. He quotes with approval Mr. Mellon's saying, that "a prosperous Europe would be worth far more in dollars and cents to the United States than any possible return from debts." He musters the impressive figures of our export trade to show that America "not only has an interest in general rehabilitation and the maintenance of world peace, but that our own continued prosperity requires it." He observes further that "the overseas investments of the people of the United States now aggregate perhaps eleven billion dollars, and we are investing annually overseas at the rate of a billion a year. As this goes on, our interest in world peace becomes more and more insistent. Where our treasure is, there our hearts will be also." Really, Mr. Baker's discourse mixes up benevolence and shrewdness at such a rate that one hardly knows which he wishes to be our guiding motive.

It would be a petty business to bear down on Mr. Baker merely because one cannot be quite sure whether at any given time he is speaking as a man of generous impulses or as a man of affairs. I should not dream of doing this. I point out these little peculiarities of his argument only to show cause for my belief that if the debts were cancelled the European would still regard America with somewhat the same uncertainty that a clear-thinking person must regard Mr. Baker. The high nobility of American purpose will be no more distinctly shown by cancellation than Mr. Baker's altruism (in which I firmly believe) is shown by his argument. Moreover, the untutored foreigner has heard of Amer-

ican idealism and altruism before. He will simply point Mr. Baker back to his own figures on the stupendous amount of bankers' loans put out in Europe since the War, and he will say, "As long as war was a good thing for your investments, you kept us at war. Now that peace and prosperity in Europe are good for your investments, you are all for peace and prosperity. In respect of the debts, thank you for nothing. If ever you collected them, it would be at the sword's point, and perhaps in the long run it might cost you more than they came to, and jolly well you know it. You want Europe pacified and revived so that we may work like the very old Harry to pay interest on your post-war exportations of private capital—that is about the size of your idealism." He might be doing us a shocking injustice; our intentions might be pure as the snows of Mont Blanc, yet that is what he would say and with all his heart believe.

Again, will cancellation change the American's opinion of the European? Not if I know anything of human nature. He, too, will turn on poor Mr. Baker and ask him why it is only the taxpayer's and rentpayer's money that he proposes to make so free with. Why does no one ever hear any talk of cancelling some of the bankers' loans that have been made so abundantly to these decrepit European States? Why sacrifice only the public loans to show America's inflamed interest in providing a permanently attractive roost for the dove of peace? Why, whenever taxpayers' loans and bankers' loans stand in competition, as in the case of the Italian settlement, do the former always get the worst of it? Why must the taxpayer always dig up for our toplofty international moralities? Indeed, the American is almost sure (I think improperly, but Mr. Baker has laid himself open to it) to ask Mr. Baker if his own superheated anxiety is not due to fear for the fate of the private loans in case repayment of the public loans is insisted on. In any case, it seems to me he will be more down on the foreigner than ever for having again succeeded, as he thinks, in "putting something over."

Once more, the measure of truth and justice in these sentiments is nothing to be considered at the moment. The thing to be remarked is that cancellation will not change the view held by either the European or the American concerning the nature of the debts. The American will continue to regard them as of a purely commercial character; and the European, as part of a joint stake in an unlucky gamble. Nor will it change by one iota the most unpleasant opinion that each has of the other. In the American's eyes the European will remain a swindler, and in the European's eyes the American will remain a swine. Hence the misunderstanding to which Mr. Baker has called attention will remain unmodified, cancellation or no cancellation.

II

So much for popular opinion and sentiment. Now, what about the Governments? This is a short story. Certain Americans visiting Europe in 1915 came home foretelling two things: first, that whichever side won the War would lose it, and second, that if the Allied Powers won the War, the United States would pay for it. These persons had only one qualification for prophecy—nothing recondite or elaborate—simply that when they sailed for Europe they neither left their horse sense and emotional detachment behind, nor did they have them shipped in bond. They took them along and made them work union hours all the time. They were equipped also with a slight knowledge of modern European history, enough to know the actual origins of the War, and they were somewhat conversant with fundamental economics. But the qualification that counted most was the one I have mentioned.

These persons regarded the War, as it is now quite generally regarded, as a purely imperialist enterprise—nothing

to be proud of, in other words, but rather a squalid affair. When peace was declared, their judgment was justified, at least in America, with an astonishing suddenness that was a great embarrassment to those who had been propagandized into a different view—in other words, to almost everybody. The terms of the armistice (the actual terms, that is, not the Wilsonian terms) and the terms of the peace turned out to be, letter for letter, the terms of the secret treaties, precisely as these persons knew they would. Everything went according to schedule, except one trifling matter that apparently no one in Europe foresaw; and the fact that it was not foreseen is competent evidence of the quality of Allied statesmanship in force from 1910 to 1914. In putting down one competing imperialism, the Allied Powers built up another, which for magnitude and potential menace made the vanquished one, even in its palmiest days, look cheap. The world's economic hegemony dropped like a ripe plum into the capacious and waiting paw of your Uncle Samuel, thereby enabling him to exercise an economic imperialism the like of which was never seen on earth. Think of Palmerston or Salisbury overlooking the chance of a little thing like that!

The United States was not accommodating enough to participate in the fighting until everything in sight had been cornered and further abstention was perilous. On this point the current European testimony to America's behavior is hard to rebut. Meanwhile the Allied Powers turned a bilious eye on what was happening, and ruefully took notice that their hindsight was better than their foresight. The War suddenly stopped. The nominal victors clapped a thundering indemnity on Germany, and from that moment to this, they have made the effort of their lives to maneuver the United States Government into the position of being the only Power interested in collecting it. They all owed the United States a slather of money, and their great aim has been to secure their own economic position in such a way as to make it safe to tell their creditor to dig his pay out of Germany or whistle for it. This was to be expected, and is nothing for one to complain of or get excited about, since all politics are *Realpolitik*, and there is no place in them for any but realist conduct of a strictly hard-baked type.

Probably not two hundred persons in the United States, outside the banking business, are aware how near to success in this amicable enterprise the Allied Powers now are. The League of Nations minnow was no lure for Uncle Sam; he noticed that it had a hook in it, attached to a long line which reached somewhere, and he promptly sheered off. The World Court was a painted decoy and quite lively, but the quarry swam around it and over it, observed its landward connections, and passed it by, merely nibbling its tail for fun, to make the patient anglers think they had something. Now, however, they have him in a sluiceway and are after him with spears.

France is to-day the only country that would feel any awkwardness about more or less politely snubbing a demand for payment, and Uncle Sam got himself in the sluiceway by imagining, apparently, that France cannot get loans anywhere but in the United States. So the whole question of the collectibility of the debts now hangs on the one point of the French Government's ability to get money enough from non-American sources to go on with. I should say, from nominally non-American sources, for the money might be American money which English or Dutch, yea, even German bankers (alas for Allied solidarity!) are ready to turn an honest franc or two by lending out again at second or third hand. Can the French Government raise the wind? I think so, and with no great difficulty. The Belgian Government has just raised it without trouble, I notice, from Swiss and Dutch sources. It would not surprise me if by the time

these words are in print M. Poincaré would have worked his little miracle, and done it on the strength of an understanding with friend and erstwhile foe alike. This is only my opinion, based on some knowledge of M. Poincaré's standing and connections in the realm of finance. He seems to me to be the acceptable and appointed miracle-worker; but the miracle will be worked by some hand, if not by his, and very soon.

Immediately that is done, the French contention for conditional payment—conditional upon Germany's continuing to pay the indemnity—becomes impregnable, does it not? What can touch it? Protest against consideration of debts and indemnity together (which the United States Government has always declined to countenance) can then be met with a pensive smile and a look of pain. If our Government's assumption, or apparent assumption, about France's ability to get loans turns out to be illusory, our Government no longer has any grip, not only on France, but on Europe. I believe that this assumption is devoid of foundation. We may have most of the world's money in the United States, but we haven't it all; and furthermore, there are indirect ways, such as I have pointed out, of arriving at American money without going to America for it. Germany and Russia have found those ways, and so may the brisk and thrifty Marianne. If France does not, I shall lose a good ninety-nine per cent of my present large respect for M. Poincaré's ability.

III

Now we are brought to the second important thing said by Mr. Baker, which was the notice he gave of an economic get-together movement in Europe against the United States. He spoke of this with great force and feeling, as I should think he would, for it is the most serious contingency imaginable—and what else can possibly happen? In the face of a common economic peril, the enemies of yesterday become friends overnight—a fact worth special notice by those who doubt, or pretend to doubt, that all politics rest on a foundation of economics. The War is over. Germany has a whaling indemnity to pay. The Allied Powers have a staggering debt to pay. Both are confronted by an economic competitor that is something of a tidy match for all of industrial Europe put together. Behind them, too, is the rapidly growing influence in the East of Russia's entirely different and inimical economic system. The effect of this last must not be lost sight of. No one in the United States regards it seriously or pays any attention to it, but, believe me, it is regarded with devout seriousness in this hemisphere, and with reason. The East is a large district with great numbers of people in it; experienced people, too, who up to the present have seen the West exclusively at its worst side; and great numbers of people, with their needs and their greeds, their fancies and their follies, are what make large markets.

Germany might have thrown over its economic system after the revolution, and taken on Russia's. Probably no one can say now whether or not that would have been the best thing all round. For some time I thought it would, but I am no longer so sure. However, the question is academic, for she did not. She stuck to the essential thing that, much more clearly than her geographical position, now marks her as a Western Power. That being so, what could be more strictly historical in the present circumstances than a little quiet understanding all round that Germany shall keep on paying punctually under the Dawes plan until France gets on her feet? Then the occupation-troops will be withdrawn, never to return, the indemnity forgotten, the Dawes plan let collapse, and the United States left holding the bag. Certainly no one in Europe has any interest in squeezing money out of Germany merely to pass it along to the United States. Would it not be much more sensible to let the United States go hang, and employ all the

money in sight to stouten and stiffen the economic solidarity of Western Europe? Can anyone imagine anything else being done? Apparently Mr. Baker cannot, and I certainly cannot.

IV

Very well, then, "if and when," what is the United States going to do about it? I wish I knew. I wish Mr. Baker had told us. I wish someone who can think of a good answer would tell us now. It might be thought that things being as they are, the statesmanlike course would be for the United States to make such concessions from the policy of lone-hand imperialism as would create an economic solidarity of the whole West against the East. My impression is that this is what it will come to in time, but such accommodations are never made but under great pressure, and certainly the pressure is not enough felt in the United States as yet to make the thing practicable. Perhaps Mr. Baker has some such thought in the back of his mind, and regards cancellation as the first step in a change of policy. Such concessions as are necessary, however, would be so enormously in excess of cancellation that one can hardly believe it would be in human nature to make them at this juncture or for a long time to come—probably not until it is too late.

One thing that we may be reasonably sure of is that when the time comes for the United States to take action in the premises, the popular misunderstanding, over which I waxed somewhat repetitious and windy in the first section of this article, will more than anything determine what it shall be. Here, I think, is an explanation of the fact which I have already remarked, that none of the Governments have turned a hand or uttered a syllable to allay or inform this misunderstanding—none of them could tell when it might come handy. Another thing to be taken account of is the progress made by the United States as a militarist Power, along with its imperialism, and the inflated notions of prestige that such progress invariably engenders. Both these psychological factors lie ready to the hand of the Government as potential assets. If this be held to imply an unworthy suspicion, I can surely without offence point out that they also lie ready as potential assets to the hand of demagoguery. Under their influence, if properly managed, our Government might be obliged, before the diplomatic conversations were over, to ask France for all her colonial possessions and Great Britain for the Maritime Provinces and British Columbia, or it might be obliged to make of the Chinese market (as seems anyway inevitable) a second Morocco.

V

But the economic get-together that Mr. Baker foresees and that anyone can observe in process of actual formation here, is not something extemporized merely for the repudiation of debt. By no means. It is proceeding into a regular year-in, year-out, offensive and defensive alliance against the United States in every available field of production and distribution on the face of the earth. One now sees the beginning of what Mr. Baker saw in prospect, the busy broaching of tariff-unions and other discriminatory trade-arrangements among the debtor countries to the prejudice of American commerce. The recent "bankers' manifesto" has just this significance. Would cancellation of the debt buy off this *rapprochement?* Why should it? This alliance is not a matter of pique. There is no sentiment in it. It is simply a protective accommodation of imperialist interests against a single imperialist Power felt to be strong enough to overmatch any combination of them, short of the whole. Probably there is no love lost among these interests, but as Franklin said, they must all hang together to avoid hanging separately. It would be the same if there were no debts.

What will the United States do about

this? I am aware that as long as we are prosperous, and the movie shows go on and the motor cars run without our having to pinch pennies to run them, no one is going to bother his head about anything that foreigners do—no one, for that matter, is going to bother his head about anything. But look at our figures of foreign trade as Mr. Baker quotes them and conceive them cut down in every market of the world as this combination will be able to cut them down! I do not say we should be brought to the starvation-point or anywhere near it; but would not the pinch be hard enough to start some grumbling, possibly some thinking, and certainly some kind of Governmental activity? What kind will it be? Under such conditions, what has it invariably been?

The prospect is not cheerful, however one may look at it. My questions sum up only to a restatement of the problem that humanity first tackled in the Garden of Eden, and has been hopefully fiddling with ever since, namely: how to sow the wind and get out of reaping the whirlwind. Perhaps this generation can solve it, but the history of previous attempts is so discouraging that all I feel able to contribute is my best wishes for success. I may as well end, however, by saying that in the matter of cancellation, I think I am on Mr. Baker's side, but rather unintelligently. I believe I am in favor of cancelling the debts, though for the life of me I cannot say why. I know that cancellation will do nothing that Mr. Baker thinks it will. It will not prepossess the peoples, for they will smell a rat in it. It will not prepossess the Governments, for they have not the remotest notion of ever paying the debts anyway. It will not put a quietus on the lively preparations for concerted economic action against the United States, for that is a sheer collision of imperialist interests, and the debts are not its cause, or more than most remotely its occasion. There seems no solid reason why one should be for cancellation or against it, when one looks the situation over and sees how little the thing would count for, either way.

Perhaps I am for it as a pious gesture. Man never knows how superstitious he is, and one often sees pretty tough characters cross themselves when they go into danger. The international situation looks a little dark to me at the moment, I confess, and my hopes of the human race are uncommonly low. Doesn't it sometimes seem just a burning shame that the Ark did not founder on its first day out of port? This mood will not last, of course, but while it is on, I feel the rather futile wish that somebody would institute some pious gestures, since apparently that is about all anyone can do. Probably the one Mr. Baker recommends is as good as any—at least, I cannot think of a better one.

SILVER CIRCUS

A STORY

BY A. E. COPPARD

HANS SIEBENHAAR, a street porter, is basking on his stool in a fine street of Vienna, for anybody to hire for any sort of job. He is a huge man with a bulbous hairless face that somehow recalls a sponge, and this sponge is surmounted by a flat-brimmed peaked hat encircled by a white band bearing these words in red: *Wiener Dienstmann*. His voice, which we shall hear later on, is a vast terrifying voice, that seems to tear a rent in Space itself. At fifty years of age Hans is a conspicuous man. But a street porter! Not a profitable way of life, yet it must serve, and must continue to serve. It is a hot July morn, tropical; there are many noises, but no one speaks. The fruit-stall women are silent and hidden, they have pinned newspapers around the edges of their big red umbrellas. It is stifling, languorous; one thinks of lilac, of cool sea, of white balloons; the populace tears off its hat, fans itself desperately, sips ice in the cafés, and still perspires. The very street sounds are injurious to the mind. The drivers of carts wear only their breeches; their bodies are brown as a Polynesian's and lovely to behold.

Just such a day it was as the day twelve months gone when Mitzi Siebenhaar, his second wife, had run away with that Julius Damjancsics. Yes, please very much, she had left him. Hans took off his hat. After contemplating its interior as if it were a coffer of extraordinary mystery, he sighed huskily into it. How was it possible to understand such an accident! Smoothing his brown bald skull with the other hand, he collected so much sweat upon his hairy freckled fingers that as he shook them the drops simply splashed upon the pavement. Young Mitzi! It was her youth, ah, God bless, she had the pull of him there, a whole fifteen years, fifteen years younger, youth as well as beauty, beauty as well as youth. At thirty-five she was as lovely as a girl, fitful and furious just like a girl, so he was only able to keep her for one little year; that is to say, keep her faithful to himself. One little year! That is not long, but for a man of fifty it is so difficult, yes; but then Julius Damjancsics was just as old. And she had gone off with him! What could she see in Julius Damjancsics! How was it possible to understand such an accident! They had all been friends together, and Julius could play the mandolin, but Hans could pound him into dust. What could she see in Julius Damjancsics? He could crush him in one fist, like a gherkin. If he had caught them—but that was difficult, too. Belgrade he had gone to, for Julius Damjancsics was a Serbian, and Buda-Pesth he had gone to, for Mitzi was Hungarian; but this Julius was a wandering fellow and very deceitful. So. Well, it was pitiful to think of in such hot weather, there was nothing to be done, he had come back to Vienna. And now here he was brooding, here he was groaning; pitiful to think of. At last he said to himself, "Let us wipe our tears and forget that Christ died. *Gloria Patri et Filio et Spiritui Sancto,*" he murmured, for he was a good Catholic

man, as Father Adolf of Stefans Dom could testify.

"Porter!" cried a voice.

Hans looked up quickly and put on his hat.

"Sir," said he.

A big man, with a big important foreign face, and fat and flourishing appearance, and shiny black boots with gray-cloth tops stood as it were examining the porter. Although the boots were fastened with what appeared to be pearl buttons, they were rather uncared for, but to offset this, a large gold watch-chain was lavishly displayed, with jeweled tie pin and studs. The man's fists were in his trousers pockets; he twirled a long thin cigar between his rich red lips. Immense and significant, he might have been a Turk or a Tartar, but he was neither; he was the boss of a Roumanian circus.

"Come with me, I want you," and the huge Hans followed the circus man to a *Biergarten* where another man was waiting who might have been a Tartar or a Turk. He called him Peter—he was certainly his brother—and Peter called him Franz. All three sat down and drank together.

"Tell me, Hans Siebenhaar," said Franz, "you are a strong man?"

"Yes, I am a strong man, that is so."

"You have a good voice?"

"Please . . ." Hans paused. "I am no singer, not much."

"Ah! No, no, no. You have a strong voice to speak, to shout, you can make great sounds with your voice?"

"O ay," Hans agreed, "I have a strong voice, that is so, very strong, I can make a noise." And there and then he accorded them a succession of hearty bellows in testimony. There was only one other occupant of the *Biergarten*, a man with an Emperor Franz-Josef sort of face and white whiskers like the wings of an easy chair, who sat smoking a china pipe under an acacia tree. And he seemed to be deaf, for he did not take the slightest notice of the appalling outcry. Two waiters rushed with alarm into the garden, but Franz waved them away.

"Good," said Franz reflectively. "Listen now." And, sitting there between the brothers, Hans heard them propound to him a scheme that smote him with amazement and bereft him of sympathy; it filled him indeed with any and every emotion but that of satisfaction. They wanted him, in brief, to become a tiger.

"No." Hans was indignant, and he was contemptuous. "I do not understand, but I do not do this."

Not at once—they cried—not to-day. No, no. Plenty of time, a week's time in fact. And they would instruct him in the art of impersonating a tiger; they would rehearse him, and for a single performance, one night only, they would give him two hundred Austrian shillings. Peter the Turk declared it was far too much money. Franz the Tartar invoked his God.

There is more in this—thought Hans—than meets my ear; I have to beware of something. Aloud he inquired, "Two hundred shillings?"

"Two hundred," said Peter.

"Shillings," echoed Franz, scratching the table with a wooden toothpick.

"And, please very much, what I am to do?"

They told him what he was to do. He was to be sewn up in the skin of a tiger; he was to enact the part of a tiger in their menagerie; he was to receive two hundred shillings. Very, very simple for a strong man. Hans Siebenhaar was to be sewn up in the tiger's hide for two hundred shillings; he was to prance and fight and hideously roar in the best way he knew so that the hearts of the audience should be rocked within them and fly into their throats—and the two hundred shillings was his. It was his voice; it was because of his great bellowing tigerish voice that they had come to him. Such a voice was worth some riches to them, and so they were going to pay two hundred shillings for his services.

"Two hundred shillings?" murmured Hans.

"Two hundred," said Peter, and Franz said, "Two hundred."

It is not—thought Hans—to be sneezed at, but there is more in this than strikes my hearing; I must be wary.

"Why do you not have," he asked them, "a real tiger?"

"But we had!" they both cried.

"And now he is dead," said Peter.

"A real proper tiger," Franz declared.

"But now he is dead," repeated his brother. "Ah, he had paws like a hassock."

"And the ferocity!"

"Beautiful," said Peter. "He died of grief."

"No, no, no," objected Franz. "I would not say that of this tiger."

"But, yes," affirmed Peter. "Of grief. He loved me, and lately I married again."

"The heart was broken, yes, perhaps," Franz admitted.

"His voice died away like a little whistle"—there was sorrow in Peter's eyes. "No fury."

"Two hundred shillings," said Franz.

"Brrr-o-o-o-owh!" Hans suddenly roared and, skipping up, he began capering and pawing madly about the garden. "Ookah, pookah, boddle, oddle, moddle, miowh!" he roared.

The deaf old gentleman with the Franz-Josef whiskers gently laid his china pipe on the table before him; he neither observed nor heeded Hans, he only put his fingers into his mouth and extracted his false teeth. These he calmly examined, as if they were a foreign substance he had never noticed before and was wondering how it came to be there. Hans began crashing over the tables and chairs; waiters rushed into the garden and, flinging themselves upon the perspiring maniac, rolled him over into a corner.

"That is good," cried Franz, "very good!"

"Absolutely," Peter said, "absolutely!"

Three waiters clung to Hans Siebenhaar with the clear intention of throttling him.

"Enough!" shouted Franz. "Let him go," and with his powerful hands he dragged two of the waiters from the prostrate body of Hans as you would draw two pins from a pincushion, and likewise did Peter do with the other waiter.

"It is all right," said Franz, and Peter said it was quite all right. They gave the waiters a few coins and soothed them. In the meantime Hans had resumed his seat, and the deaf old gentleman was replacing his teeth.

To Hans the brothers said, "Listen," and Hans listened. Their circus-menagerie was now on view in The Prater, and at the festival next week they had contemplated staging a novel performance, nothing less than a combat between a lion and a tiger—ah, good business!—but just at this critical moment what does their tiger do?

"It dies," suggested Hans.

"Dies," agreed Franz. "It dies. So now!"

"Yes, now?" Hans said, and nodded.

"You must be our tiger, that is the simple fact of the business. You have the voice of a tiger, and the character. You will get the two hundred shillings. Hooray! It is like lapping honey, yes."

"But what is this?" cried Hans. "To fight a lion!"

"Pooh," Peter said. "It is more friendly and harmless than any kitten."

"No," said Hans. "No."

"Yes," said Franz. "Yes. It is, it is a caterpillar, I tell you."

"No!" shouted Hans.

"It has no teeth."

"Not I," cried the intended victim.

"It has been in our family for a hundred years."

"Never," declared Hans with absolute finality, and he got up as if to go. But the brothers seized each an arm and held him down in his chair.

"Have no fear, Mr. Siebenhaar; it will love you. Two hundred and fifty shillings!"

"No, I will not; ha!"

"Mr. Siebenhaar, we can guarantee you. Three hundred shillings," said Peter.

"And fifty," added Franz.

"Three hundred and fifty!" repeated Hans. "So? But what? I cannot fight a lion. No, no. I am not a woman, I have my courage; but what is three hundred and fifty shillings for my life's blood and bones?" In short, a lion was not the kind of thing Mr. Siebenhaar was in the habit of fighting.

"Ach! Your blood and bones will be as safe as they are in your trousers. You have not to fight this lion . . ."

"No, I will not; ha!"

"You have only to play with it. This lion does not fight, Mr. Siebenhaar, it will not, it cannot."

"Why so?"

"It is too meek, it is like a lamb in a meadow that cries Baa. You have only to prance about before it and roar and roar, to make a noise and a fuss. It will cringe before you. Have no fear of him. A show, you understand, make a show."

"I understand a show," said Hans, "but, please very much, permit me, I will not make a spectacle of my blood and bones."

"So help me heaven!" shouted Franz, exasperated, "do you think we want your bones!"

"Not a knuckle!" cried Hans.

Peter intervened. "You misunderstand us, Mr. Siebenhaar; we desire only entertainment, we do not want a massacre."

"You do not want a massacre!"

"A massacre is very well in its way, perhaps, in its time and place," Peter continued, "but a massacre is one thing, and this is another."

"Thank you," said Hans, "it is very clear, that is very good."

And Franz and Peter intimated that they were simple men of business whose only care it was to bring joy and jollity into the life of the Viennese populace; that the fury of the lion was a figment, its courage a mockery, its power a profanation of all men's cherished fears. If there was one animal in the world more deserving the kindness and pity of mankind, more subservient, more mercifully disposed than any other—Franz assured him—it was a lion. And if there was one lion among all lions more responsive to the symptoms of affection—added Peter—it was this identical lion. Was three hundred and fifty shillings nothing to him?

"No," Hans conceded.

"Is it a bunch of beans?"

"No, no."

"Three hundred and fifty shillings is three hundred and fifty shillings, is it not?" Peter questioned him; and Hans replied, "For what is past, yes; but for what is yet to come, no. The future—pardon, gentlemen—does not lie in our behinds."

"Three hundred and fifty shillings is three hundred and fifty shillings, it is not a bunch of beans," said Franz severely. They had men in their employ who implored him on their knees to be honorably permitted to enact the part of this tiger, but they had not the physique, they had not the voice, and, if Mr. Siebenhaar would pardon him, they had not the artist's delicate touch. One thing he, Franz, was certain of: he knew an artist when he saw one, hence this three hundred and fifty shillings.

At the end of it all Hans once more determined to wipe his tears and forget that Christ died. In effect, he agreed to be sewn up on such and such a date in the tiger's hide and to make a manifestation with Messrs. Franz and Peter's ingenuous lion, on the solemnest possible undertaking that no harm should befall his own blood and bones.

"Thunder and lightning! What could harm you?"

"Good."

And after parting from Hans, and when they were well out of hearing, Mr. Franz said, "Ha ha!" and Mr. Peter said, "Ho ho!"

Hans Siebenhaar had several rehears-

als before the eventful day. Submitting himself to be sewn up in the tiger's skin, he dashed his paws upon the floor, pranced, gnashed, snarled, whirled his mechanical tail, and delivered himself of a gamut of howls eminently tigerish. Perfectly satisfactory.

"Where," Hans would ask, "do you keep this old lion?"

"Yes," the brothers always replied, "he is not well, he is sleeping; you see him next time."

And thus it happened that Hans did not see his adversary until they met in the cage of battle. The morning of that day was dull and Hans, too, was dull, for on awaking he felt so strange, so very unwell, that he greatly feared he would have to send Franz word that he could not come to perform his tiger; but as the day wore on and brightened, Hans, sitting on his stool in the sunny street, brightened with it, and while thinking of the three hundred and fifty shillings his sickness left him. A nice sum of money that! And what would he do with it? Ah, please very much, what would he not have done if Mitzi, the shameless one, had not forsaken him! They might have gone again, as they had gone of old, on one of those excursions to the Wiener Wald. He liked excursions, they were beautiful. With their happy companions they could climb the mountains, prowl in the forest for raspberries and mushrooms, and at noon they would sit under the chestnuts in the *Biergarten* at The Hunter's Meadow and lap the rich soup and gulp lager and talk of love and wealth and food and childhood. That was life, that was wonderful! Then they would all go and loaf in the grass, and Mitzi would throw off her frock and lie half naked, browning her sleek shining body, while Julius Damjancsics thrummed his mandolin, and they all murmured songs. Ah, such music! She loved it. She had a dimple behind each shoulder, a rare thing, very beautiful. In the cool of the evening there would be dancing, and they would be at Dreimarkstein in time to see the fireworks go up from The Prater—he liked fireworks, lovely. Or to the trotting races they might go, and win some more money, for when luck was on you the fancy could never deceive; beautiful horses, he loved horses. Or to the baths at Ganse-haufel—the things one could do with a little money! But there was no longer any Mitzi, she had gone with Julius Damjancsics. Gone wife, gone friend; there were no more journeys now. But a man with three hundred and fifty shillings need never lack companions, there was a lot of friendship in three hundred and fifty shillings. But that Mitzi—she was very beautiful, that little Mitzi.

So the day wore on and the evening came and The Prater began to sparkle with the lights of its many booths and cafés, to throb with its much music, for youth was gallant and gay and there was love and money in the world. It was the hour at last. Hans had been sewn up in the tiger's skin. Now he crouched in a corner of a shuttered cage, alone, trembling in darkness, seeing no one and seen of none. There was a door in the side of his cage that led into a larger empty lighted cage, and beyond that was another like his own in which walked a lion. At a certain moment the doors of the end cages would be opened and he would have to go into that central cage and face that other beast. But no, he could not, he was limp with fear. To the stricken man came the excited voices of the people coming in to witness his calamity, and the harsh tones of the trumpeting band playing in pandemonium outside on the platform, where there was a large poster of a combat between a tiger and a lion. Hans recalled that the lion's teeth were buried in the tiger's belly amid the gushing blood, and it seemed that his very heart violently cried, "No! No! Let me out!"

Beating upon the walls of his cage he gasped, "In Christ's name, let me out!" but nobody heeded, no one replied, and although he tore at his tiger skin his

paws were too cumbersome for him to free himself. He was in a trap, he knew now he had been trapped. For an eternal anguishing time the clamor went on, then that dreadful side door which led into the central cage slid quietly open. Hans saw that this cage was yet empty, the lion's door was still closed, he was to be the first to enter. But he averted his eyes, he lay in the corner of his trap and would not budge from it. Almighty heaven! was he going to sacrifice himself for a few pitiful pieces of silver that he had never seen and never would see! He was not fit to do it, he was an old man, even his wife Mitzi had left him for another man—did they not know that? And all day long he had been unwell, sick as a dog. As he lay in his corner, refusing to budge and sweating most intensely, a sharp iron spear came through the bars and pricked him savagely in the behind. With a yell he leaped up, trying to snatch the spear. He would use it, it would save him—but he could not grasp it with his giant paws. Then came bars of red hot iron searing him, and more spears; he was driven screaming into the central cage. The door closed behind him and he was left alone behind those terrible bars with a vast audience gazing at him. Then, ah then, in a frenzy, an epilepsy of fear, he dashed himself so violently against the bars that the crowd was spellbound. The band played riotously on, drowning his human cries. The other side door slid open, there was silence in that other cage, but he dared not turn to meet whatever was there; he crouched half swooning, until he caught sight of a face in the audience that he knew. Wonder of God! It was Mitzi, she herself! Oh, but there was something to fight for now, and he turned resolutely. As he did so there was a titter in the audience that surged into general laughter—the lion had come into the cage. Truly, it was a cadaverous lion. Without the least display of ferocity or fear it stepped quietly into that cage and fixed its strong eyes upon the eyes of its enemy. Not a leap did it make, not a roar did it give; it padded forwards quietly, and the tiger retreated before it. Thus they circled and circled round the cage. Would that mocking laughter never stop?

God! Hans could bear it no longer, he turned and faced the lion, in appearance bold though trembling in his soul. The lion paused too.

"*Pater noster qui es in coelis,*" Hans gasped involuntarily.

To his unspeakable astonishment he heard the lion answer:

"*Et ne nos inducas in tentationem. Sed libera nos a malo.*"

In an incredible flash Hans realized that the lion also was a spurious creature like himself; his fears vanished, he knew now the part he had to play, and he hurled himself upon the lion, howling:

"Brrr-o-o-owh! Ookah, pookah, boddle, oddle, moddle, miowh!"

Over they rolled, lion and tiger, together, and the onlookers shook with mirth.

"Not so rough, brother!" cried a voice from inside the lion, and the tones struck a strange echo in the mind of Hans Siebenhaar. They disengaged and stood up on all fours facing each other. From the moment's silence that ensued there issued a piercing cry of fear from a woman in the audience. Hans turned, the lion turned. It was Mitzi, shrieking, "Julius! Beware of him!" Hans's throbbing mind caught at that fatal name, Julius. By all the gods, was it possible! Heaven and hell, he would tear the heart out of *that* lion! *Not so rough, brother!* Ha, ha, he knew it now, that voice! Ho, ho! and with a cruel leap he jumped with his heels savagely in the middle of the lion's back, the back of Julius Damjancsics, thief of Mitzi the beloved of Hans, and down sank the lion with the tiger tearing at its throat as fearfully as any beast of the jungle. Ah, but how the people applauded; this was good in spite of the deception! They had paid to see a real lion and a real tiger contending, and they felt defrauded, insulted, but this was good, yes, it was

very comical, good, good. When they noticed a man's hand appear outside the flapping paw of the tiger their joy was unbounded.

"Tear him!" they cried, as one cries to a hound with a fox. "Ha, ha, tear him!" And Hans's loosened hand ripped up the seam in the lion's neck, and his hand went searching within the rent for a throat to tear. At once the teeth of Julius ground themselves upon it; in a trice Hans's smallest finger was gone, severed. But Hans never uttered a cry; he gripped the throat with his wounded hand and crushed everlastingly upon it, moment after moment, until he knew that Julius Damjancsics was gone, and forever, to hell or glory, whatever destiny had devised for him. The lion moved no more, it lay on its back with its hind legs crooked preposterously, its forelegs outspread like one crucified. The people hushed their laughter as Hans slunk trembling and sweating from that droll oaf wrapped in a lion's skin. He was afraid of it now and he crawled on all fours to the bars of the cage. The thing behind him was awfully still. The onlookers were still. They were strange, as strange as death. Mitzi was rushing out of the audience, her face as pale as snow. Hans caught hold of the cage bars and lifted himself to his feet. The onlookers could hear wild tormenting sobs bursting from the throat of the tiger as it hung ridiculously there. The door of Hans's first cage now slid open again, it was finished, he could go. But Hans did not go.

And the people were tensely silent, so breathless, so fearful; an interminable throbbing time dripped upon him, he did not know what to do. There was nothing now that he could dare to do, all was done as it had to be done, there was death behind him, death and dust before him. Suddenly he heard a scuffle in his cage and a lovely voice whispering, "Get up!" He turned like a maniac.

It was Mitzi there, Mitzi there in the cage with him, kicking the prostrate lion.

"Get up, stupid, get up," she said angrily.

And then the lion got up, and shouting the words, "It's Hans, it's Hans," rushed into its own cage, the door sliding safely behind him.

But now the uproarious laughter of the people burst very strangely upon the ears of Mitzi as she stood facing the absurd tiger. And it sounded stranger still to Hans, who could see that she was speaking to him, although at first he could not hear her words. At last he heard:

"Is that you, Hans?"

The tiger nodded its head.

"Well, what are you waiting for? It's all over now, Hans, all over; come on."

And Hans, with a final flirt of his tail and roaring, "Ookah, pookah, boddle, oddle, woof!" pranced joyfully after her from the terrible cage.

LAWYERS AND MORALS

BY NEWMAN LEVY

THE practice of law has for generations had the curious, paradoxical reputation of being the most learned, the most dignified, and the most distrusted of professions. In every age the bar has enjoyed the cynically contemptuous admiration of its contemporaries and has been the faithful recipient of the secrets and confidences of a people that did not trust it.

This popular lack of faith in the honesty and the integrity of the legal profession exists to-day. There has never been a time when the lawyer has been so active a participant in the business affairs of his community; there has, perhaps, never been a time when his advice, his trained judgment, and his technical knowledge have been so essential an element in every business enterprise. The lawyer is an indispensable adjunct to almost every branch of human activity. Yet the very individuals who employ him and rely so heavily upon him form that large collective body called The Public, and it is this Public that holds the legal profession in such low esteem.

The reason for this is fairly obvious. In most other fields of endeavor the prevailing standards of conduct are conditioned by a frank and cheerfully cynical utilitarianism. The merchant does not assume a moral superiority that he does not possess, nor does he wear his virtue on his sleeve. The popular aphorism "business is business" indicates the current commercial attitude toward ethics. But the bar imposes upon itself a higher standard of behavior. The practice of law, it has repeatedly been said, is not a trade or business but a profession of great antiquity and dignity. It involves social obligations and duties that are of vital importance to the preservation of our institutions. At the same time there are the specific obligations of loyalty and service which the lawyer owes to his client.

The ambition of every lawyer is to be a successful lawyer. There are, however, varying definitions of success; there is the definition contained in the lofty idealistic utterances found in the year-book obituaries of bar associations and in the philosophic literature of the profession; there is also the more widely accepted definition exemplified by the careers of the outstanding figures of the profession, the so-called leaders of the bar, the models according to which the young practitioner seeks to shape his career. Stripped of all euphemistic verbiage, the successful lawyer, according to the popular conception, is one who has the most respectable and most remunerative clients, and who best serves the interest of those clients.

We have, therefore, a large, intelligent, and influential body devoting its energies and its genius almost exclusively to the selfish interests of individuals. If these interests conflict with the welfare of society, so much the worse for society.

We hear much talk, for instance, about justice. Lawyers frequently describe themselves as ministers of justice. In the abstract it is a beautiful and desirable concept. But justice *per se* plays a small part in the daily activities of the busy practitioner. A few illustrations

will suffice: A client brings a contract to his attorney and asks to have it broken. Will the lawyer consider the possible unfairness to the other contracting party who entered into the agreement in good faith, or will he examine the document for flaws and technical defects and endeavor to find some legal means to invalidate it? A lawyer in the trial of a case realizes that, although the law is on his side, his client is in the wrong, and that if he wins a grave injustice will be done. What does he do about it?

There is no doubt as to the answers to these questions, nor is there any question as to the clear, unmistakable professional duty of the lawyer. These cases are not cited in a spirit of criticism. They are mentioned to illustrate the fundamental fact that a difference exists between the profession of law and the practice. The evil, if there be an evil, lies in the refusal of the bar to face the fact squarely. The faculty of rationalization and self-deception, which is an almost universal trait of mankind, is found conspicuously in members of the legal profession. Until the bar is prepared to assume a more realistic attitude toward its functions and its activities, this clash between professional aspirations and professional conduct will continue to exist. And so long as it exists, the popular distrust of anything that savors of sham and hypocrisy will exist with it. The practice of the law needs to be debunked.

II

This debunking process will not be easy. The bar, apart from its function as the coadjutor of private interests, is the inheritor of an ancient tradition of gentility. For centuries the practice of law was one of the few professions open to a gentleman. A ceremonial dignity, a medieval ritualism invested it and marked it as something apart from the baser pursuits of trade and labor. It thus acquired certain aristocratic attributes that survive in a vestigial form to-day. Among these survivals is the tradition of a higher standard of conduct than that which is customarily expected from those who engage in less exalted pursuits.

This tradition is embodied in what are called codes of ethics adopted by various bar associations, but what, actually, are refined codes of professional etiquette. The Canons of Professional Ethics Adopted by the American Bar Association, for instance, are largely a manual of polite behavior for lawyers. They deal with such matters as the respectful attitude a lawyer should adopt toward the judge, the duty of a lawyer not to overcharge a client, not to browbeat a witness, and not to insult his adversary.

It is not claimed that these canons embody the whole duty of a lawyer; there are others which are less ritualistic in their purpose. Nevertheless, the emphasis is on manners rather than morals. The questions and answers of the Committee on Professional Ethics of the New York County Lawyers Association illustrate the same tendency. For fourteen years this committee, composed of eminent members of the New York bar, has answered questions on professional ethics propounded to it by practicing lawyers. More than half the questions deal with matters of professional good form and have nothing to do with ethics. Forty-three questions, for example, out of two hundred and twenty-nine deal with the propriety of advertising by lawyers. A great many others have to do with solicitation of business.

These matters are not unimportant. It is desirable, undoubtedly, that certain formalism and dignity surround the administration of law. A respect for institutions is gained by the preservation of ceremonial trappings and incidents, and a certain amount of stagecraft is useful even in a democracy. The ministers of justice should be trained in the ritual of their profession. It is equally desirable, however, that those trained in the ritual of their profession should be ministers of justice.

The important question which a lawyer

has to decide at the outset of every professional undertaking is how far he may properly go in representing his client. Canon 5 of the Canons of Ethics of the American Bar Association attempts to define his duty in criminal cases:

It is the right of the lawyer to undertake the defense of a person accused of crime, regardless of his personal opinion as to the guilt of the accused; otherwise innocent persons, victims only of suspicious circumstances, might be denied proper defense. Having undertaken such defense, the lawyer is bound by all fair and honorable means to present every defense that the law of the land permits, to the end that no person may be deprived of life or liberty, but by due process of law.

The primary duty of a lawyer engaged in public prosecution is not to convict, but to see that justice is done. The suppression of facts or the secreting of witnesses capable of establishing the innocence of the accused is highly reprehensible.

Canon 15 defines his duty generally:

Nothing operates more certainly to create or to foster popular prejudice against lawyers as a class, and to deprive the profession of that full measure of public esteem and confidence which belongs to the proper discharge of its duties, than does the false claim, often set up by the unscrupulous in defense of questionable transactions, that it is the duty of the lawyer to do whatever may enable him to succeed in winning his client's cause.

It is improper for a lawyer to assert in argument his personal belief in his client's innocence or in the justice of his cause.

The lawyer owes "entire devotion to the interest of the client, warm zeal in the maintenance and defense of his rights and the exertion of his utmost learning and ability," to the end that nothing be taken or be withheld from him, save by the rules of law, legally applied. No fear of judicial disfavor or public unpopularity should restrain him from the full discharge of his duty. In the judicial forum the client is entitled to the benefit of any and every remedy and defense that is authorized by the law of the land, and he may expect his lawyer to assert every such remedy or defense. But it is steadfastly to be borne in mind that the great trust of the lawyer is to be performed within and not without the bounds of the law. The office of attorney does not permit, much less does it demand of him for any client, violation of law or any manner of fraud or chicane. He must obey his own conscience and not that of his client.

It will be seen that while the prosecutor in a criminal case is charged with the duty of seeing that justice is done, no such obligation is placed upon the counsel for the defense. It is his duty to present "every defense that the law of the land permits," even at the sacrifice, inferentially, of justice and the public good. In civil, as well as criminal cases, he owes "entire devotion to the interests of his client." Short of "violation of the law or any manner of fraud or chicane," he may go the limit.

The subtle ingenuity of the legal mind is capable of finding justifications and excuses even for fraud and chicane. An interesting illustration of this is found in the matter of Palmieri (176 App. Div. 58, reversed in 221 N. Y. 611). This was a disbarment proceeding brought against an attorney on the ground of professional misconduct. This lawyer was defending a man charged with a rather serious crime. One of the state's principal witnesses, a young woman, had disappeared shortly before the trial, and it was believed that she had been induced by the defendant to leave the jurisdiction.

On the afternoon of the second day of the trial the young woman appeared in court, carrying a suit case. She was called to the stand by the defendant's lawyer. It was quite important for him to show that she had appeared in court voluntarily, and had not been in touch with the defendant. Otherwise her interest in the case would have been apparent, and her testimony would have been discredited.

"Where do you come from, Miss A ——?" the lawyer asked.

"Why, I just came from Mayfield, New York."

"Where is Mayfield, New York?"

"It is up the state; just how far I couldn't tell you."

"How did you get from Mayfield to New York?"

"Why I came down on the train *last night;* I came down here because I read in the paper that Mr. D—— 's case — "

The witness produced a newspaper clipping from which, she said, she had learned that the case was about to be tried. The suit case she carried was offered in evidence to emphasize the fact that she had just come from the train.

The defendant's lawyer, summing up for the jury, referred to her testimony thus:

"We have got her here, and, thank God, gentlemen of the jury, that Divine Providence has brought that woman here. If it was the *Evening Journal,* I thank the *Evening Journal.* If it was anybody else — she said it was the *Evening Journal* that she read it in, and by the way she produced a clipping to the judge — thank God, I say to the press."

The disbarment proceedings against the lawyer disclosed these facts: that the woman came to New York from Mayfield because the defendant had called her up on the long-distance telephone and had asked her to come, not because she had read about the case in a newspaper; that the witness had gone to the lawyer's house on the day on which the trial was to commence, and had had an interview with him there; that she again visited the lawyer's house at seven-thirty o'clock in the morning on the second day of the trial; and, consequently, when she appeared in court that afternoon with her suit case in her hand the lawyer knew that she had been in New York nearly two days, and that her testimony was false. And, despite his eloquent remarks to the jury, he knew that neither Divine Providence nor the *Evening Journal* had anything to do with her arrival.

Nevertheless, the highest court in the State of New York, by a vote of five to two, found that the evidence did not "warrant the conclusion that there was intentional misconduct" on the part of the lawyer, and the disbarment proceedings were dismissed. This case is now a precedent—at least in the State of New York—and any young attorney who may have any doubts as to the proper course to pursue in a similar case need only read the record and govern his conduct accordingly.

Illustrations might be multiplied. There was the *cause célèbre* of a year or so ago, a sensational matrimonial action, in which the plaintiff's mother, an elderly lady, was called to the stand as a witness for her daughter. This woman, who had lived an irreproachable life for a generation or more, had been guilty in her youth of an unfortunate lapse from virtue.

The distinguished counsel for the defendant subjected her to what is called in contemporary journalism "a grilling cross-examination" in which he went into the details of her ancient departure from rectitude. The entire performance was cruel and unnecessary. The examination, which had nothing to do with the issues involved, was permitted presumably as tending to impeach her as a witness, on the theory that a witness who has once slipped is somewhat less credible than one who has lived a life of unmitigated impeccability. The actual purpose, of course, was to besmirch, indirectly, the plaintiff, and to create atmosphere.

The chief significance of this case lies in the fact that the attorney happened to be one of the most eminent members of the bar; a man whose professional career entitled him to the respect and emulation of his brother attorneys. The Committee on Professional Ethics of the New York County Lawyers Association, in reply to a question in a similar case, had this to say on the subject:

> The Committee considers that wanton, unnecessary or unreasonable inquiry or comment respecting the discreditable past history of a witness or party, is unethical and improper professional conduct; it cannot, how-

ever, assume to say that such inquiry or comment, whether admissible or not under the law of evidence, was, in the case suggested, wanton, unnecessary or unreasonable.

This practice is, nevertheless, a frequent occurrence in our country. Usually the lawyer is some obscure practitioner whose transgression is relatively unimportant. When, however, the offender is a man of prominence and conceded virtue and respectability his conduct assumes the importance of a precedent of professional behavior.

Another pillar of the bar recently, in the trial of an important case, denounced a witness as "a scoundrel and unfit to practice law" although according to the New York *World* "there was not one jot of evidence to support the attack." The lawyer subsequently, *after the trial*, wrote a letter of apology concerning which the *World* commented editorially as follows:

In his letter, Mr. —— begins by saying, "My attention has been called by Judge —— to the fact that comments concerning you which I made . . . were unwarranted by the record." This is a tacit admission that the apology did not come on his own motion but was crowbarred out of him by the court. He then goes on to explain that he had "never read a word of the testimony given at the trial and relied entirely on my recollection thereof" and that "I was led by my false impression of the testimony to make statements concerning you which, of course, I would not have made but for my false belief." This, if it were true, would be one of the most amazing confessions ever made by a lawyer; it would indicate a degree of irresponsibility incompatible with the trust he discharged; it would prove Mr. ——, if not exactly a "scoundrel," then at least a lawyer who will stoop to character assassination just in order to win his case.

Here again we have an example of professional impropriety in which the offending lawyer happens to be an outstanding embodiment of professional success. The belated apology and somewhat specious explanation cannot obscure the fact that litigation is a form of warfare in which loyalty to the client is the lawyer's primary duty, and that a successful result usually is a justification for lapses from strict ethical conduct.

The famous utterance of Lord Brougham in the defense of Queen Caroline has long been accepted in practice if not in theory by a large part of the profession as the classic statement of a lawyer's duty to his client:

I once before took leave to remind your Lordships—which was unnecessary, but there are many whom it may be needful to remind—that an advocate, by the sacred duty which he owes his client, knows, in the discharge of that office, but one person in the world, that client and none other. To save that client by all expedient means—to protect that client at all hazards and costs to others, and among others to himself—is the highest and most unquestioned of his duties; and he must not regard the alarm, the suffering, the torment, the destruction which he may bring upon any other. Nay, separating even the duties of a patriot from those of an advocate, and casting them, if need be, to the wind, he must go on reckless of the consequences, if his fate it should unhappily be, to involve his country in confusion for his client's protection.

This unswerving devotion to the client's interests is the rock upon which the practice of law is builded. It has resulted, by the operation of a sort of ethical Gresham's law, in the supplanting of the idealistic lawyer morality by the more utilitarian client morality. This might be quite all right were the legal profession to recognize it and admit it. But the bar continues to adhere to the tradition of an obsolescent gentility and an ethical fundamentalism in the face of the obvious fact of professional evolution.

III

The truth is that the old order has passed—if, indeed, it ever existed. The great democratic experiment with its unrestricted opportunities for education and the selection of a career has completely demolished the professional caste system. With it has gone, unfortunately, the accompanying aristo-

cratic concept of ethical obligation. To-day almost any one can become a lawyer; in fact, almost any one does.

The bar is making a praiseworthy effort to raise the tone of the profession by demanding higher educational qualifications from candidates for admission. This commendable attempt loses sight of the regrettable fact that morals and education do not necesarily go hand in hand. The most flagrantly anti-social practitioners are not exclusively among the semi-educated hangers-on of the police courts; they are quite as frequently found among those paragons of professional propriety who adorn the bar associations and who prepare codes of ethics for their less affluent brothers. There is little difference in the essential morality of the police-court lawyer who seeks to delay the machinery of law on behalf of his poor pickpocket client, and the eminent barrister who does precisely the same thing for his oil magnate or ex-cabinet official client. In the one instance the dilatory tactics may delay the case for six months or a year, and the fee is fifty dollars; in the other, the delay will be for years, if not forever, and the fee amounts to hundreds of thousands. In the one case the profession proceeds solemnly to view with alarm and passes virtuous and patronizing resolutions to purge the bar of shysters; in the other case it bestows its unqualified admiration upon the resourcefulness and skill of the lawyer who can succeed indefinitely in keeping a wealthy malefactor away from a jury.

The guardians of the aristocratic traditions of the profession are the teachers of law who are sheltered from the conflicts and temptations of active practice, the members of the judiciary who have emerged from them, and those distinguished, high-priced, successful practitioners generally referred to as the leaders of the bar. Ultimate responsibility for the standards of conduct of the legal profession rests upon this last group. By virtue of their pre-eminence, their professional behavior should afford criteria by which the young lawyer might properly gauge his professional conduct.

No lawyer ever finds difficulty in giving whole-hearted endorsement to those excellent platitudes and moral precepts that constitute the window-dressing of his profession. He believes courageously in Honesty, Purity, and the other collateral virtues and he is not afraid to say so. It is only when the fundamental moralities collide with some specific problem of his practice and threaten to hamper his activities that he brings into play all the ingenuity of the professional sophist, and attempts, according to the custom of the bar, to reconcile or distinguish. In such a case a large retainer is usually an excellent solvent for ethical embarrassments.

Thus we have the not infrequent spectacle of a distinguished attorney pleading for special tax legislation or special tariff legislation on behalf of some powerful corporation regardless of the economic consequences to society at large. Thus we see another eminent lawyer, who has been a strong conservationist all his life, arguing in Washington that there is no present need for certain governmental steps in connection with the conservation of oil. Thus, too, we see, occasionally, prominent ex-judges appearing before their former associates selling their prestige and their friendship and putting their names to briefs they have scarcely read.

IV

The bar has the popular esteem that it deserves. It cannot nourish its prestige upon an antiquated mysticism, it cannot achieve virtue by talking about it. With perhaps one exception, there is no other profession that is so loud in voicing its own respectability. There is no other profession quite so smug and self-satisfied, and at the same time quite so lacking in a sense of social obligation. An occasional rare soul, a Clarance Dar-

row, may dedicate his energies to the defense of unpopular causes and earn the supercilious disapproval of his more orthodox brethren. Here and there in the lower courts may be found some obscure lawyer battling for the poor, the needy, and the oppressed without regard for the pecuniary rewards that spell professional success. But these are the freaks of the profession; they are, to use that most devastating epithet, the radicals. Most lawyers prefer to seek the more comfortable and reputable rewards of pecuniary success.

One of the incidental consequences of this commercialization of the practice of law is the low repute in which the practice of criminal law is held. Compared with the emoluments of a high-class civil practice, as it is called, the practice of criminal law is notoriously unremunerative. There are certain breaches of the penal statutes which, because of the vast sums of money involved and the social eminence of the offenders, are surrounded by an aura of respectability. But on the whole the criminal lawyer is professionally *déclassé*. The average successful lawyer will say, "I never take criminal cases" in pretty much the same tone of voice as he would say, "I never pick pockets." The young lawyer, just admitted, is cautioned by his more experienced elders not to take criminal cases.

Professor Roscoe Pound once wrote:

> Three stages may be perceived in the development of the American bar. The first stage is marked by the leadership of the trial lawyer. The great achievements of the bar were in the forum, *and the most conspicuous success was success before juries in the trial of criminal cases*. . . . In the second stage leadership passed to the railroad lawyer. The proof of professional success was to represent a railroad company. . . . Criminal law became the almost exclusive field of the lower stratum of the bar. . . . Want of education, want of organization, want of discipline of those who are habitually most active in defending accused persons in our large cities, are conspicuous and significant facts.

Just at present the subject of crime and reform of criminal law is very much in the air. Learned discussions are being held, and ingenious suggestions are being made, principally by lawyers who have never seen the inside of a criminal court. Eminent barristers, skilled in the intricacies of corporation law, but who would not know an indictment from a blackjack, discuss with great solemnity whether or not there is justification for Mr. Justice Taft's much quoted dictum that "the administration of criminal law in the United States is a disgrace to civilization."

The criminal court is a laboratory in which problems of the most vital social significance are daily being solved. Eminent members of the medical profession habitually give their services in free clinics, and feel that they are adequately rewarded by the opportunities presented for service and experimentation. The standards of pecuniary success that prevail in the legal profession make similar clinical activities in the criminal courts impossible for the attorney who would retain the respect of his clients and his brother attorneys. The result is that a branch of professional activity of the utmost sociological importance is left in the hands of those who belong to what Professor Pound calls "the lower stratum of the bar."

It may be that the time has come for a revaluation of values, for a new statement of professional aims and purposes. It may be that the standards of contemporary materialism need to be accepted and recognized as existing and essential facts in the practice of law. But it is more hopeful to believe that the legal profession still contains within itself the essence of a higher morality and an enduring sense of public obligation. The abstract ethical beliefs of a community may approach the splendid ideals imposed by the churches and the schools; its ethical conduct can never rise above that of its lawyers.

SALT COMES TO TIMBUCTOO

BY LELAND HALL

FEW cities are more renowned than Timbuctoo. Everywhere in the Western World the name is known, is spoken as a symbol of remoteness beyond imagining. To be sure, not everyone knows that Timbuctoo is an ancient city. Many think it a terrestrial limbo, and many think it a myth. Still, it is famous. On the other hand, I am sure that no locality so famous is so featureless, so little striking in itself.

Five miles north of the Niger, sun-baked and shadeless, it lies sunk upon the sands of the Southern Sahara as upon the bottom of a sea of air and blinding light. Through the aimless, empty little streets sand drifts on currents of the wind. There are no motors, no wheeled vehicles of any kind. Hardly do you hear a footfall in the soft sand. Even the chattering of the marketplace floats up echoless into the oblivion of space. The low, angular houses, sometimes reminiscent of Egyptian structure, with only here and there a tiny Moorish grill in all their blankness, are of beaten earth. So are the low, unbroken walls between which the lanes find their hot way under the sky. And low houses and walls are so nearly the color of the sand that, if you go but a short distance into the surrounding desert and look back, Timbuctoo has vanished.

I hired a native house there, for there is no hotel, and a mere wanderer could hardly impose himself upon the French officials; and I lived comfortably in the house, with the few necessaries I had brought from Paris: a folding cot and bedding against the chill desert nights, dishes and cooking things; and as a servant I had a black boy who was clever and who prepared me three excellent meals a day out of native provender. For a while, even in the midst of such material comfort, I wondered if I were not in a dream. When I went up on my rooftop, which was higher than most of the rest, and looked over the low city, dissolved through the daily miracle of sunset into the pastel colors of air and limitless sand, I wondered if, indeed, Timbuctoo was substantial.

At night scarcely a soul was abroad. There was a native watchman on some sort of night duty in the deserted marketplace. He built himself a little fire and, sitting on the sand by it, played a flute till late into the night. The music had the liquid flow of some bird's song, even like the nightingale's; not gay, but impassioned, and as clear and isolate in the night as the stars themselves. A dog always came and lay by the fire, perhaps listening; and in the earlier hours a black man or two might sit down in silence and keep the musician company. After he had put aside his flute there would be no more sound over Timbuctoo, save now and then the sudden, sharp yelping of curs in response to the faint wail of a jackal off in the desert.

Yet Timbuctoo is real enough, though dwindled from its ancient size and importance. Here live some eight thousand people. Ninety per cent of these are of the Songhai race of blacks, who, centuries ago, before the Moroccans came down across the Sahara from the Atlas, maintained a splendid empire along the Niger. They are an elegant and charming people, tall and well

formed, beautifully dressed in flowing robes, proudly Mohammedan. Among them are artisans of one sort or another: cobblers, weavers, tailors, builders; some are shepherds, leading their flocks of goats or sheep to feed along the river or the ancient canal which makes up to the city from it in high-water time. And there are merchants and traders in wool and salt. They are a sedentary people, not nomad like the Berber Touaregs and the Arabs in the desert round about, who, before the French occupation, often fell upon the town and robbed and took off the natives into slavery.

There was a French book written some years ago, entitled, *Tombouctou la Mystérieuse*. The title went the name of the city one better in suggestion of remoteness and, indeed, of mystery. The mere sound of it is evocative, like an incantation. To-day it serves to point a joke. In that ancient city, hardly more solid than the sands drifting like snow about it, one does not feel even the beat of primitive passion. The native, son of an old and once highly civilized race, is not mysterious, but friendly and hospitable rather than secretive. It is we who must seem mysterious, and fearful, to him. Nevertheless, you have not been long in the city before you feel the influence of some spell. To the north lies the great desert; and that was mysterious, at least to me, both of itself—the incomprehensible and limitless waste, with its stunning miracles of light and color—and by reason of the people who lived in it and were wanderers and did not dwell in houses, especially the Arabs. I never went to my rooftop and looked off to the north but I asked myself might not some caravan of Arabs be bearing in across the Sahara toward Timbuctoo. For in coming to Timbuctoo I had hoped to see something of these men of the desert, who are not like the Arabs of the northern cities; and there were only elegant, gentle black people here.

And all the time, though the desert gave me no sign of it, such a caravan was coming. I heard that El Azalail, the great salt caravan, was on the way.

II

For untold centuries Timbuctoo has been a salt market, serving a vast area along the Niger and far to the south. The mines from which the salt is brought are about a three weeks' journey due north in the Sahara, in the region of Taoudeni. Legend has it that in times not so long past as many as ten thousand camels went in a single caravan from Timbuctoo to fetch salt from the mines. To-day, owing to the importation of salt from Europe and to the opening of communications in many other directions, the caravans are much smaller. But the departure of the fall caravan and its return in December are the two outstanding events of the year in Timbuctoo.

There is sometimes a spring caravan also, but less momentous. Smaller caravans with general merchandise, largely dates, arriving from Morocco or Algeria by way of Kidal to the east, make no stir. But in December, many days before the great caravan is expected, the wind of its coming is in the air; tales of it are on the tongues of men; and you ask your black visitor, not if with the new phase of the moon the nights will turn sharper still, not if the water is still rising in the Niger; but what is the news of the caravan: has it passed Arrouan, has it been attacked?

It is composed, this great caravan, almost entirely of Arab merchants or their representatives. There are merchants of the town who send many camels north. There are likewise Arabs of the desert, who dwell by the springs and oases days away from Timbuctoo, who come with their camels to town, set forth thence with the caravan, bring back their salt to sell in the markets, and then return into the desert. There are still others who hire themselves and their camels to traders. Now and again there

are a few travelers who take advantage of the caravan to follow the shorter but more dangerous route to Morocco with it as far as Taoudeni. All these set forth from the city. And a little way on, Arabs come in from Gundam to the west, from Bourem and even Gao to the east, and lengthen the line of camels moving on from day to day north across the sands.

They say it is wonderful to go with it. One is blistered by the sun and parched, and there is not water to spare for washing; but the nights are cold and mysterious and grand. When they come to a halt at the end of the day, all along the line a thousand tiny fires are lighted, each of only a few twigs, ripped from the thorn shrubs. Water must boil for the tea, for the sweetened tea on which almost solely the Arab may live and work for days among the vast sands. Swiftly night falls over the camp. For a little while the fires gleam, and there is the tinkle of discreet music. Then as by a wave of the wand, there are no more fires; and in the great starlit space around, the men, wrapped in their blankets against the cold, lie down and sleep, motionless on the sands. Only the grunt of the camels breaks the silence. But the guard is on watch. For ancient as the memories of the route itself are the stories of fierce pillagers who lie in wait along it.

In the hope of maintaining peace over the desert region they have come to rule, the French have required a surrender of arms from the restless tribes of Arabs and Berbers who live in it. Not even a European may carry arms in that land without a strictly limited permit, or buy ammunition without special authority. The Administration, on its side, furnishes military escort for caravans which must cross the desert through regions known to be dangerous, over which ride wild tribes of Arabs or Moors, seeking arms and ammunition, now, more than anything else.

These outlaw bands, enemy to the more peaceable tribes of Arabs and Berabish as well as to the blacks and Europeans, almost unconquerable in the wastes to which they are habituated, are known as *rezzous*, or *razzias*. Not only do they travel in extremely mobile groups, but the men have acquired an extraordinary resistance to thirst. They can go two, and sometimes three days without water. This gives them a great advantage over the troops the French Government is able to send in pursuit of them. Moreover, they are swift and fearless in their attacks.

At such posts as Timbuctoo the French maintain companies of *meharists*, that is, black troops mounted on swift camels. Several of these may be quartered in the garrisons of the town. Others are stationed in movable camps a day or so out in the desert, which are known as *carrés*, being no more than squares enclosed within hedges of thorn shrub, terrible to barefoot foes. Escorts for the caravans are usually drawn from these black regulars. For the pursuit of especially swift and daring *rezzous*, however, the Government sends out "partisans," a sort of voluntary militia of Arabs, who find it favorable to their own security and prosperity to stand with the French. They are not enlisted and they are not in uniform. They ride their own camels, but the Government supplies them for the occasion with arms and provisions, and pays them by the day. All are expert trackers and marksmen.

Thus the great caravan moves on across the desert with an armed squadron in the van and another in the rear, with outriders on watch against ambush in the dunes; and there may be two French officers, or only one, alone with the thousand and more men of the desert, responsible for their protection. Far to the east of it, and far to the west, the partisans are on the hunt.

You talk with French officials and learn something of the hard problem the Sahara is to this most fearless and most understanding of modern peoples. They are debonair, but they are thoughtful, too. Not even the loyalty of the partisans is beyond question. Many a one,

with a priceless rifle slung from his saddle and plenty of ammunition, with tea and rice and sugar to last him a fortnight, is tempted to cast off his alliance with the repugnant Christians, for all it promises him a certain security, and to recapture in the desert—his desert, after all—the ancient freedom of his race. And there may be the urge to carry his arms to the support of some tribal feud, the sting of some misunderstanding.

They know well, these gay and hardy Frenchmen, that no superiority of armament or resources can subdue the Sahara. It must be patience and tact, with the endless study of how to advance understanding. Intervention alone, for example, can check the disputes which may arise at any moment between two tribes of Arabs, or between factions of one tribe, threatening widespread unrest; yet how intervene? How decide between contenders in such a way that one shall not feel himself wronged, and with that feeling, which rankles long in an Arab's breast, depart to meditate vengeance? Force cannot do it. And granted a perfect understanding, European of Arab, and Arab of European, how many differences remain between them which are perhaps fundamentally irreconcilable?

III

In the days before the caravan was due, when rumors came in that it had been attacked, I heard many stories; and this one from an old black man, of whom I had asked what were the so much talked-of dangers of the desert. He had lived in Timbuctoo during all the events and had known all the parties concerned. Later a French official corroborated the main facts, and finally an Arab told me it again in full. The names I give are fictitious.

Before the French occupation, there were several powerful Arab families in Timbuctoo, and the head of one of these was, so to speak, chief of all the Arabs in the region. Among his privileges was that of exacting toll for each camel laden with merchandise coming in to the markets of the town. The ruling chief at the time of the occupation was a rich Arab named El Hassim. He had two sons, Omar and Ali. Though the new government was slow to interfere with customs so anciently established, certain Arab merchants were quick to see that this levy would one day go by the board; and one of these, Abdeslam, brought the matter to an issue by refusing to pay toll to El Hassim on a caravan of his camels.

El Hassim sent his son Omar to demand the toll. There was a bitter dispute, in which Abdeslam's son Hamed killed El Hassim's son Omar. The French intervened, brought Hamed to trial, and sentenced him to life-imprisonment. But El Hassim went before the commander.

"It is the law of my people," he said, "that he who murders shall be put to death. Do you, therefore, kill Hamed, that the death of my son shall be avenged."

The Government could not grant such a plea, and El Hassim said, "If you are unwilling to kill Hamed, do not shut him up within the protection of your prison. Turn him loose, and we will do justice according to our custom."

Here again the Government could obviously make no concession.

"So be it," El Hassim declared. "I am no longer young, but this day I go out into the desert; and henceforth, so long as I live and so long as my blood lives in my children, no Christian shall cross the desert from Timbuctoo in safety, or any who go on your business, or any who ally themselves with you."

Having already liquidated his fortune, he departed at once; but the French caught his son Ali before he could follow the father, and him they held as hostage.

In time news came that the old man had fallen ill not far from Arrouan. He wrote and urged his son to obtain permission from the Government to come and see his father before he died. In a few weeks came a more urgent message for money and food. This time the

Government sent special messengers to Arrouan, and they returned and reported that, indeed, El Hassim lay dying, deserted by his friends and his tribesmen. So the Government allowed Ali to depart on parole, and Ali did not return. For, it would seem, at the sight of his son, El Hassim rose up, in full possession of his strength and his cunning, and with nothing lost of his influence over his tribesmen. He began falling upon caravans and upon isolated posts. His raids grew more and more daring. And Ali his son was his right-hand man.

At last, awaiting their chance, they swept down upon the *carré*, only eight hours from Timbuctoo, and massacred all the troops stationed there. Most of the band vanished into the desert again, but the French heard that Ali, possibly slightly wounded, was lying *perdu* not a great way off. They called up their partisans and bade them capture Ali and bring him into the city alive.

This, the partisans said, they could not do. Ali was the deadliest shot in all the country. He went always with two rifles. They would undertake to kill Ali, but no one could bring him in alive. However, such a conclusion would not suit the Government's plans. They insisted that the partisans capture Ali alive. So the partisans were provisioned and armed, and they went forth, less mindful, it is said, of the danger than doubtful of the possibility of accomplishing what the Government required of them.

In due time they picked up Ali's tracks and followed them. It is marvelous what these men can read in the sands, which to our eyes are shifting and trackless as the sea. They came to the water hole where Ali got his supply, but did not wait for him there, knowing they could never thus take him alive. Leaving their camels, four of them went on cautiously till late in the afternoon they sighted Ali's camp. They could see him sitting on a mat by his blankets, his rifles at hand, his camel lying on the sands near by. So they returned to their own camels and, abandoning there their rifles and their ammunition belts, everything, in fact, but the garments they wore, empty-handed and defenseless they went out into Ali's sight and approached him with lifted hands.

"We are merchants," they said, "who have been robbed."

Ali gave them tea to drink.

Then came the sunset, with the western sky aflame over the sands and the eastern sky an unfathomable blue, and all the air like some crystal wine: the time of that flawless dissolving of light into color and color into the deep clarity of night, at which hour the Mohammedan turns toward Mecca to pray. The four partisans asked for water for their ablutions; and when they had washed, Ali looked at them searchingly and said, "It is indeed the hour of prayer." And he spread his turban on the sand. Two of the partisans faced the east beside him, one on either hand; and the other two stood a little behind, one to the right and the other to the left. And when he knelt to pray, Ali laid down his rifles, and the two partisans just behind quietly seized them while Ali prayed.

When the young man stood up and knew what had been done, he said, "It is the will of God. But that God had willed it, not you, or any men living, should have taken me." Without more ado, and even without their binding him, he went with them to French headquarters. And they say the partisans were proud of Ali's spirit. For their own duplicity they expressed no shame. Such is Fatalism: if it was written that Ali should be captured, then it was written that they should capture him.

So the French held Ali; and El Hassim sent a messenger to them. "Give me back my son," he said, "and I will make peace with you. Only give me back my son." For the Arab lives in his sons more than we can appreciate.

At the time of my stay in Timbuctoo Ali had just been set free, or was about to be. At any rate, the raids that year were the work of Moorish *rezzous* out

from the Spanish colony of Rio de Oro; and it was with these *rezzous*, I learned later, and not with the men of El Hassim's adherence, that the salt caravan had fought two rear guard skirmishes on the way in.

IV

During four or five weeks after my arrival I saw practically no Arabs at all in Timbuctoo. I looked forward to the coming of the caravan which would bring so many to town, with growing desire to lay eyes on them, on men truly of the Sahara, but with little hope of ever coming to know any of them. Then, quite unexpectedly and some time before the arrival of the caravan, overhearing two men talking Arabic behind me in the store, I turned and found myself before two real Arabs. Here were no Moors in dirty blue, scraping up pennies as they could, but two men, graceful and alert, with the dust of the desert on their brows and lashes, and on the hair that escaped from their turbans. Their white tunics were powdered with dust, and their yellow knee boots were all grayed over. They responded to my greeting with the flashing smile characteristic of their race and they spoke a few words to me which I understood.

One was tall and, if I may say so, electrifying. He had aquiline features and great dark eyes which flashed and darkened, a dare-devil if ever I saw one. The other was far more approachable, less fierce, probably, though also more clever. They were *goumiers*, Arab volunteers, like the partisans except that they are in regular employment. Their rifles stood against the wall, and their tunics bulged with the cartridge belt. They had, in fact, just arrived on their camels from the *carré*, whence they had set forth in the middle of the previous night, on no more Saracen errand than that of fetching the mail.

To my surprise, early the next morning they came to my house with a third Arab, and we had tea. We tried to talk, an effort foiled less by my ignorance than by the curiosity of him whom you could not but call the Sheik. His eyes spotted everything visible in the room, down to the details of my costume. His blazing smile was directed to burn out of me the concession of everything he saw. He was swift as lightning and quite as startling. I had not suspected that there was so much that was inconsumable in my property sense; but I felt it was a question of give all or nothing; and though my sense of hospitality, Arabicized already, prompted me to give all, a vision of myself not only homeless but naked in the streets fortified my stinginess. His so fiery "Give!" met a dull asbestos "No." We laughed heartily all the time; and so, though I cannot think him disinterested, I do believe he flashed and burned a great deal out of curiosity and the love of fun. They soon went, and the Sheik never returned; but Ibrahim, his comrade, paid me another visit that afternoon.

After the tea, which Ibrahim, free lance though he was, brewed as only the Arabs can do, as if it were at once a homely treat and a tiny solemn ritual, he asked for my wash basin, which he had seen hanging on the wall, for the soap, which he had taken up from the dish and smelled, and for more hot water; and then and there fell to washing himself, his face, his ears, his hair, his hands, scrubbing himself with a parental thoroughness, and groaning with pain and rapture at the same time. When he started to dry himself with the folds of his robe, especially to dig the soap out of his ears, I could not but fetch him a towel. He looked at me a moment with radiant wet face, thanked me truly from the heart, laid the towel carefully beside him on the mat, and went on drying himself with his robe.

That was a good towel gone. Ibrahim never suspected its use. He never doubted that it was some strange gift, ineptly presented, but with free heart. When he had dried his face and hands he folded the towel almost lovingly in his turban. Then he took the basin, the

kettle, and the soap and went off to some unused room in the house and doubtless had a good scrub all over, while the towel lay dry in his turban. It was a good big bath towel, and it seemed a pity, now that he owned it so indisputably, that he should not use it. He told me later he would take it to his wife, and I often wondered if she knew any more than he what the thing was intended for. I doubt it, since she must have had less to do with Europeans than he had had.

Early the next morning he came round with a young man, who was grave and unsmiling and who, when I spoke to him in Arabic, regarded me with somber reserve until I had finished, then quietly turned to Ibrahim to ask him what I had said. His short tunic was worn and soiled, his bare legs and his arms grimy with dirt, the curly masses of his dark hair full of sand. Apart from this, one noticed at first only that he was tall and slender, with a reserve of manner and voice which was both shy and deep. I had no doubt that this man had spoken seldom with a European before. It was Boya, Ibrahim's young brother.

Of course we had tea, but Ibrahim was impatient over it and hurried it and hardly waited for us to finish before he fetched, himself, the basin, filled it with warm water, and set it before his brother on the mats. Seeing what was on the way, I gave him soap, but no towel, and stood aside to watch them. Boya washed very cautiously, chiefly his hands, over and over again, till Ibrahim urged him to other areas and bolder movements, giving him vigorous example. The water was soon black as ink; and when they had both got soap in their eyes, I took advantage of their blindness to fetch a basin of clean water. This, in spite of their simple protests, I did several times. They were more careful of water than many are of wine, and splashed hardly a drop on the mats. You could not watch them sitting thus cross-legged with the basin between them, and not feel in a new and vivid way how scarce water is in the Sahara after all. And all the time, not only Ibrahim but his brother as well kept saying, "This is good; no water in the desert, no water in the desert." How incomparably strange, I thought to myself, to have come thousands of miles into a remote land and find, seated on the floor of my room, with a cheap enameled basin between them, two brothers of a race hostile to mine washing their hands and faces, and myself throwing out the swiftly blackened water and fetching clean!

It was during this proceeding, utterly unceremonious, that I noticed the beauty of Boya's head and face. It was in the line and expression of it rather than in the features. An artist might have found a stronger, rougher word for it than beauty. Even seated thus, he would have made a finer young David than any I have ever seen painted.

My black boy arrived in time to interpret for me Ibrahim's farewell speech, which was fiery and undoubtedly sincere for the moment. As my house had been his, so would his tent or his hut be mine; and as I had received him as a friend, so would he and his wife and his brother and all his family receive me, wherever we might meet. These, he said, were not vain words, for they were spoken in the hearing of Allah, and it was already written that he was my friend. So they went, and I scarcely expected to see them again. But later Ibrahim returned to Timbuctoo and came to see me. He was awaiting an official investigation over his killing two Daggars at some remote spot in the desert; and since he was not held in detention, the officials must have been inclined to believe his story of the affair. In all events, he took me out to his hut, presented me to his wife, gave me tea. The wife was most evidently going to have a baby before long. She pointed to herself and said, "That is Ibrahim's doing," with a fine implication of both blame and praise. She gave me a leather

cushion, and he gave me a basket covered with leather, both handsome; and I, being by then wise in the ways of the country, gave her a scarf and him ten francs. I did not see the towel.

V

Late in December the caravan arrived. We had word the night before that it would come in the morning, and the town was up early and most of us on our rooftops looking to the northern rim of the desert for the first sight of it. My servant insisted he could see a low, minute whirl of dust out in that immensity, but I saw nothing; and what brought me down from the roof was the sight of people streaming out from the city across the dunes. In the street I chanced to fall in with one of the missionaries, who had come down from his rooftop as I from mine, because the crowd was hurrying forth into the desert, not because he had seen any sign of the approach of the caravan.

There was a big dune perhaps half a mile from the town, and we started to scramble up this with the intention of commanding a view into the distance. Someone shouted, "They are coming," and we hastened the more, so as to see them come in from far off; and then there was a general shout, "Here they are!" And there they were, the vanguard on white camels coming round the edge of the dune, right beside us, not a stone's throw away.

It was an incredible materialization out of nothing; and when we had run to it, it still seemed to come out of nothing, endlessly, and out of nowhere. For the dunes are higher than you think, and the camels are smaller than you remembered them; and the line came winding in through the hollows, quite hidden from anyone standing even on a high dune, till it emerged into view almost before you. Besides this, the camels are of the same tawny color as the sands, and at any distance cease to be defined against them, even in movement. In the vastness of the scene we were all little; and if a string of camels went along the crest of a dune—and many did so, bearing off from the main caravan and going west towards Gundam—they were outlined against the sky much as aphides on the stalk of a plant.

Even more remarkable, one might well say even more astounding, than the absence of everything spectacular, was the silence. Following one another in a close double line, often attached to one another, the camels walked on steadily past us without any shouts from their drivers. The fall of their padded feet was muffled in the sand; not a thud, not a scuff. Save for the singularly unpleasant grunts, which are their own discourse—and they were too tired to do much grunting—the only sound was the tinkle of the slabs of salt slung in pairs over their humps. If a man turned his back on that caravan he lost it altogether, while it streamed on not twenty feet behind him. Thus, finding it so vague and so silent, I came to believe what I had often heard: that if you are journeying with a caravan across the desert and lie asleep through the departure from camp, small are the chances that you will ever overtake it.

The camels were very lean and their humps flabby, and many had the big infected sores to which the beast is liable and which no care can prevent. There was many a foal born on the way, scampering beside its mother.

Camels in this part of the world are not very strong, and four slabs of salt, say two or three hundred pounds, make a load beyond which you may begin to count in the proverbial and much dreaded straws. Therefore, the majority of the men were on foot and doubtless had come so for many days. The stride of these barefoot men through the sand appears tireless. Faces were shrunk with fatigue and parched, covered with dust as were arms and legs and tunics; but no shoulder stooped and no foot dragged. Their step was light and swift, and they were continually tossing

some fold of robe back over their shoulders, to swing on with yet freer grace. A few were mounted on riding camels, and they rode out to the side and from the top of some small dune, travelworn and picturesque beyond words, watched the caravan go by on its way into the city. And some met friends and embraced.

On the line moved, with no hastening but so steadily that one lost count altogether. There seemed no end to what trailed itself into sight from behind the dunes, passed us, went up the light rise between us and the city, and out of sight again, without ever a break in the so slender and so unimpressive double file. And the markers stood on the roof of the house with the tower which was by the edge of the city and kept tally; and we knew later that more than three thousand camels came in with salt that day to Timbuctoo.

In the narrow streets you were dodging camels the rest of the day; and there, between the walls, they seemed anything but little beasts. You could not wander far without having to squeeze yourself against some door to let camels with scornful heads, no matter how flabby the hump, go by.

There was nowhere a sign of haste, yet the camels were unloaded before the sun was low. Along the main track they followed into the heart of the town there might have been laid a number of invisible switches, whereby shorter or longer files of them were diverted into some side street, which they followed until the driver stopped them before some open door. Out of the door stepped the merchant and his friends. For a moment there were greetings; but almost without delay, the camels were brought one by one to their knees and the slabs of salt carefully detached from them; after which they rose to their feet and were led or driven off.

Here, there, and everywhere, in the streets, by the corners, you came across little piles of accouterments, camel cloths, leather sacks, kettles, little boxes; and, set carefully on edge against the pile, several slabs of salt, which resembled nothing so little as salt, and nothing so much as discarded mantel shelves of yellowed marble. Formerly, more than at present, the Arabs used to carve little caskets and curios out of broken slabs, which looked as if they were carved in alabaster.

In the course of the day, the slabs of salt were taken into houses, whence, presumably, they were later sold in wholesale lots. I remember seeing very little in the market at retail, though now and again you would come upon a black man sawing a slab with a coarse saw, his robe laid prudently underneath to catch the fragments and even the sawdust. Thus you could buy a slice of salt, so to speak, which is convenient to carry if you are traveling, and for a piece of which you may acquire almost anything you need from the natives farther down the river. In Timbuctoo the natives seemed to buy it most commonly broken up in pebbles, like what we call rock salt. The only powdered salt I ever saw for sale was imported.

All the afternoon the camels were taken down to drink at the pool, filled with water from the canal. How long it may have been since they had drunk before, I do not know, but their thirst, or their capacity for water, was prodigious. The camel goes right to the margin of the water, careful as a cat not to wet his feet; he calls into action some muscles of his neck which lower his head strangely till his lips touch the surface of the water. Contact between the water and his inner reservoir being established, he maintains it for at least five minutes. Nothing visible about him moves, not even his tail; and there is not the faintest ripple on the surface of the water. When, at the end of this first long draft, he raises his head, not a drop falls from his muzzle, twitch his lips though he will. He looks round in a detached sort of way, while doubtless closing one inner reservoir and opening another, and then begins as from the beginning.

Being full of water, he is taken off to pasture—to the extensive grove of thorn shrubs and low thorn trees between Timbuctoo and the river—where, during weeks afterward, you will catch a glimpse of him, his head lifted on the long neck to the tree tops, for all the world a dinosaur. How his mobile, velvety lips can strip leaves and tiny blossoms from twigs bristling with thorns as long and as hard as needles, is a secret between him and his maker. But feed he does, and on such forbidden food. His hump fattens and stands up like a regular hump; his sores heal; and he is ready to work again.

VI

So the great caravan came with salt to Timbuctoo; the Arabs for whom I had been waiting had come out of the desert into the town. During the day I had seen many glad meetings in the streets. I thought there might be bonfires and dancing that night. Imagine a thousand cowboys come to town after a round-up and all the racket, or a crew of sailors on shore leave. But there was not that night in Timbuctoo one sight or sound of merry-making, but only the same byways in which you met scarcely a soul afoot, and the same marketplace under the starlight, early vacant save for the lone watchman playing his flute by the fire.

So it was the next night, and the next; therefore, it could not be because of weariness that the thousand and more Arabs who had come in with the caravan were not carousing and making the welkin ring.

No; such is simply not their habit here on the edge of the Sahara. You could find them, if you wished to, seated in wide circles on the sand outside the city, rather vague for all the clarity of the stars, talking and laughing in low voices, and at peace. Now and again two or three would set off in the direction of the huts where, doubtless, women were; and now and then a group might come out across the sands from the town, laughing over an easy conquest—or bargain—in love. But it was all so softly done, and with an animation so fine; and you fell to wondering if this was merely after all because they do not drink or get drunk, of if there was something in their natures attuned to the silence of the spaces they inhabit, which was not given to noise.

THE ETHICS OF ALIMONY

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

"DON'T call me Mrs.," she ordered her nurse. "I used to be that. But now I'm *Miss* Hart." Propped up in her hospital bed, she was busy lip-sticking a cupid's bow of a mouth, and I was busy watching her from my own bed. "Not over twenty," I told myself, "and yet divorced."

In the course of the long day we fell into conversation and I learned that she had been married at the mere age of sixteen, and had recently been divorced. Following the decree she had subsequently got a job as a chorus-girl and was about to start work when she fell and hurt herself one night—after a little too much champagne. Since then she had been going through a long series of operations.

When I hazarded that it was lucky she didn't have to worry about expenses she came out with, "Oh, yes, I get my alimony check every month"—and a shrewd look glinted in the wide-apart black eyes that had at first seemed so frank and fair.

"But," I demanded, "can you accept alimony and keep your self-respect?" And I added that I myself had faced the same question.

She stared at me with amazement. "Well, all I have to say is that you were an awful fool if you didn't go after alimony. Believe me, I'll get every cent I can out of the man I married. Why? Because he ruined my young life!" and she scowled like a vindictive little vixen.

"*Your* life ruined," I mocked, "why it's only beginning! You with the bloom of youth on your face."

At that moment a visitor was announced for Miss Hart; it proved to be a young man whom she received with many flutterings and ardent looks. Afterwards she glowingly confessed to me that he was her "sweetie." It was plain that she had forgotten all about her ruined life.

Unfortunately I left the hospital early the next morning, and never had a chance to resume the discussion. I should have liked to find out just how Miss Hart's husband had wronged her, so that I might have come to some conclusion in my own mind about the ethics of this particular alimony case.

My little friend of the hospital is only one of a constantly increasing number of childless women, some young, some not so young, who believe themselves entitled to a comfortable living the rest of their days simply because they once had a husband. Without stopping to consider the ethics of their position, they rest securely upon the centuries-old tradition that it is a man's bounden duty to support his wife under any and every circumstance.

But woman has been given a new place in the world. To-day she is accorded ample opportunity to make her own living; and even if she does not choose to become financially independent, her men-folk leave her free to live and move and have her being as women before her never have been free. In effect, she is no longer man's ward.

To what extent, then, should this changed status of woman affect a man's obligation to pay her alimony? Let us examine both sides of the question:

On the one hand, can it not be held that divorced women should be fully indemnified for the wasted years when they could have been fitting themselves for work outside the home—years when they may not have been given a penny which they could call their own? Can they not justly demand something in return for the great devotion which they gave their husbands? In brief, should they not be compensated for loss of happiness as well as for the precious years which they cannot recall?

On the other hand, can it not be claimed that they are lowering themselves by remaining dependent upon men who have ceased to love them or whom they have ceased to love? Is it not true that they are receiving money for which they are no longer rendering any return? Are not many of them "gouging" their former husbands, out of pure spite and resentment —instead of admitting like good sports that they too have been at fault?

Such questions as these can hardly be answered categorically for the reason that every case presents an ethical problem all its own. But some legitimate conclusions may perhaps be drawn from an analysis of a variety of cases, as well as from the opinions of certain judges and men and women lawyers. All agree that the problem of alimony is of increasing importance in this era of widespread divorce.

II

Most of our states follow the common law which says that it is a man's legal obligation to support his wife—unless she is able to support herself. *Voila le hic*, as the French say, for the question of the wife's ability to support herself lies entirely within the discretion of the judge.

Some few states have civil statutes on their books relating to alimony. These statutes as a rule follow the common law, although in some instances they tend to favor the woman to an even greater extent. Take, for example, the New York law which states that in cases of separation or divorce, where the husband is at fault, alimony shall be granted "within the discretion of the court." But the bar disagrees as to the intention of this last phrase: does it mean that the amount is discretionary with the judge, or does it mean that the latter is free to decide whether or not alimony shall be awarded? Judges in New York generally follow the first interpretation, although there are a few who have been bold enough to deny alimony in specific cases.

If a woman's motion for alimony is denied, or if she thinks she has not been given enough, she may appeal the decision to the Appellate Court. By taking such action in New York she is more likely to obtain a verdict in her favor, since the judges in that court are older men who are not prone to hold radical views. Not every dissatisfied wife appeals her case, however, on account of the expense involved.

Judges are very human creatures whether they are on the bench or off the bench. As I visited one after another, I discovered that they have their predispositions, their social theories, and their blindnesses, all of which undoubtedly influence their decisions. Each has a different opinion on the subject of alimony, but on the whole the members of our judiciary appear to fall into two distinct classes:

First, judges who look upon women primarily as wives and mothers, and who therefore believe that the mere fact of marriage entitles a woman to support for the rest of her life.

Second, judges who look upon women as individuals, and so hold that they must accept equal responsibilities along with equal rights.

Unmistakably representing the first group, Vice-Chancellor James F. Fielder of the New Jersey Court of Chancery, ex-governor of that state, expressed his views to me as follows:

"Even though the wife may have a

profession or good business of her own, the husband shouldn't necessarily be let off scot-free. He has made a contract and should be forced to live up to it. I would of course award less alimony to a woman with an income, but if her income is meager, as compared with her husband's, I would give her some, in a case where the fault for the marital separation is his."

Then suddenly he burst a bombshell:

"Why," he said, "I can imagine a case when it would be right for a woman to collect alimony from her first husband even after she has remarried. If the second husband can't support her as comfortably as did the first, is that any reason why she should give up the material advantages of her former life?"

This statement coming from a judge seemed most amazing, and yet it was to be corroborated several weeks later by the pronouncement of another New Jersey judge who passed on just such a case—the details of which will be given later in the discussion.

Radically different from Vice-Chancellor Fielder's views, are those of a judicial officer who has handled five thousand cases in the last few years. He says:

"I am opposed to the principle of granting alimony to a childless woman under forty years of age, who is physically capable of earning her own living. . . . It must be remembered that in nearly every case of divorce there has been mutual fault. By fault I don't mean the technical cause for divorce, but rather the underlying causes. It is generally apparent that if the woman had been willing to make certain adjustments and sacrifices the couple would not be in the divorce courts."

Strangely enough, I found a judge noted as a feminist in the camp of those who believe that the childless woman is entitled to alimony. Justice Charles L. Guy, of the New York Supreme Court, did a great deal to help the cause of woman suffrage, but he does not believe that woman's married status has changed. He says:

"Marriage is a contract of partnership for life. If the marital bond is broken through the husband's fault it is monstrously unjust to say to the wife, 'Go out and earn your own living.' No matter if he *has* made a foolish contract he must stick to his obligation—for the home is the foundation of the state.

"In any contract of partnership each partner gets back what he has put in. The woman has put in something she can't get back: i.e., five, ten, twenty years of the vital period of her life when she could have been fitting herself for a money-earning profession. So she is fully justified in taking alimony as a fair return on her investment."

Diametrically opposed to Justice Guy's opinion is that of Justice Selah B. Strong, also of the New York Supreme Court. Not long ago he was quoted in the New York *Evening Telegram* as saying:

"It seems almost unbelievable that a right-minded woman without children will accept support from a man she has ceased to love and live with. . . . The trouble is that we are bound to-day by marriage laws and their offshoots that took root in days long past when the status and economic position of women were entirely different from what they are to-day. In the real analysis, the laws to protect the wife were not passed for the wife's sake, but for the public's sake."

Is it the truth, then, that many of our sex are taking advantage of laws which society has outgrown? Or is Justice Guy right in claiming that even in this day and age the wife is entitled to indemnity when the contract is broken through the husband's fault? Before answering either of these questions let us examine a number of individual cases. And let us assume—for purposes of the discussion—that childless women seeking divorce fall into three groups: the "old-fashioned" wife, the "gold-digger," and the business and profes-

sional woman. But before considering the claims of any of these, let us state the case for the woman with children.

III

Mothers who have devoted the best years of their lives to rearing children have an indisputable right to alimony for themselves and support money for their children—and yet they are often the ones who do not get a penny. With their health very likely impaired, their potential earning power cut down by years of immolation at home, and their children still needing them, they are rarely in a position to take part in the economic struggle. Many a one, however, will toil to the bone rather than give her husband any rights over the children. Driven by mother love and pride, these women struggle most valiantly and pathetically, and sometimes an exceptional one succeeds beyond all expectation.

Leila A. had married when she was twenty-five, giving up a position as saleswoman in a fur department. Her husband was a bookkeeper, studying public accountancy at night. She bore two children in a matter-of-fact way, took excellent care of them, and kept house economically. Her husband at forty was earning good money and wanted to enjoy the thrills of life before it was too late. Leila, at thirty-seven, was still good to look upon, but so "damned practical" that she wouldn't go on any "sprees" with him. You can guess what followed. He set up a mistress in town; and one day, when Leila questioned him about their savings account, he roared that he wouldn't be nagged at and that he was through! He left and did not come back.

In a week's time Leila was penniless, for he had drawn all the money out of their joint checking account. Too proud to appeal to his firm, she left her children with a friend during the day, and went back to her old job of selling furs. In the evening she cooked and sewed for the children. In due time her husband repented and asked to come back. But she would have none of him; neither would she give him his freedom by divorcing him. In five years she became a fur designer and is to-day making an excellent living. She has sent both of her children to college and, furthermore, owns so much real estate that her lawyer is now urging her to get a divorce as the most effective method of preventing her property from going to her husband when she dies.

We could only wish that every deserted woman who has children to support were blessed with Leila's ability, as well as with her former business experience. But it more generally happens that the mother of a family can hardly earn enough to keep the wolf from the door. Even if she asks for alimony, an erratic judge may give her much less than she needs for herself and children. The other day, for instance, a certain judge awarded forty-five dollars a week to a childless woman only twenty-seven years of age, while another judge in the same county awarded twenty-five dollars a week to a woman with two children whose husband was earning practically the same amount as that of the first woman.

In case an adequate amount is awarded, a woman may have a heart-breaking time trying to collect it. If, for instance, the husband makes off to another state she is quite helpless, since the expense of court action, in one state after another, is prohibitive. She may, it is true, throw herself upon the mercies of the Municipal Domestic Relations Court, and declare that she and her children will become public charges if not provided for—in which case the city might stand the expense of extradition. But the average woman in the middle classes is too proud to resort to this court. Her dilemma, therefore, is one legitimate argument for a national divorce law that would bring the criminally negligent husband under federal jurisdiction.

If it is so easy for a husband to get out of paying, why do we worry about the problem of alimony? Because a great many men cannot afford to be constantly fleeing the law: they are established in their businesses and professions and must, therefore, stay where they are and pay whatever alimony the judge orders. Furthermore, they may have property which could be attached. It is the irresponsible, the flotsam and jetsam of the business and industrial world, who are wont to desert their wives and numerous children and put themselves beyond the reach of the state law.

IV

Having stated the case for women with children—and thus cleared the decks for action—let us consider, one after the other, our three different groups of childless divorcées.

First there is the "old-fashioned" type of wife who has always looked upon marriage as an end-all and a be-all. She may have held a job in her early years—but only pending matrimony; in fact she has never dreamed of any career but that of marriage. Furthermore, she was brought up to believe in the double standard of morals, and so will forgive an occasional dereliction on the part of her husband. But when she discovers that he is running another establishment, her pride and sense of respectability are so wounded that she rushes into the divorce court. Or it may be that he has deserted her, or that he treats her with what she considers extreme cruelty. In any case she suddenly finds that she has lost her job as wife, and that she is up against the struggle for survival.

A woman lawyer who has probably handled more divorce cases than any other lawyer of her sex in New York City, tells me that she has known numbers of such helpless women—some of them middle-aged, some still in their thirties. She says that more than a few of them yearn to be independent of their recreant husbands, but that they are as a rule pitiably unable to fend for themselves—even though they have once held jobs. To illustrate her point, she told me the stories of several women.

Mrs. X, who had been a school teacher years ago, signed an agreement with her husband to accept, in lieu of alimony, a small sum of money that yielded only four dollars a week in interest. But when she looked for a position she found that there was no place in the schools for a teacher who had been on the shelf for twenty years. Nothing daunted, she turned to business and equipped herself with secretarial training. But again she found that a gray-haired woman was not wanted. Finally she had to lower the flag of her pride and allow her lawyer to carry the case to the Appellate Court. The judges in that court set aside the above-mentioned agreement as an illegal one, since it excused the husband from his obligation to support his wife. The man was then forced to pay twenty-five dollars a week alimony.

Indeed it is obvious that the average woman over forty years of age cannot make a place for herself in the business or professional world. But what of the woman in her thirties? Can *she* be expected to shift for herself, and is it perchance her own fault if she fails to make a living?

Mrs. A was thirty-five years old, and had been married for eight years. When her husband proved unfaithful she spiritedly waved aside all thought of alimony, and went back to her old trade of millinery. But she could not make a go of it and lost one job after another; next she tried social service—with the same disastrous results. For years she had a desperate time and had to appeal to her lawyer for small loans.

"But *why* couldn't she hold any of these jobs?" I asked. Finally the lawyer admitted that the woman had a most difficult temper—the very thing, no doubt, that had irritated her husband beyond endurance. In fact she eventu-

ally parted company on irate terms with her good friend the lawyer, and has never been heard from since.

Like Mrs. A, there are a good many women who have such bad dispositions that they inevitably alienate their husbands, and practically drive them to seek pleasure and love elsewhere. But unlike Mrs. A, these women usually demand alimony—and get it, because their husbands are guilty in the eyes of the law. Yet is it fair—under these circumstances—that a man should have to support a woman the rest of her life?

Sharply contrasted with the bad-tempered wife, is the type who has intelligently struggled to make a success of marriage and has had to fight against almost insuperable odds of selfishness or weakness in the husband.

My friend K is a delightfully cultured person of thirty-eight, with a fine sense of sportsmanship and as keen a mind as I have ever met. When quite young she married an army officer, and moved with him from post to post, as army wives do. He was a great strapping man, one of the ablest officers in the service; and he adored her, but in rather a Prussian way: *he* was master of the house, *he* would disburse the money. What was still worse, he was given to long fits of drunkenness, during one of which he left her stranded in a foreign country for six months. As the years progressed the drinking habit laid greater hold on him, and at the end of fifteen years she divorced him, much against his wishes.

K told me that she felt justified in taking a moderate amount of alimony because she had always shaped her life to her husband's, and yet had never been given a fair share of the family income. Furthermore—she said—she didn't mind taking alimony because her husband still cared for her in his blind way; if he had deserted her for another woman she could not have brought herself to touch his money.

K married again within six months. So I shall never know whether she would have continued to collect alimony year after year, or whether she would have used her remarkable abilities to make herself completely independent.

V

Next comes the legion of "gold-diggers." I refer not only to the professional ones who have a highly developed technic of marrying and divorcing; but also to the more respectable sisters who may not be so bold as are the women of the scandal sheets, but who have the same fundamentally materialistic attitude toward marriage.

When the professional gold-digger has once caught a man, she knows that she is nicely fixed for life—so long as she takes care to give him no evidence against herself. For if he precipitates a break, the odds are all in her favor.

A certain multimillionaire, for instance, when he had reached the lonely age of fifty, married with rash haste a rather beautiful young French woman. Having brought her back to America, he soon realized that he had a termagant on his hands, and in six months was so worn out by her campaign of scenes and tempers that he was ready to rid himself of her at any cost. But she was most indignant at the idea of a divorce, and turned a deaf ear to his offer of a settlement of $100,000, $500,000. . . . "*Mais non, quel ennui, un divorce!*" she pouted. Finally, however, she cocked an ear when he got up to two million, and for that sum consented to go back to Paris and obtain a divorce. She was a most astute business woman! . . .

Furthermore, the judicial practice of allowing temporary alimony is a great boon to the "gold-digger." The law says in effect that the husband must support his wife and pay her counsel fees pending trial of the case, no matter which one of the two is suing, or how strong the evidence appears to be. A certain beautiful

young woman who has since become a famous movie actress, was granted $18,000 a year temporary alimony, even though her husband had a mountain of evidence against her. When the case was decided in his favor she was awarded no permanent alimony, it is true; but she hardly needed any, since she still had in her possession over a million dollars' worth of jewels and property which he had given her during the six months of their married life.

A judge decides upon temporary alimony without seeing the litigants or hearing the evidence in detail. It often happens, therefore, that a woman is given a very comfortable temporary allowance, even though she has insufficient evidence to obtain a divorce. In that case she will attempt to drag out her suit for two or three years, while she lives in single luxury. I heard of a woman found guilty of adultery by the Court of Chancery in New Jersey who was nevertheless granted further temporary alimony by the Court of Errors and Appeals when she appealed the decision.

As in the case of the multimillionaire mentioned above, the largest settlements have been made out of court; but in a few instances women have fared exceedingly well in court. The most startling example of a judge's generosity —gallantry—call it what you will— was that of a famous New York society case which monopolized the front page of the newspapers several years ago. There was as much ugly evidence on one side as on the other, and in the end the judge denied a divorce to the husband and granted a separation to the wife, giving her the highest alimony ever awarded by any court,—$90,000 a year for herself and children. It was rumored that the husband's indifference to his wife's good name, as well as his own past conduct, had so disgusted the judge that the latter punished him by naming this huge alimony. An amusing commentary on the judge's righteous wrath is the fact that the couple have recently made up their differences and are again living together.

It would appear, then, that the amount of alimony a woman gets is merely a matter of chance, depending upon the judge's gallantry and his inbred convictions. But let me whisper to you that if a lawyer is clever enough and has sufficient prestige with the court authorities, he may succeed in manipulating the case on the calendar so as to pick the judge most favorably disposed to the woman's interests. He must be very clever, however, because the husband's lawyer will also be jockeying for a judge.

When Mrs. H of New York was suing for divorce in 1921 her lawyer must have felt very keenly that he had got her into the wrong pew: she had entered a claim for $78,000 a year, for herself and two children—asserting that she needed that amount "to maintain her station in life"—whereupon Justice Aspinwall spluttered:

"Her station in life! That sounds very well in novels, but many a woman has to marry a rich man before she has any station in life at all. Mrs. H had a soft thing and she lost him. She has been working this man like a gimlet and has succeeded in getting $166,000 a year for her private income. Half the society women in New York don't deserve what they've got."

He gave her only $15,000, and she declared in high dudgeon, "It is ridiculous to say that I can support myself and two children on that amount!"

In these days even a judge with old-fashioned ideas about women seldom awards the wife a third of the man's income—unless it is a modest one and there are children to be supported.

"Why give her a third," demands Justice Guy, "when she actually gets less than that while married to the man? We don't want to make divorce more attractive than marriage."

Justice Guy also avers that he is on the look-out for the "gold-digger"— the type "who never intended to give

anything in return." "I cut her down to the very minimum," he declares. (Yet he believes that the law allows even to her a certain amount of alimony.)

There is undoubtedly a trend toward more moderate alimony—so marked a trend that Mr. Samuel Untermyer, the famous New York trial lawyer, is moved to criticize roundly the present policy of the courts. He says:

"So far from being an advocate of the abolition of alimony, which has been mooted in some quarters, I would have the present laws greatly strengthened. At present the allowances made by the courts are grotesquely inadequate, for no matter how rich the man is, the woman is rarely given sufficient to permit her to live in the style in which she was supported by her husband.

"Courts should proceed on the theory that when the husband enters the marital relation he and his wife become partners in whatever property is acquired by the husband after marriage, and that he should not be permitted either in case of death or divorce to deprive her of her interest in the partnership. . . . My views do not, however, apply to a case where the divorce is because of the fault of the wife, but even there provision should be made for the wife."

Mr. Untermeyer's last sentence would imply that he still considers women helpless in an economic sense. Strange that he does not see that there are to-day various opportunities for a woman to support herself—even without losing her social prestige.

We agree with Mr. Untermeyer that the property should be divided—if the wife, by dint of faithful companionship and encouragement over a long period of years, has actually helped her husband accumulate it. But there are, it would appear, few women of this kind in the divorce courts as compared with those who have done nothing but enjoy their husbands' wealth. Why are *they* entitled to go on living "in the style in which they were supported by their husbands"? After all, they have played for high stakes and lost them—and so ought to be willing to abide by the fortunes of war.

VI

One finds "gold-diggers" in every walk of life, from the big cities to the Middle-Western small town.

Lucy L had never been a very attractive girl; and in the hope of marrying her off, her mother had moved to a college town. The girl became "a college widow," although not a dashing success. Finally a young engineer walked into the trap. He was a good catch, and Lucy married him for reasons other than love. It is not surprising, therefore, that he should have subsequently fallen out of love and should have left her, at the end of three years, for another woman. She sued for divorce on grounds of infidelity, and was awarded $150 a month alimony for a period of five years; she was also given the house, which was worth about $3000. Terribly indignant, she appealed the decision to the Appellate Court, but was again denied a larger alimony. As a result Lucy considers herself a frightfully wronged and aggrieved woman.

"Think of the insolence of those judges," exclaimed the older woman, a friend of my mother's, who was telling me the tale, "they as much as said they'd give her five years to catch another man. . . . Oh, yes, she's a clever girl, capable of supporting herself, but that's not the point." . . . My mother's friend could not see that Lucy had got far *more* than her just due.

It is interesting to note that this decision was handed down in one of the Middle-Western states. In fact, I understand from women lawyers with whom I have corresponded, that in the Middle-West and West one finds an increasing number of judges who assume that an able-bodied young woman can—and should—support herself. The pioneer spirit of the West has evidently

bred a more modern attitude toward women than one finds in the seats of the mighty in the East.

Take, for instance, the recent pronouncement of a New Jersey judge regarding the case of Dietrick vs. Dietrick, in which the wife claimed that she was entitled to alimony even though she had remarried. She argued that her present husband was not earning enough to maintain her in the style in which she would have continued to live, had she not been compelled to divorce her first husband. (Her present husband was earning $55 a week, and the two of them had no children to support, while her former husband had three children by a second marriage.)

Vice-Chancellor John T. Bentley, in reviewing the case—which, incidentally, was the first of its kind ever to be tried in New Jersey—*did* release the husband, but chiefly because the wife had not conclusively proved that she had lived in much better circumstances during her first marriage than during her present one. In short, he made the following statement when he handed down his decision:

"If a woman's heart should be won by a second spouse who is unable to support her in anything like the station of life of the man from whom she was divorced, it would appear to be the wise course to order the alimony continued without change, or modified according to the circumstances in the case. Any other policy might result in an obstruction to marriage—upon which the law has always looked with abhorrence. The woman having been given by law the right to remarry, should not be penalized when she does so—especially in view of the favorable attitude of society toward marriage."

Would it not logically follow, then, that a single woman who chooses to give up a paying position in order to marry and raise a family for a man of moderate income, should receive a pension from society at large? Otherwise it would seem that she was being penalized too heavily for performing this natural function upon which society looks with such favor.

Fortunately for the male species, there are few judges who agree with Vice-Chancellors Bentley and Fielder on the subject of alimony after remarriage. Justice Guy expresses the more general opinion when he emphatically declares that a woman who remarries forfeits forever all claims upon her first husband. Yet Vice-Chancellor Bentley's utterance will doubtless embolden a good many divorced women to demand alimony after remarriage.

Perhaps even more to be scorned than the type of woman who looks upon marriage as a meal-ticket is the one who pretends to be modern in her ideas of marriage, and later applies the screws of the law to her husband. I know of a young woman who married a man on a fifty-fifty basis, and who lived up to the agreement so long as they were together; but when they came to get a divorce she demanded $150 a month alimony. The young man's earnings fluctuate—for he is struggling to establish himself in the magazine world—and his health is poor; but he could not defend himself against her demands since their pre-marital agreement had not the seal of the law upon it; in fact, it violated the New York Domestic Relations Law, which forbids a couple to enter into any contract whereby the husband shall be excused from supporting his wife.

Another story of a self-supporting yet greedy woman came to me from Justice Humphries of the New York Supreme Court. It concerned a school teacher who sued for separation and asked for alimony even though she was earning $3200 a year, and her husband was earning only $2500. On his part the husband declared that she had not sacrificed anything to the marriage, for she had refused to have a child and had held her job continuously. The judge did not give her a penny.

It seems most unfair that a professional woman who has not let marriage

hinder her career should demand support from a man after the union is dissolved. And yet I found a woman lawyer, the most successful of her sex in a certain eastern city, who vigorously defended alimony for every type of wife.

A robust person of forty or so, Miss B leaned back in her swivel-chair and talked volubly on the subject. She has handled a great many divorce cases and makes it a business to fight for as much alimony as she can get for her clients. She admitted, however, that she had had a few women who preferred to support themselves.

"When I see a woman rob herself in that way," she exclaimed, "I think to myself, 'What a fool you are, and how sorry you'll be in years to come, after a hard life working in some store or office.' Why," she exploded, "I should think a woman would have enough spirit not to let her husband off scot-free—so that he can go and marry the other woman."

How many ideas of spirit there are in the world! It was inconceivable to her that in after years these women might be proud of their independence.

She insisted, furthermore, that the fear of alimony was the only thing which kept husbands faithful to their domestic obligations. "If alimony should be abolished, the homes of the country would go to pieces," she darkly prophesied.

But what kind of homes have we—if they must be held together by fear and nothing else?

"Now take myself," she went on expansively, "If I should be foolish enough to fall in love and marry, what should *I* do, in case of a divorce? Understand, of course, were I to marry I shouldn't think of giving up my lucrative practice," and she waved to her suite of offices. "But just the same—if we were to separate—I don't think I'd let him off for nothing." And as she said it, I caught a gleam in her eye which told me that she would take every pound of flesh that the law allows.

VII

Are there, then, no genuinely modern women who live up to the theory that marriage is a partnership in which the two contribute equal shares of love and work, and in which there is no obligation encumbent upon the man to support the woman unless she gives up her own work for the rearing of children?

Such women do exist. I heard of several who quietly obtained divorces, asked for no alimony, and paid their own counsel fee—even though their husbands had been very much at fault.

In fact, an occasional woman pays her own way—and a man's too. A well-established professional woman of my acquaintance is paying her husband's alimony to his former wife, in order that he may get a start in his profession. Evidently wife number one doesn't care who supplies the money so long as it flows into her pockets.

When it comes to the rich, can one find any women of independent spirit? In other words, do women who have become accustomed to a luxurious manner of life ever have the stamina to fend for themselves? I put this question to another well-known trial lawyer, Mr. Benjamin F. Spellman, and was assured that he has had a few such women as clients, although they are still the great exception. His story of one young woman in particular excited my interest.

"The daughter of a genteel New York family fell in love with and married the son of a very wealthy man. She was twenty-one, and he was ten years her senior. After a honeymoon in Europe they settled down to live on a lavish scale, for he had just inherited his father's business which yielded an income of $300,000 a year. But she was not happy, for she suspected infidelities, and at the end of three years she became so disgusted with his conduct that she left him, pawned her jewels and clothes, and proceeded to sue for a divorce, scorning all thought of alimony.

Her family, who had been most indignant at her action, later forgave her to the extent of loaning her $2000 to start a music studio, so that she might capitalize her early training in that field. To-day she has a good clientele of pupils and is well established in her business. Still under thirty years of age, lithe and attractive, she is living in a glow of independence and with a thrill of achievement quite unknown to her in the old days. And best of all, she has not had time to grow bitter, as one can see from her mouth which is happy and young."

Actresses, by the way, enjoy the same reputation for rapacity in the divorce courts as do society women. So when Miss Peggy Allenby got a divorce two years ago without asking for any alimony the newspapers ran headlines, "Actress refuses alimony," and there was a great hullabaloo in Broadway circles. Eager to hear Miss Allenby's own version of the case, I sought her out in her dressing-room after a matinée the other day, and found her to be a delightfully frank and captivating young person, altogether free from pose. No, of course she hadn't asked for alimony, because when they were married she and her husband had agreed that she was to go on with her career. Therefore, she could hardly claim that she had given up anything. It was true that she didn't have a job at the time of the divorce and that her husband had just become a star, but even so she saw no reason why she shouldn't look after herself—as her sturdy old grandfather, a Tammany politician of some note—had always taught her to do.

When I asked her why it is that so many actresses fight for alimony—why they are not as independent as some other professional women, she made a very telling observation:

"It's because real love so seldom enters into these hasty Broadway marriages. Whereas if you are deeply in love, and later see your illusion smashed, I don't see how you can stand to be dependent upon the man who has disappointed you. I acted as I did out of fairness to my husband, and also because I shouldn't have been happy taking alimony."

Miss Allenby sums up the case. The idealist who marries for love has a burning pride that forbids her being dependent upon a man after love ceases, whether or no she is trained to support herself. At the opposite pole is the materialist who marries for the luxury of being supported. She has an entirely different set of standards—those of gain for herself. It would be futile to talk to her of pride and self-respect, just as it would be futile to try to reform a man who makes his living by mulcting his business associates.

VIII

Of the three classes of childless women who come into the divorce courts, the "old-fashioned" wife, the "gold-digger," and the business and professional woman, those of the second class are by far the most numerous. In fact their number is increasing so rapidly—at least here in the East—as to be a disgrace to the courts that are supposed to mete out justice.

Judges—it would appear—frequently forget that the common law grew up to protect society, rather than to make life "soft" for the individual woman. Too frequently a judge ignores the clause "if she cannot support herself," and so makes no inquiry into a woman's potential earning power.

Judges, furthermore, go beyond their province when they seek to *punish* husbands. In a divorce case the court is by law concerned only with enforcing the marriage contract. Technically speaking, a judge has no right to punish a man for having wronged his wife, for there is another common law which says that a husband cannot commit a *tort* (a wrong) against his wife, since husband and wife are one.

Instead of allowing their personal

convictions to influence them, would it not be fairer for judges to proceed on the theory that alimony should only be given a childless woman after a thorough investigation has been made of the underlying causes for the divorce, as well as of the contribution which the wife has made to the marriage?

Granted, to begin with, that if the wife's health has been injured by the marriage, she should be indemnified to whatever extent money can right such a wrong; or that if her husband has defrauded her of any sums of money, she should be fully reimbursed. Granted, further, that if she has—through her faithful co-operation as wife—actually helped a man build up a fortune, she should be given her share of the property. Granted, that if she is over forty, with no business connections, she should have permanent alimony.

But take the childless woman who falls into none of these excepted classes. If she is an "old-fashioned" wife between thirty and forty the husband should perhaps pay her alimony for a given number of years, to reimburse her for "back wages" and to give her a chance to get on her feet financially. If she is still in her twenties she should be able to look out for herself. If she is patently a "gold-digger," she should be cut off without a cent. If she is a business or professional woman she should of course be denied alimony.

By acting on such principles, the courts might conceivably arrive at a fairer awarding of alimony. But a great deal would still depend upon the personal attitude of the judge. In fact —as one woman lawyer points out—the problem of alimony will never be solved until we have a more truly ethical marriage contract. At present a woman engages to give her services for no definite return other than her bed and board. To right this state of affairs the above-mentioned lawyer suggests that a contract be signed upon marriage which would set forth the responsibilities each partner was assuming, and also the share of the family income each was to receive. The wife would then have her own wages to dispose of and could either save the money or use it to train herself along some line, so that in a crisis she would not be helpless. The contract would have to be made flexible enough to allow for increase of income and children.

A contract of this kind would teach independence to the "old-fashioned" wife and would ensure her future; it would protect the husband from the parasite wife; and most important of all, it would encourage fair play between husband and wife. This plan might eventually form the basis for sounder marriage and divorce laws.

In the meantime the judges are slowly changing their attitude: many of them are awarding less alimony than was awarded in former days, and some few of them are denying it in specific cases. As this trend becomes more marked the number of helpless wives will doubtless decrease—for is it not true that a great many women consider themselves helpless simply because society considers them so?

In this connection a lawyer friend of mine tells me that she has in the past persuaded several women who were at first set on getting alimony, to make a stab at supporting themselves. Taking her advice sullenly at first, these women have gone out, and come back later to report triumphantly that they have got started in some line of work and are delighted to be totally emancipated from their former husbands. If they had secured alimony they would probably be sitting at home before their mirrors, watching themselves grow old, and scowling because "that wretch is behind with his checks."

Indeed, it would be interesting to take a nation-wide census of childless, divorced women who are collecting alimony, as compared with those who are supporting themselves. We venture to predict that the no-alimony crowd, although much the smaller one, would prove many times the happier.

NOSTALGIA

A STORY

BY ELLEN DU POIS TAYLOR

NOSTALGIA is a queer, paradoxical emotion. It makes otherwise sane and unimaginative people dream backward or forward to Arcadias where a reminiscent happiness awaits those who have been too faithful to an obsession. It veils the attainable away behind a fog of false poetry and stealthily turns the unattainable into a mirage which is almost as graspable as a materialization. But at no stage of the slippery game does it allow its victims to suspect that arriving at a glamorous goal and feeling at home in it can be the most painful business in the world. I found this out rather suddenly one afternoon five Mays ago in an Italian hill town where I had gone to quiet something that had been shimmering and aching about inside me for years. A too aggressive nostalgia got me into a mess, but just as it was threatening to become dramatic I avoided the consequences by a flight that was as ignominious as it was precipitate.

The fact that my Middle-Western cowardice was leavened by a dash or two of patrician resentment saved a fraction of that incredible day for me, but even so the experience left me feeling utterly unfit to face things as they are faced by heroines in the world's best literature. This was a blow, for I had fancied myself a heroine . . . ever since the day I realized that I liked thunder, could avoid a snake without screaming, and had imagination enough to alchemize the potato patch next door into a petal-dropping garden in Italy.

Yes, I fled from that *albergo* up in San Silvano that May afternoon with a feeling of guilty relief. I had always wanted adventure, but I found melodrama one uncomfortable thrill too much for me. And so it was that I scuttled back to my school-teaching, feeling as Corinne would have felt had Madame de Staël made her ditch her Roman destiny and be a grubby orphan somewhere in America.

It wasn't merely nostalgia, though, that had driven me from Crittenden, South Dakota, to San Silvano, Italy. It was a longing as basic as breath. I was twenty-six, and for twenty years every fiber of me had been coiling and tightening about a memory. At any time during those raucous, unlovely years, so permeated by the nasal belaborings of relatives and the bitter, unsympathetic weather of God, I could close my eyes and see the classic lankness of that figure—that dangerously sensitive figure under its Paderewski tent of hair, bent feverishly over a row of ivory keys and a look in the eyes which had never left Italy. I could muffle my ears and hear that melodious something or other which rippled interminably through our dingy house like a brook. Strange stuff it was that lilted out from under those long misshapen fingers, on one of which a sardonyx intaglio smiled its carved and cruel smile—stuff that I learned later must have been a great deal of Verdi and Puccini interlarded with Chopin. But most disastrous and beautiful of all were those

unnamable things he made up, romantic things that made me see towers bloom where there were but cottonwoods.

There was his voice too. It began on a softly drawled "*C'era una volta*" and went on and on until somebody died or became rich or lived happy ever after.

Boccaccio, expurgated as it undoubtedly was, was queer fodder to feed a child of six; but it delighted me. I delighted in the fair Isabella lamenting over a pot of basil in which nestled the head of her murdered lover. I delighted in wives pretending to throw themselves in wells because their husbands locked the door on them; beautiful ladies stolen by chivalrous pirates; sweethearts concealing each other in chests; necromancers making it possible for a certain lovesick Anseldo to present his inamorata with a May garden in January. I delighted in all this while out in the kitchen a woman in starched blue gingham banged kettles and swept dirt under the sink because she preferred polygons and ethics in Boston to the sloppy realities in Dakota.

I adored the little cadenced islands of Italian that peppered the flow of his faultless English. There was Carducci's "*O tra i placidi, tra i cedri e le palme sedente*," while frogs croaked up through the twilight from the shallow ponds in a treeless field.

But all this became a memory one sunny April morning when I was six. It was a musical morning with the larks melodiously fussing about the gables and a dozen hens being ecstatic over the warm gravel in the back yard. One lilac bush made a fragrant purple blot against the dusty panes of a window, and a sickly cottonwood feebly gave birth to a few pale leaves. I was tossing pebbles over into Italy—my magic synonym for the yard next door which was satisfactorily shut away by a high board fence over which a weedy vine tumbled. Anything might be going on behind that wooden barrier, anything from stolen kisses on balconies to murder in cold blood. And so I tossed pebbles over and sang a little under my breath. I was stopped by a dull thud and a smothered groan. I tiptoed up to the half-open door of the kitchen. I saw a blue huddle on the floor with a Florentine dagger beside it, and a pair of long familiar legs disappearing through the door.

There was no more Italy after that. No more music. No more tales. Life suddenly became a nasty confusion followed by a shameful kind of peace. I became quiescent under the hushing fingers and strident volubility of a grandmother hastily summoned from Vermont.

I said there was no more Italy, but that wasn't true. It simmered under my Dakota freckles in fantastic bubbles and, being so dramatically bereft of it, the thought of it lighted up my consciousness with vivid points of sophisticated flame. I liked to dream about myself in terms of Boccaccio's Isabella, for didn't I, too, hoard something slain in a pot of basil in my room? I used to walk up and down the barren bank of the river near town and hate the bluffs because they were towerless. I should have liked to withdraw to some walled place behind high dark trees and waste away in grand style.

I found a picture under a pile of tattered music in the attic. It was a cheap copy of Benozzo Gozzoli's fresco "*Il Paradiso*," the original of which is in the Riccardi Palace in Florence. I folded it up and took it to school with me. I would draw it out between parsings and fractions and gloat over it, for it intensified my high and mighty conception of what Italy must be like. There it was—a marble village among the clouds, its foundations barely escaping the pointed tops of cypresses, and all the townsfolk wandering up and down taking the celestial air with haloes on their heads. Evidently one died and went to Italy, but I didn't want to wait.

I came across an old Italian grammar one day, too, and I learned to spell my

way through Manzoni's "*I Promessi Sposi*" and Grossi's "*Marco Visconti.*"

And then I found myself grown up, and my noisy grandmother was under a satisfactory mound in Riverside Cemetery. I was filled with an unproductive restlessness. I could not settle down to the estimable business of attracting a young man muscular enough to be the father of my children. I had taken a degree from the little sectarian college which was housed in three red-brick buildings on the edge of town. I learned a great deal but refused to allow anything but Latin to sink in. This enabled me to pound the wars of Cæsar and the wanderings of Æneas into the heads of the youngsters who attended the high school in Crittenden. I did this when I longed to take the path that Cicero took when he strolled over to Cæsar's villa on the Tiber and talked philosophy with Cleopatra. I wanted a bit of foreign moonlight in my life. I wanted to reincarnate myself along the lines I felt I was born to. In short, I wanted to be saturated with something that wasn't windy or moral or brand new, and I wanted to choose the form of my saturation.

And so one April morning, twenty years after that other April morning, I pretended a mortal illness, turned my Latin classes over to a substitute, and boarded a train for New York.

Fifth Avenue frightened but didn't thrill me. I bought some clothes . . . wine-colored velvet collared in gray fur, a string of imitation pearls, chiffon hose, and a hat—a marvelous hat which was nothing more or less than a feather jutting at an expensive angle from a fold of brocade. When I had finished I could have confidently sauntered in and out of the Plaza had I cared to. But I didn't care to. I gazed at the tops of the all but topless buildings and knew that they were not what I had come for. Nor had I any desire to be caught in the elaborate mesh of city life, and the idea of pottering pennilessly about after Art in Greenwich Village did not appeal to me either. I took a boat for Italy.

Well, I followed Messalina and Beatrice Cenci to Rome, but Rome was as dead as their victims. It was stiff with very old art and very new gilding. What I wanted from Italy was not walls plastered with Raphael or hillsides bristling with olive trees.

I wound up at Florence, but my nostalgia wasn't quieted there either, although I did enjoy the leisurely, colorful flow up and down the crooked, crumbling streets, the carts laden with flowers, and the tragic quietness of such places as the Bargello and the convent of San Marco. I liked the Ponte Vecchio and the shops crammed with gold and coral hanging over the silver Arno. I gloated a little over the picturesque steepness of Fiesole. But it wasn't home.

I was sitting in front of Gilli's one May afternoon eating *cassata* and wondering what was the matter. Was it because I didn't know how to speak the language? All about me were scarlet lips curved to release lilting foreign words, those fine words that had looked so easy in a book but which now sounded to me as formidable as Greek. I glanced down at my expensive clothes. Didn't they make me look like an American heiress whose father had just made a fortune in oil? I fingered the filigree hoops in my ears. They felt strange. Did the Vermont in me prevent my wearing them with the proper degree of abandon? Why didn't those ageless gray towers piercing the blue air make me feel conscious of ancestors? Why did those spires under which so many noble dames had prayed themselves clear of their warm adulteries leave me cold? Was it the Yankee in me that withdrew and condemned folks like Benvenuto Cellini even though his Perseus was making him immortal just around the corner? Why did something inside me prefer the Italy I had dreamed about in Dakota? Where was the magic? Was it too thickly overlaid with historic dust? I sat there in the soft yellow sunlight while my *cassata* melted under my arrested spoon and wondered.

And, unaccountably enough, I began blaming Christopher Columbus for it. If he hadn't discovered America I should have been sitting here perfectly at home dreaming a little, perhaps, of an undiscovered country across some forbidden sea or other—a tangled land filled with fantastically colored parrots, bizarre-faced monkeys, and trees with unbelievably long leaves. But that sort of mooning hurts no one, while this tormenting nostalgia . . . Ah, yes, discoverers were a shabby lot. They had their own romance at our expense. Romance . . . I turned and for the first time in my adult life became conscious of the possibility of it.

Sitting at the table next me with a glass of untouched vermouth before him, was a man, a tall swarthy creature in the right clothes. He wore a black monocle which made him look as if one eye had gone into mourning. He was leaning back in his chair, and one hand rested with aristocratic carelessness on the carved head of a cane. The eye which was visible had the potency of two. It was a warm hazel and it took me in rather boldly under long thick lashes. It was undoubtedly prudence which made him conceal the other behind that dark disk. Something stirred in me—something which had not stirred during the historic lifelessness of the past fortnight. Quite suddenly I felt a kinship with those dead dames who had sinned that their hearts might be enriched at the expense of their souls. I understood why some women must be violently loved or not at all, and why they seasoned their possets with more than a dash of crime. I understood why certain ghosts in Renaissance regalia were loth to leave certain balconies, especially when the moon shone. I understood all this in a flash as I caught the eloquent eye of the stranger taking in the Fifth Avenue elegance of my clothes. He looked as if he hoped my pearls were genuine. I wanted him to look *into* me, not *at* me, so I lowered my eyes in order to have an excuse to raise them to meet his. I delayed too long, for when I finally did raise them he was no longer there.

He was no longer there but he wasn't far off. He was standing on the edge of the terrace. A long low gray car came to a sliding stop in front of him.

"San Silvano," he said very clearly, and this time he looked through to me. I trembled. Was it an order to the chauffeur or an invitation to me? It was part of his fascination that he did not give me time to act even if there were a question of the latter possibility. He was gone, leaving a scarcely tasted glass of vermouth, a beating heart, and four syllables behind him. And those four syllables gave me a silvery sense of something remembered. Ah, I had it! It was that other voice, twenty years ago, with its "*C'era una volta*," and there had followed something that wasn't Boccaccio . . . something about a *piccolo villaggio* which was called San Silvano . . . something nice and normal about a boy who had dreamed out from a little town up in the Italian hills, a musical lad who sulked under the arching roses because his mother wouldn't let him take a train for America, that mecca where ambitious boys could sing at the tops of their happy lungs from skyscrapers and then it would be the "*Celeste Aïda*" in the Metropolitan forever after to the tune of plaudits and flung gold. No particular plot to this story, but it had its poignant points, and all the while there had been that woman banging pans resentfully in the kitchen simply because Crittenden, South Dakota, wasn't Boston, Massachusetts. And the tale had ended as all tales ended, in a mad orgy of sound.

San Silvano. *That*, then, was the pivot around which my nostalgia had been gyrating so fruitlessly! Already I felt my longing expand into a kind of blossoming appeasement. I ignored the *cassata* and hurried back to my hotel. I feverishly consulted a dingy map hanging in the lobby. There it was, a tiny black dot in the mountains near Arezzo. Wasn't it marvelous? Here was the

goal of my nostalgia and a setting for romantic adventure all glittering together in one small spot. For the destination of that noble-looking stranger who had so thrilled me with his approving glance was San Silvano. There was no doubt about it. I was twenty-six but I knew nothing of love outside of books. Up there in that village among the hills I should brush against that fugitive, intoxicating thing that more than one heroine, even outside books, had died for. I went over to the mirror and looked at myself. I was a brown creature from a Dakota back yard, but Fifth Avenue peacock feathers might give me a chance at parading a terrace. For his glance had liked my clothes even to the point of piquing me. It would be for me to prove that there was something desirable inside them.

I threw myself down into a chair. I was too excited to climb the stairs just then. A great jar of lilies stood up in the sunny air of a window like a cluster of promises which God would keep. A studious-looking young American behind horn-rimmed glasses lounged up and dumped an armful of books down on the table between us. He lounged away again, leaving a thin volume behind him. I picked it up. It was a volume of poems. I opened it at random and this caught my eye:

> Burbank with a Baedeker
> Burbank crossed a little bridge
> Descending at a small hotel;
> Princess Volupine arrived,
> They were together, and he fell.

I was anything but a princess, but still propinquity is propinquity as any novelist can tell you. These deliciously absurd lines filled me with a grotesque kind of bravery. Ah, wouldn't it be intoxicating to be within kissing distance of something that wasn't a relative from Vermont! I would follow this monocled man to San Silvano and there . . .

The next morning I took the train for Arezzo. I had no eyes to waste on this town which reminded me of nothing but the history of other people, so I paced up and down the station platform waiting for the train that was to take me up into the hills to San Silvano.

Up and up the tiny train alternately jerked and crawled, up through the high leafiness stippled with morning gold. Every mountain top was crested with towers, and every crevice was musical with tumbling water. The Tiber made a tarnished, slow-moving blur in a green valley. We were at San Silvano. There wasn't even a *vettura* at the station. Just one decrepit old man in a faded blue uniform with *Albergo Fiorentino* in dim gold across the red band of his cap. I shuddered a little. He was so disconcertingly ancient. He looked as if he had carried bags for several generations of boys going off to conquer the world. And just yesterday, perhaps, he had seen a long gray car drive up. . . .

San Silvano was tiny and crooked and webbed with fragrant color. Flowers bloomed giddily in the very stone which formed the sheer walls of the churches. Vines healed the scarred houses, houses that had once been pink and young but were now old and the color of rust. They leaned wearily toward one another like old people reminiscing about gaudy pasts. But it wasn't dead, this brave little town. Men and women bargained agilely over barrows of strange vegetables, and fat old ladies in bright shawls gloated over the plump brown legs of their grandchildren. I stepped along behind the bent man who trundled my bags ahead of me in a cart and felt at one with all this melodious vitality. So this unprogressive village perched up here in the remote hills was why I had never been able to adjust myself to the blossomless hills and barren dales of my native Dakota! Two lines from Carducci's "*Canto di Primavera*" began to keep step with me:

> Nel sangue nostro i nostri
> Campi ringiovaniscono.

And yet in spite of the fact that I was seeing the setting of one of my childhood

tales come true, I was conscious of a curious emptiness. Just being at home here was not enough—not by a long shimmering shot. I wanted this medieval town to become modern to the tune of a long gray motor cutting purringly through the narrow toppling streets. I didn't just want to get rid of my nostalgia. I wanted a gallantly made happiness.

I was greeted at the stony entrance of the *Albergo Fiorentino* by the tubby proprietor himself. The first thing he did was to hand me a book no larger than a pocket checkbook from the National Bank at home. It turned out to be the hotel register, for he requested me to sign my name in it. I hesitated, and it wasn't just because I had grown accustomed to the clean white-paper blanks which the hotel keepers in Rome and Florence had tendered me, either. There was something almost fatalistically archival about this thumbed, soiled little book. My signature there would become as inerasable and public as it would if it were appended to some historic document on exhibition in a museum. I shook myself out of this unreasonable hesitancy and, when I finally scrawled my name, I did it boldly and thoroughly, with a daring flourish or two added for good measure.

Then several Italians in snug black clothes and gay neckties lolled up and read my name quite brazenly over my shoulder. Evidently a young American woman traveling alone was a novelty of no meager proportions. They scrutinized me softly and boldly from hat brim to shoe buckle and shrugged their shoulders with delight. I felt my neglected ego expand under all this. The absence of my monocled hero began to worry me less. There were as good Romeos lurking under my balcony as would ever motor toward it.

I followed the proprietor up the dark castlelike stairs. My room was vast and filled with furniture with entangling legs. The air seemed red and heavy, due no doubt to the fact that the room was papered with moldy crimson paper and floored with cold brickish tiles. There were great ugly vases filled with muslin roses. Muslin roses, and the air outside pink with real ones! I swung the windows out over the brown roofs and went down to luncheon.

The dining room was long and low and flooded with a dusty kind of sunlight. I chose a little table near the window. I ate *minestra*, eggs floating on a bed of asparagus tips, cheese which crumbled under my knife like powdered cream, *frutta candita*. I felt I was nourishing something that had hung about inside me for years, big-eyed and starved.

It was over a small white cup of thick black coffee that I finally began taking in the other occupants of the room. They were men, plump, dark, oily men with moist eyes and liquid tongues. They stared at me, and as they stared I caught myself liking to be the only woman present. There was something positively cozy about the realization that they were pressing me so closely about by their curiosity . . . that they were finding me interesting enough to pay me the tribute of their undivided attention. There was another angle to my complacency too. Being an unique object in this tenebrous room would facilitate things should that *other* man chance to enter to keep his unspoken rendezvous with me. I fidgeted on my hard little chair. How my thin Dakota blood would thicken to meet the warmth of his!

Just then the proprietor entered, carrying a small tray on which reposed a tall black bottle and one wine glass. He placed this ceremoniously on top of a piano in one of the dim corners. This had the effect of a signal, for every man turned in his place and expectantly faced the low ebony instrument. Then from the dimmest corner of all rose a tall, white-haired man. He walked past me, and as he walked his worn coat brushed the back of my hand. There was something vaguely and yet startlingly familiar in the smell of it; but then everything in this foreign town was startlingly

familiar by this time. I looked at him as he tossed the toppling hair out of his eyes. He was the kind of person who is mature at eight and achieves a silver-haired boyishness at forty. But he wasn't forty. He was sixty if he was a day. As he lifted a long colorless hand to pour out a glass of wine, I caught the glow of a dull red stone on one of his fingers. This oval bit of evidence made my knees tremble under the white shadow of the tablecloth. My fingers shook as they tightened about the stem of my glass. He did not look at me. He merely sat down in front of the grinning piano and laid ten misshapen fingers along the yellow keys.

He played and his playing closed my eyes.

In spite of myself I was a child again. I was lying straight and still in a cheap muslin nightie in a little iron bed in Crittenden, South Dakota. The moonlight lay along the coarse blankets like raveled lace. I stole out and walked along the bare sparkling bluffs beside a familiar river. A cowboy in golden chaps rode up on a black-velvet horse and threw a shining lariat over my head. Then there came an intricate dawn filled with wayward color and meadow larks that would not stop singing. The sun was blown in four directions by a wind that flowed across the illuminated grass like smoke. I ran through and away from a town of brown, unawakened houses to where pallid leaves dropped from harried willows into scummed water. Then God grew weary of the long yellow afternoon. He dipped it in crimson dye and blotted it back into twilight. I slept once more, and this time it was by the crystal side of a crystal stone. My cheeks bruised a clump of prairie violets, and tall weeds hung their jeweled heads as if to apologize for their pride in their vulgarity. I awoke to the hasty wooing of tardy stars as they flashed back before the flushed haste of dawn. The fields were flat under dew that had raged softly all night like a storm. Rainbows latticed the sky, and the grass made a sound under the stunted cottonwoods which was like wild water cascading under old bridges. . . .

The silence that followed was like an accolade.

The man lifted his hands from the keyboard and looked at me. He looked at me sitting so prim and Middle-Western and decent over the exotic remains of an Italian luncheon. Did he suspect me, or was the demonstration just an involuntary outpouring of *his* nostalgia? I didn't know, and it would make my head ache trying to find out, so I just sat there and endeavored to conceal my nerves under a layer of cowardly savoir faire. His filling that long low room with melodious wind blown across a poetic prairie made *my* nostalgia feel puny and ungrateful. I fingered the Italian hoops in my ears guiltily and I was ashamed of my New York hat. I wasn't anything sitting there trying to deny my proper place with a few yards of chic velvet and a handful of gew-gaws. I was just a sorry piece of *pasticcio*. His music accused me of it and his look was in some occult way following it up.

Someone else was following up something too . . . someone leaning nonchalantly against the door with a monocle in one eye and a faintly surprised look in the other. It was patent that he was re-appraising me in the light of some disillusionment or other and trying to be cynically amused by it. It might have been that all-too-revealing music which had blown between us like a barrier of wind, lifting my skirts unmentionably and reddening my wrists and twisting my priceless hat awry, but I didn't think so. It was undoubtedly that he sensed the fact that I was in some inexplainable, indissoluble way fettered to the player. Yesterday in front of Gilli's he had invited me up here by his whole attitude and the caressing way he had pronounced the name of this town, and now . . . I felt myself engulfed with bitter embarrassment.

Once more I cast down my eyes and once more I raised them to find that he

was no longer there. I turned them rather resentfully on the musician, who was still sitting there with a half-smile curling at his thin lips, those thin lips that revealed his aggressive morbidity and his almost cruel delicacy. And for no reason at all I arose and walked toward him as if he had imperiously beckoned. He put up his hand to ward me off, and I caught the curve of a profile cut deep in sardonyx. It was a little thing but it seemed to be a flashing proof of my suspicion, if I had needed any after that music. There was no sound, but I swear the words "*C'era una volta*" became in some way audible between us.

"*La mu-si-ca,*" I stuttered nervously, "is . . . *trop-po* . . . *trop-po* . . . "

There was a silence. It was his. I let him break it.

"Y-e-s?" He asked haltingly, and I knew by the way he drawled this simple word that his English was not halting because it was imperfect.

"I love music," I asseverated, "especially when it's . . . it's . . ."

"Improvised?" And he started thrumming a lullaby with one hand.

It was my turn to lift my hands to keep a memory at bay.

"Very well," he said resignedly, "I will not."

Those other men in the room grew silent before drama which was now being played in a tongue they did not understand.

"There is a garden back there," he murmured, and pointed to a door.

We found ourselves on the other side of it.

"I always play for them after luncheon," he apologized.

"Who are they?" I asked, thankful for anything that resembled a respite. I was afraid my heart would pound its way out between my ribs, and my voice was choking in my throat.

"The *avvocato*, *il signor dottore*, the Count . . . various *signori*. They lunch here so that I can play for them."

"The Count?" I asked breathlessly. I had divined something with a vengeance.

"Yes. He lives near here in a—a—villa. He is very poor and very noble."

"Was he the one with the . . . the monocle?" I hazarded.

If he had been capable of a swift look he would have given it to me.

"Yes. He speaks English too," he added.

"Why?"

"Because his brother married a rich American girl. I think he would do likewise." And he took me in from the standpoint of my clothes, which were rich enough in all conscience.

I felt my cheeks flame and then whiten. So that was it. Yesterday at Gilli's the Count thought I was a rich unattached American girl who would be only too glad to have a matrimonial adventure with a title. But why had he faded from that doorway, especially as he must have suspected that I had followed him up here? Just my being a bit too interested in an old man who played the piano wouldn't be basis enough to make him slip away.

"Americans never come here, that is almost never," said my companion sadly, looking at me with tragic approval.

"I'm an American," I admitted desperately. As if he didn't know!

He shrugged his emaciated shoulders. I glanced at them pityingly. How did he have the strength to be nostalgic about such a thing as the bitter lawlessness of a Dakota wind?

"I think I was waiting for an American," he elucidated softly, "and you came."

A soothing kind of sentimentality tempted me to drown myself in it. I drew back. I became the school teacher without ceremony.

"You are suffering from nostalgia," I accused, with the air of reprimanding a small boy for playing hooky.

"Yes," he admitted, "I think that is it . . . nostalgia. Nostalgia for a far place where I was not at all happy but where Italy was more real than it is

here." He stopped, brought up short by the paradoxical nature of his dilemma.

We both sat down on a backless bench of mildewed marble. There was a fountain in the garden lazily courting silver from the lambent air. Butterflies loitered about under the long cool leaves, and wistaria behaved like clouds against a moldering wall. I eyed my companion without approval. He looked atrabilious and unhappy. But his sadness did not draw us together. Why had he slipped a memory between us? Why didn't he hum out his nostalgia to himself, instead of spattering it in crystal showers all over the place?

"I was born," he murmured, "just over there," and he pointed to a tall house of stained white plaster which looked as if it were making an effort not to drop its upper storey over our wall.

"I left that house," he went on in that careful, maddening English of his, "but first I learned to play the piano up there behind that window—the one with the broken shutter. I went to Milan. They discovered I had a voice, and then I went to America. I lost my voice there."

"America is hard on voices," I observed.

"Yes, my dear signorina," he agreed patiently, "that is true."

Things were becoming unbearable by this time. I didn't want one word more of his confidences. I had had enough. That was the penalty one paid for feeling at home in a place. I had come up here to quiet my nostalgia and incidentally to come romantically into my own, and here I was reduced to listening to the acrid regrets of a frustrated Italian who had once fancied he was Caruso. I couldn't forgive him either for taking out his nostalgia on me by pouring all those Italian tales into my ears when I was a child. I half rose. I didn't belong here any more. I belonged back in Crittenden, South Dakota. I belonged in a school, teaching a roomful of children that all Gaul was divided in three parts.

"Finally, my dear signorina," he drawled, "I came to an end in a place in Western America. I think they called it a college. I taught scales to the ugly daughters of farmers. I became so desperate that I . . . "

"Got married," I finished bitterly.

"Yes, that was it. I married a woman older than I was. She taught geometry in the college. She loved geometry and would not name our child Giovanna," he wound up plaintively.

"Named her Jane, I suppose," I translated matter-of-factly.

"Of course. You see, the signora was so . . . so . . ."

"Yankee."

"And so starched and shrill. No wonder, my dear signorina, that I . . ."

"Yes," I sighed in reply, "no wonder."

"No wonder I played the piano all the time. I played so that I should not hear her wanting to go back to her geometry and her Boston."

"She had her nostalgia too," I diagnosed with the professional air of an expert in emotions.

"She could have returned to it all if it had not been for me and . . ."

"Jane," I finished acidly.

"*La povera piccina*," he sighed; "but I think she liked the music that went out of my heart through my fingers."

"Music about Italy, I suppose?"

"San Silvano. All my music at that time wanted this place," and he gazed about the perfect garden gloomily.

"One morning," he continued desperately, "a terrible thing happened to us. A terrible thing. The signora had a disease of the heart. She should never allow herself to become excited, the doctor said. But this terrible morning she became excited over everything . . . over the *piccina* who refused to eat her porridge; over the April which reminded her of the green elms of Boston; over me who would play the piano about Italy instead of inducing more daughters to take scales of me. She became so excited that she dropped on the floor. I stood there and looked down upon her. She did not look quiet enough so I took an old dagger I had . . ."

He mopped his brow where the silver hair was now lying flat and white and lusterless. I felt pale and nettled. I wished I dared stop him but I couldn't. It wouldn't have been kind, and I was going to be so cruel in a little while that I must be kind while I could.

"Well, signorina," he droned on mechanically, "I did not do anything with the . . . the dagger after all." (*That was why it had gleamed so bloodless in the April sunlight on the floor beside her blue body!*)

"I threw it down and stole away and I never saw the signora or the *piccina* again."

"Why?" I choked.

"Because I felt that I *had* stabbed her. I had wanted to so many times during those six years. I wanted to come back here to San Silvano. I wanted those people in that town to think I had been responsible in some way for her . . . her dying like that. Their thinking so would give me an excuse to flee and to stay away. So I fled."

Our mutual pallor spread between us like fog.

"I suppose those people thought that I . . . that I did . . ." He choked.

"Oh, those Crittenden people!" I exclaimed irritably. "They adore thinking the worst. It's all they have to do."

He relaxed a little.

"Ah signorina, that is *why* I played to you. It is because you too know Crittenden."

"I suppose so," I answered sullenly, tossing gravel from the toe of my gray-suede slipper.

"What did they say about me . . . there in Crittenden after I fled?" he hazarded, giving his eyes to an oleander at his right.

"I was too young at the time to remember about it. But I do know that after awhile you got to be a kind of legend."

"And the *piccina* . . ." he asked in a low voice. He crumpled under his own conscience-stricken melancholy, dragging the poor oleander and me down with him.

"The *piccina?*" I asked blankly. I had thought that we had mutually decided not to talk about *her*.

"Yes," he continued stubbornly, "the *piccina*. Jane . . . Jane Baldassare."

"I went to school with her," I brightly informed him. During the process of humoring him I might find a loophole through which to escape.

"She loved music too," he went on, dropping his voice reverently as if he were in a church.

I hated myself. I wished it were possible to humor a person without despising him.

"She gives lessons," I said glibly, "sings in the church choir. Lots of opera singers start that way in America. She'll wind up in Milan next . . . to . . . to study," I added lamely.

"I suppose," he said, "that those people in Crittenden made her suffer for what they thought I did to the signora?"

"Not at all," I answered lightly. "She was quite sought after because of it. She sang in the Glee Club. Your going away like that made us all envy her . . . all of us who were romantic, that is."

"*Grazie* . . . Miss . . . Miss . . ."

"Smith," I supplied hastily, "Miss *Giovanna* Smith."

This sent his eyes back to the oleander and his shoulders became sharper and thinner than ever.

"You see, signore," I explained mercilessly, "my mother had Italian blood. She sang a little once, I believe. But I took after my . . . my father who taught school."

"You, signorina, you teach school?"

"Yes."

"Geometry?"

"No," I snapped, "Latin."

"Oh," he said, "that is why you came to Italy!"

"No . . . Latin had nothing to do with it. I just got to wondering what it was like."

"Do you think, signorina—Miss

Smith, that the *piccina* has forgotten that everybody thought I wanted to stab her mother?"

"Of course," I murmured impatiently.

"Do you think," he persisted, "that something some day will make her want to come here too?"

"Perhaps," I said dryly, "you see there is her voice and Milan."

Why did he persist in making me play the internuncio between him and this awful *piccina* whose destiny was so obviously located in Crittenden?

It was painful. Painful for us both. In the meantime I sat there and resolved not to think. I should have plenty of time for that diversion later. I shook myself and half turned away from my companion and concentrated on the afternoon which was making the charming Old World garden more charming still. The sunlight was thickening into amber. It crept slowly along the grass, leaving shadows in its wake . . . thin shadows flecked with gold.

"If she did come here," he went on, "I should want to return with her to Crittenden. And perhaps that would not do?" His voice rose as if he were praying that something which wasn't an oleander would contradict him.

"No," I said firmly, "I don't think it would do." I cast a sidelong glance at him. He looked hopelessly devoid of everything. It was almost brazen, his emptiness.

"Sometimes I wonder," he muttered, "if the cottonwood trees still make that white litter on the lawns in Crittenden and if the larks still sit on the window sills and sing while all the little farm girls are trying to be sopranos."

"Of course."

"There was something about the wind blowing that long yellow grass . . . "

"Please remember," I interrupted, "that there were a lot of us out there in that long yellow grass who wanted to feel wistaria against our cheeks and hear '*O Sole Mio*' *au naturel*."

He twinged. "Forgive me, Signorina Smith, forgive me. But tell me why do I long for that Crittenden." And he gestured toward the sun which was sliding down behind the red roof under which he had learned to play the piano as a boy.

"Because you left your voice there," I said flippantly. I couldn't bear any more of his glamour about Dakota, and as for the *piccina*, I was sick to death of that young person.

I arose and held out my hand. I was relieved that he was still a stranger to me although it was a sin against one of the Ten Commandments to keep him so. I had pulled the wool over his tragic eyes and I had buried his *piccina* under the debris of his own dreams.

"Good-by," I said formally, "it has been a great pleasure . . ."

"*A rivederci*, Signorina Giovanna," he corrected, barely touching my fingers with his thin cool lips.

"Why?" I countered, and for an instant I felt something sinister and internecine flow back and forth between us like poison.

"I meant that we shall meet at dinner, Miss Smith," he said.

"Oh, to be sure," I assured him hastily. I had forgotten that this was the only *albergo* in town. "Of course I'll see you at dinner." And I smiled friendly right into his eyes. I was grateful to him for inadvertently making our parting so without pain. For there was nothing for it now but to rush upstairs, pack my things, and catch the evening train back to Arezzo. In fourteen days I should be in Crittenden minding my own unexciting business. I had had enough of a romance that would never materialize and a melodrama that very nearly did.

And so I left him, miserable and static and hopeful on a bench, staring at an oleander.

On my way out of the *albergo* fifteen minutes later, I collided with a tall man coming in. He adjusted a monocle which I had dislodged in my hysterical haste to be out of the hotel before that white-haired musician found things too cool for him in the garden.

"You are leaving us?" he asked, and he almost laid the tips of his fingers on my arm.

"Yes," I answered, "I am."

"*A rivederci*, Signorina Baldassare," he said and smiled.

I stumbled on down the street behind the old porter who was trundling my bags ahead in a cart. So that was it. The Count had seen my name in that accursed register. He knew who I was. He knew who the old musician was. He knew everything. No wonder he suddenly gave up thinking of me in terms of an heiress.

And then another possibility leaped out and smote me. My name was still scrawled in that tiny red book no bigger than my checkbook from the National Bank in Crittenden.

Would my father back there in that sweet, cooling garden see it too?

TO LOVERS OF EARTH: FAIR WARNING

BY COUNTÉE CULLEN

GIVE over to high things the fervent thought
You waste on Earth; let down the bar
Against a wayward peace too dearly bought
Upon this pale and passion-frozen star.
Sweethearts and friends, are they not loyal? Far
More fickle, false, perverse, far more unkind
Is Earth to those who give her heart and mind.

And you whose lusty youth her snares intrigue,
Who glory in her seas, swear by her clouds,
With Age, man's foe, Earth is ever in league;
Time resurrects her even while he crowds
Your bloom to dust, and lengthens out your shrouds
A day's length or a year's. She will be young
When your last cracked and quivering note is sung.

Her beauty will remain, sufficient still
Though you are gone, and with you that rare loss
That vanishes with your bewildered will.
And there shall flame no red, indignant cross
For you, no sharp white scar of wrath emboss
The sky, no blood drip from a wounded moon,
And not a single star chime out of tune.



SWEET LAND OF SECRECY

THE STRANGE SPECTACLE OF AMERICAN FRATERNALISM

BY CHARLES MERZ

CENTER HALL is a blaze of lights. The curb is parked with motors. Any American in search of something really characteristic of his fatherland, weighing the merits of the Woolworth Building and the county fair, the roller-coaster and the nineteenth hole, the non-stop elevator and the family Ford, must reckon with the claims of lodge night. The growth of lodges in this country is stupendous. There were, at the last census, some sixty million adult people in the United States. There are, on the basis of trustworthy figures, some eight hundred different secret orders with some thirty million members. In 1926 half of us have a watch-charm and a countersign. We are the world's great joiners.

We join everything. We join the Gideons and the Rotarians and the Kiwanians and the Democrats and the Republicans and the Single Taxers and the Epworth Leaguers and the Friends of Self-Determination for Rhodesia, to say nothing of almost innumerable country clubs and luncheon clubs and motor clubs and discussion clubs and societies for the prevention of this and the prevention of that and the achievement of the other. All this is above and beyond the thirty million. The thirty million includes only members of those bona fide secret orders with a ritual which are real luxuries in life and real playgrounds for a national ego. It includes members of vast organizations like the Woodmen and the Knights of Pythias and the Odd Fellows and the Daughters of Rebekah, each of which carries on its own roster more than half a million members. It includes the Maccabees who meet in "Hives," the Red Men who meet in "Tribes," the Prophets who meet in "Grottos," the Watchmen who meet in "Forts," the Stags who meet in "Droves," the Owls who meet in "Nests," and the Eagles who meet in "Aeries." It includes these new and rapidly growing secret orders, the Beavers, Lions, Serpents, Roosters, Orioles, Deer, Geese, Goats, and Bears. It includes organizations like the Elks and the Foresters and the Modern Order of White Mahatmas and the Concatenated Order of the Hoo-Hoo, the Christian Knights and Heroines of Ethiopia of the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, the Sheiks of the Mosque and the Iridescent Order of Iris and the Benevolent Order of Monkeys and the Hooded Ladies of the Mystic Den.

Who really knows his country without at least one password?

II

A few of the many brightly named and highly varied orders which thrive in these modern times are venerable and of long standing. Freemasonry on this side of the Atlantic dates back to Colonial times; it was brought into New Jersey as early as 1729, and had established itself in all of the original Colonies before the Revolution. In its first patchwork form Odd-Fellowship came from England early in the 1800's. There are other cases of this

sort, but not many. The great bulk of the eight hundred or so secret orders which now function on the American scene are neither foreign in origin nor venerable in age; they are one hundred per cent native and distinctly modern. Few of them go back to the days of the Civil War, or even to the days of the Spanish War; some of the most successful have been thought up and created entirely within the last two decades. Of the big ten, the Owls, the Eagles, and the Deer, each with more than half a million members, date entirely within the 1900's. The Moose, organized in 1888, were practically non-existent till the magic hand of James J. Davis took hold of them and made a stodgy organization something imposing enough to put James J. Davis in the Cabinet.

The life-curve of these more numerous societies of native origin follows a more or less consistent line.

They begin either as the nationally planned projects of experienced organizers who believe that the national market is not surfeited, or as local societies organized for a local purpose but capable of swift expansion. Under the former head might be cited a great variety of orders including most of those which borrow their titles from four-footed friends. Of the latter a good example is the Elks. "Elkology" has been defined in these more recent years as "by far more comprehensive than theology, since it not only contains the theory of a God but the new application of his existence"; but in humbler days "Elkology" was only the good-fellowship of a somewhat jolly benevolent society founded in New York in 1866 as a protest against the excise laws, and deriving its name from a moose head in Barnum's old museum, mistaken by the founders for an elk.

Necessarily, the start is modest. Sometimes it is haphazard, sometimes elaborately planned. In either case there follows for each new order a period of intensive competition. This is the second stage of the life-curve and it brings elimination. Some societies catch on, and so survive. Some go under. The history of fraternalism has its casualties: the Knights of the Golden Circle and the Knights of Agar and the Chevaliers of Pythias and a good many hundred others. Some die because they hit upon hard times. Some die because the insurance projects upon which they were built turn out to have been miscalculated. This fate overtook the Order of Solon, the Order of Vesta, the Order of the Royal Ark, and others. Still others die because they have been hitched unhappily to a political situation and the political situation sinks beneath them. Thus the Patriots of America went under with free silver in the campaign of '96.

The failures lie in unhallowed ground, but at least lie at rest. For the survivors, competition never ends. Sometimes it is quiet competition, with no public boosting. Sometimes the publicity expert is called in, given a drum, and told to beat it. "Drive" follows "drive." The Ladies of the Mystic Circle challenge the Knights of the Mystic Circle to a contest for new members. Rival organizations push their claims in the advertising pages of a country-wide fraternal press. "Our ritual," says the Fraternal Order of Beavers, "stacks up with any order in existence—brief snappy opening ceremony, including beautiful patriotic flag exercises. . . . Special dramatic degree exemplifying the Beavers in the Valley of the Turquemenau and their conflict with the Iroquois." Perhaps your fancy turns to other lines. "Our ritual," asserts the Ancient and Illustrious Order of the Knights of Malta, "is the sole repository of the rites and ceremonies practiced during the Middle Ages, preserved in their entirety but presented in more exquisite style by the aid of modern invention." To the Holy Land with Burton Holmes. The choice is varied. It is the boast of Melter, one of the orders of the Supreme Tribe of Ben Hur, that "here is the funniest side degree known to fraternal-

ism." It is the pledge of the Loyal Sons of America that "our goal is five million." It is the claim of the Eastern Order of Magian Masters that its charter comes from "chosen messengers of the Holy Ghost."

And does the drive go over? Sometimes not. There are scores of orders which have flared toward greatness, then died back. There are scores of others whose memberships have never gone above ten thousand but whose constitutions are still hearty. There are others which have begun booming suddenly and never stopped. Why? Simply because of well-planned plugging? Possibly. More likely because of something inherently attractive in the set-up of the new order which actually catches on. Who really knows what goes into the making of a best seller?

Once this latter stage is reached—the stage of real eminence in numbers—there remain two hazards. The first is imitation: an immediate stampede into the field of a host of new societies all patterned on the model of the latest winner. The second is the familiar hazard which has beset every successful institution in the history of human effort, whether the institution was a secret order, a church, a political party, or a school of poets: namely, schism. Jealousies arise, factions appear, it is alleged that the majority is not abiding by tradition, that the clique in control of the Woodmen or the Orioles is not interpreting Woodmanism or Oriolology in the spirit of its founders. Friction grows. A quarrel follows. One wing of the Ancient Order of Foresters breaks away (1874) and forms the Independent Order of Foresters. Another wing of the Ancient Order of Foresters breaks away (1889) and forms the Foresters of America. One wing of the Order of Owls quarrels with the other (1912), and from the controversy springs full-fledged the Order of Ancient Oaks. This is secession. In the case of the Owls it has happened twenty times since 1906. It is happening constantly in one organization or another. Sometimes it results in the destruction of the parent order. Sometimes the parent order snuffs life from its upstart rival. But note this:

Never has the net effect been to destroy fraternalism itself, or to check its growth, or to reduce its numbers. Schisms may come and schisms may go, but the gate still swings to the double knock and the whispered password. Into a nation overrun with secret fraternal orders come each year new secret fraternal orders which somehow live and prosper. Mere fear of crowding does not faze them. The Elks are followed by the Moose, the Moose are followed by the Stags, the Stags are followed by the Buffaloes, the Buffaloes are followed by the Deer, the Deer are followed by the Reindeer; it is almost demonstrably true, and not a mere conceit of the imagination, that within a decade we shall have the Caribou and then the Musk-Ox. Each year the procession lengthens. The apparent fact that this America of ours is already super-organized with bucks and birds and knights and seers is only an incentive. Super-organized? Come, brothers, super-organize some more. On they come: new orders stumbling over themselves into a world in which there is ostensibly not the slightest room for them, yet finding room and settling down and waxing great and adding millions to their rosters. We have reached a stage, in point of numbers, when half the adult population of America now owns a fez, a scimitar, a secret code, two feet of plume, a cutlass, or a pair of Anatolian breeches.

There is nothing like it elsewhere in all Christendom.

What explains it?

III

A modern economist might have a ready explanation.

All of this, he might say, is simply a somewhat colorful demonstration of the fact that men organize willingly for economic motives. In this case, what-

ever they may think of the swords they swing and the plumes they wear and the horns they blow, they are really organizing chiefly for two purposes: (a) to participate in the advantages of the group-insurance plans which are characteristic of most lodges, and (b) to make friends and bring in business.

No doubt there is truth in this. Insurance benefits are an integral part of most secret orders, and not infrequently the point they chiefly stress. Especially is this true in the case of new orders which have still to make a name. Thus the Loyal Order of Buffaloes, "a great big, broad-minded, non-sectarian, fraternal, sociable, and charitable secret society," points out that it provides death benefits, accident benefits, sickness benefits, disability benefits, insurance bureaus, and the free services of a family physician—"all for $6 charter fee and 75 cents a month."

Nor is there any doubt, so far as the other major economic factor is concerned, that a large part of the joining done in this country is done for the purpose of acquiring brothers who will not only take the everlasting oath but also open cash accounts. In one of the last public addresses of President Harding—himself an Elk, a Moose, a Mason, a Shriner, and a Tall Cedar of Lebanon—there occurs a story of two gentlemen who came to Marion, Ohio, and joined the two fraternities "with the largest memberships" solely for purposes of commerce. Probably there are few localities which lack instances of this careful choosing.

But when this much is said, and when it is admitted that fraternal orders have their business side, it is apparent that there is still a good deal of ground which this explanation of their popularity does not cover. For it does not explain why men who wish to enjoy insurance benefits do not organize economically for that purpose without going to the bother and expense of dressing themselves as Algerian zouaves each time they meet. It does not explain why men who wish to attract customers to the stores they run should find pleasure in memorizing long passages of archaic ritual and challenging their neighbors with a halberd. After all, there are almost countless social clubs and insurance societies where men and women can make business contacts and protect themselves against the losses of ill health. American fraternalism is something more than this. The economic interpretation is all right so far as it goes, but it leaves unsaid what is most important:

That if something like half the adult population of America now belongs to secret orders it is because American fraternalism is something more than a chance to make money or to save it, and the real gateway to a never-never land.

Here is John Jones, a plain bank teller of 211 E. Fourth Street, almost anywhere. But here also is John Jones, on Tuesday evenings from seven-thirty to eleven, a Sir Knight Errant of the Mystic Order of Granada. It is characteristic of secret orders that the names they bear are high-spirited and resounding, on a plane above the routine affairs of daily living. The Shriners are not simply Shriners; they are members of the Ancient Arabic Order of Nobles of the Mystic Shrine. The Grottos are not simply Grottos; they are members of the Mystic Order of Veiled Prophets of the Enchanted Realm. There are many other "Mystic" orders. There are many "Illustrious" orders, many "Imperial" orders, many "Exalted" orders. Frequently there are orders which are several of these at once. On the heels of the Illustrious and Exalted Order of Crusaders may come the Imperial and Illustrious Order of the Mystic and Exalted Cross. These are good adjectives, and possibly by this time some five million Americans have identified themselves with at least one of them. Possibly five million more Americans have identified themselves with two other adjectives which prefix the names of at least fifty thriving orders. These two are "Royal" and "Ancient";

and the popularity of each is understandable in a nation which has neither royalty nor antiquity, but a vicarious enthusiasm for them both.

To live in a modern world and be an ancient; to live in a humdrum world and be a knight; to live in a gabby world and have a secret—all this is possible. It is the essence of fraternalism that it does its best to make it possible. An illustrious name is only a beginning. When the password is given and the inner door swings back, it is upon a world as different from the world outside as ingenuity can make it. No mere Presiding Officer sits on the dais; we live in a democracy, but if there is one secret order which has chosen to pattern itself on the Republic, and call its presiding officer a President, the name of that society is not on record. On the dais sits a Monarch or a Master, a Supreme Seignior, an Illustrious Potentate, a Grand Illuminator, or a Maharajah. No secretary is a secretary in this world of dreams come true; he is a Thrice Illustrious Scribe. No treasurer is a treasurer; he is an August Keeper of the Strong-Box. No citizen is a citizen; he is a knight, a monk, a priest, a dervish, or an ogre. Never mind if the light is bad and the toga needs a safety-pin. . . . Whose hands have never trembled as he tied a mask behind his ears or combed the fine gold fringe of a glossy pair of epaulettes or stuck in his hat the splendid plume that made of him a Don Quixote? Lodge night for the Red Men brings out the tomahawks. Lodge night for the Shriners brings out the fezes. Lodge night for the Odd Fellows, when the Third Encampment meets, brings out the purple gowns, the yellow belts, the miters, and the breastplates. All over America six nights a week, from one to five million men and women are dressing themselves as brahmins, Pharaohs, cannibals, vikings, princes, furies, hermits, druids, Galahads, sorcerers, Maltese, and Tibetans.

For what purpose?

If I tell, swears the Woodman, "may I be dashed to pieces as I now dash this fragile vessel into fragments!"

If I tell, swears the Maccabee, "may my left arm be cut off above the elbow!"

If I tell, swears the Shriner, "may my eyeballs be pierced to the center with a three-edged blade, my feet be flayed, and I be forced to walk the hot sands upon the sterile shores of the Red Sea until the flaming sun shall strike me with living plague, and may Allah, the god of Arab, Moslem, and Mohammedan, the god of my fathers, support me to the entire fulfillment of the same, Amen, Amen, Amen."

What secrets possibly demand protection with these mighty oaths? Never mind the secrets. When the enthusiastic nephew of the neighbor across the street has been digging with two comrades in the lot behind the Baptist Church and comes home hungry, with something in a basket, do not ask what he has found. It is the key to the seventh treasure chest of Captain Kidd.

IV

"Raise the right hand on a level with the face, the last two fingers closed, the two forefingers extended, slightly apart, the thumb resting on the third finger, back of the hand to the front, signifying 'Who are you?'—Answer: The same sign with the left hand, meaning 'A friend.'"

Thus do the good ladies of the Degree of Pocahontas greet one another "in distress." And no one contemplating the thought of a lodgeful of ladies raising right and left hands alternately to signal "Who are you?" and receive the answer "Friend" can doubt that into the routine business of grocery errands, carpet-sweepers, pillow-slips, literary clubs, and laundry lists American fraternalism has brought something agreeably and generically different.

This is notoriously a new world, and in it many things are done prosaically, and not a great deal is done glamorously. Possibly there never was a time when many things really were done glam-

orously. But at least we picture such a time, and embellish it with open roads and heroes who were pioneers and knights of the green forest making merry in a world that had no time-clocks. In some such world is cast much of our folklore and most of our early fiction. We may be forgiven if we look back to it occasionally from this other world in which we live: a very modern American world of mass production, uptown locals, carbon copies, 5:16's, yours received and contents noted, references, cross-references, and headlines.

Do not smile if the Foresters of America, a quarter of a million strong, meet once a week to reaffirm their faith, and in the secrecy of an oath-bound lodge enact a ritual "which touches upon the adventures of Robin Hood and brings in Biblical events relative to the Garden of Eden." A wind whistles through Sherwood Forest which has been baked dry in steam-heated offices with dictaphones and rustless fly-screens.

Do not smile if once a month the Red Men gather at the stake and (Ritual, p. 30) the Junior Sagamore cries, "Warriors, prepare for the execution! Braves, make ready and pile high the fagots!" Man does not live by bread alone, nor by oil-burning furnaces, superheterodynes, and electrical pianos.

Regularly once a week, from one end of a broad country to the other, the Knights of Pythias meet to re-enact the fable of Damon and his faithful friend, the Yeomen to play Ivanhoe, the Odd Fellows to offer some new Isaac in expiation for his brothers' sins. Tell draws his bow once more; Cæsar spurns his crown; in a new world Lancelot and Miles Standish, Charlemagne and Barbara Frietchie, Hector and Pocahontas live again.

Lodge night in a thousand towns and cities: Center Hall a blaze of lights, its chandeliers festooned with paper bunting. Guards at the gates—a blowsy veil at the mystic shrine—crossed flags above the booming organ—row on row of folding-chairs, wax-yellow, cushionless, but upholstered with rich memories.

From the street outside you climb a flight of well-worn stairs to the second landing. There is a door of varnished oak, behind which stands the Lord High Seneschal. It is just an average door; but beyond lies mystery, drama, opportunity to share great names and take a hand in deeds well done, the satisfaction of "belonging."

You knock three times, pause for a heart beat, knock three times again. . . . Panel slides back enough to disclose a lawn tie and two waistcoat buttons. . . . "Advance, stranger, and give the countersign!"

A whispered word. . . . The door swings slowly on its hinges.

It will continue to swing as long as life is drab enough for grown men to play Indian.

THE BOWERY UNDER PROHIBITION

BY STEPHEN GRAHAM

THE Bowery is one of the most remarkable streets in the world, combining features of the Cowgate in Edinburgh, of Limehouse Causeway in London, and the Khitrof Reenok in Moscow. In America it is unique. Other cities have their petty Broadways and ambitious Avenues but none has a Bowery. The denizens of other cities will say that the Bowery is not worth repeating, but it would be truer to say that it cannot be repeated. The Bowery has not been made; it grew, and even if it be a fungoid, it is natural.

Here is the street which *par excellence* stands outside the law, the great city's street of adventure, its Alsatia. Apparently, it has always been a dark mysterious place. Where now is the shadow of the black Elevated Railway was once the gloom of a dense forest into which the first Dutch settlers let loose their superannuated negro slaves, and savages met savages there—as they do to-day. The Bouwerie became Bowery Lane and then plainly "The Bowery." In a volume dated 1868 and entitled *Secrets of the Great City* I read:

The Sunday law which seems to be so rigidly enforced in other parts of the city is a dead letter in the Bowery. Here on Sunday one may see shops of all kinds—the vilest especially—open for trade. Cheap clothing stores, concert saloons, and the most infamous dens of vice are in full blast. The street, and the cars traversing it, are thronged with the lower classes in search of what they call enjoyment. [Always that horrible habit of the lower classes.] At night all places of amusement are open and are crowded to excess. Roughs, thieves, fallen women, and even little children throng them. Indeed, it is sad to see how many children are to be found in these vile places. The price of admission is low and, strange as it may sound, almost any beggar can raise it.

A remarkable feature of the Bowery, this power of the penniless. Even to-day the beggars of the Bowery all seem to be able to get enough drink to be dead drunk by midnight.

The writer of 1868 goes on to tell of the immense German beer-gardens "handsomely frescoed and otherwise adorned," no doubt in the neighborhood of that massive, decaying, never repaired German Opera House which now serves the Chinese as their most substantial theater, where every night occult Chinese drama is spoken across the stage to a thousand Bowery Confucians and to the pallid faces of Beethoven, Liszt, Mozart, upon the walls. But where are the five thousand Germans who used to sit in the Atlantic Garden and swill beer on the Sabbath in defiance of the law!

Respectable people avoid the Bowery, as far as possible, at night; but on Sunday night few but those absolutely compelled to visit it, are to be seen within its limits. Every species of vice and crime is abroad at this time, watching for its victims. Those who do not wish to fall into trouble should keep out of the way.

Thus, 1868.

In 1927 it is still the most curious and most adventurous street in town and it is the place in New York where the Prohibition Law and other laws are most openly set at nought. The condition of its inhabitants between midnight and dawn is a dreadful commentary upon bootlegging. It is commonly said that

Prohibition lets the rich man have all he wants but denies alcohol to the poor. But this is an illusion; the poor are more drunk than the rich, and for truth of comparison one should not in future say, "drunk as a lord," but "drunk as a beggar on the Bowery." In the Bowery the liquor is cheaper and stronger than in London, cheaper and stronger than it was in the Bowery before Prohibition.

II

There is something curious about the free surge of alcohol on the East Side. I go into a saloon there and I ask for a drink and I get it. How is it that in other parts of New York I have to take such precautions and go through a sort of ritual? I go to places where the doors and walls are perforated, and uneasy eyeballs flicker through the wood, peering at my face and form. I go to places with interlocking doors, to places where I have to place an extended palm on a glass door or give a certain sort of tattoo with my knuckles. At one fashionable uptown speakeasy when asked who I am I must answer that I am Mrs. Wyman, whoever she may be. I say I am Mrs. Wyman and straightway I am admitted. I cannot get in as Stephen Graham. At some places I present a mysteriously scrawled card. At others I have to be known by my face. But in the Bowery at any of a score of saloons I just go in and get served.

Reeling helpless drunks come out at the little swinging doors and collide with indifferent policemen and fall helpless on the pavement, as if they were articles of human garbage discharged from some window by an East Side family. One night I saw four staggering drunkards holding on to one another while they sang and tried to play "Ring-a-Roses" round an indulgent cop, who handled his night-stick knowingly and yet refrained from cracking any skulls. Drunkenness seemed to be not even a social offense.

Sometimes I wonder if the pass-word and peep-hole business is not merely part of the glamour of the speakeasy, possessing considerable commercial value. The sophisticated like the thrill of imagining they are entering a smuggler's cave —an extra kick is imparted to the bootleg Scotch. Perhaps after Prohibition is withdrawn the romantic customs of this time will be retained, and you will still have to give a secret sign before entering a respectable bar. But is it not true that all the secret drinking places in New York might to-morrow begin to do open business without more interference on the part of the law than they suffer to-day?

"I don't think it makes much difference," said one saloon-keeper to me. "If it has been decided to raid the place the place will be raided. The police and the revenue officers have every bar in New York listed. The business we do is known. If you want to find a place to get a drink, ask a cop. We often have detectives engaged on cases come in to have a drink and finish their notes."

Another said to me, "The first day we opened up the police came right in, four of them, to be stood drinks, and I've had these four cops on my side in this business from that day on."

Not far along a side street was another saloon, gloomy, dusty, and padlocked, with a printed notice, "Closed for the infringement of the Volstead Act." The saloon-keeper there had got on the wrong side of the authorities, I suppose, and his establishment was closed and placarded as an advertisement of Enforcement.

When I was last in New York, three or four years ago, there was very much less open drinking. The old barroom was still under a cloud. Many were being converted into pool parlors, soda fountains, lunch counters, and cigar stores. A drunken man on the street gave one pause. Drink was more precious, drinking more sacramental. It seemed to me that the non-observance of the law was too trifling to be a serious reflection on the serviceableness and validity of Prohibition, and I said so. Although I have

real pleasure in wine with my meals and think a good dinner without some Burgundy or champagne a crippled feast, I have never denied the advantages of enforced sobriety. I hate the cheap saloon here as elsewhere and would gladly close or civilize a hundred of the worst public houses in London. The alliance of bestial drunkenness and prostitution is appalling. But there is some latitude between plaster-saint and drunkard—some space for civilization. There is a great deal in the Bowery which may justifiably enrage the convinced "dry," and there are some things to enrage the convinced "wet," and there is the extenuating circumstance on which both "wet" and "dry" might be pleasantly at one.

When I first visited the city fourteen years ago I walked the streets of the East Side very much as I am doing now. There were many fewer drunken men about then. But there was an evil prevalent which seems to have disappeared. At that time certain saloons swarmed with unfortunate girls. The neat-waisted hackneys of the Bowery went in and out of the saloons like wasps. It was a distinctive sight of New York. The plain-clothes men who grafted on them brought a few of them to the Night Court just to keep up appearance, but they swarmed beyond the limits of courts and ordinances.

It is a remarkable fact that the saloons operating to-day do so without women. It is an unusual thing to see a woman of any age, young or old, in a Bowery saloon, and the number that lie huddled in corners at night is in the ratio of one to fifty, I should think. Prohibition may not have prohibited drink, but it has to a great extent prohibited public immorality. I believe also it has very greatly reduced drinking by poor women. A woman waving her arms and screaming, a street-corner fight between inebriated women, a staggering drunken girl being pushed into a taxicab—common sights in White Chapel—are rarities in the Bowery.

Studying New York at night, I have spent many more hours on the Bowery than on Broadway. I have felt there was a good deal more going on there than met the eye at first glance. A stone's throw away from the center of it is Police Headquarters, where I have spent a good deal of time. Mulberry is one of the intervening streets, nicknamed "Bootlegger's Row," operated and protected by stalwart Italians. The west side of the Bowery is comparatively free from liquor, but the east side of the street is dotted with saloons and possesses sometimes two to a block. They sell what is locally called "Block-fall"—you take a drink of it and are guaranteed to fall on the sidewalk before you walk a block.

Until the theaters discharge their audiences the roadway is considerably cluttered up with cheap cars. Dancers and diners in Chinatown, or at the alley-way resorts, leave their cars in the Bowery. It is not a place of motor thieves. Roofed by the ironwork of the elevated railway, it is always eerie, and those who walk along the pavement awaken the curiosity. About midnight the Yiddish theater empties, and somewhat after one in the morning the two Chinese theaters. I am most familiar with it at two in the morning. It is a strange restless street even then. Tramps lurch through it, unshaven, tatterdemalion, vociferous, predatory. For some reason they are often called "longshoremen," but it is a misnomer. They are plain ordinary hoboes. They bum food from restaurant to restaurant; they surround any isolated respectable traveler and beg smokes and the price of a meal in such a menacing way that it almost amounts to a hold-up, and he is glad to hand out dimes and offer the cigarettes just to get away unscathed.

The doors of a score of little hotels stand open with little lighted mouths which make them look like mousetraps set in a basement kitchen, waiting for mice when the world is asleep. For thirty-five or forty cents you may doss

for the night, get a "flop in the Bowery." What suggestive names they have: "Niagara," "Defender." To apply the phrases "cheap joint" or "fifth rate" to these is quite wrong. They are special unclassifiable places. If the Bowery is a sort of republic, they are its Carlton, its Ritz. I was much tickled to see one called "The Savoy." After staying at the Savoy in London one might come to New York and say with quite an air, "I am staying at the Savoy for a while." Yes, at the Savoy in the Bowery. Where the original Indians and their successors, the Dutch slaves, lay under the trees and listened to the tree-toads there are now strange caravanserais where strange men toss in old beds and hear the roar of elevated trains.

Yes, these places are first class. There is a ladder of night of which they are the top rungs. You must go down to Battery Park to see the bottom rungs, where, spread on dirty copies of the *World*, hopeless and helpless derelicts lie face-downward on the frosty grass. Those who sit the night through on the divided benches of the asphalt park at the exit of Delancey Street are a rung higher, higher by some tiny line of hope; huddled, they press their cold hands to their grimy, hairy chests, cower in their rags, and wait for morning.

Oh, they are aristocrats who dwell in the Salvation Army rooming house. In London to sleep at a Salvation Army doss house means to be very low down. It is rougher faring than at a municipal lodging house or Rowton House. And poor as London is, we have nothing quite so grim as a real East Side "flop-house." I imagine it is called a "flop" because you just go in and flop down anywhere. But to "doss" does imply lying down and, most probably, implies taking off one's clothes. Derelicts in London are seldom so helplessly drunk as those in the Bowery of New York. They may take on more liquor, but they carry it better, or rather it carries them better—it is not so poisonous, not so dazing. Under the appalling influence of "moonshine" the East Side hobo merely wants a quiet place where he can fall down and remain undisturbed.

There used to be a place at Walworth in south-east London where parallel bars were provided, and the homeless, with their arms over these, hung like old clothes on scarecrows in a field. A dark room full of these hanging men was an appalling sight, but it is a thing of the past. The scene approaching it most nearly is that of the Bowery Mission Room at two in the morning.

There is a gloomy wire-protected window with an electric cross for a shop sign. A wooden door opens into a long room. It is one of the few places of such shape and appearance which prove not to be Bowery saloons. I have visited it at various hours of the night. But the first time it was considerably after midnight. I went in, went right through, visited the apartments at the back, and came out again without anyone addressing me a syllable. The sight was extraordinary—some two hundred or more ragged men sitting on chairs in the dark, sprawling forward over the backs of chairs, or resting their heads on their wrists as if in prayer. Ahead of them on the far wall was a black cross, somewhat blacker than the shadow in which they rested, and the men looked as if plunged in dreadful penitence and dejection, hideously unforgiven. There was some lettering beside the cross, visible, I suppose, by day. I examined the words and found they were *Jesus Sees*.

I then found the night orderly of the establishment. He was on the Bowery sidewalk, smoking a cigar and chatting with the tramps as they passed. The doorway at that hour proved to be the rendezvous of all the alcoholized derelicts of the Bowery. Some had been lying for hours on barroom floors and been kicked out, some had been lying in doorways and had sobered a little owing to the cold.

They walked uncertainly like somnambulists, their eyes not dilated by intoxication, but narrowed or filmed by narcotics. Their boots were burst and tied on by one or two holes with string; many were without shirts and had foul coats buttoned or safety-pinned or string-tied close to their Adam's apples. Their rags might easily have been bettered from what is thrown out of the windows of Mott Street or Mulberry. Apparently they were too "down and out" to seek that so easily obtained better clothing. It was as if the uncollected garbage of the streets had become animated and legged. Deucalion threw stones behind him and they became men, and civilization has thrown balls of filth in the Bowery and they have become human, though by their looks they would hardly be able to repopulate the earth.

A genuine drunk may be a funny person. One listens indulgently to a vociferous gesticulating Froggie who has lost his way and his balance in the back streets of Paris. And a Cockney boozer is such a comedy figure that his type has become a well-used property of London vaudeville. But these crazed, maddened, partially poisoned liquor-fiends are not funny at all. On the stage of the Houston Street Winter Garden or the Grand Street Burlesque you will commonly see representations of the Bowery hobo which are very funny. But it is rare to see them shown under the influence of liquor. They do not make you laugh—they make you turn pale, they sadden you, they afflict you. Maxim Gorky wrote of "Creatures that once were men" or, to translate his title literally, "Those who once were"; but in all the night-lying houses of Nizhni or Moscow he never saw any so abject, so far from their Creator and the Divine Workshop as these.

I go with one to a saloon, just an old-time saloon. There are a dozen or so of them together. The inside reminds me of the opium den of the melodramatic stage, where creatures beyond hope lie moaning in dreadful despair and human abasement. And I sample the drink. The colorless variety might well be gin by its appearance; the colored looks like recognizable whiskey. But what is this stuff? It is not like vodka. It is not clean and searching and vital. It is not fuming mountain liquor, which is often potent enough in all conscience, served in ram's horns, brown, aromatic, brain-suffusing. The first taste is not unpleasant. The first thought is that it is a real drink—the second thought, instinctive and coming up from the stomach and the vitals, is that it is poison. The body sends its alarm signal to the brain. After two glasses you feel poisoned for two days; the nerves of the nose still register from it. The effect is not loquacity, not sociability, but sheer blur. There is little interesting conversation in these places where this moonshine is sold. It kills and yet it creates a craving.

The liquor is cheap. In England, you get what we call "a double whiskey" for twenty cents. You can get the same quantity in the Bowery for fifteen. There are places where you can get a drink for a dime. This is cheaper than in most non-Prohibition countries, and I must surmise that the graft is less than the tax would be, so that the American bootlegger, despite the difficulties of his trade, can now undersell the European distiller.

The medicine bottles you see about testify to another source of liquor and that is the drug store. The derelicts do not carry hip-flasks, for they have only one pocket that will hold anything and that is reached through the mouth. But you see them occasionally with these bottles. If you have the sweet-stuff of Benedictine or the dissolved odor of cognac, certain druggists will supply re-distilled,

methylated or—well, they have their secrets. Who knows what they will supply! Among many things I admire in America is that ordinance whereby patent medicines are labeled explicitly. The Pure Drugs Act demands that the various panaceas for human ills shall have been analyzed and their constituent ingredients publicly declared in print upon the bottles. Now if this were applied to the alcoholic blendings they sell it might be of considerable public service.

However, I have heard that those who really survive some years of drinking the new stuff do not care for the old, the real and the pure. King Mithridates could not be poisoned because he had cultivated a habit of taking poisons in small doses for many years. Other people's poison was his food. But I imagine there are few Mithridateses on the Bowery—the intestinal ordeal is too great, too violent.

III

When I was first in New York in the spring of 1913 I was shown certain interesting types on the southern end of the Bowery, my first visual introduction to "dope fiends." One knew them by their glazed eyes, pallid faces, and shambling gait. To-day you do not distinguish these people because those under the influence of bad liquor look that way, too. Chinatown has been cleaned up. Hundreds of bad characters have been packed off to China. There is a tacit assumption that there is really no crime in New York's Chinatown. We laugh at those coaches waiting on the Great White Way to take provincials sightseeing down there. No New Yorker ever takes a seat. He knows that nothing interesting will be shown. In that he is right. It is the same in Paris and London. Those midnight parties of strangers in *chars-à-bancs* listening to a gabby youth with a loud-speaker, seldom have any fun. You cannot see the night-life of a city in that way, least of all the life of the Chinese, the most secretive people in the world. But that does not mean that there is not some strange night-life in the purlieus of the southern Bowery.

It has been said to me that Chatham Square is only the business capital of the American Chinese, the Wall Street, so to speak—that while swarms do business there, they go away at night and live uptown at Washington Heights or in the Bronx. But that is not the case; the vast majority of New York Chinese live where their work and professions are.

It is true you never see a drunken Chinaman. If one of the community gets inebriated some others will spirit him away and lay him out on the floor of some back room till he is sober. The Chinese present a very respectable appearance and are easily more discreet, more dignified, and decent than Jews, Irish, or Italians. You see them with their opium pipes, but they are smoking cigars in them—they seem to have turned their swords into pruning hooks. Go to their characteristic theaters or cinemas, and you see that their taste is refined and even intellectual. They are the highbrows of a burlesque-ridden neighborhood. And yet I feel that the characteristic Chinese vice does prevail down there and that the immunity of the bootlegger covers the doper as well. Under the bootlegger's umbrella there are some dope-traffickers.

The joy-riders go down for chow mein and visit the Chinese Delmonico with its elaborate inlaid tables and well served dishes. But the district abounds in queer little resorts where the foreigner, I mean the American, is by no means welcome. I followed one of the most sinister-looking figures on the Bowery one night, a repulsive bent-backed toad-like old man, and he went into a Chinese dive, but I dared not follow him. Early one Sunday morning, however, I went

into that place and was, I suspect, served with a drug in my tea. I got into a very exalted state and I realized the appalling danger. In a fit of dejection and melancholy one would naturally return to that dark corner of that cloudy Chinese den and repeat the experiment. It was a curious place. I nursed my head as if I were the worse for drink, but I watched the dreary-faced customers get happy, especially watched some who surrounded a beautiful young Chinese woman in a worshiping group. I missed the whole of my sleep after that and spent the rest of Sunday in a jaded apathetic frame of mind. But I did not return. After all, you never know whether you are potentially a dope fiend, but once you are it is impossible to get back to normal.

But under cover of the new drinking it should be borne in mind that there may be considerable drug taking. And the disrespect of the law obvious in the open saloons is likely to make everyone cynical about illegalities. Obedience to law is wrought in the mind; but if that mental discipline is lacking, who knows what may be conceived? The concomitants of the alcohol vice are other more secret vices. It is not easy for the casual visitor or outsider to find out what goes on behind closed doors—but without being of an unduly suspicious turn of mind, I feel that there is a good deal going on behind the Bowery—a good deal that is curious, to say the least.

But there is a pleasant feature of the new Bowery. There are few women drunkards. The women, like the Chinese, seem to be taken care of. I was walking with a young lady one night and we took a fancy to a respectable hobo and befriended him. He said he came from New Orleans, but he mistook the appearance of my friend, who was all that a charming lady should be.

"Ah, my dear," said he, "you have a bad time here with the cops, don't you? But in N'Orleans a girl can walk up and down and choose her partner and never be interfered with." Apparently he did not approve the sex calm of the Bowery.

I was often in those restaurants where you get a sort of supper for eight cents and there saw not a few derelict women. The proprietors are friendly, give them a cup of coffee and some scraps of food and let them bide. There at the tables they collapse and sleep till dawn. They always melt when a man treats them to a slice of apple pie, and begin to talk of what was once their homes, of lost husbands, lost children. They are the lost old women of New York, and very unlike the lost old women of London who are so beer-stricken.

Yes, the Bowery is a strange, haunting, haunted street. I walk all the way down and then all the way back. It holds me. I am in a subterranean passage, and the gay bright New York with its never-dying gaiety and movement is far above, in the night air, in the night sky, denting heaven with its towers. It is a serene spectacle to look out over New York from the top of the Woolworth Building at night; and you think you see the city. That is the zenith, up there where Orion is striding by. But the nadir is the Bowery. Down there you have also a true perspective of the city, and I think I know more of New York because of the many nights I have spent there.

ENGAGED

A STORY

BY LIBBIAN BENEDICT

IN the cafeteria where they had their lunch Ruth watched the ring sparkle its trail around the table. Whenever she lifted her fork it cut a white line in the air. She tried not to look so often but she could not control herself. She had to look. Bert had chosen such a high setting that the stone seemed to be trying to pull itself out of the platinum claws. And it was so hard and sharp; it would certainly tear her skin if she didn't take care that her other fingers should not catch on it. Then suddenly she did not feel the new weight for a moment, she was afraid that it had slipped off and left her finger empty, and she had to look again to make sure that it was still there, just as it had been the last time she looked at it. Once in a while she looked for no reason except that she wanted to see its white beauty.

Bert watched her and laughed. He saw every one of her repeated glances, and he had an interpretation for them: she was thrilled at the sight of the ring he had bought for her. If she told him she was afraid of its sharpness he would laugh out loud. He might even lean heavily across the table and kiss her for being so silly. And everybody in the cafeteria would smile at them. It was useless for her to tell him how she felt about the ring, just as it was useless for her to tell him anything. He was very sure that he had made her happy. The assurance settled in his stomach together with the food he was swallowing, and the combination created a satiety that nothing could disturb. Least of all could words disturb it. Words in general were very ineffective in attempts to communicate with Bert.

She might, of course, reproach him for having taken her into a cafeteria on this day of days. That he would understand. But then his eyes and his voice would begin to whine. He would tell her that, honest to God, he had taken her into a cafeteria only because he thought she was in a hurry to go back to the office, and he wasn't a cheap skate, now was he? She knew that, and he'd never forgive himself if she didn't tell him right here and now that it was all right, and he'd take her to the Waldorf to-morrow to make her forget what an idiot he had been to-day. And he was capable of doing a thing like that in spite of the price. Just as he had been capable of buying this big diamond. She looked at it again. It was beautiful.

This time her glance was so plainly admiring that Bert's courage rose to the point of effervescence, and he spoke up.

"I told you he wouldn't gyp me. I know an honest man when I see one."

"But it's so expensive."

"Forget it, Ruthie. It won't be so hard to pay for. The installments are easy enough. Before I know it I'll be through. And besides, I'd better get used to paying for things on the installment plan. . . . Smile like that again, Ruthie."

"All right. Only let go my hand. Somebody's looking."

"I should worry. You've got a ring on."

Yes, she had a ring on. And a few inches above the ring there was the diamond-set wrist watch he had given her for her birthday. She was getting all the trimmings that came with being engaged. The girls would rave when they saw the ring. And they'd be right, it was a beautiful ring. How hard she had made Bert work for the privilege of putting it on her finger! Her sister Milly had told her that she ought to write a book on how to keep a man on the string. But Milly had wanted her to hurry up and get engaged because she was next in line. And her mother had been afraid she would keep him there too long and the string would break. What hurt her was that they seemed to think she was doing it on purpose, playing with him. That wasn't true. It was much more true that she was playing with herself, playing tag with her own heart, or mind, or whatever it was that decided. Bert himself hadn't accused her of playing with him. He had seemed to feel that there was something deep behind her dallying, but the only explanation he could think of was that his being out of town three weeks every month didn't give her a fair chance to know him. Or perhaps he thought she was one of those girls who had an objection to marrying a traveling salesman. At any rate, he had hunted around until he found a job that kept him in the city all the time. And it almost seemed that his judgment was right. It had been easier for her to get used to the idea under their unbroken companionship. Not that she knew him better; it was only that his being near her did away with the chance of forgetting what he was like and with the necessity of getting used to him all over again every time he came back. That had really been the trouble. Even the letters and the souvenirs he was always sending her while he was on the road had not been enough to remind her just how bulky and round his body was, and how his voice sagged to a whine whenever she crossed him in anything. In the end she had recognized what qualities she endowed him with when he was away. She made him thinner. She made him more solid, physically and otherwise. When she imagined him talking she also imagined him saying something. Not just telling her slightly dirty stories he had picked up on the road or repeating what a peach she was. Something else.

The bus boy came by and stopped to wipe with a gray rag the accumulated pocks off their white-tiled table. Then he stood by and waited for them to get up so that he could finish the job. Bert looked up at him and grinned. Ruth knew he was going to start a smart-alecky conversation. He always did that. She rose.

"It's late."

Outside she said, "You'd better go right back to your place, too. We've both been out long enough." She didn't want him to walk her back to the office.

"Then half-past six to-night, Ruthie. Don't forget."

"I won't forget."

"And please don't be late. Please."

On her way to the office she didn't know what to do with her hand, how to carry it. For a block she walked gloveless, because it was spring and she didn't like gloves anyhow, but then she thought that people might think she was trying to show off, so she put on her gloves. She had always hated girls for showing off their engagement rings, and for looking so pityingly at other girls whose left hands were bare. But now she could understand the pity. She herself watched for the hands of the women who passed. Those who wore diamond rings aroused a sisterly feeling in her. She would have smiled at them. Even those who wore plain band-rings belonged to the clan, with reservations. When she got a close view of a gloved hand she tried to see whether the fourth finger showed the protrusion that an engagement ring would make. And when she saw women whose hands were open for inspection, but were unmistakably bare, devoid of either diamond or wedding

rings, she was very thankful for the heaviness on her own finger.

The office boy glowered at her when she entered and rushed out. She had half hoped he would notice and make one of his clever remarks. But now that he had not she was not greatly disturbed. He was probably hungry. And his going out had left her alone in the office. She liked that. The hominess of the place was never as richly hers as when she was alone. Everything — the uncarpeted floors, the scratched desks, the manuscripts and sheets of paper that always sprawled over Mr. Martin's desk—it was all homey and hers when no one else was there. Even the little switchboard with its lonesome two plugs. She had felt very snobby toward it during her first few days in the office. She had known real switchboards in her day—big, solid affairs, with rows of red and white lights that played endless glissandoes up and down. Funny how she remembered the word glissandoes. It was about all she did remember from her two years of piano lessons.

Everything was going very well to-day. The typewriter slid smoothly. She was glad she had cleaned the keys that morning; they gave an appearance of sharpness and perfection to the pages that went well with the coruscating shower which danced up from the diamond as she worked. Mr. Martin would be coming in pretty soon. What would he say? Perhaps he wouldn't even notice, he was that absent-minded sometimes. But no, that was impossible. He would have to notice. She would see to it that he did.

He found her humming her way back from the supply shelf to the desk. He stopped, his head cocked sidewise, his soft felt hat crumpled in his fist.

"Well, well, young woman. What worlds have you conquered to-day? You make me envious."

It was no more than two hours since she had gone out to lunch, but in that time she had forgotten how deep his voice was, and how each word that he spoke settled slowly into the air. Perhaps it wasn't that, perhaps it was only that her imagination was not great enough to reproduce the sound in all its fullness.

"What's the matter? Can't I be happy if I want to?"

"By all means. The important thing is to want to."

Now she would have to grin and go back to her work. It always came to this. He began a conversation as if he was ready to talk on for hours, to talk to her about everything. It was obvious that the burden of continuing depended on her. If she could only offer retorts, however short, at the proper time—just as she had heard his friends do. Sometimes she did manage to make one reply, as to-day, sometimes two. But in the end she had to smile and go back to her work. In their collision of minds hers was always the one that was stilled, and too soon.

But he was looking at her hand. She bent her head to see what he was looking at.

"So that's the reason, is it? An engagement ring, no? Well well, you are lucky. May I congratulate you?"

He put out his hand and she placed hers in it. Under the hard grasp her knuckles hurt. She had never shaken hands with him before. How strong he was! The pain flowed upward in her arm and pulled her down. Suddenly she felt that her hand was free and she heard his steps into the other room. The pressure of his hand clung to her fingers. She went back to her typewriter and began to peck slowly at the keys. The brittle sparkle of the ring danced before her eyes and blinded them. She wanted to take it off and fling it away. What was a common thing like an engagement ring doing in a place like this? How did she come to be wearing it? Who was the man that had bought it for her? A big, flabby person whose name was Bert. He had bought her a big diamond because he thought it was high class to wear large stones. And

then he had taken her to a cafeteria to eat lunch. He was at home there, it was in his part of town; dress manufacturers and salesmen filled the place. He hadn't even thought of asking her where she wanted to go. And even if he had, she couldn't have explained anything to him. He would have thought that she wanted a sweller place, where they provided linen napkins and finger bowls. If she had told him that it was not that she wanted, he would not have known what she was talking about. What did she want? A quiet place, with dull green tables and orange candlesticks. Like the place Mr. Martin had taken her to that once when they had lunched together. That was what she wanted, that and what it stood for. Not dress manufacturers and salesmen.

Mr. Martin was in his room reading proofs. It was likely that he would not need her for the rest of the afternoon. She could not think of an excuse for going into his room. And she wanted to. She wanted to get close to him again, to hear his voice, and to feel the warming flow of his words through her brain into the fingers that held her pencil. It wouldn't be long now until she would have to leave the office altogether. Bert wasn't going to let her work after they got married. Not his wife. No, sirree.

She was surprised when Mr. Martin called her in to take a few letters, and she walked in self-consciously to his desk. He did not look at her, and she felt a little frustrated, as she did those rare times when Bert failed to notice a new pair of shoes.

Between phrases Mr. Martin sucked at the unlighted pipe that was always between his teeth. Each time he realized that it had gone out he put a match to it, but when he was ready to inhale again the glow was dead. He was so helpless against the stubborn pipe. She wished he would let her light it for him at least once. But all that she could do was to control her breath so that her chest rose and fell with his.

Afterward he asked her whether she could stay a little later than usual that evening. He would appreciate it a great deal because he wanted to dictate the final draft of an article. She said of course she could stay, with pleasure. She had watched him writing the article at his own typewriter all morning, moving his arms slowly up and down like heavy pistons. He was as helpless before the typewriter as he was with his pipe. When he gave her a manuscript to retype she could have kissed it for its sloppiness. And when he dictated it was a sign that his work was so bad that he didn't even want to put her to the trouble of trying to decipher his scrawled corrections.

As soon as she could get out she went downstairs to the slot 'phone to call up Bert and tell him she couldn't make the appointment for half-past six. She didn't want to call from the office 'phone because Mr. Martin would hear her and insist on releasing her from her promise to stay. Then he would sit down at his own machine and try to bang out a respectable-looking copy of his article. It would take him until midnight.

Bert's voice sounded as if the backbone had been jerked out of his body.

"Aw, Ruthie, do you have to?"

"I have to."

"He's got his nerve."

"It's very important work."

"More important than me?"

"Don't be silly."

"I'll tell you what. I'll come up there about six o'clock and sit around. That'll give your boss a hint that you're in a hurry, see?"

"For God's sake, Bert, don't do that."

"What are you afraid of, Ruthie? In a few more months you'll be telling him to go where he belongs, anyhow."

"I haven't got any time to argue with you. Make it half-past seven."

"Aw gee. Awright."

She carried the memory of his whimpering voice with her. When she got upstairs she took off the ring and put it into her purse. "It interferes with my typing," she explained to herself.

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Martin began his dictation. The other offices in the building were closing, the released laughter of girls drifted down the hall and was tombed behind elevator doors. In order to save time, Ruth took the work right on the machine. That meant that he would have to stay beside her until she had finished the last word. She was glad. He sat close to her as he read, close enough to see the words hurtling themselves onto the sheet, so that he would know when to go on with a new phrase. She thought his arm was around the back of her chair, but she preferred the doubt to the negative certainty. Besides, if it was really there, and she turned around, he might take it as a reproach and change his position.

Of what he was reading she had only a slight idea, as always. The single words had a meaning to her, but she could not grasp the continuity. Yet she knew the continuity was powerful. It was an important article of some sort; every article he wrote was important. His appearances outside the magazine he himself was editing were the things that won his fame for him, and, incidentally, earned his living. But his love was in the magazine. It had all seemed ridiculous to her at first, but now, after a year, she could understand it. Her own contribution was only secondary and automatic, yet she knew why he almost caressed the covers whenever a new number came from the printers. She did that herself when she was alone at home, and put off the reading of the content until to-morrow. When she held the magazine in her hand she loved it and it was hers. But when she tried to read it she could not understand; it was no longer hers, and loving it was somehow a sacrilege.

As the words fell she sensed the rhythm that belonged to everything he did. She was proud to be the channel for his thoughts, the passive intermediary for his words. And above all, there was his closeness to her. When she turned toward him she could see the buttons of his shirt underneath the tie that was raised in a triangle because he was bent forward.

The sound of mops and swishing water came from outside the door. It gave an overtone of solitude and intimacy to the room. This was after office hours. She was not just his secretary now; she was a friend of his helping him out of a predicament. When the scrubwoman poked her head in the doorway he motioned her away. He, too, wanted to be alone.

The pile of sheets in his hand was growing thinner. They were working with unbelievable rapidity, it almost seemed as if he was cutting the article as he read. She prayed for a snag. Perhaps he would get a new idea and add a few pages. Then, as that did not happen, she tried to decrease her speed, hitting the keys with staccato regularity.

"Are you tired?" he asked.

"Oh, no," she answered.

"You seemed to slow up a bit."

"Oh, no. I'm not tired. I just wanted to make sure that it would look all right."

"Don't worry about that. Whatever you do looks all right."

He resumed his dictation, and other words began to slip through their groove. Her fingers marshalled them into straight lines.

Toward the last page he became a little uncertain of the phrasing and his voice lagged. They sank into the end slowly, easily. He waited for her to put on her coat and hat. Then he held the door open for her. She heard him click the button and felt darkness pour into the room behind her.

"You don't know how much I appreciate your doing this," he said in the elevator.

They walked to the corner together in silence. Then he stopped and put out his hand.

"Good-night, Miss Green."

When he was gone she remembered her ring, took it out of her purse, and slipped

it on her finger again. Perhaps if it had not been so dark she would have seen the more than friendly look in his eyes. But no, she was just imagining things. She had been imagining things since her first week in the office. There was no use imagining things any more.

It was only a quarter after seven by her diamond wrist watch. If she walked to the place where she was to meet Bert she would be only ten minutes late. That wouldn't hurt him, and she felt like walking.

It must have been nice in the old days, she thought, when girls didn't have to work, when they couldn't meet the men they couldn't get, when they didn't have to sit in the same room with them, talk to them, laugh with them, eight hours a day. It was more fair then. This wasn't fair. This was teasing, pure teasing. So near and yet so far.

From a block away she saw Bert pacing up and down the corner and looking in all four directions. She slid coyly up to him.

"Ruthie! I was getting worried."

"I'm sorry, Bert. But I couldn't help it."

"I'll bet you're starved."

"Not very. But I suppose you are."

He grabbed her arm savagely and began to cross the street. He was always savage after she had kept him waiting. Savagery was his nearest approach to strength.

GRAY

BY MARY ELLIS OPDYCKE

SHE loved to walk on old stone walls with him,
And watch the curling filaments of moss
Pierce color through the crannies, find the gloss
Of mica, or the purple, jagged rim
Of slate. "Your eyes must surely be quite dim
To call them gray," she said, pointing across
The wall to spider webs, whose spangled floss
Flashed brighter than the swords of seraphim.

He took her to the city. "Here is color,"
He said, and pointed to the flaring lights
That magically turned the night to day.
But every street she found a little duller
Than every other. In a hundred sights
One color she could see, and that was gray.

A DOCTOR LOOKS AT DOCTORS

BY JOSEPH COLLINS, M.D.

MANY things may be said, and have been said, against doctors: that their conduct frequently testifies a proprietary interest in their patients; that they tacitly agree with those who accord them superhuman foresight and insight; that they understand constitutions and idiosyncrasies merely because they know the individual or his ancestry; that study and observation of disease give them some mysterious knowledge of man's motives and urges; that there is an arcanum of drugs beyond the layman's comprehension.

It is not the purpose of this article to deny or refute these assertions. The charge here made against doctors is that they cannot see the woods for the trees; that they do not see the individual because they are dazzled by the disease; that the treatment patients receive is too frequently based upon what they ought to have, in the light of certain scientific formulæ, rather than upon careful, sympathetic study of the peculiar experience, mode of life, and emotional equipment of the individual who is to be restored to health.

Plato said that medicine is an art which considers the constitution of the patient, and has principles of action and reasons in each case. It is strange, considering how long this has been known, that we should still be so insensitive to it.

To show that many of the guild, and the leaders at that, are insensitive, I propose to cite a case I know best: my own.

Doctors are always telling one another about "interesting" cases. An interesting case has much the same appeal to the doctor that the latest mode in clothes has to a woman. Neither can help talking about it. It is both instructive and diverting. I have been an interesting case so long that doctors have ceased to talk of me. Now that I am no longer interesting to them they begin to interest me.

When I was eighteen I gave as much thought to illness as an eagle does to ethics, and I knew nothing about disease. I was a freshman in a large Middle-Western University, endeavoring to live on fifteen dollars a month, eight of which went to an elderly, soft-voiced woman, full of repressions and radiant of religiosity, who let the rooms of her comfortable house for two dollars a week. She was a devout, self-sacrificing Christian; and not a little of the money which she earned so toilsomely went to the support of Baptist missions in the Orient. She was so engrossed with helping God in the Far East that she had little time and less inclination to concern herself with the bodily or spiritual needs of His images in the Near West, particularly her lodgers. So when, after six months in her house, I fell ill of what seemed to be pneumonia, she let me fend for myself. By the time a physician was summoned I was semi-delirious. When I regained consciousness I learned that I was an interesting case. I was too ill to care.

The professor of medicine in the university, an old man of much reputation, much of it undeserved, was summoned when I did not "resolve"—that is, when the right lung did not seem

to find air any longer acceptable. He suggested that my thorax be punctured with a hollow needle. He was sure it was fluid, the outpouring of an inflammation of the pleura which was compressing the lung. I do not recall my attending physician very distinctly, but I fancy he acted on the principle "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again." He never succeeded, though he never seemed to tire of trying.

I have often heard patients, referring to a doctor in whose care they had been, say, "He did absolutely nothing for me." I cannot say that about my first physician. He did his best to make me buy all the medicines of a drug shop and he had a belief in the efficacy of iodide of potassium quite beyond any understanding that I have since acquired.

As his energy waxed my interest waned. Fever of septic origin has some compensations. It lulls the victim to a stuporous state in which he feels little interest or responsibility.

After several weeks I must have been somewhat better, for I was able to sit up part of the time, but I had not succeeded in losing either the cough or the fever, and I was deplorably weak. If the doctors knew the nature of my ailment they did not share their knowledge with me. All they told me was that they thought I was strong enough to make the journey to my home in western Connecticut, and that I must live in the open air. It was clear enough to me later that they believed they were dealing with tuberculosis. This was before the days of X-rays and other diagnostic means now in common use, but just about the time when it was beginning to be taught that all pleurisies not associated with pneumonia are tuberculous.

I recall very little of the journey home. I lay for many weeks spent and inert, but gradually my forces ceased to ebb, nature smiled upon me and brought me a restoring balm.

I do not know how "interesting" my case was to our family doctor, a kindly, gentle, wizened, laconic old man who treated disease symptomatically and did not bother much about diagnosis. If a patient had continuous fever it was a question of aconite or veratrum viride; if periodic, then quinine was the drug, as one was dealing with "a kind of malaria." In the same way, if the heart was feeble, or of irregular rhythm, the decision had to be made whether to give digitalis or strophantus. A small phial was sought in a big, black, worn medicine case which opened like a dictionary, the content was emptied into a glass of water, and the patient took a teaspoonful every few hours. If he got well the medicine got the credit; if he did not the doctor had not been sent for soon enough. These were the good old days which, thank God, we shall never see again!

My first good fortune was nature's caress; my second, an encounter with a real physician. His repute, both as physician and surgeon, extended throughout the state. He had been a surgeon in the Civil War, and on his return he soon dominated the practice of his adopted city. He was a big man with deep chest, soft voice, caressing eye, and gentle touch. His linen was immaculate, his clothing conformed to fashion and, though he was the busiest doctor in the county, he seemed never to be in a hurry. He concentrated his attention on a patient as a burning glass concentrates the sun's rays. It is more than forty years since I walked into his office, yet I recall every incident as if it were yesterday. He radiated kindliness and sympathy, he reflected interest and concern, and he made me feel that my recovery and my future were of vital importance to him. If he made a diagnosis of my disorder he did not tell me. He counselled me to live in the open, to try to regain the weight I had lost, and to coddle my energy, hoping thereby to store up more. I took to the woods with a dog and the immortal remains of Miguel Cervantes as sole companions, not too far from a cow, and

near enough to a village where cod-liver oil and whiskey were to be had. I devoted myself to reconstruction and contemplation. At the end of six months I had recovered sixty-eight pounds, had lost an incapacitating breathlessness and a side-splitting cough, and had acquired some knowledge of how nature cures disease.

Then I went back to my beloved doctor, who invited me to become his pupil, and for several months I basked in the shadow of a man who was a more consummate master of the art of medicine than anyone else I have ever met. I have envied the intellect and affects of many men, but those of Robert Hubbard most of all.

II

I spent two winters in New York studying medicine, if studying it can be called, for in reality it was memorizing lecture-notes, compends, and text-books, and retaining sufficient facts and fictions to pass an examination. Scientific medicine had been born and it was creeping at a snail's pace toward East 26th Street in New York. It had not arrived there, however, when I left. During the summers I shadowed my revered master, and if I have any knowledge of the physician's art I owe it to him.

When I graduated in medicine I was poor in purse and health, the deficiency in health being due in large part to inadequate and insufficient food. I had lost weight and was extremely susceptible to that strange malady of many origins called "a cold." I had been impressed with the penetrating clinical insight of one of my professors who had great repute as a specialist in diseases of the chest, and I determined to ask him to examine me and counsel me that I might grow strong and stay so.

He was a deep-chested man, too, with a strident voice and a keen eye. His *fortiter in re* was genuine; his *suaviter in modo* artificial. During the eight years I knew him, I heard many flattering things said of him, but I never heard anyone say he was kindly or compassionate. When he died an obituary notice in one of the medical journals said, "He was an admirable business man." When one went to consult him, with five dollars, one rang the stoop-door bell; but if one had only a dollar, the basement bell admitted. I went in with the goats.

He heard a brief account of my story, standing, and then proceeded to examine my chest. Despite breathing exercises assiduously practiced and carefully planned calisthenics, I had not been able to overcome the thoracic deformity or to get sufficient air into the lower portion of the right lung to make a resonant sound when the chest was percussed. The professor was visibly astonished and clearly interested.

Like the Ancient Mariner, only with drooping mustache instead of long gray beard, he held me with his glittering eye and said, "Young man, there is only one place where you can live: Arizona. You'd better get out there as quickly as you can. If you go now there's a good chance you'll recover. You see, that old affair in your lung has started up again."

There had been no inquiry of plans or prospects, no solicitude for ambitions or desires, no interest in the spirit of the man whose engine was signalling for gas and oil. That day I determined never to sentence a person on sight, for life or to death.

A dollar and eighty cents would take me home providing I traveled by boat a large part of the way. I would have five cents left toward paying my fare to Arizona, where I had not the smallest intention of going. Then, as I reached home, the great blizzard of 1888 occurred and my fortunes turned.

One of my neighbors, reputed to be rich, had been overtaken by the storm driving home from the station, and that evening, on retiring, he found that the automatism of an important function had forsaken him, and soon he was in

great pain. The nearest physician was distant four miles, and the night was perilous. "Perhaps the young doctor who has recently come home could do something."

He could, though he had learned nothing in the medical school, and was quite unprepared to practice medicine. His mentor had taught him many things, including how to pass a catheter.

After the snowdrifts had become pools and the crocuses had thrust out their heads I returned to New York with twenty dollars and a determination to stay.

There were few idle hours in the next ten years of learning and teaching, practicing and writing, dreaming and planning. Then the machinery began to creak again. Day after day I felt myself thrust between the hammer and the anvil. At each blow the pain in the right side of the abdomen became a little more constant, the apprehension a little keener, the despair a little more prostrating.

The first colleague I consulted was reputed to have a comprehensive grasp of human pathology. During my student days the opportunity had come to me to row the poppy-boat for a few nights in which one of his wealthy celibates, worn with age and excess, was making the crossing of the Styx, and I was impressed with the gentleness, solicitude, and attentiveness of his physician. On first contact one could scarcely help believing that his speech was not affected, his manner was not artificial, his gestures not studied, his airiness not assumed. But he was the most genuine of men, who had laboriously taught himself the science of diagnosis, and whose failure to acquire the art of it was in a measure compensated for by his honesty and optimism. Later, when confronted with puzzling problems, I rarely appealed to him in vain. He was generous of his time and talent, sympathetic, understanding, and kindly, and a most indefatigable worker.

He listened with interest to my story, from which, being a physician, I deleted the apprehension. He became deeply absorbed by the immobile side of my thorax and at first was inclined to attribute the symptoms to the "old lesion" in the chest, but finally decided that I had chronic appendicitis. It was not the fashion then to go, knife in hand, after that vestigial remnant when it began to be troublesome, as it is to-day. "An operation may be necessary, but the time is not yet."

As I was quite unfitted to go on with my work, I went to a seaside town and followed closely the movements of a surgeon who was summering there. I adhered strictly to the prescribed dietetic regime and its various annoying accompaniments, but all to no purpose. When I returned home at the end of the summer I was in worse health than when I left. It, therefore, seemed prudent to seek help elsewhere.

One of my first important patients had brought me into pleasant, and to me, flattering contact with a physician who had the reputation of having no peer in the field of diagnosis in New York or in the whole country. He had not only trained himself patiently and laboriously in the hospital ward and laboratory, but he was a "born" diagnostician and something of a wizard as well. He looked the part. But if he had any fellow-feeling for a sufferer he could conceal it better than anyone I have known.

After careful and repeated examination he confided to me that I had tuberculosis of the kidney: "In view of that pulmonary trouble that you had some years ago, etc." I think he enjoyed telling me that I was affected with an incurable disease. Fortunately I did not believe him and, more than that, both his reception of me and his interpretation of my disorder had angered me. I felt I had not been treated like a human being.

At that time I was by way of seeing frequently and intimately, as we were working in the same hospital, a young man whose clinical insight and judgment

I had grown to admire and respect. He had come to this country a few years before, penniless and nearly friendless. By virtue of a charming personality, innate kindliness, intellectual honesty, and colossal industry, he was forging rapidly to the front. I could do no better than forsake the counsel of the old men and consult the young.

"The thing for you to do," said the young doctor, "is to take an anæsthetic and be thoroughly and properly investigated. No one can be positive that it is tuberculosis of the kidney without such examination. And it is much more likely to be a growth than a lesion of the kidney."

This counsel carried me headlong to despair, and in that despair I turned to Baltimore. There I knew there was a wise man who united qualities of head and heart in godlike manner. He had made me feel, as he had probably made thousands of others feel, that he had a unique strain of friendship for me. I admired him, reverenced him, loved him. I sought him out. It was early evening when I arrived at his door. I told him my mission, but he would not listen to my story. He and his gracious wife were about to take a short drive and I must accompany them and return to dine with them. As we went through the door he inquired casually where I had put up. On our return I found the contents of my bag spread upon and in the bureau of their guest room. Soon after dinner he withdrew, saying some urgent matters demanded attention. When I went to my room I found a scrap of paper upon which was written, "Gone to Milwaukee. Stop here until I return."

When I spent an hour with him, three days later, one would never have suspected that he had anything in the world to do save to learn how I had worked and played, lived and loved.

The only reflection he made upon my impaired lung was, "Nature did one of her best repair jobs for you."

When he had completed his examination, and I awaited the verdict, he said, "What are you going to do, now?"

"Whatever you tell me," I replied.

"Very well, then. Stay on here a day or two longer; I want to think over your case."

The next day he asked me to his study and put an arm affectionately around my shoulders; his saturnine features lengthened, while his Celtic eyes took on an expression of greater gravity, and he said, "Dear old Alcibiades, it's just as serious as it can be. You've got a tumor of the brain."

The more reasons I gave him for the incorrectness of his diagnosis, the more obdurate he became. Finally he displayed not a little offense that I should pose my opinion against his and professed to be injured.

For a moment I forgot that joking was as essential to him as food, and indulged in with infinitely more relish. More than once in early life his propensity for perpetrating practical jokes had come near to thwarting his prospects, and in his maturity it often brought him to the brim of the cauldron. Then like a flash it came to me that it was the unruly half of himself that had the whip-hand this time, the half that made him go into the garden, after an attack of gravel, gather a handful of tiny pebbles, and put them in the excretion to dumbfound his physicians when they came to examine it.

My recovery had already set in. I was not an "interesting" case to him. I was an individual who had attempted to live beyond his means, to work beyond his strength. I was a boat with one of its propellers gone that had striven to keep abreast with fully equipped ocean liners and by so doing had strained another propeller. I was a victim of the disease of the ardents, and it required an ardent to detect it.

My recovery was neither rapid nor dramatic, but it was as complete as an ardent's can be, and before it was accomplished, I had redrawn my map of life on a somewhat smaller scale.

III

Soon a new interest, growing out of the branch of my work in which I was taking keen interest, began to absorb me: the founding of an institution in which nervous and mental disorders, especially those without recognizable or detectible organic change, could be adequately studied and properly treated.

After twenty years of enormous labor, the War broke out. My colleague in the Neurological Institute, Pearce Bailey, was at once assigned by the Surgeon General to most important duties in Washington. Though our infant enterprise in 67th Street had cast off its swaddling clothes and was prancing about dressed conspicuously and becomingly, it still needed discipline and direction. Nevertheless, Pearce Bailey had small difficulty in convincing me that I should take a commission and assist him to put in effect the elimination tests of Officers' Training Camps. I presented myself for examination and was accepted without the slightest hesitation. After several months of that work I was assigned to duty with the American Red Cross in Italy, and remained there until after hostilities ceased. I returned to Washington and presented myself for examination and discharge.

I had been one of eight thousand that the *Aquitania* deposited in Halifax, and *en route* to Montreal the train got snowbound. There was a difference of about a hundred degrees Fahrenheit between the temperature within and without the car in which I traveled. A mild bronchitis was one of the results. It had not fully passed when I confronted the Board of Examiners. The young man entrusted with the chest examination concentrated eagerly upon the thoracic deformity and the adventitious sounds to be heard in the chest on coughing and deep breathing. I sought to enlighten him by telling him it was something Nature had saved from a conflagration that had once nearly consumed me, but he looked at me at once so knowingly and so pityingly that I gave over the attempt and asked him instead where he lived and worked. He informed me that he was instructor of physical diagnosis in a well-known university. If automatons could have diseases, I should select him for their physician.

I tired of his attention when he suggested that I return the next day for an X-ray examination. He was determined to substantiate his findings with what he no doubt considered irrefutable proof. Fatigue lessening my inhibitions and his self-sufficiency exciting my anger, I told him that I had been away from my work eighteen months and I proposed to go to New York that evening.

I received my discharge: thirty per cent incapacitated, active tuberculosis right lung, inactive left!

His conduct, attitude, and conclusion did not depress me nearly as much as the conclusions of my medical advisers thirty, or twenty years before, but they still gave me sufficient concern to lead me to consult a friend who was then retiring from the practice of his profession after a brilliant career, a man of penetrating clinical insight, abundant horse-sense, and sound judgment.

I told him of my experience in Washington; he expressed great astonishment, and greater after he had examined me.

"No," said he, "you haven't tuberculosis; in my opinion you never have had, and at your age I feel reasonably sure that you never will have."

The only unpleasant thing about that conference was my friend's reference to my age.

IV

Forty years ago we did not know nearly so much about inflammation of the lungs and pleura as we do to-day. There is no doubt that I had had pneumonia and that it was accompanied, as it nearly always is, with pleurisy. In this instance the sheath-shaped membrane whose one surface covers the lung and whose other forms the lining of the chest

exuded pus, or a fluid that became purulent, thus constituting the disease empyema. With that condition I had struggled for a year, and its results had affected me for a lifetime. To-day the pus in the pleural sheath or cavity would have been discovered and a surgeon summoned. The battle between the pus cells and those white blood cells which have many-shaped nuclei would have been merely a skirmish and not the long drawn-out struggle it was, attended with devastation of the respiratory space beyond reconstruction but not beyond compensation. Forty years of hard and varied work testify that compensation occurred in my case.

Nature does not often overcome empyema without the surgeon's aid; but she did in this instance though none of the doctors save one seemed to realize it. To most of them I presented the pattern of tuberculosis, so they cut the cloth from that pattern.

It does not seriously reflect upon the skill of my first medical attendant and his consultant that they did not find the pus in the right pleural cavity. They suspected it was there, else they would not have repeatedly thrust a trocar into the thorax. But for the others to assume that I had tuberculosis because I had once for many months had fever of a certain type, cough, shortness of breath, emaciation, and loss of strength, and because the chest, when examined, revealed signs of "consolidation," is a fair example of the failure with which I charge physicians—that is, they are so prone to occupy themselves with the theoretical requirements of a case that they lose sight entirely of the human being and his life story.

They deny this charge, but individual experience supports the allegation, and the popularity and success of numerous therapeutic organizations and agencies outside the medical profession prove it. It is the patient who should be treated in most instances, not the disease.

Nature is able to cope with the majority of diseases that do not have their origin in the patient's ancestry. All that the physician can do is to help Nature, or at least not to handicap her, and to invoke the aid of a surgeon to remove a new growth or an organ which has already been destroyed by disease or accident.

That is all that he does when he gives antitoxin or salvarsan; that is what he does when he solicits his surgical colleague to remove an appendix which is threatening to burst, a spleen which has ruptured, or a swelling which is occluding a vital space or passage. That is what he does when he earns the reputation of saving life.

The conduct of physicians that I, as a patient, have encountered convinces me that either they do not appreciate that constituent of personality which psychologists call the affects, and which is usually called the emotions, and the importance of the role which these affects or emotions play in conditioning his destiny, well or ill, or they refuse to be taught by observation and experience. There is probably no physician who has not seen patients whose disorders have resisted his efforts restored to health by an appeal only to what is popularly called the "mind." If there is such a physician, he must have had small contact with temperamental people, and he must frequently have turned a deaf ear to dinner-table neighbors.

There is one medium in which Nature does her best work. It is fearlessness. Apprehension halts Nature, fear fetters her. We profess to believe it, but our conduct belies our profession.

I recall sending a vigorous, athletic man of fifty-six, the source of whose increasing sciatica I was endeavoring to fathom, to a well-known throat and nose specialist to get an opinion on the propriety of removing tonsils that looked fairly healthy. When the doctor got a report from the pathologist to whom the secretion pressed from the tonsils had been sent, he told the patient that his tonsils should be removed, and then added, "At your time of life, a tonsil

operation is a serious matter, just as serious as an operation for gall stones. I am going to have a vaccine made and I want you to be inoculated every five days for three weeks; then I shall operate." I was present and heard the conversation. On reaching the street, the patient said, "When I was young I was afraid to die. I don't think I am afraid now, at least not much afraid save of death from one cause. I don't want to be scared to death. If my tonsils must come out, you must find someone else to do the job."

The physician should not only thwart fear, he should engender courage. Frequently he does the reverse, not purposely, but because of obtuseness, lack of intuition, or of personal experience with disease. Intuitiveness is a very valuable asset in the practice of medicine, and personal experience with painful or protracted illness is another.

In what way could fear be more successfully engendered in an ambitious youth than to have it conveyed to him indirectly that he was the victim of tuberculosis, or in an impressionable young man than by telling him he had an uncommon display of that dread disease?

No one who inquired closely and understandingly into the life I led from the age of twenty-two to thirty-two could have failed to realize that my bodily mechanism, even though it were not handicapped, would be likely to creak and snap under the strain to which it was being subjected. Not one of the half-dozen famous men whom I consulted took into consideration the temperament of the individual, or the kind of life he was leading. None of them was interested to know that on arising at seven I would hurry to a "studio" and try valiantly for twenty minutes to get in a knock-out blow on the body of the extraordinary septuagenarian who presided there, and then submit to a rub down that would energize me for the day. Not one of them knew or cared to know that I was making every day from twenty to thirty calls, chiefly in the tenements; few, if any, of them were curious to learn that my evenings were spent writing editorials for medical journals, making extracts and summaries of foreign medical literature, getting ready the material for a book; and not one of them inquired how many dispensaries I was attending, or whether I still did obstetrical work at my soul's expense.

Had they expected me to tell them that it was my custom after a hard day's work to have my dinner on my desk, then dictate to a stenographer for two hours, follow that with an hour of correction and elaboration of the manuscript, then breathe a sigh of relief, saying, "Now for some genuine relaxation," and take the relaxation in the form of a rarebit and a draught of ale, then a long cigar and an hour with a poet or romancer, and so to bed, I should have thought it a pose and they an affectation. Their inquiry was limited to "What do you complain of?"

With two exceptions my doctors were not interested in *me*. They were interested in a morbid condition of my body which was enigmatic to them, and in a repair job of Nature the like of which they had not previously seen. They saw the pathological specimen which I presented, not the psychological problem. Because the symptoms and signs of disease did not conform to any definite type, they made an assumption prejudicial to my welfare, interruptive of my usefulness, and destructive of my happiness. Of course they may have thought that, being a physician, I knew the importance of living a hygienic life and how to do it; but my very presence should have informed them I was ignorant or culpable.

I find it easiest to forgive the young man who gave me such a distressing discharge from the Army. He was so sure of himself and he felt so sorry for me! The professor who was positive that only in Arizona could I hope to keep alive never betrayed the smallest

astonishment, when I met him now and then in later years, that I had been able to withstand New York; and so far as the diagnostic wizard was concerned, he was so absorbed with sentencing other unfortunates that he had neither time nor inclination to read about the reprieves that had been granted. They have both gone to their reward, but I forgave them long before they started.

V

Doctors are constantly trying to standardize disease. When they encounter a case that does not fit the specifications furnished by clinician or pathologist, they reject it. That is, they assume that it must belong in some other category. One of the reasons why training in psychiatry would be a valuable thing for every practitioner or specialist is that it would teach him that disease cannot be standardized, that the individual must be considered first, then the disease.

Standardization of treatment is not so bad as standardization of disease; still, it merits a vigorous protest.

Examination of patients, interpretation of symptoms, application of remedial measures are turned out like "parts" in an automobile factory. Any manufacturer or engineer who would claim that a set of automobile parts can be utilized for every make of car would be considered mad. Yet that is just what organized or department-store medicine does. Standardized treatment works a cruel hardship on the individual who happens to have a very common disease in his own very personal manner.

My observation and experience convince me that when physicians become engrossed with what is called scientific medicine they not only get divorced from the art of their profession, but they acquire a degree of contempt for it which in many instances amounts to scorn. When they do this they give a leg up to supernaturalists, they prepare a cropper for themselves, and they render the sick a profound disservice.

Our medical schools are not giving adequate consideration to the material that is being presented to them for shaping and developing: the mind of the prospective doctor. They concentrate exclusively on disease. They neglect the student who is to prevent, interpret, and combat it. It is only human nature for the man who deals daily with bodily deformities and mental shortcomings to grow superior to his world. If he happens to be a big and vigorous man himself, this sense of personal fitness in a universe of bodily failures easily breeds the arrogance, bored tolerance, facile condescension, and autocratic dogmatism with which physicians are often charged.

It would be a wise thing to devote a part of medical education to the mind of the physician himself, especially as it concerns his patients. For the glories of medical history are the humanized physicians. Science will always fall short; but compassion covereth all.

THE LAZY THIRTIES

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

GIVEN the temperament, of course, one can be a good, thorough-going sloven at any age, and the only excuse for singling out a special decade to decry as idle is that its laziness has become general and conspicuous enough to arouse irritation, sympathy, admiration, or a tangle of all three feelings. The women of the thirties have done just that; and, if I find temerity enough to generalize about them, it is not with any hope of pricking them out of their pleasant languor or crusading against their lack of full occupation, but rather to balance my own irritation against my admiration and see what comes of it. That they are annoying there can be no doubt, these women between thirty and forty and on the margins of the decade itself. They are younger than women of that age have ever been before, more confident of retaining their beauty, less burdened by housewifery, and better educated; and surely they are offered a more highly spiced and savory world than has heretofore been spread before their sex, at least. They live in what is called a speeding age and assert quite commonly that they are forced to speed with it, and yet never have there been young women who were more completely addicted to doing just what they please and in such quantity as pleases them.

They are not of the generation which founded and built up the federated clubs, but in the natural order of things they might have been expected to receive the mantle of that organization and to show a becoming gratitude for the hand-me-down garment. Instead, the mantle may flap emptily in the wind until it blows to rags before the women of the thirties will wrap it around them. They do not like its cut or fashion. They are for the most part not the women who sought or gained the vote, but they have it without effort, and before an election, state, national, or local, every possible means must be thought of to coax them to the polls that they may register their lackadaisical choice. In the generation before them women did a great deal of heavy housework or expert household organization, but they found time, with a determination which lent itself so instantly to caricature, to march gravely out of their front doors to seek lighter moments of culture. They loved their lectures and their study clubs. But this generation of lazy thirties, courted and sought by every lecture bureau and professional lecturer in existence, wants none of that kind of edification. Causes sweep by them unheeded.

I am not thinking of women of active talent, amateur or professional, nor of working women, nor of ill and invalid women, nor of those under the strain of poverty, nor even of those who make an arduous business out of social life. I am thinking of the rest. The really lazy ones are those of the middle class, under forty and yet definitely, if unwillingly, done with girlhood, whose babies have grown into school children, who are themselves good looking, healthy, and only normally harassed by financial problems. They are the young married women in the average city or large city suburb, hundreds of thousands of them, who are and will continue to be primarily

their husbands' wives. They are variously called domestic, not domestic, overdressed, dowdy, a smoking, drinking lot, and a reactionary group—which comparison means simply that they are a group made of smaller groups and that all these things are true of them. Their point in common is their inertia, their utter lack of response to the battle cries that used to get women into action. As a rule they are married, but if a stray virgin here and there finds that the cap fits her she may wear it.

It is not hard to find witnesses enough for a reasonably hot prosecution. Ask any politician about the women to whom he turns for help and support in a swift campaign. His list, depending on what caliber of politics he plays, will be made up of older women who were prominent in the suffrage fight, of well-known club women, a few society women, a "key" woman here and there who is supposed to have influence with a special group, religious or national, and for the rest, political adventuresses. There will not be on his list, in all probability, the name of a woman who has graduated from college in the last fifteen years. There will not be on it a young woman from the local social register. There will not be on it any of those domestic and suburban young women who know their suburbs and their neighbors well. Not that the politician would not like to be in touch with such women, for he knows that their groups are reservoirs of voting power which are only lightly tapped and he would be glad to know a few women who have no political axes to grind or causes up their sleeves or prejudices in their pockets. But he will tell you shortly that the young women can't be reached, that they never do any work, and he is somewhat dubious of the fact that they vote at all. Maybe you can find them in the League of Women Voters, he may add, with a faintly sardonic note. . . . Possibly.

But that is politics and there is always a good reason for keeping out of politics. A woman can still plead a fine fastidiousness which, like a Bible quotation, is hard to controvert. It is a queer throwback to the swooning, fan-waving woman who has disappeared physically altogether, this attitude of many women toward partisan politics as being too rough and ill-smelling for their tastes. An attitude only, of course, for they conceal behind it a reluctance which has nothing to do with fastidiousness and which they are unwilling or unable to define accurately. But, accepting the excuse of delicacy and turning to relief and rehabilitation work, to what is spoken of in garbled fashion as welfare work, it is interesting, because it is so futile, to search for the young women of the lazy thirties among the hundreds of agencies, hospitals, orphanages, committees for the poor and outcast, all institutions which women promoted ardently in their beginnings. The thirties are not there. All these agencies have campaigns for raising money, plans for development. They always need help and they nearly always need money. Is it young women who comb the city for funds, who act as administrators? In ninety out of a hundred cases, it is not. It is sometimes their mothers, that older generation which is still enforcedly on the job. Or else it is a heterogeneous group of not too efficient workers loosely banded together by various impulses, honest altruism, social loneliness or ostracism, boredom. But the college-bred matron, the young woman of established position, the married Junior Leaguer, the wife of the young business man, is not there. Oh, now and then, of course. But a condition cannot be refuted by an individual. When such a person is there she stands out because she is detached from her own group.

Sit in at any board of any woman's club and listen to the thirsty cry for new blood, for programs which will get the younger women interested. The clubs feel the presence of the younger women like a challenge. They feel their presence because of their marked absence. The members of these boards, many of

them pioneers in club work, are tired. So they look around them for their successors, for young women of normal blood pressure who can take up the work which has been so elaborately developed. Naturally, they instruct their nominating committees to get in new blood, and the committee searches patiently among the able young women of the town and is politely rebuffed; and offices, supposedly niches of distinction, go begging. The best of the younger women do not want the offices and will not have them. They will not take up club work, and there is a cold firmness in their refusal which is based on no shyness.

All sorts of rules and lures are tried, but when they say to me now in these directors' meetings, in political committees, in relief work organizations, as they inevitably do say, "We must get the younger women interested in this," I no longer enthusiastically agree and hope for a renaissance. I no longer even contradict the enthusiasm of others, having reached a degree of skepticism which gets no stimulation from debating the point. For I am sure that new boards of directors will be elected, new candidates run for office, new funds struggle for life, and the lazy thirties will remain quite undisturbed by efforts to get them into action.

It is even worse than that. For when they occasionally do try such activity, as of course they do individually once in a while, they tire of it quickly. Now and then one of them is snared. For the moment she wants to do something and she takes an office, manages a campaign, works hard and very intelligently for six months, a year, even two years. But then, instead of having served an apprenticeship and being willing to go on farther, instead of wanting to go up in a club hierarchy or extend her executive or benevolent powers, she is through. The novelty has worn off, the impulse has run down, and under the novelty is none of that conviction which kept the older generation at work through long years. To the young woman the responsibility is simply a deadly burden. And she shrugs it off and asks, "What's it all about anyway?"

When I am among the lazy thirties I fear that question more than any other. Coming out of an indolence which I should be able to condemn, I find that it always staggers me. Since I am a renegade or apostate lazy thirty myself, I see the others of my decade intimately. We play bridge, we talk about clothes or children or books or somebody's morals or a new shade of lupine or delphinium or a proposed dance club. Often the others profess to admire my own fervid activities. I know they lie. They would not be in my hustling boots at any price. But the lie is gracious and saves the faces of all of us. It is when they are frank and say, "What do you let yourself in for that sort of thing for?" or more frankly, "Do you honestly believe any of this political or civic or club stuff you do gets anywhere?" that I am afraid of controversy. I am not sure that I can hold up my end. For after a certain point, although they irritate me beyond measure, I have an irrepressible sympathy with their attitude.

II

Not with their pretensions. The thing that it is hardest to forgive the lazy thirties is that they never admit that they are lazy. They often admit that they are restless or bored, but their usual claim is that their days are full to the bursting point. They have husbands, children, friends, homes to look after, relatives who come to see them, vacations to go on and return from, clothes to buy, parties to give and attend. But what curious alchemy has affected woman's job that the more that is taken away from it the larger it seems to her?

The principal excuse given by the young woman is motherhood and child care. Bringing many children into the world is out of fashion, but bringing a few up very intensively is the vogue. The lazy thirties are crowded with

mothers, super-conscientious ones who read a great deal about child life, the development of the very young child, the progress of the not so young child, the proper school, the proper discipline, the intelligence quotient, the social balance and so on. These mothers are wise as to clothing and diet. To a very large extent they look after their children's welfare, and they have on the whole healthy and intelligent children who wear tasteful hygienic clothes. To be sure they have one, two or three children where their mothers multiplied such families by two and their grandmothers by four, but possibly they really have raised the intelligence quotient. It is too soon to be sure about that but we can give them the benefit of the doubt. The only point at issue is whether it needs quite so much time to pull it up, and so many classes and study groups to rear a normal child. For some of these women motherhood becomes a kind of sponge soaking up all other interests, all other abilities. They lose sight of everything but the Mother's Day carnation, and they often harass their children terribly by their anxieties, experiments, and solicitude.

The mothers must start the children right, of course; and if two or three children are born in quick succession it does mean possibly ten years of nursing and cream of wheat and carrots and caring for minor illnesses and reading aloud. Whether these things are personally done or merely supervised, they can become the most delightful and absorbing of tasks. A young woman told me recently that children really did take more time than they used to. "When you and I were children," she said, "we could play outside freely, slide down hill, catch on teams, roller skate. But our children have to be supervised every minute in out-of-door play because of the constant peril of the automobile. And another reason why children take so much more time is because of the cost of domestic service. My mother paid two maids what I pay an incompetent cook."

They have a case; no doubt of it. But even granting that the early years of motherhood are entirely absorbing, the ten years pass, the pressure of child care inevitably relaxes, and if a woman has married at the average age, her thirties are still only half gone. Child care is an excuse, which, again like the Bible quotation, is hard to refute, except with the simple fact that children do grow and school laws exist.

But the lady of the lazy thirties says that she not only has her children but her friends. Women have always had friends, to be sure, and formerly the friends were entertained much more lavishly than now, though possibly not so wisely. When guests came to stay in the last generation, they stayed for weeks instead of week-ends. The well-to-do woman now always has her club or her husband's club to take the more arduous dinners and luncheons off her hands entirely and make a kind of guest hostess out of her. If she is not so well to do, there are the French bakeries and the delicatessen shops which will co-operate with her purse and her languor. Entertaining has not only been simplified, but it has been made less personal. I have a small collection of menus of dinners, favorite menus used by the mothers of some of those in the lazy thirties to-day. The dinners were always given at home, they ran through six or eight courses, and they were beautifully individual. The recipes and even the suggestions for table decoration are attached to the menus as each hostess had worked them out herself. To-day the average plan for a home dinner for a few guests is cocktails till ready, a quick dash from soup through to a confectioner's sweet, and all the available liquor in sight. Nobody wants to eat very much nowadays, anyway.

The point is that the young married woman of to-day is bearing fewer children, carrying less household responsibility, certainly doing less physical work such as sewing and cooking, entertaining more scantily, and certainly not proving

that she is a better or more consistent wife, though she may be a more exciting one, than the women of the past generation. Yet she can find no time for the things that the older women did have time for, for responsibilities outside her home. Days have not changed in length. There must be a catch somewhere.

It is not time these women lack. That is simply the easy excuse for their inertia. They can clutter up their days with the machinery of their personal existence and the fuss of their small households and make a tremendous pother over some simple and natural psychological developments in their children and pretend they are over busy. But if the vast excitement and exhilaration and agony of wartime were to sweep over the country again, their excuses would quickly go glimmering. They would find time then for anything they wanted to do, and the more acute the need for their labor, the more time they would have. And the health and intelligence quotient of their children would not suffer. Or, if personally they should be caught in the economic wheels and have to earn their own livings, children and household notwithstanding, they would have time to do it. The proof of that is in common anecdote. Everyone knows a case of what a woman with a family can do if she must.

III

They are lazy now simply because they are not interested in the vents offered them for activity, because they do not respect those things or admire them or even trust them. And that is the point at which I begin to be extremely sympathetic. Women in industry, in spite of certain rebuffs, are continually building up their jobs to suit the expanding knowledge and appetites and capabilities in themselves. But women who fall into what is technically the leisure class, that composite of so many domestic groups, are more likely to have to take what is given them—or leave it. On the whole, they seem to prefer to leave it. They are offered the institutions built up for women of the leisure class by a group of their predecessors, who were very sober, very earnest, often exceedingly sentimental women. This generation which is sliding through the thirties is not particularly sober of taste, not so earnest, and not in the least sentimental. The last generation wanted messages, rounded phrases, compliments on womanhood, inspiring discourse, and had simple faith in their own better natures because they were women, and not men. They were what Bernard Shaw calls "managing women." This generation wants facts, physiological, psychological, or chemical, as the case may be, and is left utterly cold by messages or forward-looking discourses. They are amused by compliments and not completely respectful toward the rest of their sex. They are clear-eyed and clear-headed, and self-reliant because they must be so, having as a group lost reliance on a deity. They look on the activities which are offered and urged upon them and they are not tempted.

The most notable example, of course, is the club work, which almost invariably fails to hold the lazy thirties, at least in any numbers. The fact is that the women's clubs disappoint them. The programs seem to them bloodless, the intrigues and hierarchies footless, the objects pompous, the institution without humor. It is quite true that the average program of the average woman's club is a pretty thin affair. Little speeches crowded into neat hours, beginning with greetings and ending with generalizations broad enough to cover land and sea, and ever, maddeningly ever, hopeful. Study classes with ill-assorted and heterogeneous minds jerking the discussion every which way. Committee meetings struggling not to hurt anyone's feelings or interfere with any other committee. And then more speeches by professional lecturers who have been so warned not to offend and not to become

too heavy and not to talk too long that their talks have become dull and often infantile.

I heard recently a notable professor of psychology at a club meeting, though to do so I broke a vow that I would listen to no more lectures. His talk was worse than worthless. With a certain ineradicable charm, he spent an hour making jokes and not very good jokes at that, racing through a cheap talk good enough for a jumbled mass of clubwomen, he doubtless thought. But he was wrong. Dozens of them besides myself were affronted at being given a lecture which he certainly would not have offered the freshmen in his university, and those same dozens were more than ever disappointed in a club which would allow itself to be the target for such a talk. That was one instance only, but it can be multiplied by seventy-five per cent of all the lectures I have ever heard at club meetings, many of them given by celebrities who have earned sufficient reputation to demand enormous fees. Most of them as talkers are not worth their railway fare. But it is a tradition in the woman's club that the thing to do is to sit and be lectured to every now and then. So the lecturers get richer and the lazy thirties get lazier. For they will no longer endure the lectures.

That is only one branch of club work, but it is illustrative of what keeps many young people out of them. The departmental club, brought to its zenith in the last ten years, has been a tremendous force in the lives of thousands of women. It has brought the timid and the middle-aged out of their homes, taught them the trick of organization, given them companionship, coached them in parliamentary law of a rudimentary sort. Those things may justify its vast machinery more than its actual impress on public opinion and action, although that too has been weighty. But it is none the less a fact that the departmental club, with its niches for drama, for literature, for art, for civics, does not strike the fancy of the rather sophisticated young matron of to-day. She wants stronger meat, sweeter, closer to the bone of life perhaps. She wants something more amusing and less academic. She finds these clubs thoroughly formed and rather set in their ways. The older women will gladly make a place for her if she will sit in it in their image and likeness. But this is exactly what she will not do.

The small jealousies, the intrigues, the club politics exhaust her, too. Women, whatever they are doing to themselves in other ways, are certainly growing much less petty. Club gossip is very small-minded, and the woman of the lazy thirties likes her gossip racy but not malignant. The quarrels in the clubs are minor and invariably over trifles, and while she enjoys a fight she does like to have something to fight about. The struggles over personal ambition are not interesting to her. She can find those in social life and play them for larger stakes. I know at least half a dozen women who founded and led the best and most vigorous clubs in their communities who cannot get their married daughters to serve as committee members. The answer is, of course, that while the clubs want new blood they do not want new clubs, and the temper of the old club is not suited to the modern young woman. That is not a controversial statement but a rather dreary conviction.

IV

But, if she does not want to do club work she can go into politics. Here two avenues are open to her. She can go into the League of Women Voters or into practical party politics. In the League she will find plenty to learn and she will be surrounded by exceedingly intelligent women with steady keen judgment who work together amazingly well. Here there is meat if she is looking for it, rather an exclusive meat diet, in fact, with very little political exercise to help her digest it. Often it does not agree with her. The League, if it is

brilliantly launched in a community, and well sponsored, probably holds a larger per cent of the lazy thirties than any other organization. But it is none the less a small per cent, and the League knows well enough that its big fight ahead is to get enough of the thirties into the field to keep the pot boiling after the splendid pioneers who came to it from the battle for suffrage have gone. Perhaps they can do it. But the staunchness of that earlier group is not among the younger ones. They come but they go, too. They are not God-driven as the founders of the federated clubs were, or as suffrage promoters were. They are stripped of purpose and only eager for stimulation.

Sometimes they do seek the stimulation in practical politics, but that is apt to be a blind alley. The woman of the thirties might insist on being admitted into politics, not on the old theory that she was to clean them up, but on a new one, that she is to learn to steer and control. Being a moral scavenger is no longer popular among young women but they like human contacts, and politics is little more than a skillful arrangement of these. The difficulty is that the lady of the lazy thirties cannot take much punishment, she does not stand up under political attack, abuse, and calumny. Again she lacks the resistance of her mother's generation.

There is left that ancient resource of women—charity, and its modern child, social service. When passion and love grew pale women of all times have diverted their emotions into those channels, often with infinite grace. I do not know why it is so much less frequent among women to-day. There is surely a great deal of suffering still in the world, and as long as human beings remain human there will be a pleasure in its alleviation. But this skeptical and idle decade does not take its pleasure so. They may try, and be temporarily interested. But here, too, the effort is rarely sustained. They grow critical. They find too much sentimentality in one branch of relief work and too much machinery in another. And in any of these things they attempt they grow actually very tired after a little effort. Again, they lack staunchness and devotion to a purpose. Possibly their capabilities have shrunken from disuse, exactly as a stomach shrinks on a diet.

So after their ventures they usually go back home, or perhaps they look at others venturing and do not stir from home at all. They are technically home women but have not the devotion of their mothers and grandmothers who so enjoyed offering themselves on the home altar. The lazy thirties consider a home as a form of self-expression, just as all life is to them a form of self-expression, even their child-bearing. They have come to the conclusion that is about all there is to living. I think sometimes that they are the most disillusioned group of women in the world, for disillusion has come to them so young, and in the midst of their happiness. As a rule they are reasonably chaste young women, whose love affairs of importance antedate their marriage. Aften ten years of marriage many of them have become even more handsome, with a kind of sterile beauty that has no mystery and little charm. They keep their figures. They play bridge and golf, adequately. Many of them read extensively and usually for stimulation and excitement, so that there come into their lives accounts of debauches, or perversions, crimes, and horrors. Such reading they are quite able to digest without disturbance.

The important things in their lives are the financial and social hierarchies. These things are as tangible to them as clubs and causes are not. They are very skillful and very valuable to their husbands because they are so intelligent about the relationships between business and social life. It is not that they are coarse or climbing, for they are not. They are very amusing and amused about the way they move the pawns, and they know exactly what they are doing.

Nothing excites them very much or disturbs them very much as they stir around in their small circles, except that they hate getting old. For getting old to them means no upgrade into dignity or wisdom or power. It means that they are slipping. Nothing else.

V

When I admire them, in spite of my irritation at their perverse laziness, it is because of that broad streak of disillusion which runs through the lot of them. It is nothing so obvious as cynicism, and they wear no sneer. They do not talk of being disillusioned. They do not consciously feel that they are. They are young wives and happy mothers and often beautiful women, and they assert that they are busy women. And yet, with all that fine effect, they are in reality women without illusions, without any of the cushions of sentiment that women have been lying on so long. They lie on a hard bed and they know pretty well what is coming to them. They are enjoying their thirties deliberately, for they live in the shadow of the forties and the fifties, and to them the approaching decades are real shadows. They have built their lives on health and beauty and vitality, and those things dwindle as they go along. Youth without illusion has more resources than age without illusion, and that they are aware of, too.

The pity is that the lazy thirties do become the discontented forties and the incapable fifties. If a woman, even a mother, does not build resources in the thirties, in the forties her children are in boarding school or high school, and she is restlessly seeking a part-time job or going faster and faster on her whirligig of personal enjoyment and enjoying it less and less. In the fifties she may be dependent on the beauty parlor and the movies. For a home, even the most charming one, is only four walls. That is what the older clubwomen found out and it drove them to build their clubs and listen to message after message. It was the imprisoning quality of those same four walls that made women brood over suffrage and get it, that made them go out and in hundreds of little ways try to improve the habits of the world. But they were women of great hope and faith and endurance, and the young women of to-day have little hope and consider faith sentimental. They cannot be contented in the same way, and it is idle for the older women to try to berate or coax them into the old paths. One might as well suggest high shoes with laces.

If anything can be done to give the thirties that rebirth of energy and interest that comes now only in times of calamity and crisis, to build up their energies before they fritter them away in half a woman's job, it must be done by building on that streak of disillusion in them to which they refer all things for a test. It is, I believe, the most substantial quality in them and possibly the modern form of honesty. If they are lazy, it is because they prefer to choose their own futilities instead of working out those of other people. If a matter is important, they must be shown that it is. And if the clubs want them and the politicians want them and the charities want them, they must present forms of expression suited to the temperament of the present thirties, and I fancy that these forms of expression must be presented without compliments or exhortation.

Possibly the lazy thirties will never find a place in the departmental club, riddled with professional lecturers, honeycombed by intrigue. But the thirties need work. They need work to harden them up, to get them again on a normal diet of activities which will extend their energies. That is the chance for both politics and relief work. It has been my experience that in either of these fields a good, hard, definite, single job can be turned over to a young woman suited to it, and that she will not only do it, but visibly strengthen in

doing it. I have seen one of them go into a battle over a county commissionership, develop the most remarkable political acumen, and do valuable work in securing better roads and greater honesty in spending county money. She respected herself for having been valuable. The trick now is either to find her more work or keep her interested to the point where she will find work for herself. I have seen fashionable young women, not suspected of being good mixers, come into campaigns for raising money and work side by side with all kinds of other women until they got the money. The young woman can work. But she is intelligent, and if she is going to waste time she prefers to waste it on herself instead of wasting it on some fraudulent impersonal object. It has to be a real piece of work before it can hold her.

How all this energy can be saved I do not know. Possibly it cannot be. Possibly there are not enough real jobs for women of leisure to go around. Possibly there is no way to sort out the jobs and the women they fit. The women themselves should help, but they may not. They should have a certain patience, should learn to take punishment, to be less quickly intolerant of machinery.

But in any case, if they are not going to manufacture their energy and ability into a stock product like relief work or politics or a woman's organization of any kind, that is all right, too, if only they will be honest about their laziness. For that is the bad flaw in their own clear judgment, the place where they trip themselves up, the reason why they are basically dissatisfied with themselves and grow melancholy in the forties. They will not admit their laziness, and yet it stays with them, a careless sloven; whereas if they looked at it for what it is, decided to acknowledge it, brushed its hair, and smoothed its dress, it might become self-respecting leisure. I have no quarrel with the woman of conscious leisure. I respect her thoroughly whether she is married or not, bears children or not. I envy her more than I do genius. She knows where she is going, or rather, she knows where she is staying. But though the lazy thirties have thrown off most of the silly shams which were passed on to them, they have yet to differentiate between laziness and leisure. That is why they are not yet in full control of their lives, why their attitude on the whole is a negative instead of an affirmative.

For if the clubs are futile and the politics get nowhere, and if a disillusioned age has found that charity has a great many more attributes than are mentioned in the thirteenth chapter of Corinthians, if being a delightful person is the most a woman can do with her time, why not admit it frankly instead of camouflaging a pleasant and idle life with a pretence of vast activity, or hiding behind the children's rompers or the responsibility of table service or anything else? Leisure is good for women, and if they are of the temperament to enjoy it, let them have it. Hard work is good and necessary for some women, and there is still and will be for a long time plenty of interesting non-professional work for women to do, if they have the ability and temperament. But the air needs more clearing. No one should have to apologize for not flying into what is really voluntary work. No one should become absurd for going into it. But if one stays out it should be because one openly prefers leisure. Leisure and laziness have nothing in common. Laziness breeds discontent and cripples energies. Leisure breeds humor, of which we need much, and beauty, of which we need more, and philosophy, of which we need most. The thirties, if they are wise—and on the whole they are both wise and clever—will come to the point of choosing between the two. Destroy their laziness and preserve their leisure, and the thirties will be the incomparable decade.

It sounds distressingly like a message.

THE CUT OF THE JIB

BY H. G. DWIGHT

"IS THIS a literary club?" asked my Italian friend, after a brief inspection of the books.

Having done what I could for his American education by taking him to a ball game, and to an exceptionally ear-racking one, I had brought him to the club library to recuperate. It was the quietest place I could think of. Not because anybody pays the slightest attention to the placards decorated with the capitals S, I, L, E, N, C, E, but because nobody goes there except for a nap.

"This is Washington, you know, not London," observed the glum-looking man.

Being busy over his pipe, he let it go at that. And just then I heard a sound from one of the alcoves. A capacious armchair stood there, presenting to us an unsociable back, above which gleamed a noble dome of pink marble. As I studied this structure, which appeared to be more Byzantine than Renaissance but which at the moment I could not otherwise identify, the upper edge of a *Wall Street Journal* rose into view behind it.

"At any rate, it looks very English," said the member of the Italian Parliament, repeating his curious comment on the ball game. His expressive hand, I noted after an instant of surprise, was indicating not the noble dome but the dark tables and bookcases, the brown-leather chairs, the dull-red hangings, the park trees visible between them.

"Sh-sh!" uttered the glum-looking man. "It isn't safe to say such things over here, under the very beak of the American eagle."

"That is to say, very comfortable and not too splendid, like some other clubs I have seen," amended the Italian with a smile. He paused. "Then you are not English, perhaps—or Anglo-American, I mean?" he added, examining the none too Nordic features of the glum-looking man.

"Horrors, no! And if you want to go home alive, I'd advise you to cut that word out of your dictionary." He inspected his pipe. "You see it's like this. It's all right for there to be Italian-Americans, Irish-Americans, German-Americans, Greek-Americans, Afro-Americans, and what not. It's all right for Fascists and anti-Fascists, Karolyists and anti-Karolyists, Bolshevists and anti-Bolshevists, Zionists and anti-Zionists to play their games in our yard. It's even all right for one kind of American to be the head of the Independence Party of Syria, or for another kind of American to run Albania, or for a third kind of American to take Armenia under his high protection. It's permissible, too, to mention the English language, though it's getting out of date. But it's all wrong to speak of an Anglo-American. There's no such animal. And as for referring to England otherwise than with contempt, it simply isn't done. If, through some youthful indiscretion of an ancestor, you are so unfortunate as to have an English skeleton in your closet, that is a secret you must carry to the grave. Strictly among ourselves, however, I can't deny that my own family does happen to be of English origin." Another sound from the alcove. "What is worse, during the

three hundred years we have lived on this side of the Atlantic, only one of my grandfathers ever married a wife who was not also of English origin—and she came from Ireland."

"Then," exclaimed the Italian, "you must be what I have read— What do they call it? One hundred per cent."

"My God, no!" protested the glum-looking man again. "One Irish great grandmother doesn't put me in that class. To be a chemically pure hundred-percenter you must have not a drop of English blood in your veins. And if you speak English less fluently than you do some other language, so much the better."

This time there was so great a commotion in the alcove, where the armchair jerked part way around, that I wondered whether curiosity or displeasure had begun to stir beneath the noble dome. At any rate I recognized, and hazarded a placating wink at, the gentleman whose slumbers we had so rudely disturbed. But it was the Italian Deputy who took the floor.

"I walk among eggshells!" he said. "Will it be safe for me, I wonder, to make an observation? In Europe, you know, we used to think of America as a province of England. To our inexpert eyes there seemed to be little difference between you—except that you have more *brio*. If an Englishman in a train did not speak, he was an Englishman. If he did, he was an American! Then we began to hear that a good many people who were not English had gone to America. From our country so many went, and did not come back, that we began to think about it. And in our simplicity we supposed—how shall I say?—we supposed that if a chemist puts together two or more elements the result will be a new compound—and perhaps an explosion! We supposed, rather, that if a painter mixes two colors the result will be a shade different from either. Whereas, I seldom see any such result. What happens does not even seem to be like your famous cocktails—impossible to divine how you make them! It is more like a French *pousse-café*, in which each liqueur keeps its own color and flavor and level. I know, for example, that there are several million Italians in this country. And I know where to find them. But in the circles into which my interests oftenest lead me I hear nothing but English. It is very rare if I come across so much as an Italian name. How is that?"

"Perhaps you haven't been here long enough," suggested the glum-looking man. "And perhaps the experiment isn't finished yet, or may not be the kind of experiment you thought. In these days, you know, we hear a good deal about rays, and their effect on the composition of matter. But I can at least tell you this. One of my greatest cronies has a German name and his father was born in Germany. Another was himself born in Russia. Another has an Italian mother. That doesn't keep any of them from being as good Americans as anybody. Come again in two hundred years and see what you find."

"*Magari!* But in the meantime may I ask, very softly, how it happens, if there are no Anglo-Americans and if England is not to be spoken of except behind the hand, that you have an immigration law which is more favorable to the English than to anyone else?"

II

The Deputy's quick dark eyes took us both in. And it may be that each of us waited for the other. At all events, the man with a noble dome, issuing from his alcove in search of matches, was the first to find an answer:

"For no better reason than that a Frenchman got up a theory of the superiority of the Nordic races, which one or two Germans amplified and one or two Americans have adopted with immense enthusiasm." He lighted his cigar. "But there is great dissatisfaction with the law," he went on, seating himself on the edge of the nearest table, "and it is probable that we shall soon

see radical changes in it. For instance, I notice that the mortgage bankers recommend an immediate increase of six per cent in the immigration quotas, in aid of that portion of our population which has profited least by the present wave of prosperity. The law has cut down the supply of farm hands and has driven up their wages."

"And Americans won't work," threw in the glum-looking man. "We prefer to live by our wits."

"I notice also," pursued the man with a noble dome, his bass growing more impressive, "that Mr. Roger Babson, one of our chief authorities on economic questions, likewise recommends more liberal quotas, for the improvement alike of industrial conditions and of our native stock through the infusion of new blood. I believe that Judge Gary and other large manufacturers take the same broad-minded view. I further notice with pleasure that, in accordance with a recent ruling of the immigration officials, religious refugees are henceforth to be admitted without undergoing the literacy test. And the movement to admit outside the quota not only the relatives of American citizens but the immediate families of immigrants who have declared their intention of becoming citizens, is another step in the right direction."

"All of which Labor will doubtless take care of!" contributed the glum-looking man.

The Italian considered the two of them reflectively.

"It is a difficult and delicate question," he said, "but one to which certain other countries cannot quite be indifferent."

"So Baron Goto of Japan told a journalist in Berlin," remarked the glum-looking man. "If the papers are to be believed, as I fear is not always the case, he said that 'we deny to the United States, which grew up through immigration, the right to forbid immigration into its territory.'"

"Ah, I shall try to be more diplomatic!" smilingly rejoined the Italian. "Otherwise you might very justly deny me the right to do what I choose in my own country! Still, you will not mind, I hope, if I defend Baron Goto to the degree of pointing out what it must mean to an ancient, proud, and intelligent people, assured of a great destiny, to be told that its nationals are not considered worthy of admission to a country which has large red and black populations and into which Caribbean negroes are admitted."

"That is not exactly what we told them, but I am ready to agree that Congress is not at its happiest when it undertakes to run foreign affairs. The Japanese end of that business could have been handled more gracefully. I also agree that it is absurd to admit West Indians and Western Asiatics but to exclude East Indians and Eastern Asiatics. It would have been better to prohibit immigration altogether."

The Italian hesitated a moment.

"You are for the grand methods, I see! But that would have presented another situation. And in the actual situation there is more than one factor which might impress different persons in different ways. For example, you are one of those mysterious beings whom it is forbidden to describe as Anglo-Americans, and you have a friend who is a Russo-American; but it is not forbidden either of you, I take it, to express your views. Is it not conceivable that your friend's feelings toward Russia might be less detached than your own? On the other hand, there are several foreign states which have gained the right to feel that America has more than one mother country, since they have contributed, through their sons, to her greatness. Moreover, they know it is not because you lack room that this law has been passed. Wherever I go I am struck by that—the emptiness of the land, even at the door of New York, its look of unfamiliarity with the hand of man. You still have room for millions, while for our millions some of us have not an inch left."

"True enough," the glum-looking man noncommittally agreed.

"Now then. A state, like an individual, has certain liberties with which no one has the right to interfere. Among the first of them are matters of taste and inclination. And it does not accord with the dignity either of a state or of an individual to make a public outcry when he discovers that another is preferred to himself. Nevertheless, as civilization advances we perceive that the borders of liberty grow painfully narrow. We even have to keep our likes and dislikes within certain limits, in order to encourage our neighbor to restrain his own! Otherwise it is only too easy to set in motion, whether in good company or in the domain of international affairs, one of those currents of imponderables which have sometimes ended by changing the course of history."

I was curious to hear what more he would say and how he would put it; but the man with a noble dome butted in:

"Never fear! The question is by no means closed. Not all of us are such weathercocks as to fight your battles and then turn around and slap your face. If the Immigration Act has not been pronounced unconstitutional, it is none the less contrary to the spirit of our institutions and fundamentally un-American."

The glum-looking man tapped his pipe emphatically on his heel.

"Ah, Mr. Deputy!" he ejaculated. "There is a word which is perfectly safe to use! The most popular word in our language! A salutary, an invaluable word, after which no other may be spoken without calling in question the patriotism of the speaker! 'Un-American!' Would you know what it means? Nothing more crystal-clear! It is the antithesis of 'American,' an adjective describing hundred percenters and non-hundred percenters, ladies who swim the Channel one day and ladies who swim the Channel the next day, gentlemen eligible to sit in the White House and gentlemen eligible to be leaders of the Independence Party of Syria. You have but to focus in your mind's eye the opposite of that—a feat which philologists have latterly been aiding us to perform. Thus it appears that 'American' further describes a hitherto unrecorded variant of the human species, incapable of the higher fruits of civilization but insatiable in decking his lair with the piled-up loot of the ages. There he wallows in stolen gold, which he throws away with one hand and clutches to his heart with the other. His diet is of the simplest, consisting of scrupulously weighed pounds of flesh, washed down with copious drafts of bootleg alcohol. To put it in a nutshell, he is at once a savage and a Sybarite, a Puritan and an Apache, a Shylock and a Don Quixote, a fabulous tipster and an enraged enemy of the vine, who unites the ingenuousness of a child with the diabolical cunning of a Levantine banker. So does it not follow as the night the day what 'un-American' must mean? But of whom do I ask it? A fellow-countryman of your own, that protean personage who began life as Gaetano Rapagnetta and is ending it as the Prince of Monte Nevoso, long ago pointed the way to a true understanding of this limpid adjective by speaking of *le razze imbastardite d'America.* For D'Annunzio, that is, the American is a mongrel European with a strain of copper, a stripe of black, and a streak of yellow. In a word, his markings are as variegated as would be those of a kennel of bulldogs into which should stray three Irish terriers, a pair of dachshunds, an Airedale or two, a Sealyham, a Great Dane, a spaniel, a French poodle, an Italian greyhound, a Russian wolfhound, a Belgian police-dog, a pug, a Pekingese, a mastiff, and what not. On the whole does it not strike you, *Onorevole,* that our word 'un-American' has the delicate precision of a cameo?"

Again the man with a noble dome hastened into the breach.

"You illustrate my contention very graphically," he said with high seriousness. "From a strictly racial viewpoint the only true American is the

Indian. But, in its essence, what has Americanism to do with race? We are making here a great human and political experiment, not a chemical or biological one—carried on by men and women who may be totally unrelated in blood but who are kin in spirit. What is America if not an ideal, an opportunity, a refuge for the oppressed, a rallying ground for those who believe in the right and ability of the average man to govern himself, who are eager to be rid of old inhibitions and worn-out shibboleths, who seek freedom and justice and peace? From the beginning of our history we have drawn them from every race. Would you dare to tell me that Du Pont de Nemours or Carl Schurz or Theodore Roosevelt were not better Americans than many a descendant of the *Mayflower?* Or is it reasonable to insist on a racial aristocracy when the very tongue we speak has undergone such radical changes that the inventors of it can scarcely understand us or we them? We shall doubtless end by evolving a language as different from English as the Romance languages are from Latin. That is why the Immigration Act is un-American. It goes against all our past by denying to certain races what is confined to no race, and by tacitly or openly claiming superiority for the Nordics in general and for the Anglo-Saxons in particular. That is not the America the Fathers shed their blood to found. The real, the American, solution of the problem is to make intelligence and personal worth the test of admission to this country."

"Whew!" let out the glum-looking man. "That's some program! And I'd hate to be on the examining board!"

"Have you a better program?" demanded, with some majesty, the man with a noble dome.

"I have one, as I mentioned a few minutes ago, which is more workable and less open to charges of discrimination: namely to stop immigration altogether —say for a hundred years. And on top of that I would amend the naturalization law by lengthening the preliminary term of residence to twenty-five years. However, we already have a program, which is neither yours nor mine. Nor is it based, tacitly, openly, or in any other way, on the theory of Nordic superiority. I don't believe in this Nordic stuff any more than you do. I have too much respect for the Mediterranean and for Asia. When it isn't mere amateur biologizing, it's only a ruse to raise the dust in front of the real issue. But if I get tired of living in an apartment house, or if it appears to me that I am enjoying too much of the society of my mother-in-law, who has a perfectly good house of her own, does it necessarily follow that I consider myself cleverer, handsomer, more virtuous, and a more talented conversationalist than my mother-in-law or the man overhead? Of course not!

"The simple fact of the matter is that we had overloaded our famous melting-pot to a point where it wouldn't melt. It had got to the point where whole quarters of cities and whole districts of states were packed full of people who didn't know a word of English. It had got to the point where too many of them looked at naturalization as a temporary convenience, enabling them to go and jingle dollars or become leaders of independence parties in some other country. It had got to the point where we couldn't teach our own history to our own children without fear of upsetting the man overhead. It had even got to the point where a man like you can get up and tell me that the only true American is an Indian or some soppy kind of cosmopolitan who is neither fish nor flesh. It might easily have got to the point of which Asia Minor is an example —into which some obscure people called Turks began to immigrate in the eighth or ninth century, and in the fourteenth or fifteenth turned around and took possession of it. So, rather late in the day, we have come to our senses and have decided not to leave our front door wide open all night. We have also decided that we stand a better chance of

becoming homogeneous again if we let in only those whose blood and traditions are nearest our own. That doesn't mean that we consider ourselves better than people whose blood and traditions are different from our own."

III

"Six of one and half a dozen of the other!" commented the man with a noble dome. "You have no race prejudice, but you have a prejudice in favor of your own race!"

"Who hasn't?" the glum-looking man rejoined blandly. "I see nothing unnatural or blameworthy in that. In fact I must confess that I see nothing shameful at the root of those racial antagonisms which so easily break out in shameful ways. On the contrary, it seems to me abnormal for different races to feel a strong attraction for one another. Intelligence and personal worth are all very well; but our impulses to invite people to dine with us or to marry us aren't governed by those alone. How should it be otherwise? These things run back to our most primitive instincts. I grant you that modern man no longer depends entirely on his nose to choose his friends or his mate. Nevertheless, we all have, consciously or unconsciously, inherited standards of how we like people to look or to behave. For instance, there are certain colors of skin and hair and eyes which in my own inward mind I prefer to others —certain facial angles, certain figures, certain accents, certain ways of taking life. In short, there is a cut of the jib which attracts me more than any other, and which is commonest in this country and in the British Empire. What can I do? I am made like that. And a good many other people are made like that—including those whose taste in jibs doesn't happen to coincide with mine. It doesn't surprise or enrage me to hear that the odors which you and I emit are nauseating to Africans and Mongolians, or that they are repelled by our blanched faces, our staring eyes, our barbaric manners. It seems to me quite natural.

"Those deep-lying attractions and repulsions are what have made species and races and nations. They are what in Athens, a long time ago, and not so long ago in the Italian cities, flowered in what all the world now goes to see. Intelligence and personal worth no doubt had much to do with it, but so did the fact that the people in those cities spoke the same language, liked the cut of one another's jib, were intensely proud of and jealous for their own clan. They weren't very famous, of course, for their success in getting on with their neighbors; but I think we are beginning to get it through our heads that it is quite possible to get on with our neighbors—if they stay in their place and we stay in ours. So far as this country is concerned, however, what chance have we of achieving anything like the individuality of those old city-states, or of countries like the ones from which we came? We may in time, but at present we are the classical example of a split personality—and of one split not only in two. Even if we manage not to fly at one another's throats, it doesn't make for peace or happiness or greatness to be forever gulping down an inclination to do so. It can make for nothing but misunderstandings, smothered resentments, all manner of unnecessary difficulties. I am convinced, too, that it has a good deal to do with the lawlessness for which we now enjoy so brilliant a reputation. You feel considerably less compunction about letting fly with your automatic if you are reasonably certain of hitting somebody the cut of whose jib you don't happen to like!"

"Speak for yourself!" retorted the man with a noble dome. "I have no such squeamishness with regard to the cut of my neighbor's jib. Or I have never noticed that it ran on racial lines. If I now or then have an impulse to let fly with my automatic, it is likeliest to be among my own people! And judging

from the number of international marriages that take place, I should say that racial antipathy is less common than you imagine. I wonder what the Fathers would have thought of your interpretation of their principles! It seems to me I have heard that they felt no particular reluctance in cutting loose from their own race or in welcoming men of other races to their shores."

"The Fathers!" repeated the glum-looking man. "That, *Onorevole*, is another safe, in fact a sacred word, not to be pronounced without a tear in the voice and a roll of the eye." He shrugged his aggravating shoulders. "They were remarkable men who took remarkable chances and got away with it. But, being human, they could not possibly tell how their 'principles' would work out. Some of them have worked out very queerly—of which their idea about naturalization is an excellent example. They seem to have regarded it as a sort of miracle of Cana, which in five years would turn the most hardened foreigner into an American of purest ray serene. Perhaps it did in those days, when an immigrant really had to cut himself off from his own country—when it took him a month or two to cross the ocean in a sailing vessel with room for half a dozen passengers, and he began speaking English the day he landed or kept his mouth shut. They could not possibly foresee a ship like the *Leviathan*, capable of depositing the kindred in spirit at your door at the rate of ten or twenty thousand a month. They could not possibly foresee that your land of freedom and opportunity was to fall into the hands of the get-rich-quick man—who would speak of new blood and the oppressed of the earth with his tongue in his cheek, meaning plenty of raw labor and no monkeying with a tariff that farmers sometimes get restive about. They could not possibly foresee that your great human and political experiment was to create a mass of undigested foreign colonies where a newcomer need never change his tongue or his habits."

IV

Here my Italian friend, who had been listening intently to this dialogue, at last succeeded in getting in a word of his own.

"What you say interests me greatly," he remarked, "for the light it throws on the psychology of the question. We Europeans are the first to appreciate how deeply are rooted in our natures these sentiments of race! Your friend, however, is not the first to suggest in my hearing that the English language has altered considerably in America, while you yourself suggest not only that England continues to be regarded with little sympathy but that the conditions which presided over the foundation of the republic no longer exist. The world has grown infinitely smaller, communications have reached a development undreamed of by Washington, and your population is far more diverse. The various elements dwell together in admirable harmony, it is true, but it has become difficult if not impossible to insulate all of them from European currents. Now a European, observing this phenomenon, and knowing that the Anglo-Saxon element was under no compulsion to abdicate the unquestioned numerical superiority it once enjoyed, cannot help asking himself a question. What if one or more of these other elements should in the end prefer not to abandon their mother tongue? Would the Anglo-Saxon element, as one among several, still consider that it has superior rights in the matter?"

"Who has a better right?" inquired the glum-looking man. "This country was made by Englishmen. For one hundred and sixty-nine years, longer than there has been an American republic, this was an English colony and our history was a part of English history. Washington and seven other presidents who followed him were English-born. Their people came from England, they had English names, they spoke the English language, they read

English books, they governed themselves by English law, they built English houses and filled them with English furniture, they had English ways and tastes and manners and traditions. Of course they fought the English tooth and nail, but they set on these States a stamp which no Indian had set and no other European—though Swedes and Dutchmen and Frenchmen and Spaniards all had a try at it. And of course neither a Fourth of July orator nor an Oxford Don would call it English; but where did it come from? Don't be deceived by the lightness with which we take the English, or they us. We are not the kind to go about with our arms around each other's necks, and one of our chief amusements is to make game of each other. We both understand very well, however, that we have more in common than any two countries in Europe. Don't let yourself be deceived, either, by your Fascists in New York, or by Irish or German or any other kind of grumblings. They didn't come here to be Englishmen, naturally, but neither did they come here to be Europeans of any sort. Otherwise they would have gone somewhere else. They came here to be Americans—to speak English as we speak it, to play ball and politics as we play them, to pursue happiness as we pursue it, on wheels, to join every imaginable kind of organization as we have a passion for doing, to save minutes and waste hours in our own inimitable way, to acquire the cut of our jib. We didn't compel them to come. They came of their own accord: not on a pleasure tour or a business trip or a scouting expedition, but to be one of us, on the perfectly clear understanding that that meant giving up a lot of things which men do not willingly give up. And if they find they can't give them up, all they have to do is to go back, as freely as they came. There isn't a particle of uncertainty on that point. So when you go back to Italy you can explain to His Excellency Signor Mussolini that the period of colonization on the American continent has ended. If he needs to find room for his surplus vine-growers, but wants to keep a string tied to them, it's no use sending them here. We think too highly of them. I myself think so highly of them that I have lived five years in Italy, whereas in all my life I have spent less than a month in England! Moreover, so intelligent a man as the Duce should not allow himself to be led astray by the superficial similarity between certain European countries containing mixed populations and the United States in its present transitory phase. There is no *Italia irredenta* in America—even though there be more Italians in New York than in Rome."

I began to feel rather uneasy. When that glum-looking man gets started there's no heading him off.

"What good Americans we can make, you saw at that ball game this afternoon," I said to the Italian. "I don't suppose the fathers of half of them were born in this country. But that's one thing, at any rate, which we didn't bring over from England!"

"I should say not!" chimed in the man with a noble dome. "I don't know whether our eloquent friend is a good enough American to have read Richter's *History of Baseball;* but the game and the name were both invented in this country, by an American general named Abner Doubleday, during the presidency of another American named Abraham Lincoln—neither of whom was born a British subject."

"Although they had excellent English names," added the glum-looking man. He then went over to one of the bookcases, ran his eye along a shelf, took down a volume, turned over a few pages, and said, "I must confess that I never read Richter's *History of Baseball.* I have here a book, however, which was published some time before the day of Lincoln and his generals—which as a matter of fact was written one year after Washington ceased to be president. And in the first chapter I find this:

"'Mrs. Morland was a very good woman, and wished to see her children everything they ought to be: but her time was so much occupied in lying-in and teaching the little ones, that her elder daughters were inevitably left to shift for themselves; and it was not very wonderful that Catherine, who had by nature nothing heroic about her, should prefer cricket, base ball, riding on horse—'"

"Go on!" interrupted the man with a noble dome. "Where do you get that stuff?"

"Out of a work entitled *Northanger Abbey*," replied the glum-looking man—"by that celebrated English sporting writer, Jane Austen."

FORGIVEN

BY A. A. MILNE

I FOUND a little beetle, so that Beetle was his name,
And I called him Alexander and he answered just the same.
I put him in a match-box, and I kept him all the day . . .
And Nanny let my beetle out, and Beetle ran away!

She said she didn't mean it, and I never said she did;
She said she wanted matches and she just took off the lid;
She said that she was sorry, but it's difficult to catch
An excited sort of beetle you've mistaken for a match.

She said that she was sorry, and I really mustn't mind,
As there's lots and lots of beetles which she's certain we could find
If we looked about the garden for the holes where beetles hid—
And we'd get another match-box and write BEETLE on the lid.

We went to all the places which a beetle might be near,
And we made the sort of noises which a beetle likes to hear . . .
And I saw a kind of something and I gave a sort of shout:
"A beetle-house and Alexander Beetle coming out!"

It was Alexander Beetle I'm as certain as can be;
And he had a sort of look as if he thought it must be Me,
And he had a sort of look as if he thought he ought to say:
"I'm very, very sorry that I tried to run away."

And Nanny's very sorry too for you-know-what-she-did,
And she's writing ALEXANDER very blackly on the lid.
So Nan and Me are friends, because it's difficult to catch
An excited Alexander you've mistaken for a match.

PLEASED TO MEET YOU

A STORY IN THREE PARTS—PART III

BY CHRISTOPHER MORLEY

XIII

The summer moon poured on Farniente its soft endearing lunacy. The terrace, where Nyla and the Colonel were sitting out this dance, was a milky twilight; from the ballroom came the sweet innuendo of the latest Viennese waltz.

"I wish they wouldn't play such emotional tunes," he remarked. "It makes the roots grow so quickly."

"Beautiful, beautiful world!" exclaimed Nyla happily. "It doesn't make me feel like roots. It makes me feel like escaping into that magic paleness, going farther and farther—on and on and on. Doesn't moonlight make you feel like that, Gene; almost as though something was after you?"

"I know the feeling," said the Colonel. He played the tune again on his mouth organ, retarding it in an absent thoughtful fashion. "Speaking of traveling and all that sort of thing, I've got some important papers to get off to the League. Confidential reports, you know. I ought to let them know that the republic has been successfully inaugurated. What I mean is, I suppose there's a late train that I could send them on?"

"There's the two o'clock. That connects with the sleepings at Laibach. I know, because daddy had to take it once when they summoned him to Geneva. Gene, you're so conscientious. Couldn't your work wait till to-morrow?"

"Oh, well, perhaps it could," admitted the Colonel tenderly. "But the last thing—one of the last things—Ramsay MacDonald said to me was, 'Get your reports in promptly.'"

"Please forgive me," she said, conscience-stricken. "I mustn't forget, just because you've been so perfectly darling to me, that you have to attend to business."

"Supposing that you'd never met me," he began earnestly, and then interrupted himself. "By Jove, that just fits the music!" he cried, and played a snatch of the air again. "We can make up some words of our own. Come on now, take turns with the lines."

The orchestra indoors just then took up the tune for an encore. To that soft accompaniment the Colonel sang his first line:

"*Supposing that you'd never met me—*"

"*In that case let's never suppose,*" she hummed in reply.

"*But then you could never forget me,*" continued the Colonel.

"I'm stuck," she said. "I can't get it. Wait a minute—*Our poetry never be prose.*"

"Grand!" said the Colonel. "We'll knock Irving Berlin for a loop. Here we go: *That is the tragic in every sweet magic—*"

"*Yes, even the fairy tales end,*" she improvised in a prettily pretended pathos.

Both paused, struggling for the next rhyme. The Colonel got it first, and warbled in a thrilling *espressivo:*

"*So we can't sever, forever and ever*
Let's pretend Not To Fretend."

He finished off with a fine rich flourish on the mouth organ.

"Gene, you're *wonderful!*" she cried ecstatically. "You're much too good for the old League of Nations; you ought to be a bandmaster or something."

The delighted virtuoso replied with both arms and the one word that was his favorite ejaculation.

"Darling!" was his simple declarative statement. One word and two arms, he used to remark, could best express a tender crisis.

"I *do* so like to be admired," he murmured, "and I've had so little of it."

"Nonsense," whispered the infatuated Nyla. "The League must be frightfully proud of you, going round making people happy."

"Never mind the League," he said. "Let's forget the League for the nonce. In fact, for several nonces. We'll go off and found a republic of our own. We haven't had that voyage on the moat yet."

But the affairs of state are not so easily forgotten. Others were also finding the terrace useful, though perhaps less pleasant. Herr Leutz, escaped from the dance floor to a tilting ground not less perilous, was strolling with the Ambassador. From the Ambassador came only a mild fragrance of cigar while Herr Leutz's words of woe were audible.

"Von hondred eight million six hondred und sefenty-four tousand fife hondred und tventy-fife florin," he was saying. "Blus aggrued interests up to now, blus interests for sixty-two year—Ach, Herr Ambassador, you call dat gapacity to bay, dot sound to me like de massacre of de innocents. Und if de florin she go any lower, ve haf to hire a plomber to hunt for her down de drain pipe."

The tactful Colonel was about to lead Nyla away from this painful scene when a dark figure that had been peering about in the moonlight approached cautiously and proved to be Romsteck.

"Your pardon, Fräulein," he said politely. "Colonel, here are the dispatches you were expecting." He handed him an envelope.

"Oh, yes," said the Colonel, at first a little annoyed at the interruption. Then the shape and feel of the envelope reassured him. "The dispatches, yes. I wouldn't have missed them for—for a couple of hundred florins."

"Exactly, sir. The Colonel is always accurate."

"A lovely evening, Romsteck. Are all the guests quite happy?"

"There is one, Colonel, who cannot be kept happy indefinitely."

"What does he mean?" asked Nyla.

"He must mean Frau Quackenbush."

"Poor daddy, he's having a terrible time."

"If ve say von million florin a year for sixty-two year," continued the unhappy voice of Herr Leutz, "mit an average rate of interests of not more dan von per cent—"

"This is too gruesome," said the Colonel, and they turned toward the dance.

Through the open French windows they could see glimpses of gliding couples, where the fashionables of Farniente did honor to the occasion. The President, having vainly sought the apostate Colonel, was doing his best. Holding the lady gingerly at a distance, so that he could gaze downward unimpeded, Herr Guadeloupe was too busy co-ordinating feet to attempt small-talk. Save for his automatic repetition, "Excuse, I tell de vorld," or his anguished, "sorry to meet you" when they came solidly against the massy postern of some Illyrian dowager, he performed in anxious silence. The orchestra leader, keeping respectful watch on the chief magistrate's timing, made the mistake of trying to help him by halting the music when he went wrong. The unhappy man dared not raise his eyes from the floor except when he occasionally cast a haggard look in search of his adviser. The latter had been only a brilliant migrant in the crowded ballroom, seen sometimes in the distance floating serenely with Nyla, then disappearing again into the moonlight.

So Frau Quackenbush, aware that a

few more collisions would be fatal, did the steering. The President turned always in the same direction. His brow, fiercely intent, drooped lower and lower upon her generous acclivities until his head almost seemed to teeter there unstably like the rolling stone on its perch of moss. His English had vanished in his hour of need; he no longer could remember any phrase adequate to thank Frau Quackenbush for the honor and suggest recess. She herself was succumbing to the unholy vertigo. Her face was flushed, her eyes closed, she had a strong desire to scream. She controlled herself, as I suppose many a strong-minded matron has done in moments of hellish temptation, by forcing herself to recall the parliamentary procedure of the Ohio Federation of Women's Clubs. Through clenched teeth she murmured the sanative and gracious ritual: *Minutes of the Last Meeting. Reports of Committees. Special Business. The Literary Program. Madam President, we have with us to-day the distinguished British poet.* . . . Already the Illyrian ladies had begun to stare and whisper, a buzz of scandalized sensation to pass round the room. Then the Colonel, who had seen the crisis, deftly slipped through the throng. He broke every rule of high etiquette by cutting in on the President's partner and unwound the spell by a few resolute twirls in the opposite direction. One on each arm he led the collapsing pair to the coolness of a window. He lent Frau Quackenbush a handkerchief, her own having slipped too far down to be decently retrievable; from his pocket he produced the forgotten hay-fever atomizer and sprayed the panting President and his speechless partner.

XIV

In the great hall, under the beam of many candles, Herr Guadeloupe and Nyla were saying good-night to the departing guests. The President looked senile with fatigue. Not the caducity of the florin, nor the anxieties of the American bondholders, nor height nor depth nor any other created thing could much longer keep him from bed. But Nyla, shining in her golden frock, radiated the divine vitality of girlhood. Her dark hair, her lilac eyes, her pretty tinge of excitement were caught in a mild flush of quivering light. The impressionable Colonel, halting on the curved stair by the portraits of old lords of Farniente, vowed to himself that those painted ruffians had never looked down on prettier neck and shoulders. "I'll bet you never did," he remarked to the Duke Friedrich, whose yellow canvas face looked biliously at him. "Never one so lovely. Or so chaste," he added with a sigh.

"It would be a pity if the Dalmatian Navy never had any sea service," he said to her as she turned from dispatching the last leave-taker. "I have the punt all ready."

Now in the ancient flat-bottomed boat, tilting heavily aft, they idled gently. Low under those licheny walls the water was dark, scribbled here and there with silver where the moon leaked through the chestnut trees. The Colonel paddled softly with an oar, then, with the optimism of a true Dalmatian navigator, entrusted his vessel to destiny. The small melody of the Moating Song sighed from his mouth organ. A gradual diminution of brightness in the windows above them showed that candles were being puffed out one by one. In Illyria the gaiety of evening is not blackened at one flick, by snapping a switch. Windows extinguish like stars, paling softly.

"It would be preposterous," he said, "not to pay such a night the tribute of an embrace."

They paid it. The florin may depreciate but the Illyrian kiss remains always perfect par, a sterling medium of exchange.

"Pinch me," she said at last. "I guess I've been enchanted into a different world. I thought for a moment you were some kind of fairy prince."

It was too comprehensive to be described as a pinch.

From the distant cathedral came the boom of midnight, followed by small tinny chimes tinkling in various quarters of the town.

"Those little churches had really quite forgotten the time," said Nyla, "but as soon as the big one shouted twelve o'clock they all hurried to pretend they knew it too."

"I wish they wouldn't make such a point of it. There oughtn't to be any time in a place like Illyria. Nothing but eternity, like this."

"Mention it to the League," suggested Nyla happily. "Darling, you can do anything. You *are* a fairy prince."

The Colonel seemed troubled. Perhaps he remembered that at midnight fairy princes turn back into disinherited cadets, coaches of state into pumpkins. Fairy tales have so many disquieting analogies.

The slow current had drifted them round the North Tower, under the terrace balustrade. All that face of the house lay in thick shadow.

"Gene!" she whispered, clutching him in sudden panic. "What's that? Look, over there on the parapet. Something white."

"I don't see anything," said the Colonel. "Great place for a ghost, though. Surely this house ought to be haunted by Dukes with bullet holes in them. Or maybe the ghost of the florin."

He pushed the boat off from under the wall into midstream, where they had a wider view.

"Jove, there *is* something there."

Far along the terrace hovered a glint of white, apparently suspended above the ground. It was small enough, truly, to be the wraith of the florin. Then it disappeared. There was a splash and a faint choked cry.

"Gene, it's the little girl! Hurry, hurry."

The old punt was unwieldy in the dark. The rowlocks were missing and, though each seized an oar, their desperate paddling only succeeded in twirling the craft in a wild swing which brought them bumping back against the wall. The Colonel hastily scrambled up the rough stonework. He would have fallen but Nyla boosted him fiercely from behind. He vaulted the balustrade and ran along the terrace. Now he could see a small white commotion in the water. With a leap he cleared the parapet and dived in.

It was indeed Myrtle. Nervous excitement, the cocktail, the uproars of the orchestra, and a lively indigestion had made sleep spasmodic. Her dreams were all of the brilliant elevator man who was going to take her promenading by the moat in the morning. She had been put in a room by herself. Thence, after restless rollings in a vast canopied bed, she had eventually sallied out in an almost somnambulist trance which was half fatigue and half the uneasiness of colic. A rearward stair brought her unobserved to the postern door onto the terrace. Here, refreshed by the clear night, her extravagant and erring spirit desired one more tiptoe along the stone balustrade.

With considerable difficulty the Colonel held up the strangling figure while Nyla, groping along the wall, pulled the punt toward them and shouted for help. The dress uniform of Dalmatian admirals, as fortunately few of them have learned, makes an ill swimming suit. The Colonel was heavily sogged by his golden festoonery. He swam laboriously, grasping Myrtle by her armpits. Eventually they got her into the punt. The dripping Colonel scaled the wall, hoisted up the half-drowned child, and hauled Nyla afterward, leaving their shallop to drift where it would. Myrtle, after groaning faintly, suddenly ejected several pints of moat and began to bawl lustily.

"I wanted to see the elevator man," she screamed. "Take me away from this rotten hotel."

The Colonel, exhausted, sat panting in a trickle. By this time the terrace was filling with all varieties of negligée.

Romsteck, who had apparently made no move to retire, was the only presentable figure. Frau Quackenbush, who had seen her daughter safe in bed only half an hour earlier, came trailing ribbons with a scream of maternal dismay. The President sped out in a flannel nightshirt.

"*Gott!*" he cried. "Yet anodder attack on Frau Quackenbush?"

The Ambassador was shouting inquiry from the bedroom window. He was beginning to wonder whether the post at Farniente might not prove too vivacious for a man of mature years.

"Myrtle fell into the moat," explained Nyla to Frau Quackenbush, soothing the sobbing child, and trying to dry her with a handkerchief. "The Colonel saved her."

"De child," yelled Guadeloupe to the anxious parent at the window. "He fell drunk in de moat. But not dead drunk," he hastened to reassure. "*Gott* be tank, I feared it vas anodder case for de billiards table."

Herr Quackenbush appeared in pajamas with a blanket, and Frau Innsbruck with a bottle of the 1865 cognac, the universal specific. In the middle of an admiring circle Myrtle was given a hasty friction, then blanketed and carried off. "That bed was too lonely, I couldn't sleep," she wailed. "I want to go to bed with the elevator man."

"You drink de cognac, Colonel," said the excited President. "Happy days, my interpretations save from de perils of de moat."

"My dear sir," said the Ambassador, "obviously I cannot thank you for what you've done. But if there's any way I can show my gratitude—anything, sir, anything. You have only to name it."

"De gustomary ting," said the Colonel, rising from his pool, "vould be to ask you de hand of your daughter in marriage. I spare you dat sacrifice. But dere is von little ting."

"Name it, sir, name it."

"You are here, Herr Ambassador, as blenipotentiary to negotiate de debt. I overhear de Herr Leutz say dat von million florin a year, blus de interests at von per cent, is Illyria's extreme gapacity to pay. Vill you promise me, on vord of honor, no matter vat happen, not to ask more dan dat?"

Herr Quackenbush was a little taken aback at this injection of politics into a sentimental scene. He paused an instant. The Colonel improved the moment with a sigh, expressive of bodily weakness and perils encountered. He wrung a small cascade of drippings from his dismal finery.

"By God, sir, I promise."

"Goot!" said the Colonel calmly. "Remember de terms of de promise, vatefer happen. Ve haf witnesses here. Besides, a gompact made among gentlemen in deir nightshirts must be specially sacred. Now I tink I go change."

XV

One great advantage of stone stairs is that they don't creak. So the Colonel reflected, once more in his brown tweeds, as he cautiously felt his way down the iron hand-rail. He was in stocking feet, groping through the moonlight. He sat on the bottom step to put on his shoes. While doing so he had a sudden fright. The major-domo emerged noiselessly from shadow.

"Don't you ever go to bed, Romsteck?"

"I was expecting you, sir. Is there anything I can do?"

"A clean handkerchief, perhaps. I think I caught a little cold in the moat."

"Here you are, sir. Also I've got some dry money for you. I take it that the bills got wet. Wet money seems suspicious, somehow, sir."

"Jove, you think of everything. I dare say you're just rolling in coin."

"Not at all, sir. I took this from Herr Quackenbush's trousers, while he was on the terrace in his nightclothes."

"That won't do. I can't rob the man."

"Certainly not, sir. If you will

kindly return the wet ones I'll dry them in the kitchen and put them back in his pocket in the morning."

"You're an excellent fellow, Romsteck," said the Colonel rising. "Well, no loitering."

"Beg pardon, sir, but are you really leaving?"

"Bet your life I am and pronto; it's one o'clock now."

"Look here, sir, you stay. We'll fix that M.P. somehow. You're just what we need. We could get up a revolution and make you Grand Duke. Begging your pardon, sir, but all the chambermaids were suggesting it."

"Delightful of you, old son. No, that splash in the moat cleared my head. I was getting a bit fantastic. That's my trouble—they say I'm not quite right in my head."

"None of the Grand Dukes ever were. That's why we were all so happy."

"I've got to beat it. You see, Romsteck, I'm not what you suppose."

"No, sir. I never supposed you were."

"You're charming at dialogue, but there isn't much time. Remember I've got to go all the way round through the subway."

"Through the passage?" said Romsteck, startled. "You know about that? But you can't go that way, there's where we've got the M.P. locked up."

"Sure," said the imperturbable Colonel. "He's going with me. You don't think I'm going to leave him behind to poison my memory with the Fräulein, do you?"

"Don't go!" appealed the majordomo. "I don't mind, sir, if you are a bit mad. It doesn't matter. It'll do us good. Please, sir, for the good of the country, don't leave us to the mercy of all these perfectly sane officials. The League of Nations will put it all over us without you to take care of us."

"Damn it, man," cried the Colonel in vexation, "you're as mad as I am. Do you suppose I *want* to go, to leave the nubile Nyla and the 1865 cognac and all the fun? I don't want to make you morbid, but I'm not here from the League of Nations or the Department of Public Safety or anyone else. I'm just on my own, and the game's up. Come, we're wasting time."

XVI

Sergeant Higgins had had a trying evening. The cellar of the North Tower is very nearly beneath the ballroom, and he sat there, angry and perplexed, listening to the clamor of music overhead. Disarmed, his gag was removed and he was given supper and a bottle of excellent vintage, but a couple of stout footmen made it plain that any attempt at escape or disturbance would mean the renewal of bonds and bandage. He helped himself to an extra bottle of the Burgundy stacked in a corner, and fell asleep on a cot-bed against the wall. Thus he was spared, later, the amorous chords of the mouth organ, which would have puzzled him. The Colonel's moating song was only a few feet from Sergeant Higgins's ear when the punt drifted past the tower.

He was too heavily asleep to stir when a key chirped in the rusty lock and the Colonel and Romsteck entered. Cointreau shook him and he sat up in confusion.

"Well, here we are," remarked the Colonel genially, standing over him with the candle. "The angel of the Lord appears in a vision to the Military Police."

"Aw, quit your kidding. Let a fella sleep," grunted the drowsy M.P. and fell back on his pallet.

"That's no way to greet the angel of the annunciation," observed Cointreau, joggling him again. This not availing, he tilted a few drops of hot candle-grease onto the slumberer's neck, which effectually startled him.

"Buck up," said the Colonel. "Tidings of great joy. Here's the lost sheep, crawling right into your bosom. What are you doing in the wine cellar?"

"Search me, buddy," said the sergeant

peevishly. "I'd like to get my hooks on that bird in the Knights of Pythias clothes. He got me railroaded into this jug. Who'n hell are you?"

"I'm the guy you're looking for."

"The hell you are! Wait a minute, where's my papers?"

"Here," said the Colonel, taking a pulpy document from his pocket. "I'm sorry it got wet. It was the fault of that Knight of Pythias."

The M.P. examined the paper and then held up the candle to look at the Colonel.

"Your hesitation is natural," said Cointreau. "The photo doesn't do me justice."

"I guess it's you. Well, you're under arrest, see?"

"Romsteck, it's a pity you don't savvy English," said the Colonel, turning graciously to the major-domo. "Here, you've been such a sportsman I'll read you the indictment. The description's quite flattering. *Eugene F. Connolly, commissioned first lieutenant —th Infantry.*—I'm afraid I have no right to the name of Cointreau. I chose it because it's my favorite liqueur. It smells like orange blossoms.—*Cited for gallantry*—here, we can skip that—*Regimental interpreter . . . five foot eleven, 170 pounds, birthmark*—Come, that's too intimate—*curly auburn hair, blue eyes, athletic and agile . . . escaped from Rehabilitation Hospital suffering from shell-shock, psychoneurotic hysteria and dementia jocosa*—devilish pedantic, these Freudian terminologies, Romsteck—*obsessional fantasies regarding the League of Nations . . . not be misled by gentlemanly manner and humorous conduct of the patient . . . mentally irresponsible, pathological case of great severity.* —Think of their pursuing a man half way across Europe because he's got dementia jocosa."

"That's what the world's come to, sir," Romsteck replied gloomily. "If a man laughs too much they think he's crazy. Consider a person in my position. I haven't dared to smile in thirty years."

"Come, Sergeant, we'll be going."

"Now? Whyn't we tear off a little sleep, Lootenant?"

"Nix, old son. Sleep is for the innocent and easy spirit. You and I are going to take the companionable sobvay, unhouseled, disappointed, unannealed. Away, away, charioted by Bacchus and his pards."

"You're the guy, all right," remarked the sergeant. "Plumb cuckoo."

"Romsteck, you'll have to say goodby to the President for me. I fear he will be distressed. I shall always remember him as I saw him last, in his manly nightshirt. By the way, here's a souvenir for you. My credentials from Geneva."

He handed over a small scarlet card stamped in gold, which Romsteck fingered curiously.

"The top of an American cigarette box," the Colonel explained. "The most official-looking thing I know. A friend of mine got into the Treaty Signing at Versailles with one of those. . . . Come on, sport. Back to the nut college. This way to the egress, as Barnum used to say."

He turned toward the hearth.

"I don't like it, that's the Gawd's truth," said Sergeant Higgins uncertainly. "Goin' out in dark night with a crazy man, me without my gun—"

"I say Yes," cried the Colonel fiercely. "Don't be misled by humorous conduct of patient. Get a move on, curse you."

He picked up the poker, to reach the spring of the passage-way; the M.P., misinterpreting this as an offensive move, leaped at him and they grappled. The door behind them opened with a squeak of ancient hinges.

"What's the trouble?" said Nyla.

She wore a blue wrapper and carried a candle.

"Gene!" she cried sharply. "Is something wrong?"

The men stood apart. Higgins gaped amazement at this vision of loveliness. Cointreau and Romsteck fidgeted uneasily.

"I heard talking down here. I was afraid someone was ill. Gene, what are you doing? Why are you all dressed?" She ran forward, seizing his arm.

"Damn," murmured the Colonel with feeling. There was a silence while Nyla studied him anxiously.

"Your pardon, Fräulein," said Romsteck. "The Colonel has had an urgent summons from the League."

"Oh," she cried, "and this is the courier to take your reports. I had such a fright. I was afraid you were going."

"I *am* going," he said. "I'm sorry, I didn't want you to know. I—I guess they're going to send me to America. I've had an offer from a publisher to write my memoirs," he added, with a wretched attempt at jauntiness.

"To America? Gene, let me come with you. Gene darling, let me. I'll go *anywhere*, I don't mind roughing it. You mustn't go to a place like that without someone to take care of you. I'll work for the League, I'll do anything."

"Say, Lootenant," put in the embarrassed M.P., "I didn't know there was a skirt in this business. If you'll excuse me, I'll step outside with the janitor."

The Colonel at that moment had no eyes or ears—or arms—for anyone but Nyla. Romsteck beckoned, and the Sergeant followed him to the door.

"You'll be O.K. in here, Lootenant. Take your time. I'll wait for you at the top of the stairs."

"Gene, you'll write to me?"

"Of course I will, darling."

"Do you *have* to go? Is the American republic in trouble, too? Fix it up and come back soon. Don't get to be too much like an American."

"Honey, I'm sorry, I've got to tell you. I *am* an American."

"I always knew there was something strange about you," she said softly. "Never mind. Come back soon and attend to the roots. Let me have one good look, so I shan't forget."

She held up the candle, which gave him opportunity to glance at his wristwatch.

"Hullo," he said. "Where's friend Higgins? Well, never mind. So much the better."

He climbed a chair and poked up the visor in the coat of arms. The passageway opened.

"Gene, must you go that way? It looks so dark and nasty. Shall I call your courier?"

"No," he said grimly. "He had his chance. Don't let Herr Quackenbush back out of his promise about the debt."

"Gene, I'll study, so we can talk American together."

"*Auf wiedersehen, Schätzchen!*"

"Goot-by, goot-by," she cried into the tunnel in her pretty accent. "Oh, Gene, it vas pleasure to have meeted you!"

And she burst into tears.

"Daddy," she said to Herr Guadeloupe at breakfast the next morning, "how much postage is needed on letters to Geneva?"

THE END

DECODING THE ROCKS

BY HENSHAW WARD

SAVAGES have no curiosity about common sights such as the sunrise or the growth of a tree. Their minds are excited only by irregular things like a firecracker or a myth.

Civilized man has seldom shown any curiosity about the common earth on which he walks, but has always been excited by its volcanic firecrackers or the myth of its Deluge. Only the most original minds, like Aristotle or Leonardo da Vinci, have focused their attention on rocks, actually looked at them with interest, and inquired, "What is your message?"

When we encounter the beliefs about the earth of even the most thoughtful men in 1700, we feel transported to a mental nursery where children made up stories of a pastry globe that cracked or caved in or spouted a Noah's Flood from its interior. When Addison posted through the Alps he thought that they were jagged fragments of a crust which had fallen in after the Deluge, dreadful ruins of a paradisal earth. The keenest geologist of his time, John Woodward, believed that all the rock in the world had been deposited in a few months.

Even so late as 1800 there was only a handful of men in the world who could look at masses of rock with any better eyesight. The most scholarly intellects of Christendom could see in mountains only the remnants deposited by Noah's Flood. Professor Silliman of Yale, a real scientist, wrote in 1824, "No one will object to ascribing most of our alluvial features to the deluge of Noah." One of his colleagues wrote in the same year about "the ruin of a former world," and not till after 1850 did geologists abandon their fancy of "the destruction of a primeval earth." These scientists were firm in the belief that the manufacturing of the earth had been completed at nine o'clock in the morning on October 23, 4004, B.C., and that earth and sea and spacious firmament on high had been all but annihilated in the Flood, exactly 2348, B.C. The professed students of rocks could hardly perceive in granite peaks and limestone cliffs anything more than this Hebrew story.

I am not implying that the message in the rocks could have been read easily if men had been more attentive to it. For it was written in most intricate and unsystematic symbols, compared with which the Maya inscriptions are simple. Moreover, the message was incredible. It told a story too vast for human conception, in terms which are alien to the instincts of our minds. It would be no discredit to our race if we were still unable to decipher the hieroglyphics of geology.

What will forever stand to the discredit of the race is that it made hardly any effort to decipher. It would not use its eyes even on those parts of the message that were printed out in plain capital letters. It theorized, philosophized, theologized, quarreled, used all manner of sophistry—did everything but observe what was recorded in unmistakable terms. Except for a few Greeks, and a half dozen Europeans during the Renaissance, no human being before 1775 seemed willing to examine rocks in the same way he examined money and puddles and candles.

Take, as the most favorable example of all geologists before 1825, a teacher in the famous academy of mines at Freiberg, the most eminent trainer of miners in his day, Werner. The best he could do was to think up a theory that all rocks were deposited by Noah's Flood, as if they were so much salt left by evaporation. He taught that there were three layers of rocks, arranged in the order of their age. When a disciple discovered near Freiberg some of the "oldest" kind on top of a "younger" kind, Werner was not interested in a fact that upset his theory. He was teaching doctrine. His doctrine was zealously defended by his followers, as if it had been a political or religious creed. Because they credited the ocean with having made the surface of the earth they were dubbed "Neptunists."

They were opposed by a school of thinkers who accounted for rocks and minerals by the action of volcanoes and earthquakes, and who were therefore called "Plutonists." The Plutonists can be credited with caring a little for the observation of facts. They pointed out the strong indications that the interior of the earth did not contain "stupendous caverns," but was solid and very hot. When they saw a basalt cliff, like the Hudson Palisades, they said, "It *looks* as if it had been poured out molten from the earth." We now know that their guess was correct.

But neither party of the geologists of a hundred years ago cared much about observing the alphabet of nature and reading her narrative. Their main reliance was on the invention of narratives. They made spectacular and romantic ones. The earthquakes of the past had been terrific, the cataclysms stupendous, the catastrophes overwhelming. One of the mildest of their romances was told, as late as 1852, by a distinguished Frenchman, Elie de Beaumont. He assured the world that every mountain range had been "thrown up suddenly" and that all ranges thrown up at the same time were parallel to one another. These mountain-making periods he called "paroxysms." The geology of 1825 was a history of the spasms of the earth's crust. Islands and continents were born in violence and blotted out in quick disaster. Every mountain gorge was the result of some frightful upheaval; every placid valley had been scooped out by the mad swirling of Noah's Flood.

We all love romance. Not simply does our fancy respond to the extraordinary doings of the long ago, but our religious instincts cling to the stories of a workman who fashioned and destroyed with the emotions that are in our breasts. To question the stories is to be "mechanistic." To find in the geological record only a history of changeless natural laws, the same to-day and yesterday and forever, is to be dreary and unconvincing. No wonder that the cipher of the rocks was utterly unreadable.

II

Some day it is going to occur to a historian that the political liberty achieved by the American Revolution is less important than the freedom of the intellect which was declared by a certain Scotch geologist, James Hutton. He set himself, "with a passionate love of inquiry," to observing the message in the rocks. He resolved—in words not previously matched among men—that he would *refrain from speculation.* He determined "to interpret the past by what can be seen in the present order of nature." His book, published in 1785, bore in its long title this phrase: "an investigation of the laws *observable.*" By mere *observation* he proposed to read the riddle.

Such an undertaking was unique in the annals of mental operations. A philosopher can perceive the assumption in it—namely, that natural laws to-day are the same that they have been in the past. That might have been a fallacy; but it proved to be the key for the world's most baffling cipher.

The canny work of Hutton gradually

appealed to a few observant minds here and there. In 1807 a small group of these observers organized themselves into the Geological Society of London, with the expressed purpose of "avoiding speculation and patiently accumulating facts." The same purpose began to animate a young man, Charles Lyell, who called his *Principles of Geology*, 1830, "an attempt to explain the former changes in the earth's surface by reference to causes now in operation." All his observation had indicated to him that natural causes have always been what they are now and that they have always acted uniformly. Hence his method of searching for the secrets of the past was called "uniformitarianism."

That lumbering eight-syllable name is typical of the way in which geology has been made forbidding. The Latin and Greek polysyllables suggest to us a morgue of the emotions, a grim, mysterious, pedantic place where human interest cannot breathe. But this is the opposite of the truth. All geology is as much alive with common-sense emotion as a day in the woods is for a hunter. All a geologist's reasoning is based on cases that are as matter-of-fact as deer tracks and that are more exciting. When a geologist decodes a passage in the rocks he is no more mystical than I am when I reason about a country road that has been gullied by last night's rain.

As I open my eyes to the actual clay and gravel that lie beneath them, I do not see any evidence of a universal cataclysm which deluged the continent four thousand minutes ago. If you were walking with me and I held such language, you would think me a lunatic. You can read the geological message beside the road. Here is a clay cliff one inch high, below which is a basin of fine earth fringed with pebbles. If you follow down the slope from this point you will trace the course of *a stream that ran in past times.* You have no more doubt of what you read in the dirt than of what you read in a newspaper. Indeed, you have far less doubt; for the printed words may tell a falsehood, but the sand and stones reveal absolute truth, indisputable in its smallest detail—provided you judge that natural laws were the same last night as they are this afternoon.

My illustration, you will suppose, is humorously petty. No, it is not even so slight a thing as an illustration; it is a part of the very stuff of the most recondite geology. We have looked at a watercourse and have read its history. If we had previously spent a few months in cultivating a knowledge of many sorts of rivulets, in many sorts of soil, we could read a hundred particulars that are hidden from us by our ignorance. We should have no doubt of the accuracy of our interpretation of this stream. And if we acted in this perfectly rational way about a bit of erosion, we should surpass the performances of almost the whole body of geologists before 1825. They looked upon an earth that has everywhere been eroded by streams of water, a record as unmistakable as ours beside the road—and they did not allow themselves to use their eyes. They speculated. They reported in their learned books that all river valleys were caused in 2348, B.C., by a universal deluge. Even in 1862 it was still a common notion among geologists that the Grand Cañon of the Colorado was a fissure caused by some paroxysm; it was still necessary to prove, by arguing from actual observation, that the Cañon had been eroded.

There was never any sensational year in the history of the Southwest when violent forces were unchained that rent the rocks and formed a gorge. There was never any spectacular century in which the work was accomplished, nor any thousand-year period. The slow, calm centuries succeeded one another while the water gradually, very gradually, wore its path through a plateau that was slowly, very slowly, rising with a quiet uniformity. Everything that observers can see corroborates this read-

ing of geological history. Nothing has ever been seen in nature that opposes the reading.

Every observation ever made of a puddle or a lake that is lowered by evaporation confirms a certain opinion about a line along the mountains above Great Salt Lake. No observation conflicts with that opinion. Hence, all rational tourists now believe as a matter of course that the border of the Lake was once high up where that perfectly horizontal line runs. No other agency ever watched by human eyes is capable of making such a mark on the sides of irregular mountains.

What agency could have planted a ten-foot block of granite on a ledge, so balancing it on a one-foot base that it looks as if a high wind would topple it over? Until 1834 no geologist knew the right answer. Perhaps no geologist ever would have been shrewd enough to guess it if a Swiss hunter had not *observed* something. He noticed, with his mere pair of eyes, that great boulders looked as if they had been left, sometimes poised in remarkable positions, by glaciers. He told an engineer, who was incredulous. When the engineer finally mustered courage to report this strange observation to a society of naturalists it was met with incredulity. "Seldom has a small memoir so excited the scientific world," we are told. Most who heard it mocked at it, among them Agassiz. But Agassiz was curious. He studied the evidence with his own eyes. There was no evading it. In 1837 he horrified the Helvetic Society by publicly defending it.

Imagine that you are Agassiz, coming from Europe to be a Harvard professor in 1846. You are a devout person whose science has deepened your religious convictions. To you is put the question: "How did this balanced rock in Shrewsbury come to be in such a position?" You reply, "It was dropped there gently by a glacier." For the rest of the scene your imagination is not strong enough, because you cannot understand how the answer seemed atheistical to most Harvard professors. That was the fact. New England professors of eighty years ago were not nearly so broadminded as the inhabitants of Dayton, Tennessee, are to-day. The Daytonians want to hear what the scientists have to say. The Harvard professors did not care to listen to a mechanistic naturalist who flaunted Genesis.

Their distrust of his glacier was better-founded than you think. If his theory were accepted it would have astounding consequences. All the way west from Massachusetts there are other signs of glaciers. There are hummocks of gravel, ridges of sand and clay, hills of gravel and boulders, all of them formed out of materials jumbled together in a mass that water could never produce. Water has to sort and stratify what it carries; the hills that Agassiz traveled to view in Ohio and Wisconsin and Dakota are formed higgledy-piggledy. Ice is the only conceivable agent that could have dumped them down on the plains. The fact was as obvious to Agassiz as it would be to you and me if we had ever observed what ice does in the Canadian Rockies or along the Alaskan shore.

The consequence of Agassiz's answer reached much farther still. It is beyond dispute—at least for people who refuse to speculate—that these ice-deposits were not made by limited local glaciers in mountains. They could have been made only by a continuous sheet of ice that stretched from the Atlantic to the Pacific, with a southern front of four thousand miles. And this ice-sheet must have been moving, slowly gliding southward. It could exist only in a climate somewhat like that of Greenland.

A still more amazing consequence was, as prolonged and careful study showed, that the ice-sheet had different southern fronts at intervals of many thousands of years; it came down and went back, came down and went back, five times. There is no more doubt about it than I

feel when I examine the lines of dirt left in spring by the melting of a big snowdrift. It is possible in some places, where the record of the continental ice-sheet has been perfectly preserved, to count the number of yards and inches of a glacial retreat each year. Every retreat of a hundred miles must have meant an alteration in climate.

Another sort of record left by a glacier is comparatively slight in appearance—the grooves it makes when it presses the stones on its bottom against ledges over which it moves. Yet to the trained eye these grooves are as unmistakable as a hill. No other agency could chisel the long, straight lines. If a geologist sees them, he says "glacier" as certainly as you say "loom" when you see a piece of cloth. So we can only dimly imagine the consternation with which scientists first heard of glacial grooves on very ancient rocks in temperate regions—for example, in India, within nineteen degrees of the Equator. If the law of gravitation is the same now as it used to be, then the climate of this region must once have been sub-arctic.

Evidence of another sort shows that the climate of Greenland must once have been sub-tropical: there are beds of ancient coral in latitude 81° north. Coral polyps do not live in cold water—unless biological laws were once utterly different from what they are now. The Arctic Ocean was once warm—unless we account for coral by mythology.

If we do not trust myths, if we do trust our eyes, there is only one way of reading the record of the climate of the North American continent through past ages: it has been alternately warm and cold ever since the most ancient times. There has been no gradual cooling of a hot earth.

The key of uniform natural law has enabled us to decode another large and very different section of the message in the rocks. This is the up-and-down motion of the earth's crust. There are bits of the record which could be read by any alert high-school student. Show him the pillars of the ruins of a temple on the coast of Italy, ten miles west of Naples. These are forty feet high; for a distance of twelve feet upward from the base they are smooth; then comes a section nine feet high which has been pitted with holes by some stone-boring mussels that can live only in salt water; above this band of borings the pillars are smooth. Only one explanation of the borings is possible: at one time the base of the pillars was more than twenty-two feet under water; and after the pillars had been submerged for a period, they were again lifted out of the water. The land at this place sank and rose more than twenty-two feet during seventeen centuries.

There has been a long series of accurate measurements of levels in the Baltic, which show that in certain shallow waters the depth has diminished. The lifetime of one man has been sufficient for the shoaling of a passage, so that where his boat would pass when he was a boy it will not pass when he is an old man.

These and many other indubitable proofs embolden the geologists to believe their eyes when they see, by signs quite as indubitable in the rocks, that mountains have been slowly lifted ten thousand, twenty thousand, and thirty thousand feet.

The largest and by far the most important part of the geological record has been read by means of fossils. If we believe that an old nest was made by birds, that the skeleton of a dog in Pompeii was once part of a living dog at Pompeii, that a beetle in amber was once a live beetle on a tree—then we must believe that the fossil records of plant and animal life reveal a history of the globe. In this article I can do no more than point to two examples of how the geologists learned to read by means of fossils.

William Smith, nicknamed "Strata" Smith, was a surveyor whose various jobs carried him over many parts of England when canals were being pro-

jected so numerously to provide for the needs of the Industrial Revolution. As he surveyed he curiously observed the strata of rocks; and after he had gained a long experience of them and had codified his surveys, he discovered *a settled order of succession.* Now it so happened that two clergymen became acquainted with this interesting but unacademic lover of nature. One of these, like so many other men of the cloth in England and France, was interested in nature and had made himself an adept in fossils. Smith classified the rector's fossils *according to the order of the strata in which they had been found.* In 1799 he collaborated with the rector in publishing these results of putting together the knowledge of strata and the knowledge of fossils: *Order of the Strata, and Their Imbedded Organic Remains, in the Neighbourhood of Bath.* This book is as significant in intellectual history as the fall of the Bastille is in political annals.

While Smith was learning to read fossils in England, a French abbé was investigating fossils in the limestone hills west of the Rhone, above Avignon. He found at one place five layers, in each of which was a distinctly different set of shells; in the bottom set there were no shells like any that live to-day; in the next layer above this was a set that contained a few living species; and from here up the successive layers grew continually more modern; the top layer contained no extinct species. When, now, the abbé studied a place in the hills north of this, he found the same five layers of limestone of the same different ages. And the same was true of a place to the south. In short, he had discovered a code-book for the message which nature had written at the edge of the Rhone valley. If any skeptic had gone to a spot in the hills where the abbé had never been, had there collected samples of the shells, and had labeled his sets wrong, the abbé would have detected the trick and could have exposed it by going back with the skeptic to supervise him while he collected a second time. No variation in the order was found at the time, nor has any ever been found in the researches since then.

In other parts of France, and in other countries, are similar sets of those identical kinds of shells. They always have the identical order that they have on the Rhone. The geologists now know that the record read by the abbé is a record of the time-order of the rocks, and that it always reveals the same order in all parts of the world.

There is no way of knowing the age of a formation by the kind of rock or minerals in it, since lava and limestone and gneiss might have been formed in any era since the earth was young. The relative age of a formation can only be told, either directly or indirectly, by fossil evidence.

My two illustrations are very much simplified and merely indicate the hundreds of indexes to the vast volumes of stone. But they show the principle. The work of paleontologists throughout the past century has been to carry out the principles of observing the order of fossils in one region and comparing it with the defective or distorted record in another region. It has been a most intricate and tricky labor. It has required the co-operation of thousands of skilled men inspired by a zest for the most difficult sort of detective work with the most baffling materials. It is far from solved. In fact, the tangles in the fossil evidence are so numerous that one man has written a book to prove all geology a bluff. If I had ever encountered an incautious geologist I might be interested in this book; but it means no more to a reasonable person than an attempt to prove that the buildings in Chicago are a lie invented by an association of real estate dealers.

Geologists are just as competitive as real estate agents. Every paragraph of the history of the earth has been subjected to the pitiless scrutiny of rivals. Every young geologist on a survey in summer knows that if he can find evidence against any accepted bit of the

chronicles he can gain prestige and open a career by publishing his evidence in a technical journal. The worst nightmare of every old geologist is the fear that some rival will detect him in error. For these translators of the cipher of fossils are not a corporation of altruists building a pretty temple for their common glory; they are self-seeking and emulous individuals who covet more salary and reputation. And they cannot realize their ambitions by subscribing to a creed. They can get ahead only by translating something. It is this perpetual rivalry which guarantees to laymen the version upon which they are all agreed.

Their scripture is a story to which no adjectives can do justice. When a scientist, testifying at the Scopes trial in 1925, spoke the first sentence of it, the crowd in the courtroom tittered. To them he sounded ridiculous when he said, "The crust of the earth is at least a thousand million years old." Yet no geologist in the world has been able to win fame or promotion by disproving that first verse of the genesis according to science.

III

Professor Chamberlin of the University of Chicago, the dean of American geologists, was once engaged in an ordinary kind of deciphering job: "How could ice-sheets have crept so far south over the coral of an ancient warm sea?" He cared no more for speculation than a bloodhound does for metaphysics; he simply followed his scientific nose. And the trail led him to the most distant stars, where he had to call upon Professor Moulton for astronomical advice. You may read the story in his little book, *The Origin of the Earth*, which bids fair to become one of the most significant of scientific classics. Here I can only sketch what he discovered as a first chapter for the testament of the rocks. Fantastic though it sounds, and remote from geology though it seems, it was arrived at by inquiring, "What causes, which have always been uniformly at work in the universe and which can be observed now, could have produced our set of planets?" The answer proved to be what I outline in the next two paragraphs.

A billion or two years ago there was almost a collision between Sol and another sun; the other sun came so near Sol in its cosmic travels that it began to disrupt Sol; eight gobs of molten matter, drawn by the superior attraction of the other sun, rushed toward it; they were not fast enough to reach it, for it had been wheeled out of its course by Sol; the gobs were thus left spinning in cold space, unable to get back to the warm nest which they had left—and they have continued spinning to this day, revolving about Sol, as eight planets. Two revolve between us and our sun, five beyond us.

The embryo earth was much smaller than now, molten, of irregular shape. But it must have cooled and taken a spherical shape in an extremely brief time, as time goes in geology. No sooner had it settled in its monotonous race-course than it began to gather to itself the débris of the encounter of the suns, and grew rapidly in size.

So it had a most bizarre birth and an eventful infancy. But since then it has been a most placid and changeless orb, never hot since it took its present form, never more volcanic than now, never covered with sulphurous vapors, never altering in any noticeable way. Very gradually it accumulated an ocean and an atmosphere. The ocean adjusted itself to land-masses very much as we see it adjusted to-day. Portions of the crust have always been slowly pushed up and slowly worn down by erosion, but always within such heights as we see now. Geologists cannot learn of any period of cataclysms and terrible doings. When I read in a newspaper that a survey mark on a peak near Santa Barbara has been pushed north thirty inches during the last twenty-four years I have read the record of as much violence as

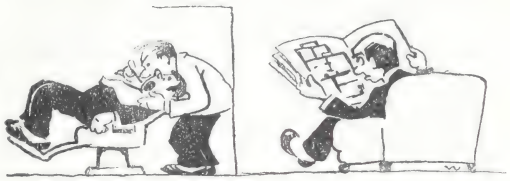
has been customary throughout the earth's existence.

Think of one sample of the details of this vast record that even the most wary geologist feels assured of. He will tell you that by the most scrupulous comparisons of the tablets of stone, taking account of tracks and shells and records of rain-storms several hundreds of millions of years ago— You stop him and ask about the rain-storm joke. It is not a joke. Some raindrops in ancient eras left such accurate impressions of themselves on mud, which hardened into rock, that now we can know from what direction the wind was blowing, and how large and frequent the drops were. The geologist will continue to tell, if you do not interrupt, what he knows about the varying shape and size of our continent during the last half-billion years. He will not like to talk in years; he says he knows only "time periods." But when he tabulates these periods to show their proportionate lengths, and estimates for us the minimum total of the periods, he has to allow us to see what his table means in our arithmetic. If, then, we compare the maps he draws, we shall form conclusions like this: "About four hundred million years ago North America looked like a combination of Australia and Greenland. Twenty million years later it looked almost familiar, with an Alaska attached in the right place and a Gulf of California where it belonged. Then, some twenty million years later still, North America was all chewed to pieces, for Puget Sound was two thousand miles long, and the Gulf of Mexico was a thousand miles too far north."

When I take stock of all the ingenuity and patience and stern honesty that went to the making of such maps of the past (you may see dozens of them in Grabau's *Textbook*), I am filled with admiration for geology. When I realize that they are authentic chapters of a mighty history, I feel reverence. Geology has shown us the folly of which the human reason is capable. It has shown us what reason may achieve if it will trust its eyes.



The Lion's Mouth



THE HOUSE COMFORTABLE

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

SOMETIMES when I am at my dentist's or when I am waiting at the Country Club for some affluent friend who has invited me there, I find myself glancing through one of those illustrated journals that march beneath the sign *For Hearth, for Garden, and for Home.* As I turn the pages I wonder whether this is a magazine that deals in real estate or a firm of real estatics that publishes a magazine. Whatever its origin or intention, the product itself is a farrago of indecipherable reproductions of architects' plans, pictures of "delightfully cool interior effects"—achieved apparently by setting a bowl of tulips on a polished table and pulling down the window shades, photographs of country homes, and essays upon such subjects as "The Culture of the Korean Iris." Finally there will be an instructive article on "Beautifying the Bare Spots." From this it seems that all you have to do is to collect some rocks in a heap and with a dibble set out some rock-plants in the interstices—simple things like Saxifrage, Febrifuge, and the Tufted Marlinspike. Any obliging junk man will let you have a discarded plaster Cupid. Polish up the bloated urchin, set him on top of the pile, and there you are! Underneath the picture of this horticultural ensemble there will be a little verse which runs after this fashion:

Fringed grot,
Cool spot,
Eh, what?
What rot!

Well, as I was about to say when my attention wandered, some time ago one of these concerns sent me a form letter saying that they had learned that our place was one of the more beautiful Country Homes of America, so wouldn't I let their representative come and take some sumptuous photographs of it which they could publish in their magazine. That was a poor shot, eh, what? For no one has ever accused our house of being beautiful. (I call it ours; but it is the landlord's really.) Years ago it was partly burned down and rebuilt in the style of a rather poor period. Later it was moved about a hundred yards, raised eight feet on a red brick underpinning—or whatever you call it—and slewed round towards the magnetic north so as to give the furnace a northern exposure. A few years later six rooms were added as a sort of architectural afterthought or adhesion. No, beautiful is not the word. But, I reflected, why insist on beauty? Surely comfort is more important.

The result of the train of thought thus started is that I am going to publish a magazine to be called *The House Comfortable, Inc.* I am to be editor. The man who won only third prize in a Piquant Pergola Competition and has been embittered ever since is putting up the money. The title is to be in the inverted style, because that device makes for impressiveness and has almost a relish of sanctification about it, like "the choir invisible" or "the life eternal." We have got six mailing lists. Each person therefore is sure of receiving at least

three copies of our inaugural form letter. This alone is enough to show that we are right in the stream of modern business efficiency. But just wait till you hear the rest. We have a filing system, a stenographer of unmistakable charm, some overhead, and a sinking fund. You see, we are going into this thing in a big way. For the detailed description of our plans an impatient public must wait until our magazine is on sale, but it is only fair to announce in advance some of our special features.

Bathrooms. We propose to give a good deal of attention to bathrooms. We have the greatest admiration for the achievements of American plumbing. Just as Greece gave to the world Art, and Rome gave Law, so America has given Plumbing. But her plumbers, or Plumbors as they probably now style themselves, have yet much to learn on the score of comfort. (1) The bathroom should be large, at least fourteen feet square. This is not in order to give room for the daily dozen—the proper place for these is the gymnasium or the insane asylum, but to mark the fact that the bathroom is a place of ample leisure suited to peripatetic meditation or song. (2) A bath is a thing to be walked down into, not to be stepped over into. (Who was it said that a preposition never should be used to end a sentence with?) Therefore we shall recommend baths sunk in the floor, two steps down. (3) Further, since the purpose of the bath is relaxation and reflection rather than cleansing, our model bath will have a shelf hinged at one end on which the recumbent bather can set up his book. There will also be a tongs or forceps with which one can turn over the pages without removing one's arm from the water. (4) Instead of the skimpy things they sell nowadays, we shall urge the use of real towels, that is, towels of generous size, at least six feet by four. I realize that towelling is hardly to be considered as a branch of plumbing, but I don't see what can be done about that now. (5) A good big fireplace. We think of offering prizes for the best mottoes for a bathroom fireplace. The Latin classics must contain thousands of appropriate quotations.

The Dining Room. Under this head I will mention only tablecloths. Everyone knows what a nuisance linen tablecloths are. Your child upsets a glass of milk, or a more than usually refractory chicken leg skates off the carving dish. Your wife exclaims, "Oh, see what you have done to the tablecloth and it was put on clean only this morning!" A wrecking crew arrives from the kitchen and shoves a plate in under the stain. This only serves to give prominence to the crime. Meanwhile the dinner grows cold, tempers spoil, and the meal is socially and gastronomically ruined. Seeing that for hundreds of years men, women, and children have been upsetting things at table, you would think that by this time something would have been done about it. But no; it has been left to us to propose the obvious reform. Of course I am aware that someone has invented a table surface immune to every conceivable disaster, but, as far as I can make out from the advertisements, if you are eating at one of these tables and a guest happens to spill some soup on it, in order to put him at his ease, you must dash out to the kitchen, return with a kettle of boiling water, and pour it gaily on the table, exclaiming, "Please don't concern yourself about it. You see, nothing can hurt our table!" That seems such a roundabout way of restoring your guest's equanimity. Our innovation is simple—oil-cloth covers for tables. I need not enlarge upon their obvious advantages. Of course we shall find ourselves fighting the Laundry Trust, but a reference to our suggestion under the head of towelling may placate them.

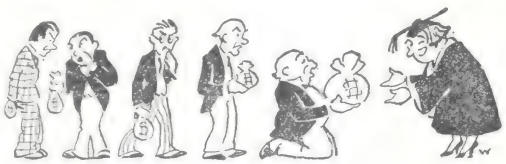
The Living Room. Subsection vi: *Ash Trays.* The things commonly sold as such under the head of Smokers' Accessories have evidently been designed by non-smokers, for non-smokers who

live in homes beautiful. They are worthless. The ideal receptacle for smokers' debris is a common pail or bucket. These should be so placed that it is possible with average accuracy of aim to hole out in one from any position in the room.

Delenda. This is to be our black list. Under this head we shall publish each month a list of minor domestic abominations whose removal is imperative. A dollar for each suggestion adopted. For example: Bedspreads, counterpanes, or quilts. In the absence of my wife and the *Oxford Dictionary* I cannot tell which is the correct name for it. Anyway, I mean that large embroidered diaphaneity whose only discoverable functions are: (1) To be spread over the bed in the morning, (2) to be removed at night, (3) to keep itself unspotted from the world.

The Nursery. No house can be comfortable unless the infant's propensity to ululation and the raucous cries and general obstreperousness of older children can be controlled. Hitherto this has been impossible. But a new era is at hand. We, that is to say, *The House Comfortable, Inc.*, are fortunate in having been appointed sole agents for, and distributors of, a new and harmless drug called Hypnopædine. The property of this drug, as its name implies, is to induce in children of tough or tender age what physicians call a benign stupor. The duration of the stupor can be nicely regulated by the amount of the dose. We think that the wives and mothers who might have been somewhat cool to our other proposals may be captivated by this domestic boon, with its dramatic selling slogan: "The child straightens out like a ribbon and lies evenly on the bed."

So much for a foretaste of what is to come. We are now ready for business. There will be four classes of subscribers (if any). *Life Subscribers.* These pay a hundred dollars a year and are in for life. *Sustaining Subscribers.* These pay fifty dollars a year and are called sustainers because we hope they will keep it up for ten years. *Associate Subscribers.* We associate them in our minds with twenty-five dollars a year and an indeterminate sentence. *Co-operating Subscribers.* There was really no need to give this class a special name, for these are just ordinary subscribers drawn from the great mass of the common people whose heart is in the right place, but our Consulting Expert in the Psychology of Advertising, the man who wrote *The Psychology of Appeal and Response or Conditioning the Sucker Reflex*, advised us to invent a name for the fourth class. Subscriptions must be paid in advance by cash, certified check, or money order. All subscriptions will be spent immediately on receipt and no subscription will be returned even if accompanied by stamped addressed envelope.



GOLD-DIGGING ALMA MATER

BY O. R. SELLERS

NEVER has there been a more severe open season on loyal alumni than the present decade. The statement that Ephraim Biff has given Bump University four million dollars on condition that the institution raise an equal amount from other sources is so common a news item that it is hardly worth a double deck head. Naturally, part of these other sources must be the alumni.

So three weeks after the first announcement the Bump alumnus receives a neatly printed pamphlet setting forth briefly the achievements of his alma mater in science, philosophy, language, and literature. After a decent interval this is followed by another prospectus showing wash drawings and plans of the proposed anatomical laboratory, geolog-

ical museum, engineering hall, and modern-language building. Then there comes a questionnaire for the new alumni directory. He is asked again to state his class, his degrees, his present connections, the books and articles he has published, the date of his marriage, the ages of his children, and any other honors that may have come his way.

There follows a circular with red headings announcing the biggest dinner in history. President Bamm will be the guest of honor. Dean Buff will tell about the alumni he met on his recent trip to Japan. Coach Bagg will recount the achievements of last fall's champions and give a line on the coming season. "All the old gang will be there. Don't let us miss you."

He signs the enclosed post card and his doom. He will subscribe to the expansion fund and probably will serve on a soliciting committee.

The developers of subdivisions have nothing on the boys who go after the alumni. The sedate grad who eludes his dear old alma mater's crew of go-getters is as much of a novelty as an Irishman in a symphony orchestra. He is visited first by an ordinary committee member. He can save trouble by signing at once. But if he is stubborn he will receive a letter and later a call from one of his classmates who has built up a large bond business. In case of continued reluctance a high-powered solicitor working strictly on a commission basis will make him so ashamed of himself that he will come through with a hundred dollars more than the first visitor had hoped to get.

Last winter I received a telephone invitation to dinner with a youth I had known casually in the university from which I graduated. Since then he had become secretary to the university president. At the time I received the invitation I was working fourteen hours a day at my profession, but before I knew what had happened I had accepted a soliciting assignment and sallied forth with my list of fourteen prospects and a pamphlet of instructions reminiscent of the summer I had attempted to sell aluminum ware. By taking off four evenings, I ran down all my prospects but one and landed ten contributions.

It was very desirable to have a hundred per cent representation from our city. So another committeeman, who sells insurance, took my failures and made two of them sign; but he was insulted by prospect thirteen and, like me, he was not even able to see number fourteen. Then there came out the university's clean-up man, a senior from the law school working on commission. How he did it I don't know, but he cracked the two tough boys for eight hundred—more than the total of the ten contributions I had garnered. It would have paid these reluctant ones to sign up with me at fifty each.

The bleeding of alumni now is no haphazard affair, nor is it a matter of sentiment. It is a well-organized and lucrative business. I did my undergraduate work in a Western university and my graduate work in the East. My wife is an alumna of one of the Eastern women's colleges so well known that they name candy and underwear for it. It so happened last winter that our three alma maters were driving at the same time, and I noticed a similarity in the literature—a similarity so startling that I could hardly believe it due to the general acceptance of the principles of the new science—sales psychology. I learned later that all three drives were being directed by an Eastern corporation which does nothing but stimulate and fertilize college loyalty. So those of us who have responded to the call of the dear old college are landed suckers, trimmed boobs—high-class ones, of course, but fish nevertheless. Our money, after the commissions are deducted, goes to a reasonably good cause, but the methods by which it is secured are the same as those used by the salesmen of oil stock and unseen real estate.

The university or college itself, however, is not the only bidder for the cash

of the loyal alumnus. There is the general alumni association and the local alumni club, to which dues must be paid, and there is the class, which is establishing a scholarship fund. Old Billy Bull, whose snap courses in English Literature have been a great boon to the athletes and whose speeches at mass meetings have cheered many teams to victory, is about to retire and it is only fitting that his former students present a portrait of him to the university.

Then the fraternity chapter house becomes obsolete, and to maintain standing on the campus the boys must have a new domicile to compare with those of Alpha Beta Gamma and Delta Epsilon Zeta. Or, if you have paid your pledge to the building fund and the house from the outside is a cause of envy to the Theta Iota Kappas next door, still there is need of new furniture and silverware.

Some of the soliciting literature sent out by the fraternity undergraduates is efficient in causing the old grad to think of the time he engineered the deal which bumped the Lambda Mu Nus in the class election and to reach for his check book. It is written by the boys who have taken courses in sales-letter writing in the college of commerce.

Never have I failed to respond when called on for a contribution to my graduate fraternity, to my professional fraternity, or to either of my alma maters. My contributions never have been large, but they are sufficiently numerous generally to cause comment by the clerk at the income tax office. Most of the time I have a feeling of self-righteousness over them, but when I attend a homecoming or an alumni meeting I often wonder whether I have been prudent.

Alumni meetings are not what they used to be. In the pre-Volstead days the old grads, after the formal meeting, would go over to Jimmy's, order beer, and proceed to entertain themselves until closing time. There was some real comradeship in those gatherings. But now, while I am an ardent prohibitionist and think that even with poor enforcement the Eighteenth Amendment has done a world of good, I must admit that the demise of the open saloon has ruined alumni reunions. Most of the people that you want to see don't come, and those that do come are not particularly cordial. The ones with flasks go off by themselves and drink their medicine with only simulated joy. The drunks are no longer funny, but merely pitiful. In spite of brave pretense, the boys don't enjoy their vile corn liquor. And, as a matter of fact, there is not a great deal of drinking. It only seems that there is because those who do drink are more offensive than they were in the previous generation.

Three years ago I moved back to the city of my first alma mater. On the earliest opportunity I visited my fraternity house, which I had helped to build. It was on the occasion of an early football game. After the game the chapter held an open house, to which all alumni with their wives were invited. I had talked so much of my fraternity to my wife that both of us were anticipating keenly the joys of the brotherly gathering. But when we went into the house nobody spoke to us. There seemed to be present a lot of undergraduate boys and girls intent on dancing. A few alumni and their wives were there, but I knew none of them, and they seemed as much embarrassed as we were.

A slick-haired youth, evidently a chapter officer, finally came around and asked our names. They meant nothing to him. He asked my chapter, but before I answered the music started and he hurried to his girl. So we left.

Before the big homecoming game at the end of the season I received a most cordial invitation from the chapter to come out. I thought that surely some of the alumni from my day would be there, and I was able, after some argument, to persuade my wife to take another chance. Our team won a glorious, unexpected victory, so that there should have been mirth and rejoicing. But at

the house conditions were about the same as before. This time there were present four men that I knew and we introduced our wives; but the women had nothing much in common and the men had developed divergent interests. We asked the perfunctory questions about occupations and number of children. We exchanged addresses, promptly to be forgotten. Meanwhile the undergraduates danced. I could get my wife into that house again only by knocking her unconscious and carrying her.

University homecomings are notable in that only comparatively few come home. After the game everybody drives away or rushes for the train.

Alumni dinners, though, are worse. They are harder to leave. The people who attend are mostly those whose college life was not successful, wistfully looking for some compensation, or those less successful in business than they were in college, living in the past. I attend alumni dinners regularly, paying exorbitant prices for poor meals and generally finding myself seated between people in whom I am not interested and who are not interested in me. Nearly every time I go I decide it will be the last, but somehow I am unable to keep my resolution. Possibly I may unconsciously hope to find myself seated by one of the few girls of my time who remain charming; it may be that I take delight in seeing some of the erstwhile beautiful maidens who used to cut dances with me now displaying fat bodies, gray hair, and goitre; or I may pride myself in being able to call a few of the eminently successful men who occasionally appear by their first names.

The promotion of alumni affairs is hard business. It is carried on principally by two classes: paid secretaries, who look on the loyal alumnus as their meal ticket, and those willing to work because of a desire for recognition. I know of one outstanding example of the latter class. Though not very capable or personally attractive, by taking over unpleasant tasks and attending all possible meetings through fifteen years he has become president of his alumni association and a trustee of his university. There is another small, but still important class: those who, unable to say "no," are hounded into activity by the paid secretaries.

Through these agents Alma Mater chases her sons. She no longer is the stately, benevolent lady we used to see in the college annuals. She demands our time, our money, our energy. She is a go-getting, gold-digging jazz baby.

She is strictly modern in every respect but one—she has shown no inclination to reduce.



Editor's Easy Chair



YOUNG PUBLIUS IS DISGRUNTLED

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

OF course The Easy Chair is a conservative seat, and it follows that nobody would have been deputized to sit in it who had not evinced conservative propensities. It is no Bolshevist's bench, The Easy Chair; No! No! Perhaps that is why young Publius, whom I speak of sometimes, seems a good tonic for it. He comes often to our house, talks freely and quite loud, and always puts over on us complaints or indictments of this or that detail of life as we now see it lived. Publius has his meals regularly and has no special trouble with them when eaten. He seems to get a little to drink, has good health, a very nice family, a pretty good job, and terrestrial prospects of reasonable felicity—unaffected by all of which good fortune, he comes to our house with these diatribes about the details of the *status quo*.

For example, I wish you could hear him talk about the Hall trial. No one living in that wholesome fear of libel suits that stays the disclosures of some intemperate minds would dare tell the whole of what Publius says about that case; of why it was got up; of what newspaper instigation this recent trial had and why; of how intolerable an outrage it was on the family concerned, and so on and so on. Anyone who reprinted all of his remarks would be in danger of the grand jury at least; but they were interesting to anyone sufficiently ignorant to think they might be true, or sufficiently informed to know they *were* true.

Publius is a lawyer, and he thinks that the bulk of what little is now known about the management of human affairs and the relations of visible to invisible life is known by the members of that profession. He thinks the available information of the ministers is far, far behind what they need in their business. He thinks rather better of doctors, for the reason, perhaps, that he knows less about medicine than he thinks he knows about religion. He is willing, however, to help in the support of doctors for the sake of what they can do for his family. He tries to keep up with the scientists and, indeed, does keep along with them pretty well, but finds the limit of their attainments too soon reached. When he thinks they begin to guess he begins to grumble and to say that, after all, they don't know much more than the ministers.

Of course young Publius is safe enough in all these aspersions of contemporary wisdom. It is nothing new to find limits to the wisdom of the wise and defects in its conclusions. But that disposition, when geared to some knowledge and some intelligence, is particularly noteworthy and perhaps useful in these times when everything seems to be in such a state of flux. Our river of life seems just now to be running through a narrow cañon full of rocks and tumult in which the rafts and boats which we have launched are shaken and whirled about in a way to make us wonder how many of them will still be afloat when our river comes to smooth going again. It is

this hurrying passage that I like to hear Publius discuss, because it really is a great matter for discussion. I asked him the other night if he wanted to cancel the foreign debts and had he read Mr. Glasgow's discourse on that subject in the front pages of the December HARPER'S. He had not read it but would, and said that he was willing to cancel the debts if he could make the speech accompanying the cancellation. He seems to have something on his mind about Europe and about war which he wants to set free in such a manner that it will reach the listening ears of mankind. Well, one can guess what it is. Probably he has it in him to say that mankind is so stupid it deserves to have wars go on, and that Europe is so stupid she ought to pay the debts—which is, of course, true enough in a way, and if Publius felt that it was worth a few billion dollars to have it brought to notice as he could bring it, why, one sympathizes with his feeling.

WHAT our poor world needs is to be laughed at. Rabelais laughed at the Middle Ages, and is a best-seller to-day. Cervantes laughed at chivalry and still lives. Voltaire laughed at Church and State in prerevolutionary France, and is on the way to sit with the saints. One of the great cures for disorder is to laugh. If young Publius could make Europe see itself ridiculous in having its debts cancelled, and could make us all see ourselves ridiculous for not being able to escape from war, it might be worth all that money. As for that special article in the December HARPER'S, to laugh at that is perhaps the most helpful way to take it. The question about those debts is what is best to do; not what is legal, not entirely what is possible, not what is the utmost money that can be squeezed out of Europe, but how much, if any, it will pay to take: what arrangement will in the long run be best for all hands. The American case is good enough at law, even at international law. When we got into the War we were needed in it. When our friends the Allies borrowed money of us they needed the money. When we began to lend it in quantity we said, "this may be all we can do in this war," so we did it lavishly. But then we went on and spent vast sums on our own account, training troops and all that, and in the end were actually useful in the field.

We have title enough to receive what Europe can pay, but that does not get us anywhere, unless it is really profitable to have Europe pay us. That is the great question, whether it is good for the world, for mankind, for the human race that we should collect those debts in the modified degree which has now been negotiated. For we are part of the world, of the human race, of mankind, and we believe, and not without due basis, that we have come to be an important part. They tell us so, and we think so. This is considerably our world. The economists say that we have contrived, or it has happened to us, to have a third of its wealth in our possession. All that wealth is more valuable to us if the other two-thirds are also valuable. If they shrink unduly, our third will also shrink. If by tipping out those debts we can make the rest of our world more prosperous, it may be an excellent thing to do. Almost anybody will admit as much as that. But we are more or less embarrassed by being tied to an ancient sentiment greatly respected in ordinary affairs—that honest debts must be paid if the credit of the debtors is to be sustained. Perhaps, however, in the great flux of things we shall presently get back more generally to a view of certain forms of property rights as something less permanent than we have regarded them. A very large share of our property rights consists nowadays of certificates of indebtedness of one kind or another. To call all debts off every fifty years, as the ancient Jews did, would disturb our system a good deal and it is not likely to be done. But the idea at the bottom

of it, that the less lucky or less able should be freed at stated periods from the domination of the more fortunate and shrewder, has plenty to be said in support of it, and is indeed embodied in current bankruptcy laws. That idea has an application to the foreign debts. Countries must not be crushed; nor driven into bankruptcy if it can be avoided. Peoples must not be overburdened, standards of living must not be kept too low indefinitely by national debts. That is not for the good of mankind and does not pay. Nature, even political nature, seems to work against it. In any country, in any empire, where too large a share of the wealth gets into too few hands, revolution begins to breed and presently there is a new distribution. So of nations. If they get too rich in comparison with their neighbors, presently they blow up.

MAYBE Publius will put forth some of these thoughts when he makes the address on the cancellation of debts, but very possibly he has better ones of his own. Another matter that concerns him is about the Church and marriage. We have had that amusing rumpus over the nullification by the authorities of the Vatican at Rome of a marriage which affected an American and an English family. It made the Protestant clergy in both those countries quite mad. As for the laity, they have not shown temper about it, but have merely grinned. Publius was very greatly entertained at the resulting situation. He is sure the Church has nothing to do with marriage anyhow. But then he is pretty young, and I never feel that he has yet reached final opinions about anything. The Church is almost universally of the opinion that people who marry should stay married. A great many of them do, and for manifold reasons it is a good plan; but the Church inclines to keep them married by making it hard for them to get loose from that condition. But nowadays efforts of the Church in that direction are largely defeated by secular law which lets people get divorce for a variety of reasons. Publius affects to think that the whole control by Churches of marriage is a usurpation, and that they really have slight concern with it. If they held that Church marriages made here remained in force in the life to come, that would be important. But they do not go so far as that. The most they hold is that a Church marriage is good till death of one of the parties to it. After that the other party can marry some more if so disposed.

It seems to be with marriage a good deal as it is with drink. If the rules are too strict you get a lot of bootleggers. Where the Church has been stricter than human nature has been inclined to endure, the bootlegging has been assisted by statute, and the secular courts have tried to make the rules match existing public sentiment. Perhaps the Church people after a while will get a divorce amendment into the Constitution. They show a disposition in that direction, but until we have digested Amendment 18, the adventure about divorce is not likely to succeed. We are going through a process of instruction about the possibility of making character by compulsion, or at least by compelling deportment whether there is character to back it or not. That is what our brethren tried to do who put over the prohibition laws. It was possible to regulate the sale of rum. That had long been done. Their effort to do it differently was legitimate enough, but they went farther than that and tried to contrive to eliminate drinking by law. After six years of experiment it seems to be pretty well demonstrated that this cannot be done, and most of us expect to see the present laws either modified by legislation or nullified in a way by failure of enforcement. What the Church has tried to do about marriage is something of the same sort. With a sound and admirable ideal of marriage in its mind, it has tried always to impose it on human creatures who had not character enough to make it go. Once it could punish

them if they were disobedient to its ordinances; now it can do no more than exclude them from church privileges.

Well, that seems proper enough if they wish to do it. It weighs a great deal with some people. Does anybody who faces marriage read up the laws of his state on that subject? Very few. For anybody but a lawyer it would be a difficult job of research. But does anyone read the Church service? Oh, yes, a great many people. The Church's influence in the direction of durable marriage is all to the good, but it is evident that it cannot compel anyone to remain married whose own conscience does not demand it except, indeed, its own officers who may be deprived of their employment if they disobey. But though the Church's ideal of marriage is respected, its position on divorce is very widely questioned. It would hold together people who do not wish to stay married and as to whom there is no compelling reason why they should. The Church (all the Churches) are considerably committed to the perpetuation of marriages which ought not to be perpetuated. That is the weak part of its position. The strong part of it is that it has the right ideal and does its best to promote its acceptance.

HEAVEN knows where it will come out in this matter. When the divorce lawyers of the Catholic Church in Rome nullified a marriage done with great formality by a Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States there was a general chuckle. The Protestant clergy was indignant, and said the Pope had no business to permit such a thing, and the Catholic clergy defended the action of the Rota, said it was all right and scolded the protesting Protestants. As for young Publius, he said the Pope had got in bad and the Rota's decision would make him trouble. But anyhow it was a very interesting case and world-wide discussion of it may in the end be helpful to an understanding of what in our present troubled and changeful times the relation of the Church to marriage really is and ought to be. The truth is, and it is no news, that we cannot rely on any organization to make us good or keep us good. When Charlie Chaplin's wife flounces out to consider whether she shall sue Charlie for one million or two million dollars, that is an illustration of what may happen to marriage when the Church has nothing to do with it. When the Rota nullified the Marlborough-Vanderbilt adventure, that illustrated what may happen when various Churches have done all they could.

But it has all made people laugh and that, as said, is useful. Man-made laws have never been entirely right and never will be. They are the defective products of defective powers; milestones set up in the road of human progress. The expectation is that travelers will pass them, and happily they do, else were our earthly journey more disgruntling than it is. When you put wrong definitions of conduct into a constitution or a creed, it is like a wall across our path. We have to get over it somehow and in time we do.

Personal and Otherwise

TWO months ago we turned to the subject of the war debts with an article by George Glasgow, an Englishman. This month ***Albert Jay Nock,*** an American, brings it up again, approaching it from a different point of view and drawing disquieting conclusions as to the probable future relations between Europe and the United States. Mr. Nock was one of the editors of the *American Magazine* in its early brilliant years, was a leading spirit on the editorial staff of *The Freeman* from 1920 to 1924, has recently written an excellent life of Thomas Jefferson, and during the past year has contributed to HARPER'S "The Decline of Conversation" (May), "Notes of an Emigré" (July), and "Postmarked Dresden" (August). For a year or so he has been living abroad, thus securing many an excellent opportunity to study popular European opinion of the United States.

The distinguished British short-story writer, ***A. E. Coppard,*** who makes his first appearance in the Magazine this month, is frequently represented in anthologies of current British fiction and has published three books, *Adam and Eve and Pinch Me*, *The Black Dog*, and *Fishmonger's Fiddle*.

The ethical standards of the legal profession are of moment to lawyers and the public alike; and for this reason we give the floor to ***Newman Levy,*** of the New York firm of Greenbaum, Wolff and Ernst, who discusses with sober restraint the discrepancy between the code to which members of the bar pay lip-service and that which most of them follow in day-to-day practice. Mr. Levy has been practicing law in New York since 1912, and from 1916 to 1919 was assistant district attorney of New York County.

Leland Hall graduated from Harvard in 1905, studied music in France, taught at the University of Wisconsin for four years, and later at Columbia, Harvard, and Smith. A little over two years ago, having decided to wander, he set out on a journey which brought him to Timbuctoo. (Readers whose exact knowledge of this famous city is limited to the part it plays in the verses concluding with "hymn book too" may be reminded that it is at the southern edge of the Sahara Desert just north of the Niger River.) In Timbuctoo Mr. Hall settled down to live awhile and, having a gift of understanding, he made many friends among the people of the city. His article, a result of that sojourn, will be followed shortly by a native portrait. Mr. Hall has now returned to this country and is teaching music again at Smith College.

Dorothy Dunbar Bromley describes herself as "one of those thousand and one young women who come out of the Middle West to find a satisfying career in New York." After filling editorial and advertising positions in the book world for five years, she has recently turned to magazine writing. It was a chance conversation with two lawyers that prompted her inquiry into the rights and wrongs of alimony.

Ellen du Pois Taylor, a native of Dakota, has done newspaper work in Chicago and is the author of a novel, *One Crystal and a Mother*, which will be published shortly by Harper & Brothers. "Nostalgia" is her first contribution to the Magazine. She is now in Europe.

Shortly after his graduation from Yale, ***Charles Merz*** joined the staff of the *New Republic*, which he later left to become an editorial writer for the New York *World*. He writes frequently for HARPER'S; his most recent contribution was "The Attack on New York," published last June.

Before the war ***Stephen Graham,*** son of the editor of the English *Country Life*, spent years living with the peasants and students of Russia, tramping in the Caucasus, the Crimea, the Ural Mountains, and the far

north of Russia, going steerage with Russian immigrants to the United States, and interpreting to the English-speaking world in a notable series of books the spirit of the Russian people. Since then his preference for traveling on foot and studying the life of the common people has not left him, and he has roamed in many countries, including our own. In 1921 he tramped through the West with Vachel Lindsay. The Bowery has long been familiar ground to him.

All three short stories this month are the work of new contributors. The third of these newcomers, ***Libbian Benedict,*** is a young New York writer.

Joseph Collins, the eminent neurologist, has in recent years added to his output of medical books a number in other fields: *The Doctor Looks at Literature*, *Taking the Literary Pulse*, *The Doctor Looks at Biography*, and *The Doctor Looks at Love and Life*. Now he logically turns his attention to his own profession. A year ago Dr. Collins stirred up a warm discussion with a HARPER article entitled "Childish Americans," in which he examined the emotional habits of our countrymen and rendered a diagnosis of adult infantilism.

We are forever hearing about the younger generation. What about the not-quite-so-young generation, the women of the thirties? We commend to them and their husbands, relatives, and friends the portrait sketched by ***Margaret Culkin Banning,*** herself a member of the group. Mrs. Banning went to Vassar, lives in Duluth, is the author of several novels (of which the most recent is *The Women of the Family*), and has written many a short story for HARPER'S.

After putting the finishing touches on the revised edition of his *Constantinople*, ***H. G. Dwight*** sends us from Washington a characteristic paper touching on immigration, Nordics, Anglo-Americans, the Founding Fathers, etc. Mr. Dwight is the author of the classic *Stamboul Nights*, one of the best volumes of short stories ever written by an American. After the war he spent several years with the State Department, but about eighteen months ago he left the Department to take up literature again. Since then he has written several HARPER articles; the latest was "South of the Potomac" (May, 1926).

Christopher Morley, author of *Where the Blue Begins*, *Thunder on the Left*, and many a volume of essays and verse, needs no introduction to the HARPER circle.

Henshaw Ward used to be a schoolteacher; for two or three years past he has been living in New Haven and writing books (*Evolution for John Doe* and *Thobbing*) and articles interpreting to the lay public the discoveries and hypotheses and conclusions of modern science. There are many interpreters of science in these days, but few have Mr. Ward's gift of combining accuracy, clearness, and the ability to dramatize the subject.

The poets of the month are ***A. A. Milne,*** the English author of *When We Were Very Young*, *Winnie the Pooh*, and several delightful comedies; ***Mary Ellis Opdycke*** (Mrs. John DeWitt Peltz) of New York, former assistant music critic of the *Sun* and contributor to many magazines; and ***Countée Cullen,*** the young colored poet of Harlem, author of *Color*.

Turning Lion's Mouth contributor after writing seriously in our November issue on "Freedom vs. Compulsion in Religion," ***Charles A. Bennett,*** associate professor of philosophy at Yale, gives new proof of his versatility. ***O. R. Sellers*** of Lexington, Missouri, and Chicago, comes to the rescue of the harassed alumni, showing that however pestiferous Percy Marks may find them, the poor hunted creatures sometimes deserve our sympathy.

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Gardner Symons, of New York, is one of the ablest American landscape painters. During the past sixteen years he has won a notable series of awards, and his work is represented in the Metropolitan and other leading museums. The painting reproduced as the frontispiece of this issue is characteristic of the winter river-scenes that he frequently paints.

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In his article in the November HARPER'S, John Macy made the following statement about the appearance of a group of women

before the Senate Judiciary Committee at the prohibition hearings last April:

> The ladies, headed by Mrs. Henry W. Peabody of Boston, had, as the New York *World* put it, "few exact figures, but were loaded with generalities." Mrs. Peabody said, "These women who appear here to-day represent from 12,000,000 to 18,000,000 in the Protestant churches of America. . . . We represent the homes and schools of America." The lady had not a single credential to prove how many people she and her companions represented, and her sweeping inclusion of all the homes and schools in America is capable of immediate disproof.

This statement has elicited a vigorous protest from Mrs. Peabody, National Chairman of the Woman's National Committee for Law Enforcement. Her letter, which, we regret, arrived too late for inclusion last month, is printed herewith, together with Mr. Macy's reply.

To The Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

I am sending you the *Congressional Record* giving a report of the Hearing before the sub-committee of the Judiciary in Washington, April 12. It includes the sworn statements of sixty-five women, representing great organizations affiliated with the Women's National Committee for Law Enforcement. They are as follows: General Federation of Women's Clubs, Young Women's Christian Association, Congress of Mothers and Parent-Teacher Association, Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions of North America, Council of Women for Home Missions, National Council of Women, International Order of King's Daughters, Women's Christian Temperance Union, and in addition statements from the colored women, the Salvation Army, and from many other organizations. These organizations were represented by the president or legislative chairman or accredited delegate.

Our claim to "represent homes and schools" did not assert that we represent "all," since no representation even in the Senate of the United States would cover all citizens in any state. If it covers a majority we are satisfied politically.

As we stated in the Hearing (Page 740, *Congressional Record*), since there was duplication in the testimony of so many religious bodies, it seemed to us more accurate to take as a basis the women of the Protestant Churches which, based on the 60 per cent membership of women, is eighteen millions. From this we deducted six millions, not because there are six million Protestant Church women opposed to prohibition and law enforcement, but merely to preserve a conservative estimate. There is no question regarding the stand of these women, since all have taken strong action in their delegated bodies. We have not included the many Catholic and Jewish women who, while not affiliated, are working with us.

For the benefit of those who wish to have the text of the testimony, we have published excerpts which can be secured from our headquarters, 1 Arsenal Square, Cambridge, Mass

Very sincerely,

LUCY W. PEABODY,
(Mrs. Henry W. Peabody) National Chairman.

Editor HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

I was in error in saying that "the lady (Mrs. Peabody) had not a single credential." "Credential" is the wrong word. Of course the ladies were duly accredited and gave an account of what organizations they represented. I should have said, and shall say in my book, that they did not offer valid documents to prove how many people they represented. The figures are only guesses, estimates without sound statistical foundation.

Mrs. Peabody says: "Our claim to 'represent homes and schools' did not assert that we represent 'all,' since no representation even in the Senate of the United States would cover all citizens in any state. If it covers a majority we are satisfied politically."

There is nothing in the testimony given to establish whether or not "it" (their claim?) covers a majority.

Mrs. Peabody's words, as quoted in the *Congressional Record*, are: "We represent here to-day not only organizations of women, but, as a whole, we represent the home, the school, the church."

This is an unwarranted assertion. *The* is as absolute as *all*. They did not, they simply did not represent *the* home, *the* school, *the* church. They only represented some homes, some schools, some churches. How many we do not know and they do not know.

JOHN MACY.

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Letters in response to Mr. Macy's article on the comparative ability of women and men were still pouring in on us when the comments on Miss LeClerc Phillips's paper, "The Problem of the Educated Woman," began to arrive. The reactions to her argument were various. Some were satirical: one suggested the selection of college presi-

dents who had been successful in love; another wrote a prospectus of a college in which the members of the faculty were distinguished for the number of their divorces and successful remarriages and the curriculum embraced such subjects as "General Introduction to the Art of Attraction," "Husbandology: Getting and Keeping the Husband," and "How to Live Without Thinking." Another reader objected that the problem outlined by Miss Phillips was not that of the Educated Woman, but that of the Mental Prig: "History will bear me out in the fact that intelligence is accompanied by beauty more often than not. Of the girls who were graduated in my class at college those who won scholastic honors were, with one exception, the best looking girls in the class." Other readers protested that the type of student discussed by Miss Phillips is rare, and that the average feminine undergraduate is little influenced by the so-called "desiccated" instructor. We hope to have space in our next issue to quote at greater length from some of the replies.

Meanwhile the article has apparently had practical results. In the middle of December it was announced that William Van D. Lawrence had given his estate in Bronxville, New York, and $1,250,000 for a new women's junior college which is to educate girls "for their real career, marriage"; and the day after the announcement we read in the New York *World:*

> Mr. Lawrence said that he has been considering the gift for years, and his views were suddenly crystallized by an article in the last HARPER'S, "The Problem of the Educated Woman," by R. LeClerc Phillips. The paper says that relatively few college women of superior intellect marry, and places a good deal of the blame on unmarried woman teachers.

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A letter from the Christian Science Committee on Publication for the State of New York:

To the Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE:

Under the heading of the "Editor's Easy Chair," your December issue makes a reference to Christian Science which may quite easily misinform your reading audience. I shall, therefore, be grateful for space in your columns to make correction. Your editor says, "One notices that schisms have started in the Christian Science Church and seem to be prospering." This is quite contrary to the real status of affairs. Never in the history of this great religious movement, founded over sixty years ago by Mary Baker Eddy, its Discoverer, has unity reigned so supremely. A perusal of the report of the annual meeting held in The Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston, Mass., on June 7 last, will reveal healthy growth in membership, attendance, distribution and sale of the writings of its Founder and Leader. While a few members have been disciplined for disobedience, it is most unfair to insinuate that there has been "a formal division or separation," which I understand to be the meaning of the word schism. Nothing that could be so designated or so dignified has occurred.

Again, our critic states that the "Christian Science organization seems to be sharing the experience of the other churches in the decline of authority." There is no foundation in fact for such a statement. The "authority" in the Christian Science movement is the "Church Manual."

Faithfully yours,

EDGAR G. GIGER,

Christian Science Committee on Publication.

Mr. Martin makes the following reply to this letter:

I receive occasionally copies of the *Christian Science Watchman,* now published in Washington, which seems to me to be the organ of a separatist activity in Christian Science, under the leadership of Mrs. Annie C. Bill.

I also read in the newspapers from time to time page-long deliverances of Mrs. Augusta Stetson (I think), who also seems to have strayed away from the Mother Church of Christian Science, and to be functioning on the side.

I read in the newspapers, not very lately, of differences over the profits of Mrs. Eddy's book, and of general conflicts of managers following her lamented decease. I based on these signs, among others, the suggestion that schisms had started in Christian Science, but maybe these departures do not seem to the insiders big enough to be called schisms. Or it may be a part of C.S. method to deny schism, just as it is to deny disease!

EDWARD S. MARTIN.



ANTOINETTE

By Ellen Emmet Rand

Courtesy of the Grand Central Galleries

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CHEER UP, AMERICA!

BY WILLIAM ALLEN WHITE

FOR four months half a hundred workmen at the corners of Thirty-second and Thirty-third Streets and Park Avenue in New York City have been tearing down an old temple—a temple of hospitality, the old Park Avenue Hotel. The old temple was filled with sentiment and surrounded by traditions, in so far as two or three American generations can hallow a temple. In January of 1927, after four months' work, the temple had been reduced to a sort of ground plan of its ruins. It looked like Pompeii. In the midst of the ruins two great machines, somehow reminding one of sentient beings, sank their great tusks into the earth, biting out huge steel basketloads of brick and dust, boards and stone, scrap iron and mortar. The steel beasts, swishing their plumy steam tails into the cool winter air, hummed their eternal work song. The workmen, scurrying about the debris, were busy with a dozen kinds of tasks. Each small group was doing its work with three or four foremen over the lot, directing the force. On a cold day the workmen were overcoated, gloved, warmly clad. A dozen, and sometimes a score of idlers, leaned against the railings that strung about the vacant lot, watching the workers. The idlers were clad about as the workers were, and the workers were clad about as the men hurrying along to the Avenue on business errands. A shabbier, dustier, more worn brown appeared in the workers' clothes, and a few more wrinkles than appeared on the clothes of the wayfarers; but that dusty brown made the chief difference between those who were working with their hands and those who idled or hurried into the offices that rose ten, fifteen, twenty stories in the buildings nearby. The foremen were not distinguished from the workers in either clothing or in the manner of their occupation. They all worked; no man idled. Few gave orders. The orders were reasonably polite.

Four years ago I saw wreckers working around a temple in Egypt near Luxor. They were digging it out. Thirty or forty boys between the ages of eight and twenty, naked save for a loincloth,

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grubbing up the debris and talus of another age, uncovering some ancient temple with a tradition hallowed in Egypt about as the Park Avenue Hotel was hallowed in Manhattan. The foreman, turbanned and draped in long dark skirts, stood over the youths, yelling at them, cursing them, urging them to their task. They, watching the tail of his eye with snakelike cunning, did as little clawing in the earth as possible, filled as few leaky baskets as possible, under which their comrades groaned as they carried them out of the excavation. Occasionally, and when a white man came along, to emphasize the abysmal difference yawning between the foreman and the workers, the turbanned man cracked his whip and let the lash fall upon the naked back of some boy who jumped and winced and began to claw eagerly in the earth. Another foreman, or superintendent, much more gorgeously turbanned, much more splendidly robed, sat aloof, as far from the slave driver as the slave driver was from his prey. And occasionally, strolling into the work, came another man, an Egyptian apparently, of the scholarly cast, whose eyes scorned the superintendent and could not even see the foreman and had no social consciousness whatever of the naked creatures groveling in the dust—ages in time behind him and unspeakably beneath. By way of diversion, some American tourists threw a handful of copper coins at the grubbing boys. They started to pounce upon the coins like hungry pups when the foreman's lash cracked, driving them away, and he stooped down and gathered the loot.

Somewhere in the contrast between those pictures lies all that is worth while in America. Before going into the obvious contrasts between the pictures, let us find the common points in each. Probably, at least typically, there was profit for the employer in both jobs. Upon his profit both bosses lorded it over those who walked and worked in the economic rank just beneath the bosses. Probably there were fewer unsatisfied wants among the bare-backed boys of Thebes in their breechcloths than would be found among the men at Thirty-third Street and Park Avenue. The workmen on each job most likely slept well, ate well according to the tradition and environment of the times and place, fought easily, lived and loved according to the distinction of each man's temperament, whether he came from an Eastside tenement or from a mud hovel along the Nile. The boys in Thebes did not seem to mind the lash. The men on Park Avenue did not seem to be oppressed by the compulsion which made them work and allowed the idlers to gaze at them. Very likely and typically, there may have been in each job, the one in Thebes, the one in Park Avenue, considerable favoritism, a little graft, some downright dishonesty, if each transaction were all unraveled and put under the magnifying glass of a cantankerous sociologist. And yet, despite these similarities which might be spun out still further, the two pictures revealed two civilizations, each civilization founded upon a deeply different social philosophy. In Egypt are the beginnings of human progress; from America, looking back, we can measure man's advance. He has not come to the end of the trail, of course. But he seems to have been moving, and, in the various civilizations still functioning on the globe, we may trace the windings of man's trail of progress.

II

Now it is fair to ask what is the chief gain which man has made on his long journey. It is reasonable to presume that the journey has been an upward journey. What has man found in these later, and probably higher, levels which he did not have when he left the woods and settled in the open valley with his herd, his plow, and his boat upon the stream and inland sea? What, in this Mediterranean civilization, of which

America is the direct descendant, has man found that is new and worth while? Why, indeed, is it better for man, taking him as merely a two-legged, burden-bearing animal, to live in America than to live on the banks of the Nile?

Man has marked his progress not so much by the material aspects of his civilization as he has marked it by his philosophy of life, considering the material things about him as the outward and visible sign of his inner and spiritual attitude toward life. Now man's spiritual attitude which marks his progress is chiefly toward his fellows, but somewhat toward the things outside himself which he fancies make for his security and happiness. The attitude which marks and makes the difference between the boys under the lash of Thebes and the men under orders at Thirty-third Street and Park Avenue, New York City, United States of America, is the attitude of good will manifest in mutual consideration. This mutual consideration which dominates our Western civilization—the civilization of Europe and America, with all its imperfections too obvious to enumerate—has enlarged one quality in man which makes the Western man different from his fellows on the planet. The Western man has self-respect. That is "the pearl of great price." That is the thing for which man in the West ideally would lose his life that he might save it. Because of the fact that in America men may easily be self-respecting, the millions have come flocking to the United States from all over the globe. Self-respect is bought with many things, but the common coin with which men to-day seek to buy it is gold, money, wealth, the thing epitomized in the word capital. To be free from the lash for one day, for one year, for one life is the chief end of man. Not because of the ease it brings, but because of the freedom it brings. Freedom is another name for self-respect.

Democracy is institutionalized self-respect—nothing more, and, ideally, little less. It is odd to watch man in the ages between Thebes and New York City, nosing about for five thousand years against the hard wall of time and circumstance, burrowing for a quick passage through to self-respect. He tried here, a military empire under Rome; there, a feudal system; yonder, a hierarchy; beyond, a limited monarchy; each attempt coming a little nearer to the ideal in his heart. It is not hard to find fault with the tunnel man has made, to show that he has doubled back many times, to see where he has futilely followed blind leads. It is absurdly easy to look into man's heart to-day in the quest for democracy and find there evidences of envy, of greed, of blindness, of malice, of all the lusts of the flesh. The mean spirit that ever chains man to his clay prison is always flaunting itself. So, of course, democracy, and particularly American democracy, is crass, is crammed with injustices, strident with disharmony, marred with ugliness, cursed with selfishness. Bernard Shaw in "Pygmalion" makes his hero ask a lady, "if she fancied it would be agreeable if the hero came out frankly with all the things in his mind." The lady twitters that it might be cynical, and the hero shrieks, "It would not be decent." Every wise man knows this and yet he understands that beneath the indecencies in the mind of humanity are humanity's deep aspirations, its struggling nobility, its unrealized ideals.

So it is with democracy. Who can doubt that our American democracy has built into stone and steel, brick and wood, even into the institutions of commerce and of government, of religion and social usage, a million aspects of our animal indecencies? Always man has made his obscene gods, but he has always fashioned his glorious vision; always he has tempered his ideal justice with palpable inequity. To point out in American civilization its banality; to stress our commercial greed, our ravening imperialism on the sea whereon the flag follows the bargain; to fall down in despair before boodlers and grafters in politics;

to grow gloomy in the face of social climbers; to surrender all hope for America because of the tabloid newspapers, jazz in the radio, and the demagogue in public life—in short, to stress the indecencies obvious in the scum of our consciousness, is to see life as a child sees it and to miss its meaning. The same child, looking at "the glory that was Greece and the grandeur that was Rome" would forget also the vast cruelties of those civilizations which outbalanced for the common man the superficial beauties that survive those civilizations. Progress in a civilization must be measured by its effect upon man in the average if we are to accept what seems to be man's aim in his struggle with his environment since the dawn of history. In some other age another man may aspire to something better than self-respect. He may seek some attitude finer than his own soul's freedom. But since man first began making his record in the world, it seems fairly clear that he has been striving for just one thing—the right to be his own and not another's.

It is pathetic to observe the various objects which man has brought in his hand with which to pay the gods of life in his quest for self-respect. He walked through countless unrecorded ages bringing two things—the soldier's sword and the priest's miter. Through war and religion he sought to establish himself over his fellows and so maintain his soul's dignity. Then he came with the ballot in its various forms which produce self-government. Now he comes bringing capital. Each price—war, religion, democracy, capitalism—has represented a change in man's philosophic expression of the same ideal, his yearning for the thing called equality of opportunity. Of course, envy of his fellows has motivated much of man's activity in seeking that equality of opportunity which makes for self-respect. But envy does not debase all of his conduct. If envy debased everything in the struggle for self-respect there would be no heroes. Man would be without nobility—a brother of the beasts. Envy permeates the struggle for democracy but it does not explain it.

III

The pathetic restlessness with which man tries first one thing and then another in bargaining for the democratic ideal—the sword, the miter, the ballot, the dollar—is most patent to-day in America. There are signs that we are losing faith in the ballot and relying more and more on the dollar. Government as an agency for human welfare received a tremendous shock when the governments of the world failed to bring peace out of the War. In America for twenty-five years before the War the people had been striving to make government work as a democratic agency. They had faith in the ballot, they believed in political power as an agency for justice, and seemed to feel that if they could put that power, through the ballot, into the hands of the common man, he would use it intelligently, unselfishly, nobly. So in America all kinds of political devices for strengthening the power of the masses: the direct election of United States senators, the primary, the initiative and referendum, the secret ballot, the headless ballot, anti-corruption laws—came into American political life.

Still the millennium receded as we approached it. The American quest for justice which would bring self-respect to the individual by equalizing the political opportunities of all individuals, proved to be a vain quest. We found some justice, we equalized some opportunities, we checked some iniquities. Probably we have gained a little in our contest with the forces of greed within us which ever seek, and ever have sought since the days of Cain and Abel, to overcome the nobler passions of men in establishment of good will—good will which promotes social peace, which brings justice and self-respect into the hearts of men. The particular form in which the

devil in our hearts has become manifest during the last two or three hundred years, the dragon against which the St. George of democracy has been struggling, has been capital. A wiseacre of Broadway declares, "There are many things in this life that are better than money, but it takes money to get them."

In humanity's quest for self-respect man has repeated in his use of capital as a bargaining agent with the gods somewhat the struggle he made with each of the ancient devices by which he has sought to attain his ideal. It is something more than a quest, something less than a bargain, this ceaseless endeavor to find "the pearl of great price." And when man takes up a new device—the sword, the miter, the ballot, or the dollar—with which to buy his way into Utopia, he always finds that the thing which he believes will save him actually menaces him. The capital of the present age, which has been produced by "many inventions," has, of course, brought the average man far into the realm of social dignity; but as surely as we have advanced far, behind the ægis of capital, so we are now threatened by it, and in America this is particularly true.

America is the paradise of capital. For three hundred years, during the rise of capitalism in the world, America has been the spot to which men from all over the world have been attracted by the love of money. They have called it the love of freedom, but the freedom for the most part has been bought with capital. The continent is rich, the climate salubrious, life abundant. Wealth has piled high, and no man or class has been able to hold it all. Somehow, the lavish hand of nature in a virgin continent, rich in alluvial soil and minerals, blessed with a temperate climate, has helped to pile up and yet distribute wealth. Somehow, the very abundance of wealth has made it easy for the average man to acquire a share. So here from all over the earth the poor and oppressed have come and found the self-respect which they have been denied in other places. Government has taken wealth from the few and given its blessings to the many in the form of education, policing, regulatory measures affecting transportation, communication, and human welfare. The government has bought health for the masses out of taxes; the government has engaged in the care of the poor, of the defective, and has organized opportunity in a score of ways undreamed of in other times and places. But with all this public activity, with all the political distribution of wealth, with all our legislation, with all our constitutional prohibition of hereditary caste, vast inequities still remain. Worse than the inequities of life are its uglinesses, its disharmonies, and its terrible standardization. Politics, that benevolent goddess who mothers the weak and the oppressed with sheltering institutions, who distributes her largesse in schools, in health, with a certain show of justice in her courts, has another mood and face. She is a corrupt and designing hussy.

American politics are probably no worse than the politics of any other land; but while we are praising what our government has done we should not deny that government also is the shield for special privilege, that government does make it possible for the rich to enjoy privileges in our courts which are denied to the poor, that government does at times act with stupidity, and at times with cupidity. The Declaration of Independence, which is the charter of our liberties, the covenant of our self-respect in America, the source of our idealism, has only been partially realized under our Constitution. Our Constitution, with all its wisdom, still has far to go to institutionalize all the ideals of the Declaration. There remain vast areas untouched in that noble document of 1776; and it is folly to deny that in man's quest for self-respect here in America he is faced continually by the dangers of plutocracy, the dangers of a despotism as cruel and as unjust as any of the

despotisms out of which he has struggled in ages past.

But the joyous thing about it is that in America the fight is a fair fight. If we are brave enough and wise enough and honest enough to make the fight for self-respect, even against the centripetal forces of capitalism, we can win out of very capitalism itself all the liberties which our hearts desire. Granted all that the finical say about and against America. Granted that our politics are corrupt. Granted that much of our standardization is ugly; that in democratizing the arts we have somewhat debased the arts. Granted that in distributing the products of commerce and industry we have quickly elevated millions into living standards which they do not appreciate and cannot evaluate wisely. Granted that democracy is crass, motivated somewhat by envy. Granted all its enemies say of it—still America, more than any other section of the earth, does guarantee to each human being according to his capacity for industry, courage, and intelligence, a right to look squarely into the face of his peers, dream his own dreams, follow his own visions, live his own life, with such abundance, with such beauty, and with such joy as his own heart may contain.

It is that making of potential self-respect which has drawn the millions to our shores all these three hundred years, the age which has seen the rise of capitalism in the world. Here man may find in his battle against the forces which would crush him into servility a fine field and a fair fight—a fair fight despite all the tremendous prestige and power of aggrandized wealth. For in America aggrandized wealth is not fool proof. It is not established by a legal hereditary caste. Waste may take away from the fool the thing he cherishes and pass his money to the wise. That folly and extravagance cannot do in a legalized aristocracy. The titled fool without his money elsewhere in the world still holds his prestige; the fool without his money in America is just "a fool i' the forest."

IV

That which America has done with humanity is to make the dynamic man—the man eager for change. Throw the whole kit of modern inventions, from steam engine to the radio, into the African jungle or into the midst of Asia, or even into the European peasantry, and these inventions would bring no hope, would change no social or economic status, would bring no relations of man based upon the faith of man in his fellows. Somewhere in a laboratory, working with his tubes and fires, a scientist in an apron is weighing, measuring, trying, changing, poking his fingers into a place along the dead wall that impedes our further progress, and maybe tomorrow, maybe next month, or next year, or the next decade or the next century, he will find the thing that will upset and revolutionize the world. Where will he go with it? It will affect mankind first and surest and in the broadest way in America, because America accepts change. In the golden quest of the ages, the quest for self-respect, we have built actually a new kind of man in America.

There is something in the theory of the Christian theologians that man must be born again. In America he is regenerated. On the North American continent and among the English-speaking colonies, the white man looks at life squarely and without a servile eye. He is no white-winged cherub, no pink angel. By no means has his altruism overcome his eye for the main chance. With all his keen anxiety for change and his profound belief that change is always for the better, with all his institutions taxing the few for the benefit of the many, in education and health, protection and regulation, the American's altruism does not soften him into impotency. He still believes that all things come to him who hustles while he waits, and grabs quickly. But while he

grabs he gives. He is a dollar-chaser, certainly: but not for the dollar but for the game rather. He has no sou grip. Pennies and dollars slip through his hands after he has them. He gambles with his gains like a drunken sailor. More than most of his brothers, the American knows that he is his brother's keeper. The thing which has left him in his rebirth is cruelty. He is not callous of suffering and pain; certainly he is not plagued with the sadist's love to hurt. He hits hard, but takes no comfort in revenge. He went into the World War partly in fear, partly prodded by propaganda which worked him into a fine frenzy of altruistic folly. But while he fought like a devil he came out of it with a gay, childish vanity in the fact that he had asked no ransom, that he had exacted no stipend for revenge, or remuneration, and had added nothing to the suffering of mankind. He does not yet realize the implications that follow the collection of what he regards his honest debts; when he does he may make a fine gesture and throw his notes into the sea. And at the end of the episode which began in Serajevo in 1914, the American will be the only man connected with the sad occurrence who has not reaped, consciously and in the sweet solace of revenge, any intentional reward from the War. This is not because he is better or worse than other men. It is because the American is reborn, regenerated, renewed in self-respect. Another millennium may improve him, may refine him, may quicken his sensibilities and broaden his intellectual and spiritual horizon. Heaven hasten the day. But until that day comes let us Americans not be fooled and discouraged by those one-eyed critics who see only our faults.

If they say "America has no native art" let them remember that she patronizes the art of the world generously and, upon the whole, intelligently. If her statesmen are cheap, short-sighted, and dull, her inventors are completing the work of civilization where politics has dropped it. If we have produced no musicians except those who jangle jazz, let it not be forgotten that we have orchestras, good orchestras, conducted, if you will, by Europeans, but still patronized by the masses; more good orchestras than any other land. The great composers of other times and other lands find to-day their largest audiences in America. Our literature may be provincial, but we are cosmopolitan in our taste for literature. Our religion may be dominated to a larger extent than the religions of other lands by a tom-tom evangelism and bull-roaring emotionalism. But where else will the weak find public succor so near him? In what other hundred millions on earth is health being conserved by public institutions; and where else does the cry of distress, from whatever corner of the world it comes, find such quick and wide response? That is the test of our religion, not our yapping, jumping, Hell-spreading evangelists.

It is easy to criticize America, and on the whole it is wise to do so. The gadfly's proboscis injects the serum of progress into our blood with its discontent; but let us also remember, as we listen to our critics, that humanity is wiser than they, and that if America had not some real thing to offer, if America had not "the pearl of great price," America would not be the magnet which is turning to our shores the dreams of the millions from all over the world. Here they come, these eager millions, willing to lay down their lives, their traditions; eager even to give over that dearest of all inheritances—their own nationalities, that they may find joy and salvation in the rebirth which is America. The millions who seek to become Americans are indeed willing to give their lives that they may save them. That great fact is our challenge to the world.

TWO SONNETS

BY COUNTEE CULLEN

THE POET PUTS HIS HEART TO SCHOOL

OUR love has dwindled down to this:
With proper stress and emphasis
To crown a given exercise;
Those lips, that bearing, those great eyes
I once was wont to praise, I trade
Now for technic and for a grade.
That sun in which I used to bask
Now glorifies a schoolboy's task.
Priest am I now for wisdom's pay,
And half a priest's task is to slay;
Nor raise one far-remembering cry,
Though with the slain the slayer die.
Aloft the sacred knife is curved:
The gods of knowledge must be served.

PROTEST

I LONG not now, a little while at least,
For that serene, interminable hour
When I shall leave this barmecidal feast
With poppy for my everlasting flower.
I long not now for that dim cubicle
Of earth to which my lease will not expire,
Where he who comes a tenant there may dwell
Without a thought of famine, flood, or fire.

Surely that house has quiet to bestow,
Still tongue, spent pulse, heart pumped of its last throb,
The fingers tense and tranquil in a row,
The throat unwelled with any sigh or sob,
But time to live, to love, bear pain, and smile,
Oh, we are given such a little while!

THE LAST JUDGMENT

A SCIENTIST TURNS TO PROPHECY

BY J. B. S. HALDANE

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THE star on which we live had a beginning and will doubtless have an end. A great many people have predicted that end, with varying degrees of picturesqueness. The Christian account contains much that is admirable, but suffers from two cardinal defects. In the first place, it is written from the point of view of the angels and a small minority of the human race. The impartial historian of the future could legitimately demand a view of the communiqués of the Beast and his adherents. For, after all, the Beast and his false prophet could work miracles of a kind, and were admittedly able propagandists. So perhaps "Another air-raid on Babylon beaten off—Seventeen archangels brought down in flames" might record some of the earlier stages in the war, while "More enemy atrocities—Prophet cast into burning sulphur" would chronicle the peace terms.

But the more serious objection is perhaps to the scale of magnitudes employed. The misbehaviors of the human race might induce their creator to wipe out their planet, but hardly the entire stellar system. We may be bad, but I cannot believe that we are as bad as all that. At worst, our earth is only a very small septic area in the universe, which could be sterilized without very great trouble, and conceivably is not even worth sterilizing.

I prefer Ragnarök, the doom of the Reigners, which closes the present chapter in world history according to Norse mythology. Here mankind perish as an episode in a vaster conflict. It is true that they misbehaved first. But human events are a symptom rather than a cause. The Gods are to be destroyed by the powers of darkness. The Wolf will eat Odin, and actually get the world between his teeth, though he will fail to swallow it. There is a happy ending, probably due to Christian influence. Balder returns from the dead, and rules over the descendants of two survivors of the human race. But one episode is of considerable interest. In the middle of the fight the sun becomes a mother, and both she and her daughter survive it. In Scandinavia of course the sun, who is kindly but rather ineffective, is a female, a conception impossible to the inhabitants of hotter climates.

Now fission is one of the vices to which suns are subject. Indeed, something like half the "fixed" stars known to us are probably double or multiple. Apparently the reason for splitting is as follows: A star always has a certain amount of angular momentum, or spin, due to its rotation on its axis. As it loses heat it gets smaller, but has the same amount of spin. So it has to go round faster, and finally splits in two, like a bursting fly-wheel, owing to its excessive speed. The sun certainly does not seem likely to do this, for it turns round its axis only once in about four weeks, whereas, in order to split, it would have to do so once in less than an hour. But we can see only its outside, and last

year Doctor Jeans, the President of the Royal Astronomical Society, suggested that the sun's inside might be rotating much faster, and that no one could say that it would not divide to-morrow. Naturally, such an event is rather unlikely. The sun has gone on for several thousand million years without doing so. But it is apparently possible.

The results for the earth would be disastrous. Even if the sun's heat did not increase so greatly as to roast mankind forthwith, the earth would cease to revolve in a definite orbit, and year by year would approach the pair of suns nearer at one season, retreat farther from them at another, while they themselves would gradually separate, and, therefore, approach nearer to the earth. Long before a collision occurred we should have come so close to one of them that, under the radiation from a sun covering a tenth of the sky, the sea would have boiled over and mankind perished.

The sun might perhaps do several other things. It might cool down, and fifty years ago it seemed very plausible that it would do so within a few million years. But as we now know that for the thousand million years or so since the first ice-age recorded by geology it has not got much cooler, there is no reason to suppose that it will begin to do so for a very long time indeed. Modern physics suggests, indeed, that it will last for more than a million million years. But long before that time comes, something very strange indeed, as we shall presently see, will have happened to our planet.

Stars occasionally burst, expanding enormously, giving out a vast amount of heat, and then dying down again. No one knows why this occurs, but it does seem to happen to stars not at all unlike the sun. If it happened to the sun, the earth would stand as much chance of survival as a butterfly in a furnace. But these explosions are also rare. No star at all near to us has exploded during human history. If Sirius, let us say, exploded in this manner he would send about as much light to the earth as does the moon, and would be visible by day. We cannot say whether this kind of ending for our world is likely or not until we know more as to why it happens to other stars.

Others have suggested a comet or some other stray heavenly body as a destroyer. Again we have the fact that on all the continents nothing larger than a few miles in diameter can have fallen in the last few hundred million years. The great meteor imbedded in the desert in Arizona may have formed part of a comet, and some of the scars on the moon may be due to collisions with wandering matter. But the improbability of a collision which would desolate any large part of the earth's surface is enormous, even though the Arizona meteorite would have made a considerable mess of London or New York. It has been suggested that a heavy body passing near the earth might drag it out of its orbit.

The orderly and nearly circular character of the orbits of all the planets round the sun shows that they have not been greatly perturbed for a very long time, and probably since their formation. One cannot say that they will never be so perturbed, but one can assert that the odds against any such event in the next million years are more than a thousand to one.

All the possibilities that I have catalogued are essentially accidents. Some of them may happen, just as I may be killed in a railway accident; but just as my body will not go on working forever, apart from any accidents, so the earth carries with it through space what will certainly alter its conditions profoundly, and very possibly destroy it as an abode of life. I refer to the moon. In what follows I shall describe the most probable end of our planet as it might appear to spectators. It is, of course, unlikely that it will occur as soon as I have suggested, and only the rather improbable eventuality which I have here put forward could precipitate it within a time accessible to my imagination.

II

It is now* certain that human life on the earth's surface is extinct, and quite probable that no living thing whatever remains there. The following is a brief record of the events which led up to this climax. Of all the planets formed when our sun gave birth to them, the earth rotated much the most rapidly. There were then about 1800 days in the year, each day lasting only a fifth of the time taken by a day when man appeared on earth. Before the earth had solidified it divided under the influence of the tides raised in it by the sun. The smaller portion became the moon. At first it was very close to the earth, and the month was only a little longer than the day. As the moon raised large tides on the earth the latter was slowed down by their braking action, for all the work of raising the tides is done at the expense of the earth's rotation. But by acting as a brake on the earth, the moon was pushed forward along its course, as any brake must be pushed by the body which it is slowing down. As it acquired more speed it rose gradually farther and farther away from the earth, and the month, like the day, became longer. When life began on the earth, the moon was already distant, and during the eleven hundred million years before man appeared it had only moved away farther to a moderate extent.

When human life began the moon revolved in twenty-nine days, and the braking action of the tides amounted to twenty thousand million horse power on the average. At this time the effect of tidal friction on the length of the day was to make each century, measured in days, just under a second shorter than the last. The friction occurred mainly in the Bering Sea between Northern Asia and America. As soon as the use of heat engines was discovered men began to oxidize the fossil vegetables to be found under the earth's surface. After a few centuries they gave out, and other sources were employed. The power available from fresh water was small, from winds intermittent, and that from the sun's heat available only in the tropics. The tides were, therefore, employed, and gradually became the main source of energy. The invention of synthetic food led to a great increase in the world's population, and after the federation of the world it settled down at about twelve thousand million. As tide engines were developed, an ever-increasing use was made of their power, and before the human race had been in existence for a million years the tide power utilized aggregated a million million horse power. The braking action of the tides was increased fifty-fold, and the day began to lengthen appreciably.

At its natural rate of slowing, fifty thousand million years would have elapsed before the day became as long as the month; but it was characteristic of the dwellers on earth that they never looked more than a million years ahead, and the amount of energy available was ridiculously squandered. By the year five million the human race had reached equilibrium; it was perfectly adjusted to its environment; the life of the individual was about three thousand years; and the individuals were "happy"—that is to say, they lived in accordance with instincts which were gratified. The tidal energy available was now fifty million million horse power. Large parts of the planet were artificially heated. The continents were remodelled, but human effort was largely devoted to the development of personal relationships, and to art and music, that is to say, the production of objects, sounds, and patterns of events gratifying to the individual.

Human evolution had ceased. Natural selection had been abolished, and the slow changes due to other causes were traced to their sources and stopped before very great effects had been produced. It is true that some organs found

*The author now projects himself about forty million years into the future and reviews the course of events leading up to the great cataclysm as if they had already taken place.—Editor's Note.

in primitive man, such as the teeth (hard bonelike structures in the mouth) had disappeared. But largely on æsthetic grounds the human type was not allowed to vary greatly. The instinctive and traditional preferences of the individual, which were still allowed to influence mating, caused a certain standard body form to be preserved. The abolition of the pain sense which was accomplished before the year five million was the most striking piece of artificial evolution achieved. For us, who do not regard the individual as an end in itself, the value of this step is questionable.

Scientific discovery was largely a thing of the past, and men of a scientific bent devoted themselves to the more intricate problems of mathematics, organic chemistry, or the biology of animals and plants, with little or no regard for practical results. Science and art were blended in the practice of horticulture, and the effort expended on the evolution of beautiful flowers would have served to alter the human race profoundly. But evolution is a process more pleasant to direct than to undergo.

By the year 8,000,000 the length of the day had doubled, the moon's distance had increased by twenty per cent, and the month was a third longer than it had been when first measured. It was realized that the earth's rotation would now diminish rapidly, and a few men began to look ahead, and to suggest the colonization of other planets. The older expeditions had all been failures. The projectiles sent out from the earth had mostly been destroyed by air friction or by meteorites in interstellar space, and those which had reached the moon intact had generally been smashed by their impact on landing. Two expeditions had landed there with oxygen supplies, successfully mapped the face of it which is turned away from the earth, and signalled their results back. But return was impossible, and their members had died on the moon. The projectiles used in the earlier expeditions were metal cylinders some ten meters in diameter and fifty or more in length. They were despatched from vertical metal tubes several kilometers long, of which the lower part was embedded below the earth, while the upper projected. In order to avoid atmospheric resistance, these tubes were generally built in high mountains, so that when the projectile emerged it had relatively little air to go through. The air in the tube itself was evacuated, and a lid on the top removed as the projectile arrived. It was started off by a series of mild explosions which served to give it a muzzle velocity of five to ten kilometers per second without causing too great a shock. When it had left the atmosphere it progressed on the rocket principle, being impelled forward by the explosion of charges in its tail which urged it on.

The empty sections of the tail were also blown backwards as required. It could be turned from inside or by deflecting the discharges from its tail. On arriving in the gravitational field of another planet its fall could be slowed by the discharge downwards of more of its explosive cargo, and to check the final part of its fall various types of resistance were employed, while collapsible metal rods were extruded to break the shock of landing. Nevertheless, landing was generally fatal. As is well known, different principles are now employed. In particular, on leaving the atmosphere, wings of metallic foil of a square kilometer or more in area are spread out to catch the sun's radiation pressure.

The desire for individual happiness, and the fact that it was achieved on earth, made membership of such expeditions unpopular. The volunteers, who were practically committing suicide, were almost all persons whose mates had died prematurely, or whose psychology was for some reason so abnormal as to render them incapable of happiness. An expedition reached Mars successfully in the year 9,723,841, but reported that colonization was impracticable. The species dominant on that planet, which conducts its irrigation, is blind to those radi-

ations which we perceive as light, and probably unaware of the existence of other planets; but they appear to possess senses unlike our own, and were able to annihilate this expedition and the only other which reached Mars successfully.

Half a million years later the first successful landing was effected on Venus, but its members ultimately perished owing to the intense heat and the shortage of oxygen in its atmosphere. After this such expeditions became rarer. In the year 17,846,151 the tide-machines had done their work. The day and month had become of the same length, forty-eight of the old days, and the earth always turned the same face to the moon, which was now permanently over the remains of the continent of America. The long nights were intensely cold, and during them vegetation died down. During the day the temperature rose to a degree which was only tolerable owing to the development of cooling devices for houses. Many of the plants, almost all of which were ornamental trees and flowers, were able to adapt themselves to the new conditions, the smaller ones going through their entire life cycle during a day, and surviving only as seeds during the night. On the other hand all non-domesticated mammals, birds, and reptiles became extinct.

The human race somewhat diminished its numbers, but there was still an immense demand for power for heating and cooling purposes. The tides raised by the sun, although they occurred only fifteen times per year, were used for this purpose, and the day was thus farther lengthened.

The moon now began once more to move relative to the earth, but in the opposite direction, rising in the west and setting in the east. Very gradually at first, but then with ever-increasing speed, it began to approach the earth again, and appear larger. By the year 25,000,000 it had returned to the distance at which it was when man had first evolved, and it was realized that its end, and possibly the earth's, were only a few million years ahead. But the vast majority of mankind contemplated the death of their species with less aversion than their own, and no effective measures were taken to forestall the approaching doom. A minority felt otherwise, and expeditions to Venus became commoner. After two hundred and eighty-four consecutive failures a landing was established, and before its members died they were able to furnish the first really precise reports as to conditions on that planet. Owing to the opaque character of our atmosphere on Venus, the light signals of the earlier expeditions had been difficult to pick up. Infra-red radiation, which can penetrate our clouds, was now employed.

A few hundred thousand of the human race, from some of whom we are descended, determined that, though men died, man should live forever. It was possible for humanity to establish itself on Venus only if they were able to withstand the heat and want of oxygen there prevailing, and this could be done only by a deliberate evolution in that direction first accomplished on earth. Enough was known of the causes responsible for evolution to render the experiment possible. The human material was selected in each generation. Those who were not willing were able to resign from participation; and among those whose descendants were destined for the conquest of Venus a tradition and an inheritable psychological disposition grew up such as had not been known on earth for twenty-five million years. The psychological types which had been common among the saints and soldiers of early history were revived. Confronted once more with an ideal as high as that of religion, but more rational; a task as concrete and infinitely greater than that of the patriot, man became once more capable of self-transcendence. Those members of mankind who were once more evolving were not happy. They were out of harmony with their surroundings. Disease and crime reappeared among them. For disease is only a fail-

ure of bodily function to adjust itself to the environment, and crime a similar failure in behavior. But disease and crime, as much as heroism and martyrdom, are part of the price which must be paid for evolution. The price is paid by the individual, and the gain is to the race. Among ourselves an individual may not consider his own interests a dozen times in his life. To our ancestors, fresh from the pursuit of individual happiness, the price must often have seemed too great, and in every generation many who have now left no descendants refused to pay it.

The modes of behavior which our ancestors gradually overcame, and which only recur as the rarest aberrations among ourselves, included not only such self-regarding sentiments as pride and a personal preference concerning mating. They included emotions such as pity (an unpleasant feeling aroused by the suffering of other individuals). In a life completely dedicated to membership of a super-organism the one is as superfluous as the other, though altruism found its place in the emotional basis of the far looser type of society prevalent elsewhere on earth.

In the course of ten thousand years a race had been evolved capable of life at one-tenth of the oxygen pressure prevalent on earth, and the body temperature had been raised by six degrees. The rise to a higher temperature, correlated as it was with profound chemical and structural changes in the body, was a much slower process. Projectiles of a far larger size were despatched to Venus. Of seventeen hundred and thirty-four only eleven made satisfactory landings. The crews of the first two perished, those of the next eight were our ancestors. The organisms found on Venus were built of molecules which were mostly mirror images of those found in terrestrial bodies. Some of them furnished fuel, but except as sources of fat, they were, of course, useless for food, and some of them were a serious menace. The third projectile to arrive included bacteria which had been synthesized on earth to attack l-glucose and certain other components of the organisms on Venus. With their aid the previous life on that planet was destroyed, and it became available for the use of man and the fifty terrestrial species which he had brought with him.

The history of our planet need not be given here. After the immense efforts of the first colonizers, we have settled down as members of a super-organism with no limits to its possible progress. The evolution of the individual has been brought under complete social control, and, besides enormously enhanced intellectual powers, we possess two new senses. The one enables us to apprehend radiation of wave-lengths between one hundred and twelve hundred meters, and thus places every individual at all moments of life, both asleep and awake, under the influence of the voice of the community. It is difficult to see how without it we could have achieved as complete a solidarity as has been possible. We can never close our consciousness to those wave-lengths on which we are told of our nature as components of a super-organism or deity, possibly the only one in space-time; and of its past, present, and future. It appears that on earth the psychological equivalent of what is transmitted on these wave-lengths included the higher forms of art, music, and literature, the individual moral consciousness and, in the early days of mankind, religion and patriotism. The other wave-lengths inform us of matters which are not the concern of all at all times, and we can shut them out if we so desire. Their function is not essentially different from that of instrumental radio-communication on earth. The new magnetic sense is of less importance, but is of value in flying and otherwise in view of the very opaque character of our atmosphere. It would have been almost superfluous on earth. We have also recovered the pain sense which had become vestigial on earth, but is of value for the survival of the individual

under adverse circumstances, and hence to the race. So rapid was our evolution that the crew of the last projectile were incapable of fertile unions with our inhabitants, and they were, therefore, used for experimental purposes.

During the last few million years the moon approached the earth rather rapidly. When it became clear that the final catastrophe could not be long delayed, the use of tide power was largely discontinued, according to the signals which reached us from the earth, and wind and other types of power substituted. But the earth-dwellers were skeptical as to whether the approaching rupture of the moon would entail their destruction, and the spin of the earth-moon system was still used as a minor source of power. The moon was now at only a fifth of its distance from the earth when history had begun. It appeared twenty-five times as large as the sun, and raised the sea-level by some five hundred feet about four times a year. The effect of the tidal strain raised in it by the earth began to tell. Giant landslips were observed in the lunar mountains, and cracks occasionally opened in its surface. Earthquakes also became rather frequent on the earth. Tidal engines were abolished about half a million years before the end of the world, but by this time the braking power of the tides was so great that the slowing of the earth and the fall of the moon towards it continued at an appreciable rate.

Finally the moon began to disintegrate. When the first fragments of rock actually left its surface it was only nine thousand kilometers from the earth and invisible from the poles, while in the tropical regions it appeared to cover about a fiftieth of the visible heavens. The portion nearest to the earth, already extensively cracked, began to fly away in the form of meteorites up to half a mile in diameter which rotated round the earth in independent orbits. For about a thousand years this process continued gradually, and finally ceased to arouse interest on the earth. The end came quite suddenly. It was watched from Venus, but the earlier stages were also signalled from the earth. The depression in the moon's surface facing the earth suddenly opened and emitted a torrent of white-hot lava, for the interior of the satellite was hot owing to radio-activity. As the moon passed round the earth it raised the temperature in the tropics to such an extent that rivers and lakes were dried up and vegetation destroyed.

Dense clouds were formed and gave some protection to the earth. But above them the sea of flame on the moon increased in magnitude, and erupted in immense filaments under the earth's gravitation. Within three days the satellite had broken up into a ring of white-hot lava and dust. The last message received from the earth stated that the entire human race had retired underground except on the antarctic continent where, however, the ice-cap had already melted, and the air temperature was 35° C. Within a day from the moon's break-up the first large fragment of it had fallen on the earth. The particles formed from the broken moon were continually jostling, and many were subsequently driven down. Through the clouds of steam and volcanic smoke which shrouded the earth we could see but little, but later on it became clear that the tropical regions of the earth had been buried many kilometers deep under lunar fragments, and the remainder, though some traces of the former continents were left, had been submerged in the boiling ocean and in volcanic outflows caused by the bombardment. It is not considered possible that any vestige of human life remains.

The majority of the lunar matter has formed a ring round the earth, like those of Saturn, which were also formed by the break-up of a satellite, but far denser. It is not yet in equilibrium, and fragments will continue to fall on the earth for about another thirty-five thousand years. At the end of that period the earth, which now possesses a belt of

enormous mountains in its tropical regions, separated from the poles by two rings of sea, will be ready for recolonization. Preparations are being made for this event. We have largely sorted out the useful elements in the outer five kilometers or so of our planet, and it is proposed when the earth is re-occupied to erect artificial mountains on both planets which will extend above the Heaviside layer and enable continuous radio communication instead of light signals to be used between the two.

The old human race successfully cultivated individual happiness and has been destroyed by fire from heaven. This is not a cause for great regret, since happiness does not summate. The happiness of ten million individuals is not a million-fold the happiness of ten. But the unanimous co-operation of ten million individuals is something beyond their individual behavior. It is the life of a super-organism. If, as many of the earth-dwellers hoped, the moon had broken up quietly, the old human race might have lasted a thousand million years instead of thirty-nine million, but their achievement would have been no greater.

From the earth it is proposed to colonize Jupiter. It is not certain that the attempt will succeed, for the surface temperature of that planet is −130° C, gravitation is three times as intense as that on Venus, and over twice that on earth, while the atmosphere contains appreciable quantities of thoron, a radioactive gas. The intense gravitation would, of course, destroy bodies as large as our own, but life on Jupiter will be possible for organisms built on a smaller scale. A dwarf form of the human race about a fourth of our height, and with short stumpy legs but very thick bones, is, therefore, being bred. Their internal organs will also be very solidly built. They are selected by spinning them round in centrifuges which supply an artificial gravitational field, and destroy the less suitable members of each generation. Similar selective measures are taken with regard to radio-activity. Adaptation to such intense cold as that on Jupiter is impracticable, but it is proposed to send projectiles of a kilometer in length, which will contain sufficient stores of energy to last their inhabitants for some centuries, during which they may be able to develop the sources available on that planet. It is hoped that as many as one in a thousand of these projectiles may arrive safely. If Jupiter is successfully occupied, the conquest of the outer planets will then be attempted.

About one hundred and thirty million years hence our solar system will pass into a region of space in which stars are far denser than in our present neighborhood. Although not more than one in ten thousand is likely to possess planets suitable for colonization, it is considered possible that we may pass near enough to one of them possessing planets to allow an attempt at landing. If by that time the entire matter of the planets of our system is under conscious control such an attempt will stand some chance of success. Whereas the best time between the earth and Venus was half a terrestrial year, the time taken to reach another stellar system would be measured in hundreds or thousands of years, and only a very few projectiles per million would arrive safely. But in such a case waste of life is as inevitable as in the seeding of a plant or the discharge of spermatozoa or pollen. Moreover, it is possible that under the conditions of life in the outer planets the human brain may alter in such a way as to open up possibilities inconceivable to our own. Our galaxy has a probable life of at least eighty million million years. Before that time has elapsed it is our ideal that all the matter in it available for life should be within the power of the heirs of the species whose original home has just been destroyed. If that ideal is even approximately fulfilled the end of the world which we have just witnessed was an episode of entirely negligible importance. And there are other galaxies.

MAKI'S PERFECT DAY

A SOUTH SEA EPISODE

BY CHARLES NORDHOFF

WE sighted the *Tanifa* one morning when I was strolling along the reef, just beyond the break of the sea. There was a little air from the west and an easy swell that reared as the water shoaled and raced forward to burst with prolonged roarings on the barrier. The smoke of the breakers, shot with prismatic sunlight, eddied overhead like rainbow gauze. My sport was finished, for the big fish cease to feed at sunrise and swim down to the crannies in the coral where they lurk throughout the day. The boat was headed for home. Old Monday, my native steersman, dozed at the wheel, and our one-cylinder engine chugged along with a rhythm so pleasantly monotonous that I found it hard to keep my eyes open. I was reeling in my line when I heard Monday's voice.

"A ship!" he announced; "and she's flying the British flag."

Out to the west, so far offshore that she was almost hull-down, a schooner was approaching the land. Monday has only one eye, but it is worth a pair of ten-power binoculars. "She's the *Tanifa*," he went on, "bringing copra from the Cook Islands."

I was interested. The skipper of the *Tanifa* is one of the best friends I have in the South Seas, and his annual visit is an event. "Are you sure?" I asked. The old man glanced seaward once more. "Look at her forestaysail," he said in a voice that put an end to argument. "It is patched, and the patch is square. Last year I helped my nephew, the sailmaker, to repair that sail. To-day, when you sit down to eat, your friend will be at the table with you."

Monday's prophecies are usually confined to weather, but in this case he made an accurate forecast of events. Three hours later the *Tanifa* lay at anchor in the lagoon, Captain O'Day had obtained pratique, and I had invited him to the eleven o'clock lunch of the tropics. We were to meet at a café on the waterfront, where an excellent meal may be had, though the menu never varies from day to day. The place is frequented by seafaring men from many parts of the world, and by the brown ladies who share the joys and sorrows of their brief vacations ashore.

At half-past ten I sat down at a table and ordered a vermouth-cassis. The café was deserted at the hour, and old Van Schwink, the proprietor, sat reading in his rocking-chair by the bar, raising his head from time to time to give an order to the China boys who were setting the tables for lunch. Monsieur Van Schwink is a Belgian; his small gray eyes twinkle on either side of a bulbous nose, pitted and fiery red. When he rose to greet me, with an old copy of an American weekly in his hand, he came tottering on short legs that seemed about to collapse under the weight of his great swaying paunch. A half-emptied glass of rum stood on the little table beside his chair. A liter a day—as he loves to remark to visiting countrymen of mine—keeps the doctor away. Certainly no one enjoys better health. I took his

hand, large, white, and surprisingly firm.

"Good morning," said Van Schwink, who wastes no words. "What will you have?"

"A vermouth-cassis."

He gave me his smile of a professional host, turned his head to glance approvingly at the shipping on the lagoon and the stevedores working like ants among mounds of fat copra-bags, and suddenly roared out as though he were addressing the entire waterfront, "*Un vermouth-cassis pour monsieur!*" Two minutes later the Chinese barman set down on my table the tall frosted glass. The proprietor settled himself in his rocking-chair with loud sighs and grunting sounds; the Chinaman, an old acquaintance, stood beside me till I had taken the first sip of his drink. Then one of the waiters laid the day's menu before me, face down, and I closed my eyes, wondering whether I could recite its contents by heart, without a mistake. "*Melon glacé—Fromage de tête—Foie sauté—Biftek aux pommes . . .*" I had got as far as that when I heard my name pronounced native-fashion, in a hesitating voice:

"Charlie!"

I opened my eyes. A small muscular Kanaka of forty or forty-five stood before me, a sailor's white hat in his hand. His feet were bare and he wore a freshly laundered suit of drill; his face, brown as old mahogany, was pleasant and by no means weak.

"Me Maki," he went on in some embarrassment. "You know me, Charlie, eh?"

I was doing my best to be polite, but for the moment the man and his name meant nothing to me. My expression made him continue to explain.

"You know me! Five, six year now, you come Tairoa, come my house. Eat plenty pig. Sure! Old woman 'member you—bring hat, mat, basket! Me mate aboard *Tanifa* now . . ."

But I interrupted him by springing up to seize his hand. Maki— Tairoa— This was the man who had entertained and feasted me when I had visited his island years before. And my visit to Maki's atoll, where I had enjoyed his primitive hospitality, was a rich vein of memories. I clapped him on the back.

"Of course!" I exclaimed. "Sit down and we'll have a yarn. What do you want to drink?"

I recited what I could recall of Van Schwink's list of beverages, and when he had heard me out attentively, Maki announced that he thought a little rum would be very nice. While the Chinaman was filling his order he fumbled in his pocket, drew out an old tobacco-tin, and set it on the table.

"Pearls," he said, lapsing easily into his own tongue, which I understand when not spoken too fast. "I think I shall give them to you." The waiter handed him his glass; he dried it at a single gulp, wiped the saucer, opened the tin, and rolled out from their cotton nest a dozen or fifteen really handsome pearls.

"I'll accept one with pleasure," I told him; "but you must sell the rest. They're worth a lot of money."

Maki shook his head.

"*Karé e pekapeka!*" he protested—a phrase which might be rendered: "That makes no difference." "No," he went on, "I want to give them to you. Why not? You have invited me to drink rum with you, and the rum is good. I think I would like another glass."

At that moment I heard a hail in a rich hearty voice. Maki sprang to his feet and stood at attention as his captain pulled out a chair and sat down. Seeing him in his shore-going suit of pongee, smart white shoes, and Panama hat, a stranger might perceive nothing formidable about Jerry O'Day; but a glance at his chest and shoulders, when the sailors sluice buckets of salt water over him of a morning, would make any man think twice about starting a fight. The equatorial sun has burned his face to a shade of mahogany nearly as dark as Maki's; his eyes are blue, and his vitality bracing as the salt air. He glanced down at his mate's tobacco-tin.

"Showing you his pearls, eh? Nice lot."

I smiled.

"He wants to make me a present of them."

"Take 'em," advised O'Day; "they won't do him any good." He turned for a quizzical look at the native standing behind his chair. "He's my mate now, and a good one, too. But a first-class fool when he gets on the booze. You'll see. We can't start unloading till morning, so I told him to have a run ashore and get it off his chest. And his old woman's aboard; there'll be some fun when he comes out to-night!"

The dapper figure of Sikorsky, the pearl buyer, came through the doorway. He bowed as he passed us and took his place at the table where he had lunched every day for years. An idea came to me.

"See here," I said to the skipper, "tell Maki I'll accept one of his pearls, if he wants, and that I can sell the balance for him to Sikorsky yonder." O'Day spoke to his mate in fluent Maori; the native turned to me with a reluctant nod.

Five minutes later I was back at our table with Sikorsky's check for a hundred pounds. The ink was still fresh, and O'Day waved the slip of paper back and forth before he spoke. "This is no good to Maki," he remarked. "We'll get him some money he can spend. Eh, Van Schwink!" he bawled, swinging about in his chair, "what's the exchange to-day—what'll you give me for pounds?" The place was filling; there was a buzz of voices and a din and clatter of plates, but the answer came booming back from the rocking-chair by the bar, "A hundred and forty!"

When Maki left us, grown garrulous with the effects of wealth and a third glass of rum, his pockets contained bills amounting to fourteen thousand francs.

Maki left our table, where the skipper's presence forbade his sitting down to enjoy himself, but he got no farther than the bar, a few yards away. A crowd of native sailors and three or four unshaven white men were drinking there and, as he ordered a rum for himself, Maki waved his hand in a gesture which invited the company to join him in a glass. The company, and especially the three or four whites who made a vocation of waiting for hospitable strangers, accepted with alacrity. Glasses were filled, chairs pulled up to a large round table and, at a sign from Van Schwink, a waiter handed one of the beachcombers an accordion. No man knows better than the Belgian the virtues of music at such a time. The player struck up an *uté*, a native song of a decidedly secular kind, and above the burst of laughter that followed I heard Maki's voice, shouting for more drinks and inviting his new friends to join him at lunch.

Everyone in the place now knew that Maki had sold his pearls and how much Sikorsky had paid for them, and other eyes had watched the transaction from the street. I had noticed a young woman parading up and down outside the door and had seen her halt to peer in through the lattice-work as O'Day handed the bundle of French money to his mate. I knew her by sight, for she was the prettiest of the waterfront girls, a slim young Marquesan named Tahia. She wore satin slippers with high heels, a loose frock of scarlet silk, and a wreath of scented gardenias on her head. Her beautiful hair, gathered in a rope thicker than a man's arm, hung below her waist. Tahia looks no more than seventeen, her eyes are large, dark, and childish, and her lips curve in innocent smiles; but she and Messalina would understand each other very well indeed.

As Maki shouted his invitations Tahia entered the café, passed our table, and stood looking in at the revellers by the bar. O'Day was grinning. "Now watch the fun!" he said. Turning at his suggestion, I saw Van Schwink raise his head and give the girl a barely perceptible encouraging nod. Short-changing and deception of all kinds are unknown in his establishment, but music and

feminine company give the spender legitimate aid. Tahia was only waiting for the proprietor's nod. She stepped forward, moving with unaffected languid grace, passed the round table where her frock almost brushed Maki's arm, walked to the bar and ordered herself a lemon-squash. The white accordion-player on Maki's right nudged him as the girl passed. . . . The Van Schwink system was now well under way. The mate stared after Tahia as though he had never seen a pretty girl before and, to do her justice, she possesses a grace and an air of refinement not to be found among the darker, coarser, and more primitive women of Maki's land. This slender girl from another island group appealed to him and, after the manner of his race, he wasted no time. "What is her name?" I heard him ask the musician. Then he called to her:

"Tahia! Tahia O!" She turned slowly, with a look of startled innocence so well done that Maki was a little abashed.

"Come and sit down with us," he went on lamely. "When we have eaten I'll buy plenty of champagne."

Van Schwink sat rocking gently in his chair, hands folded on his paunch as he watched these proceedings with a fatherly eye. The girl nodded, gave Maki a smile, and carried her glass to the round table, where a place was made for her at her host's side. O'Day chuckled as he turned to the plate of salad before him. "When he comes aboard to-night," he remarked, "Maki won't have the price of a beer!"

We lingered for an hour or two over cups of Van Schwink's excellent coffee, smoking and exchanging yarns. As the restaurant emptied, the sounds from Maki's table became more and more exuberant. Finally chairs were pushed back, the musician struck up the rhythmic and monotonous air of the native dance, and we turned again to watch the fun. Tahia was dancing while the company furnished the chorus of "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" in time to clapping hands. Maki clapped louder than anyone else; he was obviously enchanted and, when the girl paused before his chair, fluttering her hands and swaying in a manner more graceful than decorous, he could contain himself no longer. He sprang up and began to dance with tremendous vigor opposite her, while his guests cheered. Then the dancers stopped, perspiring and breathing fast, and I heard Maki in the course of a rapid exchange of remarks with Tahia, use the word "Motaká," pronounced with a strong accent on the last syllable. Even in Polynesia, the motor car ministers to the old trio of wine, women, and song. The girl passed our table with a nod and a smile and walked away rapidly toward the marketplace. Presently a large, red, shiny automobile, piloted by a grinning native boy, drew up with a screeching of brakes, and Tahia descended from the rear seat. Van Schwink's waiters trotted back and forth with blocks of ice and armfuls of champagne: four or five of Maki's guests—among whom the white accordion-player was conspicuous—climbed aboard; at last, after a prolonged and costly reckoning, Maki appeared with an arm about Tahia's waist, and the car drove off melodiously. Van Schwink, standing in the doorway, turned heavily to O'Day.

"Good spenders, your Cook Island boys!" he remarked with approval. "Well, gentlemen, it's time for my siesta. Ah Ching will look after you."

I was to dine aboard the schooner that night, and at five o'clock, while I was waiting for the boat to come ashore, I strolled past the door of Van Schwink's café. The red automobile was outside, and Maki, a good deal the worse for a hard afternoon, stood on a table by the bar. He held a roll of hundred-franc notes in his hand, and was directing with enormous gusto the formation of a line composed of clients of the café. As the news of what was going on spread about the waterfront, the clients increased almost as fast as the line passed Maki,

for each man was receiving a hundred-franc note as his turn came. But though the combined forces of Tahia and Van Schwink could not work fast enough for his taste, Maki had by no means lost his head. I saw him catch a Chinaman who was attempting to repeat, and change the celestial's look of innocence to a grin of shame. Then I heard O'Day's sailors hail me from the boat, and stepped aboard to be pulled out to the *Tanifa*.

The captain was having a bath and a change, so I strolled forward to shake hands with the cook, an acquaintance of long standing. Standing by the galley door, I felt a touch on my arm, and turned to greet a motherly brown woman of middle age, who took my hand with tears in her eyes. She was Madame Maki, and the tears meant no more than that she was glad to see me. Presently she was all smiles.

"Come along to the forecastle," she suggested. "I have some little gifts for you, and I want you to see all the things Maki has sent out to-day! Silk dresses, a sewing-machine, and a phonograph for me; beautiful black shoes and a guitar inlaid with mother-of-pearl for himself! Three times a canoe has come out loaded with the things he has bought. Such a good husband!"

The cook stepped out of his galley for a breath of air. He glanced shoreward and turned suddenly to catch my eye, pointing and grimacing behind Madame Maki's back. Then I saw the cause of his gestures and realized that disaster was at hand.

Maki had thrown overboard the final vestiges of discretion—lost his head at last. He was paddling himself out to the ship in a small canoe, and Tahia—young, pretty, and blithely crowned with flowers—sat facing him in the bow. It was too late for any pretext to get his wife below; I stood helpless while the clouds of inevitable tragedy gathered thick and black. Mrs. Maki turned, saw what we saw, and bounded to the rail. One look at Tahia was enough.

"Who is that woman?" she shouted in a voice which implied that no conceivable answer would do the least good. Her husband made no reply, but what he did next was more effective than words. The canoe was drifting close to the schooner's side, and there, under the eyes of his wife, he stood up precariously, took Tahia in his arms, and gave her a prolonged kiss. Then he clambered aboard, helped by the cook, and Tahia headed the canoe for shore. She is no fool.

Madame Maki wasted no words on her husband. She ran straight to the forecastle and began to throw shoes, armfuls of dress-goods, phonographs, sewing-machines, and other valuables into the sea. When Maki reached her, after a zigzag run broken by caroms against the bulwarks and the mast, the beautiful black shoes had just taken wing, and his wife was splintering the inlaid guitar against the samson-post. Maki burst into tears.

"Dog!" he sobbed. "Red dog! You have broken my guitar! . . . Now I shall kill you!"

He made a rush at her, and she eluded him nimbly. But Maki was grimly in earnest. At last he cornered her in a *cul-de-sac* of copra-bags by the chain-plates. Before he could lay hands on her she was climbing the stays. Up the port side she went, down the starboard, and across the deck, ready to go aloft again as soon as her panting husband reached the rail. He had no breath to waste on words, and she took advantage of the interim to deliver a by-no-means-soothing monologue in a voice that might have been heard a quarter of a mile away. Then Captain O'Day appeared, bathed, shaven, and clad in spotless white.

"What's the trouble? Stop that damned row!"

Maki had reached the deck, and the sight of the skipper halted his fruitless chase. He waited a moment to catch his breath, approached unsteadily, and stood at attention before O'Day.

"Captain," he said respectfully in his own tongue, "I am very sad! I have

spent all my money and that woman has broken my new guitar and thrown my black shoes into the sea! And I cannot catch her—she climbs like a rat! I want to fight. . . . Will you fight?"

O'Day sighed, stripped off his coat, handed it to the cook, and rolled up the sleeves of his fresh white shirt. "I won't hurt him much," he informed me, "just a little something to put him to sleep."

Perceiving that the captain was ready, Maki crouched menacingly, arms sawing the air. O'Day waited with smiling eyes, watched his moment, and delivered what looked like a playful uppercut to the jaw. His fist seemed to move no more than six inches, but the mate's head flew back and he collapsed on the deck, breathing through his nose. My friend examined the knuckles of his right hand critically, rolled down his sleeves, and took his coat from the cook. "Throw a bucket of water over him," he ordered; "he'll be all right in a little while."

The cook was about to obey when Mrs. Maki seized his arm. She seemed to have undergone a sudden and complete change. "Stop!" she commanded defiantly. "First you take my husband ashore and give him money; then you nearly kill him because he is drunk! And now you would throw water over him as though he were a dead hog! Go away, all of you! Leave him to me!" She stooped to touch his bruised and already discolored jaw, went down on her knees, and suddenly melted into tears, wailing as the natives wail over the dead.

"*Aué! O Maki iti e!*"

O'Day shrugged his shoulders and grinned. "Last word to the ladies," he said. "Come aft and shake up a cocktail before we eat."

The *Tanifa* sailed a couple of days later. She was posted to leave at one o'clock, and at eleven that morning I was once more at my table in Van Schwink's, waiting for the captain to join me at lunch. We were not to meet again for a year. Glancing up from some wine the boy had just set before me, I saw Maki standing in the doorway, gazing wistfully at the bottle. We have no single word in English which describes the look in his eyes, but in this respect his own language is richer than ours, for it contains one short vocable defined by the old Wesleyan lexicographers as: "The wistful, longing expression of a dog's eyes as it watches its master eat." Eating, however, was not uppermost in Maki's thoughts.

He approached me without assurance. In his working clothes and with a conspicuous purple bruise on his jaw, he was not the same man as the Maki who had danced with Tahia, chartered motor cars, and bought armfuls of champagne. He shook hands listlessly and looked hard at my bottle of wine.

"Ah, wine," he remarked, "I don't care for wine—not much, that is. But the rum you gave me that day was good. I would buy some if I had any money!"

There was no resisting the pathos in his voice. I ordered a quart of rum, poured out half a tumbler, and told Maki to keep the rest for himself. He tossed off his glass. His eye brightened; when he spoke there was a firmer note in his voice.

"Now I must go aboard," he announced; "Good-by, Charlie! We'll be back next year. I'll have plenty more pearls by that time!"

SCIENCE, ART, AND THE PATIENT

BY GEORGE DRAPER, M.D.

INSIDE each sick man is an exquisitely sensitive, frightened, quite individual, living organism; but round about him hangs a smoke screen, an overwhelming array of physical, chemical, and psychical phenomena which fixes everyone's attention. The horrid aspect fills friends and family with awe and apprehension, the modern scientific doctor with interest and concern. This smoke screen is made of the signs and symptoms of disease, which arise from the clash of an unique example of humanity and some adverse environmental force. Yet these signs and symptoms bear the subtle stamp of the patient's personality. In just the same degree by which the quality of one man's laugh in health differs from that of another, does his manner of sneezing or feeling pain in sickness differ, or his method of resisting or failing to resist bacteria, or of dealing digestively with a Welsh rarebit after midnight. It is true, indeed, that what is one man's food is another's poison. And by the same token, the length and breadth of men's noses differ—there are brown eyes and blue eyes, and dark and light hair, and now and then red. We take all these latter characteristics for granted every day, and rarely note any association they may have with other peculiarities of their possessors. And, so you ask, what have all these things to do with sickness and science and doctors?

An old nurse was often heard to say about one of her charges, "Ann seems to be sickening for something." What she meant was that, knowing Ann in health —which is a state of good biological adjustment with the universe—she had observed certain subtle changes in skin color, or eye light, or turn in direction of little lines about the mouth corners which experience had taught her faithful old soul to be the forerunner of the measles or scarlet fever. More than that she could not tell you. Indeed, she might not be able to describe what she actually saw. Her presentiment, unerringly accurate, was based on nothing more definite than her "hunch." And hunches are about the most volatile, imponderable circumstances we have to deal with. Yet if we admit that whatever knowledge we do gather of the world about us must pass the sensitive filter of our five senses, we admit that the physical or chemical agencies which impinge upon them are, so far as we know at present, the only spies employed by our personal intelligence service. And our senses gather a great deal of important, indeed, vital knowledge without building it into intellectual concepts. Response to this sort of unwitting collection of information is said to be "instinctive." The Indian skilled in woodcraft moves unerringly in the forest and "instinctively" knows or feels the presence of game or danger. The tenderfoot would sense no such awareness. The mariner feels the approaching fog or tempest and then turns to the barometer for corroboration. Yet neither Indian nor mariner could explain how or why he felt these things. Each would tell you he did not think about them; he "just felt them in his bones." So, too, the physician of ancient times developed an "instinctive"

intuitive sensibility about people, whether sick or well. In his effort to comprehend disease he sought to know mankind, and thereby he developed an astonishing, unexplained astuteness of feeling for the qualities of different personalities. The artist turns this feeling into his portrait and often, quite unconsciously, lays bare an attribute of which his intellect was completely ignorant. To lose this most uncanny power would be to destroy art. Without it the painter's canvas would display but measured replicas, the Indian would starve, the mariner be overwhelmed, and the doctor fail to find his patient behind the smoke screen of disease.

The question, therefore, which the medical profession to-day faces is whether any living organism can successfully adjust itself to its environment and its fellow-creatures without the aid of that still unexplained "instinct" or "feeling" about things, whose highest and most useful expression is art. Yet intellectual man strives continually to abolish feeling. He attempts, by thinking, to substitute machine-made for hand-made, science for art. In the long run what will be the result of this tendency and, more especially, what has it already done, and what is it doing to the relationship of doctor and patient? The old French proverb, "*Il faut guérir le malade, pas la maladie*," states the physician's task succinctly. But in order to accomplish it he must be able to see, to sense, to comprehend the individual within the patient.

Man's greatest hope has ever been to know his brother through striving to penetrate that external mask behind which lies the unexplained mystery of personality. "What is he?" is the question about which all the efforts of artists and natural historians have clustered through the centuries. These two great schools eagerly searching to explain the enigma have approached the problem, according to their different casts of mind, from quite opposite pathways. The painters, sculptors, poets, and dramatists have said, "Here is man, and all his universal relationships, as we see and feel him. Though unexplained, perhaps, he is no doubt like this. We are quite sure, because of the strange resemblance he bears in appearance and behavior to the lower animals, that he shares some fundamental part with them in the cosmic plan. He may, indeed, include their origin and being in his own. And still we cannot fully understand that person standing over there." On the other hand, the anatomists, biologists, anthropologists, and psychologists say, "We know the length of his bones in millimeters, the amount of sugar in his blood, the distribution of chromosomes in his cells, and the scope of his mind. Furthermore, we can demonstrate muscle for muscle, nerve for nerve, that he has developed through a pyramid of other living forms, from the protoplasm of primeval oceans. And still we cannot fully understand that person standing over there."

Now, though both these enthusiastic and inquiring schools have a common objective, they have—because of different and perhaps somewhat antagonistic methods—deployed too widely from each other in the advancing search. The artist group has sought to feel, to sense, to see, to apprehend the man as a whole, as a finished expression of life. The naturalists, on the other hand, have analyzed man's elements, taken him to pieces, with the hope later of putting the parts together again. There is another army of workers, however, which stands apparently between the two. These are the physicians. Their interest has been to solve the problem of disease in order to relieve man's sufferings and, happily, to prolong his life. The success of this, their first concern, of course depends largely upon the depth and rightness of their insight, on the one hand, into the adverse influence of environment, and, on the other, into the personalities of their patients.

The latter consideration is often of

greater importance in treatment than the former. This is well shown by the case of a young German-American woman whose symptoms of dizziness, headache, and fatigue had not yielded to the medicines she had received. The failure was due to the fact that the disease had been treated, and not the patient. At the clinic she eyed the doctor aslant, from beneath lowered brows, head turned partially away, with the doubting, frightened glance of an animal at bay. This look was the key to the problem of her symptoms, for it led, through a careful investigation of her personality, to the demonstration of a consuming fear of death with which she had lived silently for many years. As conference followed conference and the nature of her life-experiences and her reaction to them were unfolded before her, the doubting averted glance changed to a direct gaze, the lines in her face disappeared, and her symptoms vanished. In this case the patient was the sort whose reaction to the environmental influence of fear is highly sensitive and intense. And so, to reiterate, her disease was but the expression of a clash between a certain type of individual and an adverse force outside.

Thus, to the hand of the clinician is given the task of building a bridge, not between two differing objectives, but over the chasm which has grown up between the methods of art and science. Indeed, the doctor seems to have a special opportunity in this work, because disease and malformation are variations from average reaction and form. And it is well known that the study of variants is a gateway to knowledge of the norm. But here again a difficulty arises, for the norm itself is but a gross conception of the human mind, at least so far as organic, living forms are concerned. In the animal kingdom, without question, no two individuals, not even the members of a pair of identical twins, are absolutely similar. Morphologically, they may be nearly so, but in such instances it is common experience to observe in one of the pair a flash and energy of spirit quite absent in the other. If seen alone, this spirited one would give to the poet or painter a far different impression of individuality than would the other. To the physical anthropologist, on the other hand, the two would be sufficiently alike to be recorded in measurements as identical. From this it would appear that a well-balanced union of both the artist's and the scientist's point of view must be joined to guide the doctor's philosophy. Like a Colossus of Rhodes, the physician must stand firmly, a foot on either base, and view the torrent of life's problems as it rushes between.

II

Whether or not it will ever be possible to evaluate correctly the whole man is problematical. But at any rate the medical world is now passing through an epoch of reviving endeavor to know him in his entirety. Various words are being suggested to express the conception of total personality, and at the moment "constitution" is the commonest. This may or may not be the perfect word, but at least its present connotation is sufficiently established to justify its use until a better is found. There are likewise many different pathways from which the subject of personality, or constitution study, is being approached. Indeed, it is perhaps just this fact of the number and variety of inadequate methods which leads certain observers to express doubt as to the solubility of the problem. One European student of the subject, writing of our inability to comprehend why under the same infection one person remains well, another is slightly ill, a third is severely ill, and a fourth dies, says we help ourselves with the word "constitution." "What is constitution?" he asks. "We do not know. We can only say it is there. We can only indicate its existence by means of circumdiction and negative expressions. In just the same manner do we attempt to establish the nature of the intelligible

ego, by means of circumscription and elimination. Just so with constitution; we shall never grasp its essence since this belongs to the essence of Life."

Despite this somewhat discouraging attitude, however, there can be little doubt that serious and enthusiastic efforts are being made to attack the problem of human constitution in relation to disease. Interest in the elusive subject doubtless owes its revival, at least in part, to a realization of the almost-forgotten fact that without a human subject disease cannot exist. At this point we can almost hear the voice of Claude Bernard: "*Matière vivante et conditions extérieures: la vie résulte constamment du rapport réciproque de ces deux facteurs.*" But possibly to express such a truism may be held in these mechanistic days to be old-fashioned. Few can deny that in the past twenty or thirty years a large preponderance of medical research has been directed upon the external, or environmental, agencies of disease. Quite clearly the renewed activity in certain medical quarters in the investigation of man leads us to this question: Has the immense amount of capital and effort which has been put into studies of the adverse environmental agencies yielded results which justify the almost complete lack of support, in medical schools and institutes of medical research, for study of the other essential disease-producing factor—the unique reactivity of a given individual? The study of those mysterious structures, the glands of internal secretion, has done much to help in the process of re-awakening medical interest in the reactive creature Man, but the exploitation of unsound glandular therapy and the habit of accepting hypotheses for foundation stones has to a considerable degree offset this constructive influence.

In an attempt to approach the subject of human constitution—which is best considered to be a state of individual reactivity—our effort at the Constitution Clinic of the Presbyterian Hospital in New York has been to view the individual as a complete organismal entity—no part effective without the whole, and the whole dependent upon the nicely co-ordinated activities of the parts. But it is just this conception of the individual which brings us face to face with the question of method. Should we envisage man as does the artist—complete, without analysis, through the process of unexplained perception and intuition, and by means of a sort of artistic training and observation? Or should we dissect and group his qualities, hoping by a process of correlations to accomplish what "all the king's horses and all the king's men" failed to accomplish for Humpty-Dumpty?

Not long ago a case was brought before the students in the clinic room; and it had been agreed that the usual manner of clinical presentation would not be adopted. Indeed, a patient unknown either to the instructor or to his class was called for. As the chair bearing a gray-blanketed woman's form rolled into the class room, the patient was requested not to say a word about her symptoms, and the chart containing the record of her case was turned face down upon the table.

"What do you see before you?" asked the instructor addressing the class. After a slight pause one of the students said, "A pale woman with blue eyes and dark hair." A sly smile crept over the patient's face at this and there was an ever so slight and mischievous twinkle in the blue eyes. Then followed questions and discussion designed to bring out other qualities of her personality. Among these it appeared that she had a quick and transitory temper. As soon as this was known the instructor queried of the students, "Now where does she come from with her blue eyes and black hair, her humorous smile, and a readiness to fight at the drop of the hat—where is she from?"

"Ireland!" came in unison from the class.

In the ensuing half hour one characteristic after another of the patient was brought out and recorded, until a very clear picture of the type of individual which she represented was disclosed.

"Now," asked the instructor, "in what part of such a human machine as this patient appears to be would you expect to find trouble developing under the general stress of life?"

To answer such a question without any history of her symptoms, or record of what the environment had held for her, was apparently a hard task. Yet, simply from a knowledge of her type or total personality and a general knowledge of how that type must react, the students came to the same diagnosis which was found written upon the chart. Of course, it must be understood that such a method is not advanced as one to replace the usual clinical procedure. It is merely cited to illustrate how much light a study of the person may throw upon the nature of the disease.

III

In our attempts to capture the ethereal spirit of personality, elaborate efforts have been made to measure many details of body form and to reduce them to mathematical formulæ. But, strangely, from these rigidly balanced curves and projections the vital being is fled, as a colorful moth slips from its confining chrysalis, or as hard plaster kills the spirit in clay warm from the sculptor's subtle touch. And so it has been found that the forbidding mass of measurements and mathematical formulæ have to a considerable extent defeated their careful purpose. Their object was to reduce, so far as possible, to exact terms values relating to differences in form which had previously been expressed only by description, photography, or portraiture. But we have found purely mathematical methods inadequate for expressing morphological comparisons, and so we have naturally been led to reconsider the earlier observational plan which heretofore has served biologists in the recognition of species. Naturalists have learned that they must depend largely on those immeasurable sense impressions which have in the past led to such a wealth of correct knowledge about living organisms.

It has been said of Hippocrates that he was a doctor who thought like a naturalist. The modern physician is striving to be a doctor who thinks like a physicist and chemist in terms of fixed mathematical formulæ. There is, of course, no doubt that the precise methods devised by chemists and bacteriologists have been a boon to the sick man when these methods are applicable. But they can rarely be applied successfully by their inventors. There is nothing, indeed, more futile or helpless than a good chemist at the bedside of a desperately ill patient, unless it be a good clinician in the laboratory of a physicist. The only real difference between these two necessary and useful investigators is the medium in which each works. One has trained his senses to observe the precise motions of accurately calibrated machines; the other has trained those same senses to read the variable behavior of subtle, shifting, melting, protoplasmic energy, whipped and whirled about by all the cosmic devils, and perhaps by a few that are super-cosmic—the emotions.

The clinician, then, by careful training has developed a nice appreciation of sense impressions which often approaches and, indeed, at times surpasses the accuracy of mathematical procedure. The well-schooled ear can be depended upon to detect by auscultation and percussion minute differences of sound which are of vital diagnostic significance; a matter which for the clinician would not be improved by measurement of vibration rates. The sense of touch can achieve so delicate an appreciation of time-relations in a rhythmic cycle that most complicated cardiac irregularities can be

analyzed with an accuracy equal to that delivered by a sphygmograph. Now if these powers are commonly acquired by the clinician it is logical to suppose that the eye can be trained to recognize equally well small and clinically significant differences in form and contour, in gesture and expression. In like manner the physician's wit or understanding can be schooled to recognize subtle differences in mood and temperament. As a matter of fact, these recognitions have constantly been made by medical men in the past, but have not usually been crystallized into intellectual concepts. They have remained as personal feelings to the individual doctor and, as such, have not been easy or convincing where transmitted to others. It is probably as much the lack of sharp definition as the insistent demands of the laboratory for mathematical proof which has caused in medical schools and hospitals a decline in respect for the value of observations based on highly trained sense perceptions. Yet, clearly, these are essential to every student of natural phenomena.

For the modern physician there is no doubt that to study the whole man, regardless of his malady—a practice much in vogue until forty or fifty years ago—is no longer the fashion. Undoubtedly, this lack of interest in the man is but a temporary bad habit into which medical students have fallen as a by-product of the idea of the laboratory's infallible efficiency which modern medical instruction delivers to them. The main object of the doctor's endeavor has perhaps for the moment been to some extent obscured by those very technical bacteriological and chemical details which are, indeed, so essential to his success. Instruments of precision and laboratory tests are but tools and brushes to the hand of the clinical artist; they should not dominate, but serve him as the latter served Phidias and Rembrandt. Now whether the revival of medical interest in the study of man *per se* is the result of a feeling that the laboratory is not yielding all that was hoped for, or because more accurate methods are now available for investigating the human animal as a whole, is a question which might be discussed at greater length. But whatever the cause, there can be no doubt that the revival has again raised the issue of the place of art in clinical medicine.

Not only in this country, but throughout the European clinics, restless stirrings to recapture the intuitive, artistic phase of medicine are appearing. Even in those strongholds of the "*es muss sein*" school of German medical teaching which became fashionable thirty years ago, and which has since maintained a stranglehold upon American medical thought and research and the beneficent millions which support them, there are signs of change. Of two great clinical teachers in Germany one still insists that no method in medicine which cannot be expressed in mathematical form is worth considering. But the other, to the former's dismay, is searching for new methods whereby to investigate the elusive depths of man's being. Each believes that the other displays signs of arterial degeneration. The curious and paradoxical thing about these men is that at heart both are artists. But the deadly fear of mathematical inaccuracy, with its twisted suspicion of sense impressions—imposed by years of rigid laboratory technic—has resulted, for one of these men, in almost complete suppression of courage or willingness to listen to the intuitive sense.

Nowadays one finds here and there a well-trained naturalist in the field of medicine who appreciates that the success of science is not dependent upon the sacrifice of art. In discussing methods not long ago with a distinguished British anthropologist, I found that after many years of work with body measurements and biometrical formulæ he had come to feel that as a means of studying the living creature, Man, the observational method of zoölogist and botanist

was perhaps the best that could be used. Though he felt that, without doubt, certain things might come of measurements, he was inclined to place greater value and dependability on observation, description, and correlation, at least in the study of living organisms. His point of view should hold encouragement for the student of human constitution wherein the psychic phase forms so important a component. For it is a question whether mathematical methods can ever be devised to evaluate that imponderable quality. After talking with this anthropologist one realized that the greatest hope for solution of clinical problems depends upon correlating observations of all living forms, based on extensive knowledge of the structural, functional, and psychological evolution of each species, and their failures to adjust successfully to environment. This is an Herculean task, indeed; yet doubtless it offers a point of view which is at least as important for the physician as the present one of seeking exclusively in the environment for causes of disease.

On the Continent to-day tiny islands of artistic revival in medicine are appearing. They are small, it is true, and the waves of surrounding scientific oceans still beat menacingly upon them. But they are arising in response to a silent moving of the underlying terrain of public opinion. The remarkable growth during the past thirty or forty years of successful healing cults bears witness to a demand for relief which the regular school of medicine is not adequately giving. In discussing this matter the other day I was told of a woman who still occasionally consulted her old friend and doctor, though she had "gone over" to a cultist some months before. In a half-joking fashion she had said to the physician, "You don't really mind my going to one of them, do you?" "Why, of course not," said he, "as long as he does you no harm." "Indeed," she replied, "that he never does. But I don't know what it is about him; he seems to understand me and be willing to listen to all my foolish little personal troubles. I know he is not as thorough as you are, nor does he make any of the tests which I know should be made. Nevertheless, I've been getting steadily better."

There is a significance in such an utterance from an intelligent human being; it can only mean that the sons of Æsculapius and Hippocrates have strayed too far from the precepts of the Fathers and are treating diseases instead of sick people. Science can occasionally treat disease successfully, and medicine should not forsake her precepts; but without the aid of that subtle art of understanding his fellowman, the physician will fail in successfully treating his patients. Medical schools cannot much longer omit from their curricula the study of the sensitive, reactive, creature Man if the ancient profession of medicine is to maintain the respect of the community for its high and beneficent calling.

IV

By their activities in the field of constitution-study physicians in many lands are showing their realization of the danger of this neglect. Such differences in point of view as have been presented rest almost entirely upon the question of method. The hesitation or energy with which the different observers are attacking the problem depends for the most part upon the predominance of the artist or the mathematician in each individual cast of mind. There are many good doctors throughout the world who will tell you that after the first few minutes with a patient they will have learned all that will ever be known about his individuality. Subsequent careful examinations and tests are to them simply confirmatory. On the other hand, the mind of man is never satisfied wholly with sense impressions, accurate though they be. It demands explanations of mechanism besides. This need may perhaps express an

evolutionary trend from feeling to thinking. But if we admit this evolutionary trend, we cannot logically deny that sense perception or feeling—the sole dependence of the lower forms which have preceded us—is an endowment of vast significance. We cannot with impunity set it aside and rely entirely upon intellectual processes.

The mystery of living matter, which we can vaguely sense by feeling, is now the elusive yet passionate quest of the intellect, whose tool is scientific method. So elaborate have these tools become that they often confuse the issue. This danger now likewise faces the student of constitution. Indeed, one cannot escape the conviction that the systematic investigation of personality by various technical procedures has in some degree robbed him of his "feeling" for the subject. Many who have tried to use purely scientific methods in constitution-study are recognizing this danger. For the belief is growing that the constitution of Man is of the essence of life, and consequently we can only hope to attain an approximate knowledge of it by mathematical methods. Fortunately, however, there are aspirations in the hearts of doctors which lead them safely, even in a mathematical age, to seek and find knowledge in the train of a leaping thought. It cannot, therefore, be well that great teachers of modern medicine should write as one has lately done:

"Whenever medicine dares to scrutinize the inscrutable, to solve the final and highest problems of life, be it by means of philosophical construction or fanciful mysticism, it falls inexorably into sterility; only when it renounces these problems and modestly limits itself to the attainable, to the things which in the first place are often apparently unimportant, can it make true and lasting advances for the benefit of the sick man."

From the bondage of such a philosophy the medical student can be encouraged to free himself by the wisdom of Solomon that "Where there is no vision the people perish." It is just because the study of Man is the study of the essence of life that medicine must advance toward the inscrutable, and strive to solve the final and highest problems of existence. To these ends philosophical speculation will always lead the way. But following this should come the careful toil of scientific effort. The artist must ever precede the painter, the poet dream before the printer turns his press. Much, indeed, can yet be done to gain a keener understanding of the sick man's problem if we neither deny the value of the artist's approach to a biological problem nor emphasize unduly the infallibility of science.

THE RED MOON OF MERU

A STORY

BY G. K. CHESTERTON

EVERYONE agreed that the bazaar at Mallowwood Abbey (by kind permission of Lady Mounteagle) was a great success; there were roundabouts and swings and side shows which the people greatly enjoyed. I would mention also the Charity which was the excellent object of the proceedings if any of them could tell me what it was.

However, it is only with a few of the organizers that we are here concerned, and especially with three of them, a lady and two gentlemen, who passed between two of the principal tents or pavilions, their voices high in argument. On their right was the tent of the Master of the Mountain—that world-famous fortune teller by crystals and chiromancy—a rich purple tent all over which were traced in black and gold the sprawling outlines of Asiatic gods waving any number of arms like octopods. Perhaps they symbolized the readiness of divine help to be had within; perhaps they merely implied that the ideal being of a pious palmist would have as many hands as possible. On the other side stood the plainer tent of Phroso the Phrenologist, more austerely decorated with diagrams of the heads of Socrates and Shakespeare, which were apparently of a lumpy sort. But these were presented merely in black and white with numbers and notes, as became the rigid dignity of a purely rationalistic science. The purple tent had an opening like a black cavern, and all was fittingly silent within. But Phroso the Phrenologist, a lean, shabby, sunburned person with almost improbably fierce black mustache and whiskers, was standing outside his own temple and talking at the top of his voice to nobody in particular, explaining that the head of any passer-by would doubtless prove, on examination, to be every bit as knobby as Shakespeare's. Indeed, the moment the lady appeared between the tents the vigilant Phroso leaped on her and offered with a pantomime of Old World courtesy to feel her bumps.

She refused with a civility that was rather like rudeness; but she must be excused, because she was in the middle of an argument. She also had to be excused, or at any rate was excused, because she was Lady Mounteagle. She was not a nonentity, however, in any sense; she was at once handsome and haggard, with a hungry look in her deep dark eyes and something eager and almost fierce about her smile. Her dress was bizarre for the period; for it was before the Great War had left us in our present mood of gravity and recollection. Indeed, the dress was rather like the purple tent, being of a semi-Oriental sort, covered with exotic and esoteric emblems. But everyone knew that the Mounteagles were mad—which was the popular way of saying that she and her husband were interested in the creeds and culture of the East. The eccentricity of the lady was a great contrast to the conventionality of the two gentlemen, who were braced and buttoned up in all the stiffer fashion of that far-off day, from the tips of their gloves to the tops

of their bright top hats. Yet even here there was a difference; for James Hardcastle managed at once to look correct and distinguished, while Tommy Hunter only looked correct and commonplace. Hardcastle was a promising politician who seemed in society to be interested in everything except politics. It may be answered gloomily that every politician is emphatically a promising politician. But to do him justice, he had often exhibited himself as a performing politician. No purple tent in the bazaar, however, had been provided for him to perform in.

"For my part," he said, screwing in the monocle that was the only gleam in his hard legal face, "I think we must exhaust the possibilities of mesmerism before we talk about magic. Remarkable psychological powers undoubtedly exist, even in apparently backward peoples. Marvellous things have been done by fakirs."

"Did you say done by fakers?" asked the other young man with doubtful innocence.

"Tommy, you are simply silly," said the lady. "Why will you keep barging in on things you don't understand? You're like a schoolboy screaming out that he knows how a conjuring trick is done. It's all so Early Victorian—that schoolboy skepticism. As for mesmerism, I doubt whether you can stretch it to—"

At this point Lady Mounteagle seemed to catch sight of somebody she wanted, a black stumpy figure standing at a booth where children were throwing hoops at hideous table ornaments. She darted across and cried:

"Father Brown, I've been looking for you. I want to ask you something. Do *you* believe in fortune telling?"

The person addressed looked rather helplessly at the little hoop in his hand and said at last:

"I wonder in which sense you're using the word believe. Of course, if it's all a fraud—"

"Oh, but the Master of the Mountain isn't a bit of a fraud," she cried. "He isn't a common conjurer or fortune teller at all. It's really a great honor for him to condescend to tell fortunes at my parties; for he's a great religious leader in his own country, a prophet and seer. And even his fortune telling isn't vulgar stuff about coming into a fortune. He tells you great spiritual truths about yourself, about your ideals."

"Quite so," said Father Brown, "that's what I object to. I was just going to say that if it's all a fraud I don't mind so much. It can't be much more of a fraud than most things at fancy bazaars; and there, in a way, it's a sort of practical joke. But if it's a religion and reveals spiritual truths—then it's all as false as hell, and I wouldn't touch it with a barge pole."

"That is something of a paradox," said Hardcastle with a smile.

"I wonder what a paradox is," remarked the priest in a ruminant manner. "It seems to me obvious enough. I suppose it wouldn't do very much harm if somebody dressed up as a German spy and pretended to have told all sorts of lies to the Germans. But if a man is trading in the *truth* with the Germans—well! So I think if a fortune teller is trading in truth like that—"

"You really think—" began Hardcastle grimly.

"Yes," said the other, "I think he is trading with the Enemy."

Tommy Hunter broke into a chuckle. "Well," he said, "if Father Brown thinks they're good so long as they're frauds, I should think he'd consider this copper-colored prophet a sort of saint."

"My cousin Tom is incorrigible," said Lady Mounteagle. "He's always going about 'showing up' adepts, as he calls it. He only came down here in a hurry when he heard the Master was to be here, I believe. He'd have tried to 'show up' Buddha or Moses."

"Thought you wanted looking after a bit," said the young man with a grin on his round face. I toddled down. Don't like this brown monkey crawling about."

"There you go again," said Lady

Mounteagle. "Years ago, when I was in India, I suppose we all had that sort of prejudice against brown people. But now I have learned something about their wonderful spiritual powers I'm glad to say I know better."

"Our prejudices seem to cut opposite ways," said Father Brown. "You excuse his being brown because he is brahminical; and I excuse his being brahminical because he is brown. Frankly, I don't care for spiritual powers much myself. I've got much more sympathy with spiritual weaknesses. But I can't see why anybody should dislike him merely because he is the same beautiful color as copper or coffee or nut-brown ale or those jolly peat-streams in the North. But then," he added, looking across at the lady and screwing up his eyes, "I suppose I'm prejudiced in favor of anything that's called brown."

"There now!" cried Lady Mounteagle with a sort of triumph. "I knew you were only talking nonsense!"

"Well," grumbled the aggrieved youth with the round face, "when anybody talks sense you call it schoolboy skepticism. When's the crystal-gazing going to begin?"

"Any time you like, I believe," replied the lady. "It isn't crystal-gazing, as a matter of fact, but palmistry; I suppose you would say it was all the same sort of nonsense."

"I think there is a *via media* between sense and nonsense," said Hardcastle smiling. "There are explanations that are natural and not at all nonsensical; and yet the results are very amazing. Are you coming in to be operated on? I confess I am full of curiosity."

"Oh, I've no patience with such nonsense," spluttered the skeptic, whose round face had become rather a red face with the heat of his contempt and incredulity. "I'll let you waste your time on your mahogany mountebank; I'd rather go and throw coconuts."

The Phrenologist, still hovering near, darted at the opening.

"Heads, my dear sir," he said, "human skulls are of a contour far more subtle than that of coconuts. No coconut can compare with your own most—"

Hardcastle had already dived into the dark entry of the purple tent; and they heard a low murmur of voices within. As Tom Hunter turned on the Phrenologist with an impatient answer, in which he showed a regrettable indifference to the line between natural and preternatural sciences, the lady was just about to continue her argument with the little priest, when she stopped in some surprise.

James Hardcastle had come out of the tent again, and in his grim face and glaring monocle surprise was even more vividly depicted.

"He's not there," remarked the politician abruptly. "He's gone. Some aged nigger who seems to constitute his suite jabbered something to me, to the effect that the Master had gone forth rather than sell sacred secrets for gold."

Lady Mounteagle turned radiantly to the rest. "There now," she cried, "I told you he was a cut above anything you fancied! He hates being here in a crowd. He's gone back to his solitude."

"I am sorry," said Father Brown gravely. "I may have done him an injustice. Do you know where he has gone?"

"I think so," said his hostess equally gravely. "When he wants to be alone he always goes to the Cloisters, just at the end of the left wing, beyond my husband's study and private museum, you know. Perhaps you know this house was once an abbey."

"I have heard something about it," answered the priest with a faint smile.

"We'll go there if you like," said the lady briskly. "You really ought to see my husband's collection, or the Red Moon at any rate. Haven't you ever heard of the Red Moon of Meru? Yes, it's a ruby."

"I should be delighted to see the collection," said Hardcastle quietly, "including the Master of the Mountain, if that prophet is one exhibit in the mu-

seum." And they all turned towards the path leading to the house.

"All the same," muttered the skeptical Thomas, as he brought up the rear, "I should very much like to know what the brown beast *did* come here for if he didn't come to tell fortunes."

As he disappeared the indomitable Phroso made one more dart after him, almost snatching at his coat-tails.

"The bump—" he began.

"No bump," said the youth. "Only a hump. Hump I always have when I come down to see Mounteagle." And he took to his heels to escape the embrace of the man of science.

On their way to the Cloister the visitors had to pass through the long room that was devoted by Lord Mounteagle to his remarkable private museum of Asiatic charms and mascots. Through one open door in the length of the wall opposite they could see the Gothic arches and the glimmer of daylight between them, marking the square open space, round the roofed border of which the monks had walked in older days. But they had to pass something that seemed at first sight rather more extraordinary than the ghost of a monk.

It was an elderly gentleman robed from head to foot in white, with a pale-green turban; but a very pink-and-white English complexion and the smooth white mustaches of some amiable Anglo-Indian colonel. This was Lord Mounteagle, who had taken his Oriental pleasures more sadly, or at least more seriously, than his wife. He could talk of nothing whatever except Oriental religion and philosophy; and had thought it necessary even to dress in the manner of an Oriental hermit. While he was delighted to show his treasures, he seemed to treasure them much more for the truths supposed to be symbolized in them than for their value in collections, let alone cash. Even when he brought out the great ruby, perhaps the only thing of great value in the museum in a merely monetary sense, he seemed to be much more interested in its name than in its size, not to mention its price.

The others were all staring at what seemed a stupendously large red stone, burning like a bonfire seen through a rain of blood. But Lord Mounteagle rolled it loosely in his palm without looking at it and, staring at the ceiling, told them a long tale about the legendary character of Mount Meru; and how in the Gnostic mythology it had been the place of the wrestling of nameless primeval powers.

Towards the end of the lecture on the Demiurge of the Gnostics (not forgetting its connection with the parallel concept of Manichæus) even the tactful Mr. Hardcastle thought it time to create a diversion. He asked to be allowed to look at the stone and, as evening was closing in, and the long room with the single door was steadily darkening, he stepped out in the Cloister beyond, to examine the jewel by a better light. It was then that they first became conscious, slowly and almost creepily conscious, of the living presence of the Master of the Mountain.

The Cloister was on the usual plan, as regards its original structure; but the line of Gothic pillars and pointed arches that formed the inner square was linked together all along by a low wall about waist high, turning the Gothic doors into Gothic windows and giving each a sort of flat window-sill of stone. This alteration was probably of ancient date; but there were other alterations of a quainter sort which witnessed to the rather unusual individual ideas of Lord and Lady Mounteagle. Between the pillars hung thin curtains, or rather veils, made of beads or light canes in the continental or southern manner; and on these again could be traced the lines and colors of Asiatic dragons or idols that contrasted with the gray Gothic framework in which they were suspended. But this, while it further troubled the dying light of the place, was the least of the incongruities of which the company, with very varying feelings, became aware.

In the open space surrounded by the Cloisters there ran, like a circle in a square, a circular path paved with pale stones and edged with some sort of green enamel like an imitation lawn. Inside that, in the very center, rose the basin of a dark-green fountain, or raised pond, in which water lilies floated and goldfish flashed to and fro; and high above these, its outline dark against the dying light, was a great green image. Its back was turned to them, and its face so completely invisible in the hunched posture that the statue might almost have been headless. But in that mere dark outline in the dim twilight some of them could see instantly that it was the shape of no Christian thing.

A few yards away, on the circular path and looking towards the great green god, stood the man called The Master of the Mountain. His pointed and finely finished features seemed molded by some skilful craftsman as a mask of copper. In contrast with this, his dark-gray beard looked almost blue like indigo; it began in a narrow tuft on his chin and then spread outwards like a great fan or the tail of a bird. He was robed in peacock green and wore on his bald head a high cap of uncommon outline, a headdress none of them had ever seen before; but it looked rather Egyptian than Indian. The man was standing with staring eyes, wide-open fish-shaped eyes, so motionless that they looked like the eyes painted on a mummy-case. But though the figure of the Master of the Mountain was singular enough, some of the company, including Father Brown, were not looking at him; they still looked at the dark-green idol at which he himself was looking.

"This seems a queer thing," said Hardcastle, frowning a little, "to set up in the middle of an old abbey cloister."

"Now don't tell me you're going to be silly," said Lady Mounteagle. "That's just what we meant: to link up the great religions of East and West; Buddha and Christ. Surely you must understand that all religions are really the same."

"If they are," said Father Brown mildly, "it seems rather unnecessary to go into the middle of Asia to get one."

"Lady Mounteagle means that there are different aspects or faces, as there are of this stone," began Hardcastle and, becoming interested in the new topic, laid the great ruby down on the stone sill or ledge under the Gothic arch. "But it does not follow that we can mix the aspects in one artistic style. You may mix Christianity and Islam, but you can't mix Gothic and Saracenic, let alone real Indian—"

As he spoke the Master of the Mountain seemed to come to life like a cataleptic and move gravely round another quarter segment of the circle, and he took up his position outside their own row of arches, standing with his back to them and looking now towards the idol's back. It was obvious that he was moving by stages round the whole circle, like a hand round the clock; but pausing for periods of prayer or contemplation.

"What *is* his religion?" asked Hardcastle, with a faint touch of impatience.

"He says," replied Lord Mounteagle reverently, "that it is older than Brahminism and purer than Buddhism."

"Oh!" remarked Hardcastle, standing with both hands in his pockets and continuing to stare through his single eyeglass.

"They say," observed the nobleman in his gentle but didactic voice, "that the deity called the God of Gods is carved in a colossal form in the cavern of Mount Meru—"

Even his lordship's lecturing serenity was broken abruptly by the voice that came over his shoulder. It came out of the darkness of the museum they had just left, when they stepped out into the Cloister. At the sound of it the two younger men looked first incredulous then furious, and then almost collapsed into laughter.

"I hope I do not intrude," said the urbane and seductive voice of Professor Phroso, that unconquerable wrestler for the truth, "but it occurred to me that

some of you might now spare a little time for that much-despised science of Bumps, which—"

"Look here," cried the impetuous Tommy Hunter, "I haven't got any bumps; but you'll jolly well have some soon. You—"

Hardcastle mildly restrained him as he plunged back through the door; and for the moment all the group had turned again and were looking back into the inner room.

It was at that moment that the thing happened. It was the impetuous Tommy once more who was the first to move, and this time to better effect. Before anyone else had seen anything, when Hardcastle had barely remembered with a jump that he had left the gem on the stone sill, Tommy was across the Cloister with the leap of a cat and, leaning with his head and shoulders out of the aperture between two columns, had cried out in a voice that rang down all the arches, "I've got him!"

In that instant of time, just after they turned and just before they heard his triumphant cry, they had all seen it happen. Round the corner of one of the two columns there had darted in and out again a brown or rather bronze-colored hand, such as they had seen elsewhere. The hand had struck as straight as a striking snake, as instantaneous as the flick of the long tongue of the anteater. But it had licked up the jewel. The stone slab of window sill shone bare in the pale and fading light.

"I've got him," gasped Tommy Hunter, "but he's wriggling pretty hard. You fellows run round and hold him in front—he can't have got rid of it anyhow."

The others obeyed, some racing down the corridor and some leaping over the low wall, with the result that a little crowd, consisting of Hardcastle, Lord Mounteagle, Father Brown, and even the undetachable Mr. Phroso of the bump, had soon surrounded the captive Master of the Mountain. Hunter was hanging onto him desperately with one hand by the collar, and shaking him every now and then in a manner highly insensible to the dignity of prophets as a class.

"Now we've got him anyhow," said Hunter, letting go with a sigh, "we've only got to search him. The thing must be here."

Three-quarters of an hour later Hunter and Hardcastle, their top hats, ties, gloves, slips, and spats somewhat the worse for their recent activities, came face to face in the Cloister and gazed at each other.

"Well," asked Hardcastle with restraint, "have you any views on the mystery?"

"Hang it all," replied Hunter, "you can't call it a mystery. Why, we all saw him take it ourselves."

"Yes," replied the other, "but we didn't all see him lose it ourselves. And the mystery is, where has he lost it so that we can't find it?"

"It must be somewhere," said Hunter. "Have you searched the fountain and all round that rotten old god there?"

"I haven't dissected the little fishes," said Hardcastle, lifting his eyeglass and surveying the other. "Are you thinking of the ring of Polycrates?"

Apparently the survey, through the eyeglass, of the round face before him convinced him that it covered no such meditation on Greek legend.

"It's not on him, I admit," repeated Hunter sullenly, "unless he's swallowed it."

"Which would be hard for even a prophet to survive," said the other smiling. "But here comes our host."

"This is a most distressing matter," said Lord Mounteagle, twisting his white mustache with a nervous and even tremulous hand.

"Horrible thing to have a theft in one's house, let alone connecting it with a man like the Master. But I confess I can't quite make head or tail of the way he is talking about it. I wish you'd come inside and see what you think."

They went in together, Hunter falling behind and dropping into conversation with Father Brown, who was kicking his heels round the Cloister.

"You must be very strong," said the priest pleasantly. "You held him with one hand; and he seemed pretty vigorous, even when we had eight hands to hold him, like one of these Indian gods."

They took a turn or two round the Cloister, talking; and then they also went into the inner room, where the Master of the Mountain was seated on a bench, in the capacity of a captive, but with more of the air of a king.

It was true, as Lord Mounteagle said, that his air and tone were not very easy to understand. He spoke with a serene and yet secretive sense of power; he seemed rather amused at their suggestions about trivial hiding-places for the gem, and certainly he showed no resentment whatever. He seemed to be laughing, in a still, unfathomable fashion, at their efforts to trace what they had all seen him take.

"You are learning a little," he said with insolent benevolence, "of the laws of time and space, about which your latest science is a thousand years behind our oldest religion. You do not even know what is really meant by hiding a thing. Nay, my poor little friends, you do not even know what is meant by *seeing* a thing; or perhaps you would see this as plainly as I do."

"So you mean it is here," demanded Hardcastle harshly.

"Here is a word of many meanings also," replied the mystic. "But I did not say it was here. I only said I could see it."

There was an irritated silence and he went on sleepily:

"If you were to be utterly, unfathomably silent, do you think you might hear a cry from the other end of the world? The cry of a worshipper alone in those mountains where the original image sits, itself like a mountain. Some say that even Jews and Moslems might worship that image, because it was never made by man. Hark! Do you hear the cry with which he lifts his head and sees, in that socket of stone that has been hollow for ages, the one red angry moon that is the eye of the mountain?"

"Do you really mean," cried Lord Mounteagle, a little shaken, "that you could make it pass from here to Mount Meru? I used to believe you had great spiritual powers, but—"

"Perhaps," said the Master, "I have more than you will ever believe."

Hardcastle rose impatiently and began to pace the room with his hands in his pockets.

"I never believed so much as you did; but I admit that powers of a certain type may . . . Good God!"

His high hard voice had been cut off in mid air, and he stopped staring. The eyeglass fell out of his eye. They all turned their faces in the same direction, and on every face there seemed to be the same suspended animation.

The Red Moon of Meru lay on the stone window sill, exactly as they had last seen it. It might have been a red spark blown there from a bonfire or a red rose petal tossed there from a broken rose; but it had fallen in precisely the same spot where Hardcastle had thoughtlessly laid it down.

This time Hardcastle did not attempt to pick it up again; but his demeanor was somewhat notable. He turned slowly and began to stride about the room again; but there was in his movements something masterful, where before it had been only restless. Finally he brought himself to a standstill in front of the seated Master and bowed with a somewhat sardonic smile.

"Master," he said, "we all owe you an apology; and, what is more important, you have taught us all a lesson. Believe me, it will serve as a lesson as well as a joke. I shall always remember the very remarkable powers you really possess and how harmlessly you use them. Lady Mounteagle," he went on, turning towards her, "you will forgive me for having addressed the Master first; but

it was to you I had the honor of opening this explanation some time ago. I may say that I explained it before it had happened. I told you that most of these things could be explained by some kind of hypnotism. Many believe this is the explanation of all those Indian stories about the mango plant and the boy who climbs a rope thrown into the air. It does not really happen; but the spectators are mesmerized into imagining that it happened. So we were all mesmerized into imagining this theft had happened. That brown hand coming in at the window and whisking away the gem was a momentary delusion; a hand in a dream. Only, having seen the stone vanish, we never looked for it where it was before. We plunged into the pond and turned every leaf of the water lilies; we were almost giving emetics to the goldfish. But the ruby has been here all the time."

And he glanced across at the opalescent eyes and smiling bearded mouth of the Master, and saw that the smile was just a shade broader. There was something in it that made the others jump to their feet with an air of sudden relaxation and general gasping relief.

"This is a very fortunate escape for us all," said Lord Mounteagle, smiling rather nervously. "There cannot be the least doubt it is as you say. It has been a most painful episode and I really don't know what apologies—"

"I have no complaints," said the Master of the Mountain, still smiling. "You have never touched Me at all."

While the rest went off rejoicing, with Hardcastle for the hero of the hour, the little Phrenologist with the whiskers sauntered back towards his preposterous tent. Looking over his shoulder, he was surprised to find Father Brown following him.

"Can I feel your bumps?" asked the expert in a mildly sarcastic tone.

"I don't think you want to feel any more, do you?" said the priest good-humoredly. "You're a detective, aren't you?"

"Yep," replied the other. "Lady Mounteagle asked me to keep an eye on the Master, being no fool, for all her mysticism; and when he left his tent, I could only follow by behaving like a nuisance and a monomaniac. If anybody had come into my tent, I'd have had to look up Bumps in an encyclopædia."

"Bumps, What Ho She; see Folk-Lore," observed Father Brown dreamily. "Well, you were quite in the part in pestering people—at a bazaar."

"Rum case, wasn't it?" remarked the fallacious Phrenologist. "Queer to think the thing was there all the time."

"Very queer," said the priest.

Something in his voice made the other man stop and stare.

"Look here!" he cried, "what's the matter with you? What are you looking like that for? Don't you *believe* that it was there all the time?"

Father Brown blinked rather as if he had received a buffet, then he said slowly and with hesitation, "No . . . the fact is . . . I can't—I can't quite bring myself to believe it."

"You're not the sort of chap," said the other shrewdly, "who'd say that without a reason. Why don't you think the ruby had been there all the time?"

"Only because I put it back there myself," said Father Brown.

The other man stood rooted to the spot like one whose hair was standing on end. He opened his mouth without speech.

"Or rather," went on the priest, "I persuaded the thief to let me put it back. I told him what I'd guessed and showed him there was still time for repentance. I don't mind telling you in professional confidence; besides, I don't think the Mounteagles would prosecute now they've got the thing back, especially considering who stole it."

"Do you mean the Master?" asked the late Phroso.

"No," said Father Brown, "the Master didn't steal it."

"But I don't understand," objected the other. "Nobody was outside the

window except the Master; and a hand certainly came from outside."

"The hand came from outside but the thief came from inside," said Father Brown.

"We seem to be back among the mystics again. Look here, I'm a practical man: I only wanted to know if it was all right with the ruby—"

"I knew it was all wrong," said Father Brown, "before I even knew there was a ruby."

After a pause he went on thoughtfully. "Right away back in that argument of theirs by the tents, I knew things were going wrong. People will tell you that theories don't matter and that logic and philosophy aren't practical. Don't you believe them. Reason is from God, and when things are unreasonable there is something the matter. Now that quite abstract argument ended with something funny. Consider what the theories were. Hardcastle was a trifle superior and said that all these things were perfectly possible, but they were mostly done merely by mesmerism or clairvoyance—scientific names for philosophical puzzles, in the usual style. But Hunter thought it was all sheer fraud and wanted to show it up. By Lady Mounteagle's testimony he not only went about showing up fortune tellers and such like, but he had actually come down specially to confront this one. He didn't often come; he didn't get on with Mounteagle (from whom, being a spendthrift, he always tried to borrow); but when he heard the Master was coming, he came hurrying down. Very well. In spite of that, it was Hardcastle who went to consult the wizard and Hunter who refused. He said he'd waste no time on such nonsense, having apparently wasted a lot of his life on proving it to be nonsense. That seemed inconsistent. He thought in this case it was crystal-gazing; but he found it was palmistry."

"Do you mean he made that an excuse?" asked his companion puzzled.

"I thought so at first," replied the priest, "but I know now it was not an excuse but a reason. He really was put off by finding it was a palmist, because—"

"Well," demanded the other impatiently.

"Because he didn't want to take his glove off," said Father Brown.

"Take his glove off!" repeated the inquirer.

"If he had," said Father Brown mildly, "we should all have seen that his hand was painted pale brown already. . . . Oh, yes, he did come down specially because the Master was here. He came down very fully prepared."

"You can't mean," cried Phroso, "that it was Hunter's hand, painted brown, that came in at the window? Why, he was with us all the time."

"Go and try it on the spot and you'll find it's quite possible," said the priest. "Hunter leaped forward and leaned out of the window; in a flash he could tear off his glove, tuck up his sleeve, and thrust his hand back round the other side of the pillar, while he gripped the Indian with the other hand and hallooed out that he'd caught the thief. I remarked at the time that he held the thief with one hand, where any man would have used two. But the other hand was slipping the jewel into his trousers-pocket."

There was a long pause and then the ex-Phrenologist said slowly, "Well, that's a staggerer. But the thing stumps me still. For one thing, it doesn't explain the queer behavior of the old magician himself. If he was entirely innocent, why the devil didn't he say so? Why wasn't he indignant at being accused and searched? Why did he only sit smiling and hinting in a sly way what wild and wonderful things he could do?"

"Ah!" cried Father Brown with a sharp note in his voice, "there you come up against it! Against everything these people don't and won't understand. All religions are the same, says Lady Mounteagle. Are they, by George! I tell you some of them are so different that the best man of one creed will be callous where the worst man of another

will be sensitive. I told you I didn't like spiritual power because the accent is on the word power. I don't say the Master would steal a ruby; very likely he wouldn't; very likely he wouldn't think it worth stealing. It wouldn't be specially his temptation to take jewels; but it would be his temptation to take credit for miracles that didn't belong to him any more than the jewels. It was to *that* sort of temptation, to *that* sort of stealing that he yielded to-day. He liked us to think that he had marvellous mental powers that could make a material object fly through space; and even when he hadn't done it, he allowed us to think he had. The point about private property wouldn't occur primarily to him at all. The question wouldn't present itself to him in the form 'Shall I *steal* this pebble?' but only in the form 'Could I make a pebble vanish and reappear on a distant mountain?' The question of *whose* pebble would seem to him quite secondary and even irrelevant. That is what I mean by religions being different. He is very proud of having what he calls spiritual powers. He is even capable of pretending through pride to have greater spiritual powers. But what he calls spiritual doesn't mean what we call moral. It means rather mental; the power of mind over matter; the magician controlling the elements. Now we are not a bit like that, even when we are no better, even when we are worse. We, whose fathers at least were Christians, who have grown up under those medieval arches even if we bedizen them with all the demons of Asia—we have the very opposite ambition and the very opposite shame. We should all be anxious that nobody should think we had done it. He was actually anxious that everybody should think he had—even when he hadn't. He actually stole the credit of stealing. While we were all casting the crime from us like a snake, he was actually luring it to him like a snake-charmer. But snakes are not pets in this country! Here the traditions of Christendom tell at once under a test like this. Look at old Mounteagle himself, for instance! Ah, you may be as Eastern and esoteric as you like and wear a turban and a long robe and live on messages from Mahatmas. But if a bit of stone is stolen in your house, and your friends suspected, you will jolly soon find out that you're an ordinary English gentleman in a fuss. The man who really did it would never have wanted us to think he did it; for he also was an English gentleman. He was also something very much better; he was a Christian thief. I hope and believe he was a penitent thief."

"By your account," said his companion laughing, "the Christian thief and the heathen fraud went by contraries. One was sorry he'd done it and the other was sorry he hadn't."

"We mustn't be too hard on either of them," said Father Brown. "Other English gentlemen have stolen before now, and been covered by legal and political protection; and the West also has its own way of covering theft with sophistry. After all, the ruby is not the only kind of valuable stone in the world that has changed owners; it is true of other precious stones, often carved like cameos and colored like flowers."

The other looked at him inquiringly; and the priest's finger pointed to the Gothic outline of the great abbey.

"A great graven stone," he said, "and that also was stolen."

JAPAN LOOKS AT AMERICA

BY K. K. KAWAKAMI

NOT so long ago, at a congenial gathering at a New York club, I sat by an American liberal who was chatting with a Japanese conservative about various international affairs from the Dawes Plan to the Chinese Question. "Most of us feel," said the American, "that Japan will eventually annex Manchuria, or at least the southern section of it." "You are right," agreed the Japanese blandly, "we shall probably annex Manchuria by the time you have annexed Canada and Mexico and all the territories down to Colombia —not before."

This Japanese thrust is expressive of the sentiment generally prevailing in Japan and, I am sure, in other Asiatic countries as well. When an American prates about the Monroe Doctrine or the Open Door as an altruistic instrument conceived wholly for the benefit of other nations, the Japanese, despite his inborn politeness, cannot help smiling. If an American denounces Japanese imperialism and holds up his own country as a shining example of liberalism, the natural inclination of the Japanese is to recall Dumas's retort to Crémieux. "Was your father a mulatto?" asked Crémieux. "Yes," returned Dumas, "my father was a mulatto, my grandfather a negro, my great-grandfather a monkey—my family began where yours ends."

To be sure, the Japanese never speaks so disparagingly of his American cousins; far from it, he has genuine admiration for them. But he is reluctant to accept the theory that American seizure of Hawaii or American occupation of the Philippines is one thing and Japanese occupation of Korea quite another. Nor can he believe what America has done in Central America or in the West Indies more benevolent than what his country has done in Manchuria.

The Japanese is inquisitive. He does not mean to be an *enfant terrible*, but is prone to ask questions perhaps embarrassing to Americans. Is the Monroe Doctrine—not the doctrine of President Monroe himself, but the doctrine as expounded by latter-day politicians—a dog-in-the-manger idea? If America means to be true to the historic declaration of 1823, ought she to hang on to the Philippines upon one pretext or another? Does not the exclusion of other nations from this hemisphere impose upon America the moral obligation to keep away from the other? Why should America insist upon the open door in the Orient when she is determined to close to the Orientals not only her own door but the doors of her neighbors? Is not the open door for China a clever camouflage for a selfish scheme devised to advance American interests in the Far East? Is not America, conscious of her increasing power and prowess, inclined to act in international affairs in wilful defiance of the susceptibilities of other nations?

Such questions are being constantly asked on the other side of the Pacific, especially in connection with the issues between Japan and the United States. An analysis of these issues will serve to explain why such questions are on the Japanese mind, and will reveal something of Japan's real feeling toward America.

II

Roughly speaking, there are two main issues between the two countries. The first is the immigration question, reopened rather than settled by the Japanese exclusion clause of the Immigration Act of 1924. Whatever be Washington's complacent opinion today, Tokyo does not regard the ungentlemanlike scrapping of the "gentlemen's agreement" by Congress as a closed incident, but is biding its time, intent upon approaching the American Government at a propitious moment. Then there is the question of possible conflict of Japanese and American interests in the Far East, especially China. The establishment of America as an Oriental Power through her occupation of the Philippines inspired in the Japanese mind a genuine fear that the United States, lured by the star of empire, had embarked upon a policy of expansion, if not aggression, in the Far East. Later events have served to intensify rather than alleviate this apprehension.

"Our vital interest," wrote ex-President Roosevelt to President Taft in 1910, "is to keep the Japanese out of our country and at the same time to preserve the good will of Japan." Roosevelt believed this the only way to keep the peace of the Pacific, and was solicitous that his successor in the White House should follow the same course. How was it possible to harmonize two propositions so diametrically opposed to each other—to close America's door to the Japanese and to preserve their friendship? Yet Mr. Roosevelt was fairly successful in performing this delicate feat. His formula was simple. First, he recognized that Japan, overpopulated and devoid of natural resources, must find a breathing space—her place in the sun—outside of her narrow precincts, and that America and other "white" Powers, barring out Japanese immigration, must in fairness acquiesce in Japan's inevitable expansion on the Asian continent, especially in Manchuria and Korea. Secondly, Roosevelt, sympathizing with Japan's susceptibilities, did not subject her to such open humiliation as exclusion by statute or by formal treaty, but accepted Japan's informal, confidential pledge that she would of her own accord keep out of America her nationals of the laboring class—an honorable agreement between gentlemen. The formula satisfied Roosevelt's conscience—his sense of the square deal. But the more important question was whether it satisfied Japan as well. Had she, smarting under a discrimination so thinly, if politely, disguised, nursed a grudge against America, Mr. Roosevelt's object would have fallen far short of attainment.

To be frank, Japan accepted, or rather suggested, the "gentlemen's agreement" with reluctance. She would not have acquiesced in it—not so readily, at any rate—had it not been coupled with Roosevelt's tacit promise to smooth her way in Korea and Manchuria. As the years passed, however, Japan reconciled herself to the inevitable, and has eventually come to believe firmly and without reserve that the gentlemen's agreement is the wisest and the most honorable which could, under the circumstances, be devised. And why, after all, should she think otherwise? From the beginning of her intercourse with America, Japan pursued a policy by no means encouraging to the exodus of her nationals to American territories. To her it is not the closing of America's door that really matters, but rather the way of closing it. You could not slam the door in the face of your neighbor without offending him. But if you closed it politely, bidding him good-by in a neighborly fashion, the rebuff would not be so stinging. This, in a homely way, explains the gentlemen's agreement.

Japan, though willing to restrict emigration voluntarily and without compulsion, has consistently taken the stand that open discrimination against her nationals by a formal treaty with—or by a domestic law of—any foreign nation with

whom she is on equal terms is incompatible with the prestige and dignity with which the Powers have by common consent clothed her. If international good manners and courtesy mean anything, if they are of any value in promoting peace and good will among nations, this Japanese contention is worthy of respect. It was in appreciation of this point of view that Mr. Roosevelt accepted the gentlemen's agreement, and that the Taft Administration in 1911 eliminated from the treaty with Japan a clause providing for the exclusion of Japanese laborers. England, too, revised her treaty with Japan in 1911, unconditionally providing that "the subjects of each contracting party shall have full liberty to enter, travel, and reside in the country of the other," and that they "shall in all that relates to travel and residence be placed in all respects on the same footing as native subjects." Thus, Japan was placed, at least before the world, on a plane of equality with the Powers of the West. If she entered a separate agreement, restricting the emigration of her nationals to the United States or Canada, that was entirely her voluntary act—the gentleman's courtesy to his neighbors. True, she recognizes unreservedly the binding force of such "private" agreements as between the parties concerned, but as for the world in general, it was not expected to recognize their existence. The world, on the other hand, was asked to ignore the "gentlemen's agreement," recognizing only the treaties which placed Japan on equal terms with the leading Powers. Japan, in short, looks upon the emigration question as one of honor, and not as a question of material interest or benefit. Herein lies a radical difference between the Japanese claim and the European clamor in regard to immigration to America.

All the Secretaries of State since Mr. Elihu Root have recognized the logic and justice of the Japanese contention. They have believed the acceptance of that contention in the form of the gentlemen's agreement the securest bulwark against Japanese immigration. When the Japanese exclusion clause of the Immigration Law of 1924 was being discussed in Congress, Secretary Hughes, with the obvious support of President Coolidge, argued that it was "quite unnecessary even for the purpose for which it was devised." It was estimated that the application of the general quota restriction to Japanese immigration would admit only one hundred Japanese as immigrants—a measure tantamount to total exclusion. Yet Japan was willing to accept it because it would place her, at least technically, upon a plane of equality with the nations of the West. She was, moreover, ready to continue the gentlemen's agreement, with more stringent provisions, if necessary, thus affording a twofold control over Japanese immigration. Could a more rational, more sensible proposal be conceived?

When Congress spurned this proposal and flung the Japanese into the fold of excluded, and impliedly inferior, races Japan was in a quandary. Here was a great legislature, the "greatest and best in the world," as many an American would call it, flying in the face of logic and asserting its authority at the expense of international good will and decency. How could it be possible? The Japanese were puzzled. They could not believe such a thing possible. When they had to admit that the thing did happen, their feeling toward America was one of contempt and revulsion. They thought the American people steeped in materialism and incapable of appreciating the meaning of honor or of good manners. Could the America which scrapped the gentlemen's agreement without so much as consulting the other party be the same America which went to war because Germany treated solemn compacts as so many scraps of paper? The incident nullified, for the most part, the happy effect of America's magnificent generosity to Japan's earthquake-stricken millions. Indeed, many a Japanese began to ask, as he is still asking: Is this generosity an expression

of genuine sympathy, or is it but another manifestation of the vulgar American idea that money can do anything and everything? In such questions one finds the explanation, perhaps, of what Ambassador Hanihara meant by the possible "grave consequences" of statutory exclusion. The pettifogging exploitation of this innocent phrase as a "threat of war" served to lower the Japanese estimation of American intelligence. The unfortunate Ambassador, taken to task alike by Americans and by his home Government, left Washington, like a gentleman, without explanation or apology. He was made the goat for an act for which he alone was not responsible.

But let bygones be bygones. It is more essential to consider what Japan will do about the immigration question. We have said that she regards it as a pending issue. True, she does not intend to press for its solution at this time, but she does not want the American Government and people to regard it as a closed incident. She is anxious that her relationship with America should be one of unalloyed friendliness, and she believes the revision of the exclusion clause essential to the re-establishment of that happy condition. In her endeavor to attain this end Japan will always be patient, but her patience should not be taken for acquiescence. She is confident that sooner or later opportunity will present itself for the readjustment of the situation. She is encouraged in this hope by the fact that the White House and the State Department objected in 1924 to statutory exclusion of the Japanese as unnecessary and unwise, and that so many American publicists and educators continue to regard it as a colossal blunder.

It is, of course, idle to presume, as some international prophets do, that Japan will go to war for the redress of the immigration grievance. One may rest assured that Japan will never fight America on the sole score of immigration. Our militarists and navalists, our "patriots" and jingoists would not talk so plainly—they might even declare that the sword is the only means to cut the Gordian knot; but deep down in their hearts even they know that the immigration question, especially as Japan understands it, is not one which can or must be settled by war. For the question, as we have seen, involves no serious material interest—certainly not a matter that affects Japan's national existence. She has iterated and reiterated her decision not to send immigrants where they are not welcome, and has voluntarily lived up to that decision. The question is essentially one of honor, and modern nations do not go to war where little or no material interest is involved. Only sheer madness can drive Japan to war against America when she knows that, whatever the outcome of such a conflict, she can never hope to send immigrants without restriction to these shores. Nothing short of downright seizure and permanent occupation of the Pacific slope would enable Japan to colonize that region to an extent to alleviate the population pressure at home. Not even the wildest of Japan's fire-eaters dream such a wild dream.

III

So much for the immigration question. The more important question is the possible conflict of American and Japanese interests in the Far East. Does America stand in the way of Japan's natural and inevitable economic expansion on the Asian continent? Does she wilfully and deliberately endeavor to checkmate every advance the Japanese may make in that direction? Here is a question which involves Japan's very existence—a question upon the answer to which hinges Japan's life or death. If the day ever comes when Japan is convinced that America is driving her to the wall she will not hesitate to cast the die, staking her all upon the outcome of an armed conflict. Nor are the Japanese entirely hopeless as to the issue of

such a war, for it will be purely a war of self-defense to be fought close to her home land. To Americans such statements may sound extravagant and fantastic, but the fear is genuine and general among the Japanese that America is pursuing a policy calculated to condemn them to suffocation and stagnation.

To appreciate this feeling we must take a glance at Japan's plight due to dearth of natural resources, over-population, declining food production, and exhaustion of arable land. The average density of population in Japan is 397 per square mile. Leave Hokkaido (North Island) out of consideration, and the density increases to 486. Compare this with corresponding figures for other congested countries. Belgium, with its 659 inhabitants to the square mile, heads the list. Holland, with 474 per square mile, and England, with 370, come next, followed by Italy's 316, Germany's 310, and France's 193. China, including her outlying territories, has only 70 people to the square mile. What China needs, in order to relieve congestion in certain sections, is a better system of transportation, coupled with a sound and honest government. Of this a convincing proof is Manchuria, into whose vast undeveloped agricultural regions hundreds of thousands of Chinese immigrate every year over the railroads built by the South Manchuria Railway Company, a Japanese concern. On the other hand, Japan's real difficulty cannot be judged from the density of population alone. We must remember that she has no colony where she may send her surplus population, or where she may find raw material for her growing industries. Neither Manchuria nor Korea offers a practical outlet for Japan's surplus population. In Manchuria the Japanese, like other aliens, are not permitted to settle, except in the insignificant railway zone and in the open marts. Korea, with 199 inhabitants to the square mile, precludes Japanese immigration, for close contact and consequent economic competition between a dominant and a "subject" race is certain to breed trouble. Remember also that the Japanese, by the united efforts of Western nations—America, Canada, Australia, and even Africa under "white" rule—are denied the common privilege of immigrating to any of the countries where the best opportunities await honest workers.

The topography of Japan is such that only a very small percentage of her land area is adapted to cultivation, and this small percentage has long since been exhausted. Some years ago the Japanese Government made an extensive investigation into the practicability of extending the area of farm land. The conclusion was that the country offered no new land which could be profitably cultivated. Japan's agricultural land amounts to 26 per cent of the total area as compared with England's 77 per cent, Italy's 75, France's 69, Germany's 64, and the United States' 46. Driven by necessity, the Japanese have cultivated their lands so intensively that even the most painstaking fertilizing process has been unable to stay the natural operation of the law of diminishing returns. Thus Japan's soil has long since ceased to yield enough food to feed her own population. The only salvation, perhaps, lies in the industrialization of the country and the extension of her trade abroad. But here again Japan faces a great difficulty in the lack of raw materials, especially three essentials of modern industry—iron, coal, and oil. She produces little or no coking coal, indispensable to the steel industry. Of oil she produces only forty or fifty per cent of what she consumes for industrial purposes. For iron and steel she relies almost entirely upon foreign supplies. Unless she finds unhindered access to the sources of such materials, her fate cannot but be stagnation, inanition, and ultimate decline.

Here is the explanation for Japan's impelling desire for economic expansion across the seas. To her it is a necessity far more urgent than, for instance, ex-

pansion in Mexico or in the Philippines is to the United States. The Americans, one may reasonably presume, could stay at home, if they would, without suffering discomfort, much less inanition; for their own natural resources and their home market are immense. The Japanese simply could not stay at home—they must go abroad to find food and clothing, coal and iron, oil and rubber, and what not. To America foreign expansion is a luxury; to Japan it is an absolute necessity. Does America understand and sympathize with this Japanese situation? Once in a while we hear American travelers returning from the Orient declare that Japan has a great deal of undeveloped lands—the millionaire's lamentation over the "wastefulness" of the work-a-day folk. Aside from such superficial observers, the Americans as a nation have little or no understanding of Japan's predicament. Mr. Thomas A. Edison, at the time of the Washington Conference, published the opinion that the Powers should agree to let Japan buy a part of Siberia, paying for it in bonds jointly guaranteed by them. "I am certain," he said, "that to help Japan get new and large areas on which to live would be far cheaper than to build warships with which to fight her." Only a man of vision can advance such a view. The average American lifts his hands in holy horror at the suggestion that Japan be permitted to buy a section of Manchuria or Siberia. He has forgotten the slogans of his sires: "Fifty-four forty or fight!" "The whole of Oregon or none!" "The reoccupation of Oregon and reannexation of Texas!"

Even Roosevelt's mild policy not to stand in Japan's way in Korea and Manchuria was not appreciated by his countrymen—not even by his immediate successor. "After I left office," he deplored, "a most mistaken and ill-advised policy was pursued towards Japan, combining irritation and inefficiency." Had Roosevelt been in the White House and exercised controlling influence over his party in 1916–19 the Chinese question, with Japan's interest therein, might have been handled somewhat differently from what was actually done at Washington. It was indeed the irony of fate that in 1917 the Democratic Administration should virtually adopt Roosevelt's Far Eastern policy by entering into what was known as the Ishii-Lansing understanding, which recognized Japan's special position in Manchuria and Inner Mongolia, while the Republican Party had long before reversed that policy, and was instrumental in nullifying the Ishii-Lansing agreement and in dislodging the Japanese from Shantung. In the first year of the Taft Administration Secretary Knox abruptly proposed that the railways in Manchuria be internationalized, utterly disregarding Japan's position there secured after a sacrifice of a hundred thousand lives and a billion dollars in a war of self-defense against the northern colossus. Coincidentally, coteries of Americans launched one scheme or another calculated to undermine Japanese enterprise in the same region. In the years immediately following, rumors of Americans obtaining huge concessions in other sections of China were constantly heard, including a project to build for the Chinese Government a navy yard at Foochow (not far from the Japanese Island of Formosa) with certain privileges for the American concessionaire. These, far more than the anti-Japanese agitation in California or the exclusion of Japanese laborers, prejudiced Japan against America. When the Japanese in self-protection took the necessary steps to nip such schemes in the bud, a vitriolic propaganda was launched in America, accusing Japan of monopoly, aggression, and usurpation. In reply the Japanese charged America with dollar diplomacy and economic imperialism. It was a period of bitter recrimination.

IV

Not content with pursuing Japan on the other side of the water, America

hounded the Japanese, so it seemed, on this side also. This refers, not to the exclusion of the Japanese from America's own soil, but to America's apparent determination to keep them out of certain countries outside of her jurisdiction. It is obviously in deference to this American resolve (not to say in response to American guidance) that Panama has enacted an Oriental exclusion law. In recent years the idea of "Pan-American solidarity" against Asiatic peoples has been quietly fostered at Washington and subtly propagated in the Republics to the southward. If no resolution embodying this idea was presented to the last Pan-American Convention at Santiago, it was because a certain South American delegation or delegations dissented from it. It is indeed doubtful that Latin America, particularly "A. B. C.," will, in this respect, meekly follow American lead at the expense of the good will of the Orient, especially Japan. Meanwhile, the Japanese are subtly warned not to settle in Mexico or in the smaller countries farther south. If a Japanese syndicate, a purely private concern, tried to lease a tract of land for farming purposes on the other side of the Mexican border, pressure would immediately be brought to bear upon it to frustrate the project. If a party of Japanese fishermen attempted to set up a fishing village on the Pacific coast of Mexico it would be denounced as "a scheme to build a Japanese naval base" in violation of the Monroe Doctrine.

It was just such an innocent attempt which caused the late Senator Lodge to put through a Senate resolution declaring that the United States could not see without grave concern the acquisition of any harbor on the American continent by a foreign corporation "which has such relation to another government, not American, as to give that country practical control for military or naval purposes." The Monroe Doctrine, with its meaning thus stretched, can, and will block every Japanese economic enterprise of any importance on the two continents of America. All that the United States has to do to accomplish this end will be to announce, dogmatically and arbitrarily, that such and such Japanese concerns about to launch a business enterprise in Central or South America have secret relations with the Japanese Government. Americans seem to labor under a peculiar hallucination, linking every enterprise by private Japanese individuals or concerns with the Japanese Government. The other day I saw a Manila dispatch to the American press stating quite insinuatingly that on Mindanao Island a Japanese company "said to be closely associated with the Imperial Government" had been developing the hemp industry. This "semi-governmental" Japanese company is in all probability Mitsui or Mitsubishi, a world-famous business house which needs no governmental help for its enterprises. To us this "Japanese menace" in the Philippines is just another device to prolong indefinitely American rule in the islands.

To the Japanese the Monroe Doctrine is an eternal puzzle. If we are to believe American school books or Fourth-of-July orations, it is an altruistic, humanitarian doctrine, maintained solely in the interest of America's neighbors from Mexico to Argentina, who would be easily victimized by cunning Orientals or wily Europeans if she didn't look after them. Few on the other side of the ocean will accept such a theory. For while the Monroe Doctrine brooks no idea of the Japanese building railroads, operating mines, or even developing agricultural land in Mexico or Nicaragua or Panama, it has no qualm in advocating American enterprises in Korea or Manchuria, in Siberia or China. We have already had a glimpse of what America attempted to do in Manchuria and in other parts of China. But we need not go so far back, for we have close at hand a problem more aptly illustrating the one-sided, or, to use the Chinese diplomat's favorite expression, "unilateral" nature of the Monroe Doctrine. This refers to the

American-Japanese-Chinese controversy over radio enterprise in China—a dispute which has been pending for five years. In 1918 a Japanese firm, Mitsui & Company, signed a contract with the Chinese Government to erect a five-hundred kilowatt radio station at Peking for foreign communication. It obligated China for thirty years to allow no other party to erect a similar station. This precaution was taken to ensure the projected station against the loss certain to result from free competition. In view of China's undeveloped business condition, one high-power station was deemed sufficient for foreign communication, at least for some years to come. Even the United States has but one such station on the Pacific coast.

When work on the Peking station was well under way, that is, in 1921, the Federal Telegraph Company of California secured from the Chinese Government a contract to build five radio stations, one of which, to be located at Shanghai, was to be twice as powerful as the Peking plant. This naturally brought forth Japanese protest. The British and French firms, which had obtained certain concessions for radio communication in China, also objected to the American project. In 1923 the Federal Telegraph Company, presumably for financial reasons, transferred its China concession to the Radio Corporation of America. There is reason to believe that if the Radio Corporation were free to talk over the matter with Mitsui the question could be solved without difficulty. For the Japanese firm has long since signified its intention to accept a plan suggested by the Japanese Government in the interest of international harmony. Inasmuch as the Peking station, completed more than a year ago, stood repeated tests for overseas communication, this suggested plan would make that the main station, erecting additional stations only as necessity arose. The Peking plant, moreover, would be turned over to China and would be operated by the Chinese authorities (instead of by Mitsui as originally contemplated) under the necessary supervision of an international board in which the Chinese Government and all the foreign firms having radio concessions in China would be duly represented. In short, the plan would substitute international co-operation for cut-throat competition.

As a matter of fact, Japan is not the originator of this idea: Mr. Owen D. Young, Chairman of the Board of Directors of the Radio Corporation, at the Washington Conference, urged much the same idea upon the American delegation. We may, therefore, reasonably presume that Mitsui and the Radio Corporation could easily settle the matter if the latter were only allowed a free hand. As for China, she is willing to accept the Japanese plan if the American Government would let her. But the Government at Washington, acting presumably upon the belief that America should secure an American-controlled means of communication to China, rejected Mr. Young's suggestion at the Washington Conference and has been objecting to the Japanese plan.

Of course, it does not argue its case in such naked words. It finds in the open door an argument plausible and euphonious. The question, then, is whether the Mitsui contract encroaches upon the open-door principle. To begin with, the award was made as a result of open competition. In the second place, the Washington treaty of 1922, upholding the open door in China, provides an exception to the general principle where monopoly is deemed "necessary to the conduct of a particular commercial, industrial or financial undertaking." The International Conference on Electrical Communication held at Washington in 1920 also justified monopoly in cable or radio communication "where the probable traffic would not be sufficient to yield a fair return upon the capital invested in more than one system for the operation of the service in question."

But the Japanese, especially the aver-

age Japanese, does not invoke such technical arguments. Rather he would say to America: If you want the doors of Asia open, open your own doors and the doors of your neighbors who no longer recognize you as their guardian! Put yourself in Japan's position and you will understand the Japanese feeling. Suppose a Japanese firm obtained a concession to erect a high-power radio station in Mexico or Panama. What a hue and cry there would be in Congress and in the American press! Can you not see why some Japanese think the Monroe Doctrine a dog-in-the-manger scheme, and the open-door principle a tool of aggression?

V

It is, of course, idle to presume that a single case like this radio controversy will jeopardize Japan's friendship with America. Japan hopes and trusts that this particular dispute will eventually be settled amicably. The danger lies in the indefinite multiplication of similar cases. Is there any assurance that American policy will undergo a material change in the conceivable future? As the Japanese sees it, indications are not lacking that the United States, conscious of her growing political influence and her unlimited financial and economic resources, will push her interest in the Orient with greater vigor. Japan knows it futile to oppose this inevitable onslaught, and would rather co-operate with America for the economic development of the East, if only fair and reasonable basis could be found. She flatters herself that, owing to geographical proximity, cultural similarity, and linguistic and other advantages, she has greater facilities than the Americans in understanding China and in conducting business with the Chinese. She believes, therefore, that team work between Americans and Japanese in the Chinese field would be mutually beneficial—certainly far more desirable than irritating and ruinous rivalry. Even in Manchuria the Japanese are no longer so sensitive about introducing American capital as they were ten or fifteen years ago.

What is more important, Japan's Chinese policy has in the last four or five years been increasingly liberal, with the result that China's feeling toward her has become decidedly friendly. Japan was the first to carry out the provisions of the Washington agreements. At the international tariff conference at Peking she was the first to propose tariff autonomy for China. She has co-operated with China at the opium conference, and has consistently urged the reseating of China at the Council table of the League of Nations. These and other friendly acts have found a favorable reaction. For the first time in China's history Japanese exports to her territory have exceeded those of Great Britain. Even in the present maelstrom of anti-foreign agitation in China, Japanese shipping and Japanese trade suffered little. By co-operating with Japan, then, America need no longer prejudice the Chinese friendship she has so long enjoyed.

And yet it is quite possible that the United States, confident of her ability to outstrip all her rivals by sheer force of unrivaled resources, would play a lone hand. America is powerful. She can defy the whole world if she will. She is in a position to build the mightiest armada ever afloat. She is prepared, should the necessity arise, to organize and train the greatest army that has ever taken the field. America, in short, has become the mistress of the world. Is she awake to the moral responsibility—the duty of *noblesse oblige*—which must accompany such a unique position of power and influence? Japan looks to America, not for charity, but for the fair play and the just co-operation which, after all, are the securest foundations of international friendship. Grateful she will always be for all the princely generosity America has extended to her, but she would rather forego the privilege of accepting it if it were offered in place of justice and equity.

PARENTS AND DAUGHTERS

A COLLEGE PRESIDENT ON THE AMERICAN FAMILY

BY HENRY NOBLE MacCRACKEN

President of Vassar College

THE family, as an institution, needs overhauling and repair, or it may break down completely. The club and the car, the camp and the convention, the "crowds" and the "circles" —these and other devices of an overmechanized society are rivals of the older unit for popular favor. The mere problem of time crowds out the family from the schedule of city dwellers. The thoughts of differing ages are never easy to adjust. But when to these difficulties are added standards and habits bred in isolation, and then brought into sharp conflict in the family circle, with rebellious youth on one side and unreasoned domination on the other, it can hardly be wondered at if to the onlooker it is the family that seems the artificial unit of association rather than the newer groups formed out of community of aim.

I am not a pessimist. Twenty years of teaching at Yale and Vassar have given me a view of one phase of American life in which there is much to recall of fineness and understanding in meeting this situation. I believe that most of the families whose life I have been privileged to share, more or less, have sensed the need of readjustment to meet the changed conditions. I have had daily contact with homes that yield in no slightest degree to those of a simpler age in any essential of happiness and power.

Therefore, I wonder why such happiness and power are not achieved by more family groups. Can an educator risk a charge of impertinence, and suggest in so personal a matter as the organization and control of the family the possibility of inadequate training? Dare he select from his experiences some cases for study, in the hope that light may be thrown on the problems of others? Can we use a case system and, without transgressing the code of the sociologist or violating personal confidence, make clear some of the readjustments needed in family life, especially in that limited group with grown children of college age? Such is the aim of this article, though it may seem to lead where angels fear to tread.

The field of observation is, then, the American family, viewed from the American college, and more particularly the women's college; though six years of teaching at Yale gives some basis for a guess that, *mutatis mutandis*, our questions would not be much changed by including the men's college as well. But without it our field includes a quarter-million families, and a generalization about it, if we could only find it, ought to be of some consequence to our commonwealth.

At the outset of our clinic for parents, we must admit the possibility of turning the tables and putting, not the family, but the college, under scalpel and glass-slide. Such a process would be helpful, and I for one should welcome it. A really penetrating study of what college does to the family would be useful, and a respite from such articles as those of most unhappy memory about "the reds in our colleges," which even the signa-

ture of a great name did not render truthful or wise.

Certainly the college must affect the family along with other institutions. A half-million youths living in close association for four most formative years will come to conclusions of some import. Parents should be forewarned about this; but, in our easy-going way of taking chances, they often think their own children will escape the consequences of thought. The catastrophe occurs, and they blame the college.

A letter from my office, not so long ago, calling attention to a need of increased endowment, drew from an incensed parent the pious hope that in five years' time not one stone at Vassar should be left standing on another. The daughter in this case had adopted some ideas not previously held in the family circle and had even gone so far as to marry a resident of another state. The family was shattered, and the college was to blame.

A clergyman's daughter made the astounding discovery, through the channel of a professor's voluntary Bible class, that members of other denominations than her own laid claim to a way of salvation. This struck her as reasonable, and she so informed her family. She was ordered to leave college. She refused. The college, it appeared, must assume full responsibility for the broken faith never to be restored.

II

Now, I will admit that education is a risk. I sometimes think it is our love of risk that makes education so popular with us. College education is hazardous, and in areas where state governors do not control university policy, where evolution is on the open shelf and freedom of speech does not bring instant dismissal, the dangers of exposure to thought are terrible. I should be glad to know what can be done about it, beyond the remedies already suggested by security leagues.

Granting, then, that colleges are vulnerable, from the standpoint of the family; granting farther, that the college makes serious mistakes of judgment in dealing with individual cases, it still remains a fair presumption that the college provides a point from which the family can be studied, in the light of all the contacts afforded. The essential interests of both institutions are closely allied; they should see with friendly eyes. And in all friendliness I submit the following evidence.

A student the other day was explaining just how something had happened. Every third sentence contained a parrot-phrase, "I am, you see, an only child." This precious thought seemed to wipe off any stray evidence of error that self-will had not already justified and excused.

A mother left her daughter in our care with every appearance of real suffering and deprivation. "Now that she is gone from the home there is nothing I have left to live for. My life was wrapped up in hers, and all is gone." Later I learned that the daughter, accepting the mother's view, looked on college as a cause of family tragedy. There was something selfish about it, and joy in it was a thing to be concealed from the victim of fate at home.

Not many days since a young graduate, back at a week-end of reunion, told me proudly that that day for the first time she had been allowed to cross New York City alone. She was then twenty-two years old. To her the event was emancipation, granted by the family not without grave misgivings.

There are still innumerable cases of college students not trusted with their own allowance, nor allowed to earn a part of it. It is the best part of the Antioch plan of college that this deferring of independence is abolished by compulsion. Work compels self-reliance which can unfortunately be covered over at college by parental protection.

A mother lamented the reflection on the family credit brought about by a

daughter's failure in studies. "What have I done that this should happen to me?" she cried. "I have done everything for my child. I never even let her pack her own trunk when she left home. And this is how she rewards me." It did not occur to her that such home training was scarcely in line with a college course in chemistry, where success depends on self-reliant experiment.

To what do these cases point? Is it not probable that modern society has unduly prolonged the age of family protection? Let us see what has happened. During the last century the early marriage, the independent young couple, the large family have almost disappeared. In college groups, at least, schooling is prolonged, marriage is postponed and is carried on inherited capital, loaned or given, and small families are the rule. The result must be a prolongation of the period of dependence, primarily economic but also intellectual.

Meanwhile the school has gone ahead in the opposite direction. In place of the memorized recitation, pupils are trained in self-reliant thought. Improved efficiency in teaching has raised both quantity and quality of education. Increased access to knowledge has meant a wider grasp on situations. Thus, a group of more self-reliant persons are confronted, as we have seen, with circumstances compelling more dependence.

This situation is aggravated when an attempt is made to fit in the codes of American social life with education. A week-end at home, as President Neilson has truly said, often means physical wreck for a student. She leaves a comparatively well-ordered and regular time-schedule, to exchange it for one of utter disorder and irregularity. She is plunged into a round of restless activity not all self-sought, by any means. I hope to escape a charge of malice when I say that any college that tried to live on the time-schedule of many American homes would be deserted in a week. For the failure to respect an appointment, for thoughtless violation of hours reserved for the convenience of all, which are besetting faults of American students, the family must bear some blame. Above all, for that utter inability to conserve time, characteristic of college students at entrance, the family schedule is responsible, in part at least.

It is unfortunately true that college for women, as for men, is a social passport. Yet even their misuse of its purpose does not satisfy many socially ambitious families. In defiance of all good sense, families persist in "bringing out" their daughters in the old-fashioned way, in the midst of college studies. I have seen it done at the cost of health. Parents often actively connive at breaking academic rules to gain a merely social end, with inevitable results in the children's attitude to social standards. Last year a mother removed her daughter from Vassar because, having failed in certain academic subjects, she had lost the privilege of several days of absence at a famous university prom. I am not contending that a diploma is more valuable than a dance; but I deplore the waste of time and money spent in arriving at the evaluation, a waste the more painful to me since, in making a place for this student, two other worthy applicants had been rejected.

A young woman who had begun to make a name for herself as an excellent research worker returned to her home to devote herself to her mother, in the absence of other children from the home. She was a quiet and essentially home-loving person, and had willingly [illegible] postponed professional advancement [illegible] itude for what the parents had g[illegible] She found, however, that [illegible] meant simply a new attack [illegible] ladder. She was intrigued [illegible] plex schedule in which th[illegible] place. At twenty-three [illegible] family a debutante, a sp[illegible] She was asked to give [illegible] with life for one of crowded [illegible] ils mark! It was too mu[illegible] separation this time y[illegible]

Again and again [illegible]

upon a family, it is the daughter whose college days are given up, to keep the family together, while the son keeps his own course. This is almost inevitable in the light of the crisis in the family relations. But it is strange for what trivial purposes the same sacrifice is often asked: for companionship on a cruise, for help in starting a new house, or to substitute for absentee parents as guardians of younger children. In all these cases is it not evident that the individual is subordinated to the group without sufficient cause?

III

This disregard of the younger generation leads to serious consequences at times. I was asked once to intervene in the case of a student who had just completed plans to join the army of those who disappear—an army of appalling size, happily seldom recruited from college. This student, I found, had been promised that if she would give one year to college she should have "a year in Europe," then her crowning ambition. During the spring she had brought up the promise by letter, only to be told there was time enough for that when she should graduate. Betrayed at home, she had planned flight from those who thought a promise to her not a promise. The case was adjusted by my telling her the college was not a prison, and the doors were unguarded, but I would ask whether she thought one broken word ...tifi... another. As the whole case ... the seriousness of the offence, ...e point, and stayed out the

...ven to children should be ...than any other. I cannot ... daughter's broken ...recedent.

...na recently introduced ...en are you to be mar- ... "Oh, I don't know: ... reducing her w... I guess; some time ... strance brought ...eek. We'll just run ... sion, "Mother ... "Do the family know?" "They're off abroad somewhere." This case is cited not for censure, but as illustrative of cause and effect. The unconventional ways of the young people of to-day result from a home life lacking in continuity. To maintain the home as a center of life-interests, consolidating and strengthening personal relations of all its members, may be too great a sacrifice to ask of present-day parents. I do not know.

In many a home of the nineties, that period so generously decried, Sunday evening was set apart. The supper was the family's own meal, prepared by children for parents. Lights were not struck after it, and for a couple of hours around the fire the whole family group shared thought and hope together, banishing by common consent all reference to things and duties outside. It was a piecing together time of family ways in need of repair like the clothes in mother's darning basket. What have our enlightened ones got to substitute for it, now that it is as obsolete as the Cotter's Saturday night?

Parents will say that it is not their fault. But man's lordship of the Sabbath was not proclaimed, surely, in order that it should be surrendered to the conference, the country club, or the motor trip.

But the family broken up only by exigencies of time and occasion is fortunate in this age. The home divided by divorce is in this respect a little better than the home divided by hatred of parents for each other. There is a frankness in making public the breach of vows. But from the teacher's point of view both are deplorable, and deplorably common. In my twenty years of teaching, cases involving breach of social and academic law, cases of emotional instability have come so often from the divided home as to lead me to make this a primary inquiry in dealing with a student. Some time ago a student was on trial for acts involving expulsion until the father and mother appeared at the college. Then a student officer came to

me and said, "She ought to be expelled, but I don't see how we can sentence her to that home situation."

The notion that pretences can be maintained before children's eyes, that the difference between wife and husband is purely private and personal cannot be sustained in the light of the teacher's experience. If facts are to be judged in the light of their consequences, the individualistic solution of marriage will not stand.

A student was to be withdrawn from college. The mother stayed at one hotel, the father at another. One conferred with me at ten o'clock, the other at eleven. Their proposals were diametrically opposite. Yet they both imagined their situation to be unknown not only to the world, but to their child. In fact, I believe it was responsible for the college failure.

These cases may all be referred, it seems to me, to a general misunderstanding as to the nature of the relations of a child to the home. Essentially, they bear witness to a theory that the child is somehow the property of the family, absorbed in it, and constantly subordinated either to its aims, or those of one or other parent. The child may be thought of as forever a child. "This is my baby," the proud mother will introduce her glowering and embarrassed offspring of eighteen. There is no effort in these cases on the part of the parents to adjust themselves to a growing personality. The family relation is static; and, as the law of life is the law of growth, the parental relation atrophies.

Let us state the principle involved in positive form. Children from birth are individuals, growing, separate personalities, involved in every relation of the family, but yet independently at work upon their own sensations and reactions. They must be loved and trusted, studied and learned, for their own sake and for their own ends. Children are not ends in themselves only; we see in them ideals fulfilling and to be fulfilled, the race strengthened and cherished. Most of all, we see in the child the promise of the man or woman to come; we shall recognize at maturity the companion, not the subordinate. We parents must put more of reason, if no less of affection, into our relations with children.

The minister's daughter who isn't quite honest; the professor's daughter who does not know how to study; the physician's daughter suffering from malnutrition; the surgeon whose child was tongue-tied—these are commonplaces on the campus. Just because one's profession is outside the home, one fails to bring it to bear upon its members. And here I must cry "Peccavi," for I am in receipt of a letter from my own eldest daughter, now at school, in which she says, "You see, I don't really know you very well, and it's easier to write than to talk." Confession is good for the soul; and the teacher has his touch of nature.

IV

The neglect which is due to ignorance is no more common, however, than the over-estimation which results from egoistic exaggeration. Tamburlaine's prophecy is the wish of every ambitious man for his children:

> "My flesh, divided in your precious shapes,
> Shall still retain my spirit, though I die."

It is often impossible for father or mother to believe that the same spirit is not so retained. They forget how much of that will-power has been generated by the opposition of circumstances overcome, a privilege they have themselves denied their children.

Sometimes this parental projection of personal ambition overtaxes a physical frame. The persistent efforts of parents to send children to college who are physically unfit for the work have resulted in a requirement of a physician's certificate of fitness for admission, and in the formation of a committee on health, with power to dismiss any student who fails to maintain a minimum. Before those precautions the student had been kept

ambitious father, in the face of her own opposition, and of her own obviously failing vitality. Life at the college may not have hastened her breakdown, but certainly happiness could not be found in realizing how great the handicap of physical weakness was.

More frequently parents overestimate their children's mental powers, even when they are unusual. The tests of intelligence, shown in alertness of response, now used as aids to admission by many colleges, are still resented by parents who refuse to accept classification of their offspring. A brilliant graduate refuses to believe that his daughter has not inherited his love of books and ability to master them. The child will be pushed on through a semester or two of failure, and when the dismissal comes there is an explosion of wrath against college standards. The results are lasting both in parental resentment and in emotional reactions in the young. A feeling of inferiority may have been permanently driven home by the experience. I have seen the tragedy of a dull elder daughter mar the chance of a brilliant younger sister purely on account of such a view.

Sometimes the over-prizing of one's own is by the social standard. The dull child is a misfortune, the ugly duckling is a tragedy in the swan's home. College fraternities are filled with unpopular sons of popular fathers, foisted on unwilling groups by alumnal influence. The tragedy is more individual in women's colleges, where sororities are not so strong in social control. The same harm is done, however, whenever the ambitious mother tries to force her daughter into a mold for which temperament unfits her.

This has occasionally a ludicrous side. A few months ago a college physician was asked to treat a student who had fainted after very light exercise. Inquiry showed that the girl had been reducing her weight unduly. Remonstrance brought out the tearful confession, "Mother says if I don't reduce eighteen pounds by Easter I can't come back to college." When the mother came to college, in response to the warning that she was risking another's health by such action, she replied that she as a girl had been famous for her slender form, that she had retained her youthful figure by every sacrifice, and that she could not bear a lump of a daughter plodding beside her through life. She preferred her child to risk anæmia rather than the certainty of "too, too solid flesh."

The problem of the only child, to which reference has already been made, is pertinent here. Ambition is concentrated on the one ewe lamb, and if there is failure or disappointment, often of the slightest type, the love may turn to loathing. Parents nearly always fail to blame themselves for what has occurred. The lengths to which their disappointment will drive them are difficult of credence. A minister of my acquaintance, whose daughter was expelled from college, compelled her on her return home to rise in the congregation and confess her fault to the whole community. I know of instances of disinheritance merely for the holding of private opinions different from family tradition.

Prejudice against professional work is still found in families who yet send daughters to college. In my judgment no father should send his daughter to college who is not willing to face a prospect of her entrance into legal or medical practice. Teaching, nursing, and other professions more or less pre-empted by women are seldom objected to, but law and politics are stumbling blocks that have caused more than a few estrangements.

Akin to the "only child" obsession is the sacrifice of the first-born. It often seems as though parents had exhausted their disciplinary powers upon the eldest child, letting the others bring themselves up. The result is an eldest child, self-depreciating, timid, and silent, quite certain that an independent judgment is sure to be wrong. Such students are much more difficult to develop than is the

"spoiled youngest" to divert into useful activity.

The effects of such maladjustments in the family are the closing of free access to inner thought and feeling and the development of an emotional strain often beyond the power of young people to control. I have been present at interviews between mother and daughter where under the most perfect code of courtesy one felt the clash of steel. In one case a young woman jumped up and rushed from the room, unwilling to concede the loss in self-control which contact with her mother nearly always produced.

V

Such cases verge upon the psychoneurotic, and it is not the intention of the writer to trespass on this field, about which too much has already been written by amateurs. The psychiatrist alone can be trusted here. He is already well aware that parental repression is a most frequent violation of mental hygiene. The nursery school with its resultant training classes for parents is a direct outcome of psychiatry. But the need for such training of parents does not cease with the infancy of children. It may be true, as we are so often told, that a child's character is formed, for good or ill, by five years of age; but there is something to be done at eighteen and twenty-one, if this deponent may be credited.

The writer looks forward, indeed, to the time when mental hygiene shall be the most popular course in men's and women's colleges alike; and when the elements of social ethics shall be grounded, as they should be, on the strong basis of physiology and psychology. Shakespeare with all his myth and tradition has taught us sounder social history in "King Lear" than any Cambridge encyclopædia of fact. Wars result from wrong relations between individuals.

One curious result of late marriage is that parents put more than an average generation between themselves and their children. In these days of shifting codes, speech, and behavior this leads to the attitude, "What are we coming to?" An embarrassment results from this disparity of ages. Often, in surrender to this gap between the groups, parents give up any attempt to control social life. Yet it ought not to be difficult to keep the home abreast even of these times. The home has every advantage but novelty over any rival; and that it can supply.

"Family" stands to young people today for name, position, permanency of status. The throng at college makes for anonymity, group standing, adaptation. The American nickname is a reversion to barbarism, so far as family is concerned. Parents may follow the fashion and clap family names on their girls; the crowd will give Beauchamp the accolade of "Bugs." The shyness of young people is what leads them to prefer anonymity to family name and standing. If "family" could somehow connote more individual quality and less obligation to a name, its problems would be solved.

Most unwilling of all readjustments that parents must learn to make is the recognition of the atypical. I have seen again and again the attribution of moral delinquency to a mere physical variation. The tomboy and the softy meet scant favor from womanly mother and manly father. Such instances create bitterness sharper than the serpent's tooth of ingratitude. The effect is, usually, to intensify the abnormal element. No appeal is made so often to teachers as this, to correct what is frequently physiological at base and, therefore, not readily subject to change, except from maturity.

In former days this group was more numerous, especially in women's colleges; and early caricatures affected the mannish mode. That has gone now. The college woman is as near the norm of the American womanhood of similar economic, social, and racial condition as can be imagined, given some selection on the basis of mentality. The college man, thanks to competitive athletics, has

overstressed the masculine attributes, and concealed the fact that within his group are many less virile types. These, as Wyndham Lewis and André Gide point out, are more numerous than is suspected, probably more so in Europe than in America. Even in stereotyped America, however, the atypical in sensitiveness is not rare. It would be better for parents to ignore such problems altogether than to approach them merely from the moral side, as is so often the case. Science is only beginning to reveal personality, but already we are sure that emotions impel from sources deeper down than any current code.

To learn with one's children the lesson of starting life honestly, with the powers, capacities, tendencies which one has, seems to me the primary law of parenthood. A father came once to protest against his daughter's dismissal for failure in study. "You don't know her as I do," he said, in the language of salesmanship. "Let me sell her to you." And he tried, and tried well. But his daughter knew herself better than he did. "The teachers tell me I've taken it like a sport," she told him. "Now be a sport, and help me." The father obeyed the daughter's plea; the two tackled together the task of restudying her powers; and to-day this young student is triumphantly carrying by sheer grit one of the most difficult professional courses in the country. An unpromising mental equipment had been fully capitalized by a re-appraisal of all the facts.

On the other hand, parents frequently know helpful facts quite hidden from college authority. No lesson of school is more valuable than that of co-operation. Colleges are often expected to be omniscient. They are criticized for not acting on facts which sometimes are known only to parents. If fathers and mothers were more frank with their ounce of prevention, the pounds of cure would sometimes be less costly.

Yet, for a' that an' a' that, the family is an institution of extraordinary vitality. It has survived migrations, frontier conditions, industrial conditions, city life, poverty and prosperity, tyranny and freedom, communism and slavery. It will survive its present problems if only its heads recognize the need of adaptation to the new conditions.

This can be accomplished only when father and mother have heartily lived over again with their children the life of the new generation. And this is a hard thing to do when life, one's own life, is so very interesting and absorbing.

We live at a high nervous tension, we Americans; our hearts and nerves are not what they should be. We need the family as a haven of rest and emotional recuperation, not a place of divided interest and enforced obligation. Old and young need to maintain common thought and action, to talk the same language, to love with equal intensity the experience of beauty and of knowledge, to know one another. Older folks need to stay young, to play more and better, to enjoy more simply and intensely, to retain, in a word, the ways of youth. Young folks need to reflect, to analyze, to form strong purposes, and to prosecute them steadily. Any form of education that perpetuates or increases the present lines of cleavage in society must be modified to permit of retaining these ideals. The family must be taken into the school system.

I would pay tribute here to the hundreds of parents I have known who have recognized these principles and have illustrated them in their living. They neither minimize nor magnify their children's qualities. They think successful children more important than a successful business, and they do not expect such success to be mere imitation of themselves. They learn life with and from their children. From their friendship and that of their loyal sons and daughters I have learned the vital part that father and mother must play in building the self-reliant, self-controlled, creative personality in son and daughter which is the aim of all education.

SHADES OF GEORGE SAND!

A STORY

BY ELLEN DU POIS TAYLOR

IT was one of those April mornings when the sun lacquers yesterday's rain puddles with gold, and the meadow larks melodiously promise a month of blue weather with violets to match it. But all this fruitful fuss did not warm one apathetic drop of Matilda Gessler's young blood nor soften one scornful angle of her averted face.

Matilda was weighing sugar in her father's dingy little grocery in Crittenden, South Dakota, when she should have been dozing under ancestral lace in a château somewhere in France. If Mathilde Lantier, her paternal grandmother, hadn't lived with such unwise intensity that one moonlit hour in a certain French garden, and if old Franz Gessler hadn't been so conveniently eager to shoulder the consequences, and if . . . but then Matilda knew nothing of all this. But she knew enough. She knew what her mother's Methodist God had done to her. He had created her under a morally tight roof in Crittenden for the good of her soul when every Latin molecule of her belonged in one of those sophisticated centers of the earth where it's dinner in low-cut brocade at eight and philosophy before kissing.

And so Matilda, weighing sugar, sniffed at the plucky April trying to make a bright island on the muddy floor. What was the use of looking like a bayadere when it meant breaking her lithe back over flour bags, the contents of which were destined to nourish the grace of girls less graceful than she? She was doomed to make beans into bundles that others might be strengthened for flight. Only last week Hazel Amberton, the thick-ankled daughter of the jeweler, packed her gauzy traps and went forth to conquer Minneapolis.

Matilda shrugged her shoulders. It was a gesture inherited from Mathilde Lantier and worthy of Ninon de Lenclos herself, but there was no one to appreciate it except three tobacco-sodden farmers who tramped out, leaving her to resume her futile musing.

If ancestors would only stay where they belonged and live their lives in straight lines and leave the tangents to those who deserved them! Well, no good rebelling against anything as irrevocable as your grandmother's mistakes, your father's failures, or your mother's God. That left one thing to rebel against . . . the store.

The store was a place of odorous chiaroscuro. Smells fairly nudged one another and often knocked one another down. There was the fetidness of stale codfish, the acrid pungency of freshly ground coffee, the penetrating foulness of rancid butter, and the sickening tropical odor of decaying bananas. It wasn't worth looking at either . . . rows of tins whose faded labels betrayed the probable age of the victuals within; jars of moribund prunes and molasses-colored horehound drops, counters piled with coarse denim garments leaking threads, bolts of grotesquely sprigged calico. Even the dusty jumble of decorated china on the top shelf didn't look destined for anything but cooling

pork fat. And, if all this wasn't enough, they had to live over it. Four of them lived up there in the huddled stuffiness of a half-dozen rooms . . . horrible, uneasy rooms tenanted by lumpy pieces of golden-oak furniture whose sharp corners and glittering hostile surfaces constantly threatened one with eviction.

But there was one member of the family before whom the whole domineering conglomeration was powerless. That was Minnie Gessler, Matilda's fat unimaginative mother. Every rocker dreaded her relentless dimensions. There was but one place where she looked properly engulfed and that was under the steepled bulk of the red-brick church around the corner. She waddled there regularly. Matilda often puzzled over her mother's voluptuous devotion to something that couldn't be poked or eaten or wasn't her son Fred.

Matilda sighed resentfully when she thought of her brother. The dispatch with which he made his dreams come true was nothing short of indecent. He rarely came near the store except to eat and sleep over it. He made quick successful love to the dimpled daughters of the Crittenden gentry and bragged about it afterward in Lemke's Pool Room. He never kissed the mother who adored him, but he wheedled a Ford car out of her and went tearing up and down the long yellow road between Crittenden and a half-dozen towns, seeking other lips to conquer and getting them. Now Matilda dutifully kissed her mother every night but it had got her nothing. Minnie Gessler hadn't even allowed her daughter to have a French name in peace. It was 'Tilda she grumbled at and not Mathilde.

Matilda's father was shy and the only German thing about him was his name. There was a foreign gleam in his hazel eyes and the hair that fimbriated his bald head was black. He had not inherited Mathilde Lantier's fire—that fire which had made the submitting required of her a thing almost as prismatic as the unrealizable dreams of other people. But he hated the store. Matilda was the only one who suspected this and she knew it from the gingerly manner in which he handled grubby potatoes and the delicate way he turned up his nose over a slab of ancient cheese. Once Matilda caught him trying to carve the head of a Greek goddess out of a bar of American Family Soap, and after that she had a dim kind of respect for the thin man who shuffled uncomplainingly about the murky store at all hours.

This, then, was Matilda's family. It was no worse than the usual run of families, but Matilda thought she was uniquely cursed. The trouble was that Matilda's frustrations blinded her to everything but her own point of view. If only her French blood were given an opportunity to riot uncensored! But no opportunity had materialized . . . that is none which iridescently mattered. To be sure, she had taken a degree from the little sectarian college on the edge of Crittenden, but that experience had only enabled her to rebel against fate in terms of bad poetry.

Matilda deserted her sugar and went over and stood in the doorway. She glanced up and down the clapboarded vista of Main Street. Dora Todd, the blue-and-gold daughter of the banker, clicked by on her new red heels. Envious tears smarted Matilda's eyelids. She did not envy Dora because the wind tossed her curls flaxenly nor did she covet eyes made of azure china, but those heels were another matter. They typified Dora's power to dress herself up. Matilda adored her own dark obliqueness and she would have liked to keep it in the style to which it deserved to be accustomed. Those heels now—they might have been those of her ancestress, young Mathilde Lantier, setting Paris boulevards to music! Matilda shook herself impatiently. Why couldn't her grandmother stay out of it? She even appropriated the heels of that silly cream-colored girl who didn't know Balzac from buttons! And that wasn't

the worst of it. Pretty soon that other woman would take command of her resentment—that irritatingly brilliant woman who had flooded the world with printed proofs that she had lived the fullest life of her generation and who had given Mathilde Lantier such vivid advice one afternoon in her drawing-room at Nohant. Sometimes Matilda wished that her grandmother had kept that memory to herself, for the bright taint of it simmered through her blood like some high and mighty poison.

This was what had happened.

It was the summer Matilda was twelve. Mathilde Lantier Gessler had come to Crittenden from Baltimore to see her son once more before she died. Grandmother Gessler was tall and every inch of her was swarthy. Her eyes were as black as bottomless water and as imperishable as diamonds. There was a tuft of hair on her jutting chin, and it was proudly apparent that her lips had curved once. She came and stayed three days. Before she left she took Matilda aside.

"*Ma petite,*" she whispered harshly, "I am content that it is the *père* you resemble and not that fat *other.*"

"Why?" asked Matilda, perversely delighted at this allusion to her mother's size.

"Because, *ma cherie,* it is the dark and slender ones of the earth that know how to suffer and yet keep their joy."

"Oh, grandma," exclaimed the child, "you are happy then!"

"Of course," the old woman assured her gallantly, "and a great number of tears I might have shed and did not. I laughed sixteen hours out of the twenty-four and smiled in my sleep the other eight. The dreams I had under the crimson canopy of that ancient bed across the sea! But that was before it was decided that I marry Franz Gessler, the merchant, and make an end in Baltimore."

"Merchant?" queried Matilda. "Is that why papa keeps a store?"

Mathilde shrugged her aristocratic old shoulders.

"God punished us. I was young and dark and it made trouble. Franz Gessler was fat and yellow and he dropped dead of it."

"Is that why we are so poor and the store smells so awful?"

And then it had seemed to Matilda that her grandmother peered down at her for the first time. "Ah, yes," she sighed, stroking the braided silk of her granddaughter's hair, "Ah, yes!"

"Tell me more," begged Matilda. "Tell me everything."

But the old woman had suddenly grown stubborn or weary. She sat there and kept quiet about the walled gardens in which she had strolled; the suitors she had tormented over sundials; the mistake she made that night the moon shone with such Hellenic tenderness; the tearful morning they packed her into the eager arms of the old German merchant and hurried them both off to Baltimore. But she did rouse from her romantic napping long enough to say:

"*Ma petite fille,* there was a thing or two I had from a woman who knew how to love beyond bounds and suffer with triumph. One summer afternoon I saw her at Nohant. There were books on the floor, an unfinished letter to Flaubert on the writing table, and Dumas sitting in a corner. She deserted everything to talk to me. Her eyes were wisdom, her hands were comforting, and her smile contagious. I left, but before that she gave me these," and the old woman drew up a yellowed package from the capacious pocket of her gown.

"They are for you." And she smiled a wise and curious smile.

The package contained a picture and a book, and very old they both looked.

"The original," explained the grandmother holding up the picture, "was painted by Delacroix."

"It's a man," observed the child ruefully, taking in the long aquiline face

framed by short thick hair above a tightly buttoned waistcoat.

Mathilde Lantier snorted. "You have only to observe how the mouth is of a sympathy and the bosom of a tenderness to know!"

"Oh," said Matilda, "excuse me!"

"And this," continued the woman, "is just one of the so many books she wrote. Ah, *ce roman dépeint une existence malheureuse d'artiste!*"

"C-o-n-s-u-e-l-o," spelled Matilda bending over the tattered cover.

"*C'est ça, ma cherie.*"

"You talk funny, Grandma."

The grandmother pointed to a line of faded script on the fly-leaf. A long bony finger caressed each word as the foreign staccato of it sharpened the air like thin music: "*Quand on a aimé un homme, il est bien difficile d'aimer Dieu . . . c'est si différent!*"

There was a silence in which the stately reveries and tingling regrets of an old coquette mingled with the timid wonder of a child.

"She said truly," sighed the withered woman at last, "too truly for peace."

"Peace?" asked the little girl, "and what is that, Grandma?"

"A thing a woman longs for but does not want, *ma petite fille.*"

Mathilde Gessler returned to Baltimore. A week later a telegram came announcing her very sudden death. But she hadn't quite died. A goodly fraction of her alternately dreamed and despaired under the olive-tinted skin of her granddaughter, and her granddaughter thought at times she would die of it. And that wasn't all. There was that unholy booty from Nohant. Matilda longed to achieve the expression which illumined the experienced features of the woman Delacroix painted, and the unintelligible copy of *Consuelo* with the scribbled sentence on the fly-leaf finally drove her to the little college just outside of Crittenden. It had been rumored that French was taught there.

Doctor Pusey, professor of Romance languages, was a retired Presbyterian. He threw up his hands at mention of the lady's name. His attitude, combined with her dead grandmother's enthusiasm, put Matilda into a palpitation that drove her to the little college library ransacking for information. One short paragraph in the encyclopedia rewarded her:

> Sand, George (1804–1876), the pseudonym of Madame Amandine Lucile Aurore Dudevant, *née* Dupin, the most prolific authoress in the history of literature and unapproached among women novelists of France. Her life was as strange and adventurous as any of her novels, which for the most part are idealized versions of the multifarious incidents of her life.

Matilda fumed at the inadequacy of it. It gave no clue as to why the college curriculum had been cleansed of her. Of course there was that reference to an adventurous life, but that might mean anything from tea parties with kings to lions in Africa. And Delacroix had made her look like a clever Madonna masquerading as a nobleman up to nothing more damnable than courageous benevolences.

There came a day, thanks to old Pusey's French exercises, when she could spell her way through *Consuelo* and make what was scrawled on the fly-leaf her own. That sentence tormented Matilda like music which must be experienced to be appreciated: "*Quand on a aimé un homme, il est bien difficile d'aimer Dieu . . . c'est si différent!*"

No wonder old Mathilde had looked a bit wan over that sentiment! But before a woman could look wan like that she would have lived some intoxicating moments in ballroom corners and rose arbors. Love . . . it would be slow and silken and happen in a far place. How fiercely and, at times, almost resentfully Matilda envied this George Sand who could be so flip about the love of God! She had more or less ceased envying Mathilde Lantier. After all, that lady had in some subtle fashion wound up in Crittenden.

Crittenden . . . every harsh tight

syllable of it made Matilda feel manacled. Her history had run a quarter of a century and here she still was loitering in the doorway of her father's store while another girl's red heels made the minutes flash and click on Main Street. Of course before the sun shortened April another hour a thing would have happened to her too, but Matilda was not aware of this. She just stood there in the doorway shifting her unhappy weight from one miserable foot to the other and thought bitterly of all the drawing-rooms she could make historic if God would only stop being a Methodist.

Matilda snatched up a hat faded by last summer's sun and walked down a street paved with clay, past houses whose eaves were dripping with sunlight to where a wet yellow road cut uncertainly through the pastures. She walked until a rickety wooden bridge spanned Sandy Creek. Matilda liked Sandy Creek. The willows that bent to it reminded her of churchyards filled with people who had died loving one another. A cottonwood or two dropped white fluff and it floated on the sluggish water like tufts of foam. But the water wasn't so sluggish this morning. Last night's rain made it behave like the brooks one read about. Matilda leaned over the rachitic railing and looked at it.

If one had the nerve one could start being adventurous from this very spot. All one would have to do would be to follow Sandy Creek as it flowed through three great rivers and sprayed into a gulf on the brink of which was a French town where dark men lurked passionately under iron balconies.

Just then Matilda noticed something which disfigured the sandy smoothness of the creek bank. Her fingers tightened resentfully on the railing. It was so like any one of those people back there in Crittenden to sacrifice beauty to the easiest way by dumping worn-out shoes, broken bottles, and old papers off the only bridge within ten miles! And there was something almost shamelessly revelatory about such rubbish. Matilda leaned over and peered down at it. Well of all things! Somebody had tossed away his library, for edging the heap were a half-dozen books, their backs broken and their tattered leaves flapping hysterically in the wind. Matilda scrambled down and turned over the mass with a stick. Her lip curled. They were well thrown away—nothing but a lurid copy or two of the adventures of Nick Carter and the pale experiences of Elsie Dinsmore. Just as she was about to abandon the pile a name caught her eye. She snatched up the volume and rubbed the black lettering with an unconvinced finger. It wasn't merely a coincidence. It was probably Providence warning her, or the shade of the mad mistress of Nohant mockingly reminding her that the road to a salon is paved with something more definite than intentions.

A man named Francis Gribble had been so intrigued by those daring feet which had blazed the way to a high banned place that he had written a volume about George Sand and Her Lovers and somebody in this town had bought it—a woman, perhaps, who had glimpsed it in a window in a city and to whom it had appealed as a Baedeker to romance intoxicatingly beyond the stilted prelude to a husband and a family of children. And she had tossed it away. . . .

Matilda hurried home. And it was only the excessive brightness of the sun that prevented her seeing a waistcoated shade striding gallantly along beside her.

Once home, she locked the door of her room so she could have her mythical headache in peace. She threw herself flat on the bed and was oblivious to everything but a certain world compressed between those two brown covers. One paragraph of the preface gave everything away.

"Living in an extravagant age, George Sand gloried in her own contributions to its extravagance. She not

only lived her own life but boldly asserted her right to do so. Her feeling was that when she loved she was making history."

A pretty brazen creed for the timorous daughter of a sad little grocer in a prairie town, but we must not forget that Matilda had inherited a way of dreaming. That was why these words burned slogan-wise in her brain after every other page was devoured and why at six o'clock the following evening she was able to seize her opportunity by something more than the tenuous tail of it as it whisked over her dazzled head.

The whole point about George Sand was that she would have got nowhere if she had been content to be a home girl. The fact that she was a descendant of kings and that a grisette gave birth to her in an alcove adjoining a ballroom wouldn't have availed her much had she not answered when Paris called. She could have stayed down in the country, being a dutiful wife to Casimir Dudevant until kingdom come and that would have been all there was to it—no Latin Quarter to be free in, no salons to dominate, no editors to cajole, no poet to be adored by—and what woman doesn't dream of being adored by one of the shallow ethereal creatures? Then, too, George Sand had a sense of values. It would be more interesting to coddle Chopin on an island than to keep Maurice and Solange tidy at Nohant; so she up and had the courage of her romantic convictions.

Just as the dawn was turning the blurred square of her window to rose Matilda decided what she would do. She would go to a city, Chicago, perhaps; change her name to Mathilde Lantier, and open a salon. She might even write when she had lived long enough to have a viewpoint about her lovers. In the meantime she would make a collection of bon mots. To hear her one would think that opening a salon in Chicago was as simple as setting up a millinery shop on Main Street at home.

The next day Matilda went about the detested store in a daze of intrepid graciousness, and so hypnotized was she by her borrowed boldness that she verily believed she was bringing something to pass.

When the school children trooped in at noon she tossed lemon-drops across the counter as if they were largesse. She sold farm-hand overalls with the charming condescension of a princess. A notoriously stingy old fellow who "batched it" in a tumbledown cottage across the tracks came in and bought china recklessly because Matilda's way among the chipped dusty cups was that of a hostess tendering a senator tea.

At six o'clock that evening it was her father who swung open the door she dreamed of.

The four of them were at supper. The fat, hairy mother headed the board like a pink general whose idea of relaxation is being as plump as possible in a flowered wrapper. Her handsome son Fred sat there glorying sullenly in a prowess which enabled him to juggle night into day and make sibyls, sheriffs, virgins, and hoboes stand in awe of him or succumb, as the case might be. There was Matilda herself, hollow-eyed, brooding, with a heritage in her breast clamoring to be aired and a book upstairs which was making her poignantly sure that at last she had found a way up the hill. At the foot of everything sat Franz, the grocer, who clung to the tangled faded ends of dreams with the same kind of shamefaced pride that he clung to the last faint fringe of his hair. He was gumptionless and meant too well for his own good, but it was he who spoke.

"I'm thinkin' of puttin' in a line of fancy glassware and some electrical stuff. We gotta be more modern."

"A fool notion," grunted Minnie Gessler.

"Go to it, dad," said Fred. "When you get the place fixed up maybe I'll clerk for you."

"Where you plannin' to get the truck?" asked Minnie, Fred's interest making her visibly weaken in favor of the proposition.

"Chicago," confessed poor Franz, hanging his head.

"Well, you're not goin' traipsin' off there and leave the store. Runnin' up and down those stairs would jest kill me . . . my corns . . ."

"Fred'll go," decided her husband, growing sallower and stringier than ever under her accusation and his own disappointment.

"And I'm going with him," announced Matilda, clutching the tablecloth between her knees with hands that tingled and trembled.

"For the land's sakes, what for?"

"To buy hats," said Franz, going white with inspiration. "I'm thinkin' o' puttin' in a line o' women's hats."

"Hats," snorted Minnie, "in a grocery store!"

"It's a general store," he reminded her courageously and his eyes sought help from his daughter. But Matilda was silent. Gratitude and pity choked her.

"I won't have 'Tilda tagging me to Chicago," objected Fred sourly.

Minnie Gessler became as alert as her bulk would permit. Suspicion twitched at her features. It was one thing to give this beloved son the trip he wanted but jeopardizing his purity might be another. Chicago was sheer Babylon.

"Go 'long with him, 'Tildy," she said, "and keep your eye on him."

The train shuttled noisily through the windy dust of two states and finally deposited them on the station platform in Chicago. A terrifying kaleidoscope this platform. Was it possible for a city to be big enough to supply destinations for all those people? Matilda clung to the arm of her brother and was in despair about theirs. Fred hailed a taxi and gave the chauffeur a number out on North Dearborn Street.

"What's that?" asked Matilda timorously.

"Boarding house run by Old Lady Campbell. Clyde Eggers, the drummer, told me about it. Said just to give his name and she'd treat us white."

"How nice!" agreed Matilda meekly. Where had this uncouth brother of hers kept all this unsuspected savoir faire? He didn't know George Sand from Adam, and yet he was the one who was brave and unabashed. Matilda leaned back in the taxi, which was very swift and very yellow. Time enough to check up on her own courage after the cinders were washed off and she knew where she was.

They were dropped in front of a high narrow brown-stone house. Flora Campbell met them. She was a large imposing woman with coarse black curly hair which she wore in a high chignon. A tight black-satin gown accentuated the amplitude of her bust and the grotesque narrowness of her hips. There was something innately gaudy about her which her clothes barely hinted at. Notwithstanding her advanced ideas about adventure, Matilda would have been shocked had she even so much as suspected what her prospective landlady had been through. Carl Eggers, the drummer, knew by what perilous unconventional steps Flora Campbell had finally arrived at this boarding house—the genteel goal of her dreams. And, in spite of the flagrant past of its mistress, it had turned out to be the most respectable of boarding houses. The only off-color thing about the establishment was the violent toilettes of the owner herself, but she was complacently confident that she dressed as all dignified matrons must eventually dress.

She eyed Matilda and Fred proprietarily.

"So you're friends o' Clyde's from Crittenden! Glad to take care o' you. I have only the nicest people. People like Mr. Goodwillie who is at Field's, Mrs. Kelsey whose daughter paints, and Mr. Eugene Walter who writes."

"Writes?" asked Matilda hypnotized by Mrs. Campbell's tone.

"Yes," answered Flora importantly, "books in his room."

Matilda turned to Fred. "We'll stay, won't we?" she asked timidly.

"'Spose so," grunted Fred. He didn't much care where he slept.

They stayed a week. Matilda helped Fred with his buying and spent the rest of her time poking purposelessly in and out of the stores on State Street and gazing despairingly at the flashing modishness of the boulevard. She could fairly feel herself shrinking under the expensively turned out gayety of the city, so impersonally musical and so inexorably full of motion!

The boarding house hadn't been a success either. Mr. Goodwillie turned out to be an amiable old bore with a manner which was a courtly hang-over from his floorwalking days. Mrs. Kelsey was a plump gray woman whose only claim to distinction was a lorgnette on a silver chain studded with amethysts, and a daughter who studied at the Art Institute. Enid Kelsey was a yellow-haired, green-eyed, freckled little creature with a large shapely mouth full of white teeth. She and the young man who wrote books in his room seemed to have a great deal in common.

Eugene Walter was tall, lank, and mouse-haired. He had an Adam's apple and blue eyes that twinkled behind horn-rimmed glasses. He seemed to have unlimited leisure. Matilda wondered when he wrote his books, but the mere fact that it had been said that he wrote them was glamorous enough. Mr. Walter was anything but an Apollo; but even the irresistible George Sand had had to make a choice between beauty and genius. There had been that lover of hers, Michel de Bourges. He must have been queer enough with his shrunken body and his unwieldy head several sizes too large for him. And yet in spite of Matilda's willingness to overlook his lack of pulchritude, Mr. Walter continued to ignore her. The only person in the house who noticed Matilda was a Miss Slattery who taught English somewhere and she was acidly superior to everything but hot water and the Elizabethans. The week wore on. Fred was out every night. Matilda smelled whiskey on his breath and once she surprised him amorously counting a roll of dirty greenbacks. Had he gambled and won? He apparently had. Matilda sighed. Fred, as usual, was making his dreams come true.

It was Monday evening. Matilda and Fred were due to start back to Crittenden in the morning. They were sitting in the parlor. Enid was playing the piano, and Eugene Walter was hanging loosely over her. Matilda watched them narrowly and bitterly. That giggling little blonde was monopolizing the only male in the room worth talking to, while she, Matilda Gessler, the granddaughter of a certain not inconsiderable French coquette, was forced to sit moping beside a brother whose mind was busy with exploits which he meant to turn into cash or kisses.

Why hadn't Eugene Walter noticed her? God knows, it only needed one warm word or a bent look to make all her stifled vividness leap into flower. She could be ten times more arresting than that stupid flaxen-topped creature who used her gleaming teeth to make up for her lack of brains. What was the matter?

And then a strip of iridescent silk slipping from a white shoulder made her divine the truth with devastating thoroughness. It was the clothes. She leaned forward, studying her rival from a purely sartorial angle. She *was* effective in spite of her freckled skin and turned-up nose. The green gown emphasized the emerald lights in her eyes. Gold banded her hips, and a large cornelian made a splash of flame against her breast. Matilda looked down and fingered her own brown serge disgustedly. Why had she been so blind? She gritted her teeth. Then her hot rage cooled into a resolve. She wouldn't let her French blood go to waste. She would warm it yet or know the reason why. There was a woman once who charmed a romantic doctor out of Venice by the velvet eccentricity of her attire.

"I'm not going back to Crittenden," announced Matilda with soft suddenness.

"Gee!" he whistled; "What's the big idea?"

"I'm going to stay here and be an authoress."

"Like fun you are."

"Yes," said Matilda and wondered why more people didn't lie for the sheer intoxication of it. It could miraculously commit one to anything. "Yes," continued Matilda, "Dad will miss me. Mother won't like it, but you must lend me two hundred dollars." She held out her hand.

Fred shifted his gum from one cheek to the other. He chewed peppermint gum so that his sister would not detect the odor of liquor on his breath.

"I ain't got any money," he said sullenly.

"Yes, you have. I saw you pull a roll of it out of your pocket. You must lend it to me. If you don't I'll write the folks what you've been up to. Mother'd be furious if she knew you drank and gambled. She'd take the car away from you."

Poor Fred looked shaken. Life in Crittenden without that Ford would be awful. They had sent Matilda to Chicago to spy on him and this was the result.

"Two hundred," insisted Matilda ominously.

He squirmed miserably as he counted the money into her palm.

The next afternoon Matilda's locks made a dark swirling island on the floor of a State Street barber shop. Then a department store claimed her. She could imitate George Sand's hair cut but the waistcoat was another matter. Something intuitive counseled her that if she didn't dare be mannish she must be as feminine as possible. So she bought a dinner gown of flame-colored crêpe de chine. To this she added a long swathing kind of cape and a pair of black-satin pumps buckled in gold.

She spent a whole hour before dinner nerving herself to the point of slipping that sheath of ignescent silk over her cropped head. She finally surveyed herself in the mirror and was panic stricken at what she saw. She was too lithe, almost colubrine, and every inch of her from shoulder to knee cap looked on fire. She cooled herself at a window and then returned to the mirror practicing nonchalance. How broad and white her back was! But would George Sand have hesitated knowing that she was probably beautiful? Matilda shuddered and snatched up a long black motor veil from a hook. It would do duty as a scarf. She would let her shoulders slide out by inches.

Matilda slipped into her seat at table and nervously attacked her soup. She did not raise her head. She felt that the least motion on her part would ignite a neighbor. Mr. Goodwillie coughed, and Miss Slattery sniffed. It was over the last spoonful of bread pudding that she caught Eugene Walter's eyes fixed upon her. Flora Campbell gave the signal to rise. Mr. Goodwillie ceremoniously escorted her into the parlor.

"Very tasty . . . that frock. Going to the theater?"

"No," she answered, "I just got tired wearing that stuffy serge."

"One does," agreed Mr. Goodwillie stiltedly, seating her on the sofa.

Enid floated to her place at the piano, where she postured and shook her flaxen halo in vain. Mr. Walter was not disposed to lean over her to-night. He sat gazing at a herd of fluffy sheep framed in hard gold which was suspended over Matilda's head. Miss Slattery glared at her over the flapping pages of a woman's magazine. Mrs. Kelsey inspected her through her lorgnette. They both left the room. After strumming fruitlessly on the piano for awhile, Enid whirled and murmured something about being bored and drifted out, leaving a faint odor of lilies of the valley.

Matilda sank into a silence so absolute that even the brooklike garrulity of the loquacious Goodwillie could not weather it and so he, too, rose and left.

It was nine-thirty.

She and Eugene Walter avoided looking at each other. It was as if they wordlessly conspired to rid themselves of the others and now that they were alone it was meet and proper they should sit there in a moment's decent silence and not gloat. He advanced finally and stood in front of her, his eyes still on the white animals huddled under a white storm.

"I wonder," and he did not succeed in making his voice casual, "why artists paint sheep? Inane things."

"Isn't that the trouble with everything?" asked Matilda heavily.

"That gown isn't inane. It's gorgeous." And he gave her a direct look.

"I was so sick of that old serge," she said weakly, drawing the veil about her shoulders a shade more tightly.

He sat down beside her and gave the veil a little pull which exposed one shoulder. It glistened in the light like marble and made her feel like a Diana submitting to the brazen teasing of a satyr. "You've no right . . ." she murmured.

"You've no right to cover up such eburnean loveliness," he whispered.

Eburnean? What was that? Her whole being wondered what it meant and it thrilled her because she did not know.

"Take that funereal rag off," he said pettishly twitching the veil.

"I feel funereal," she said, despondent once more at his touch.

"Why?" he asked, his hand barely touching her knee.

"Because I've been in Chicago a whole week and nothing has happened."

"Doesn't eating dinner in the presence of a novelist thrill you?"

"It did at first," she admitted ruefully.

"Well, you thrill me in that gown. You're epical."

Matilda gasped. He talked like a book. She became suddenly oblivious to Eugene Walter's Adam's apple, his pasty pallor, and the clamminess of his fingers as they caressed her elbow. She glowed under his elaborate infatuation and told him everything. More than everything.

She told him about her French grandmother who had jilted a title to follow an adventurous lover to Baltimore; how she herself lived in a copy of a French château surrounded by a vast western garden; about her father who sat all day in his tapestried library, reading Balzac. She told him about her majestic mother who sceptered it over everybody and dispensed formidable charity to a grateful countryside. But she did not dare refer to the one thing that would have impressed Eugene Walter more than all her guilty exaggerations. She did not dare refer to her grandmother's momentous interview with the famous chatelaine of Nohant; for to have brought Madame Sand into it would have in some subtle fashion given her own secret away. Therefore, there was nothing for it but to gild everything else.

At midnight Eugene Walter stooped and gallantly kissed her hand.

"Good night, Egeria," he whispered and his eyes were two promises lighting her up the darkened stairs.

Matilda tottered happily to her room. She had been flattered for over two hours in words five syllables long, and her adroit fictions had enabled her to measure up to the flame of her gown. And he had called her Egeria. That sounded involved and classical. Just who was this divinity? Some goddess, perhaps, who had turned Mount Olympus upside down by appearing on it attired in a crimson tunic.

Matilda hung her own bright gown caressingly away in the closet and tumbled into bed too stirred for sleep. This was it. This was the beginning. George Sand herself had probably hung around Paris a week or two before Sandeau noticed her. And hadn't Eugene promised to introduce her to his crowd and dedicate his novel to *Mathilde* Gessler? And out there among those powerful, literary friends of his perhaps

there was a poet whose hands were not moist and who looked like Byron.

Matilda Gessler and Eugene Walter stole out every night after dinner. She descended Flora Campbell's stairs in scarlet silk with the long dark cape wrapped romantically about her. They wandered along the shore of the Lake, and while the spray misted the sidewalk with pearl, he concealed the thinness of his soul under trappings borrowed from Oscar Wilde. Occasionally he stepped back and allowed Swinburne to make love to Matilda. And Matilda was satisfied.

Once when a scimitar-shaped moon cut the wet purple clouds with silver, Eugene wound his long arms about Matilda and kissed her on the mouth. His lips were thin and cold and savored in some ridiculous fashion of bitter tea. She very nearly cried out against she knew not what, but ten minutes later the old complacency came surging back when he murmured in her ear, "*Ma Mathilde . . . Ma belle . . . Ma princesse adorée.*"

French! How many generations of dark heads in France had dropped to catch the flattering music of those very words! Just so De Musset must have apostrophized George Sand. . . .

Every night it was the same. Once she hinted that it was time to invade that literary circle of his, but he passionately flouted the idea. He must keep her to himself awhile, for all too soon the clamoring world would claim her. This made Matilda prey to conflicting emotions. She wanted above everything to feel the world under her feet, but the only way of getting it there seemed to be via somebody's arms—somebody whose head was above the horizon. Ah, yes, she would marry Eugene when he asked her and then slip from one pair of arms to another until . . .

And so it was that they strolled every night by poetic water, and when she wearied of the interminable contacts that got nowhere he would lure her back by a quotation.

It was two o'clock in the morning. Eugene had preceded her up the damp stairs. Matilda had taken off her shoes so that she could steal up in noiseless security. Just as she was turning to tip-toe down to her room, she felt a soft plump hand on her shoulder. She turned sharply, suppressing a scream. It was Flora Campbell in a sky-blue kimono latticed with yellow roses. "Come into my room," she hissed, the gold in her teeth gleaming.

Matilda mutely allowed herself to be propelled into a tiny alcove garishly ruffled in pink cretonne and stuffed with bird's-eye maple.

"Sit down, Miss," ordered Flora, shoving a low stool toward her.

Matilda took it heavily although she had no intention of doing so. Flora remained standing, her two hands ruthlessly crushing the blossoms on her hips.

"I ran a decent house until you came, Miss," she accused shrilly. "I've had complaints."

"Complaints," hazarded poor Matilda, "what are those?"

"Do you mean to sit down there and tell me that you can dress yourself up in flashy low-necks and sit in my parlor and make eyes at my best-paying boarder and philander on park benches with him until two in the morning and then pretend you don't know what I mean when I say I've had complaints?"

"I don't," answered Matilda, her lips trembling childishly. Oh, it was dreadful being pushed into this horrible pink place minus the dignity of shoes and to be hissed at by this awful harpy in a terrible wrapper!

"You can't put over any of that big-eyed innocent stuff on me. I ain't lived fifty-seven years for nothing. I'll give you until to-morrow to pack and find a new place."

"Who—who complained about me?" quavered Matilda.

"Everybody," replied Flora cryptically. "There's that sweet little Enid

Kelsey. What kind of an example are you for her, I'd like to know? And Miss Slattery can't bear the sight of that red dress and she's been with me five years."

"But," objected Matilda faintly, "there's Mr. Walter. He was out, too."

"He's a man. I never interfere with what they do. Besides he was friendly with that Kelsey kid and going to bed at ten until you came along. Why should I turn him out?"

Why, indeed? Matilda rose. "Good night," she said succinctly and opened the door.

"If I was you," warned Flora, "I'd reform. Men don't marry light women."

Matilda did not reply to this excellent advice. It was doubtful if she heard it. Her head hummed and something in her throat whirred. Once in her room, she threw herself full length across the bed and sobbed. She didn't weep because she felt guilty. She wept because the vulgar words of that coarse woman had pounded her brilliant conception of herself into the dust. It was like seeing a beloved rose go worm-eaten—to have her dream go like that. She wasn't in love with Eugene. It was more tragic than that. She was still in her Crittenden cage. A bar would have to be broken, and she had counted on Eugene's ardor. He represented her only way out. Once out, there would be countless hands to help her up. And now she was about to be driven into the street like the scarlet-lettered women one read about. How had George Sand managed things? How would she have managed an irate landlady? Well, she was done for . . . done for . . . Then a ray of hope filtered through the gloom. She had one more night.

She would put Eugene to the test. He adored her. He had said so over and over until her ears ached with it. Confronted with the possibility of losing her, he would make something happen—something that would make it radiantly unnecessary to return to Crittenden.

Matilda slept finally—slept across her bed in wrinkled crêpe de chine while a noisy gas jet drew the hot yellow walls together. . . .

When she awoke it was past noon. Her temples throbbed and her gown was a wreck, but that didn't matter. Eugene would be glad to take her, headache and all, in her old serge; for deep down inside Matilda Gessler there was an inherited technic which up until now she had not been stirred enough to use. She would use it now. She would return Eugene's kisses. Perhaps she would find herself in love with Eugene if she returned one of his kisses, and then she, too, would be entitled to feel that, "*Quand on a aimé un homme, il est bien difficile d'aimer Dieu . . . c'est si différent!*"

Matilda hummed under her breath as she crammed her dingy wardrobe into a wicker suitcase.

At six o'clock Matilda stole out and ate a hasty sandwich in the little white-tiled lunch room around the corner. She would have died rather than face the polite hostility in Flora Campbell's dining room. At six-thirty she slipped back into the front hall. Uncertainty assailed her and made her cheeks tingle with something not unlike shame. If only Eugene would appear and they could unobtrusively slip out together! She smiled as she visualized his probable uneasiness about her non-appearance at dinner. He might even omit pudding and rush out.

She wavered there at the foot of the stairs, her breath shortening and thickening in her throat.

Then the portières between the parlor and the hall parted. Enid appeared muffled to the chin in a green-velvet cape edged with soft gray fur. Over the top of her spiralling mop of hair towered Eugene Walter. Matilda gasped and her despair sharpened. It was wretchedly evident that in the glow of Enid's pride in being re-appropriated by him and under the unbearable intensity of her own need of him, Eugene Walter had taken on some of the remote perfection of an Adonis and the poetic dignity of a

Galahad. He paused in front of the rack and took down his hat—the very hat that had lain crushed between them last night on that bench by the Lake when he had all but promised her the Mediterranean. Matilda made a brown blot against the wall and somehow managed to ascend three steps.

"If there isn't Miss Gessler!" lilted Enid, nudging Eugene. Matilda turned and looked unseeingly down into their faces. She felt curiously like a person who had died and after a fitting funeral had had the bad taste to come back to life.

"We thought you'd gone," said Enid, balancing her fairy proportions against her escort.

"I'm going," apologized Matilda dully, "in the morning."

"How distressing!" exclaimed Eugene nervously, twirling his hat.

"How funny!" chanted Enid, laying her white fingers on his sleeve.

"Is there anything I can do?" he said with that cool, impersonal courtesy which is not meant to be taken advantage of.

"No, thank you," answered Matilda mechanically, heavily mounting another step.

"Good-by then, *Mathilde* . . . and good luck!" he called up to her, feigning a casualness he clearly did not feel. He made a forward motion as if to take her hand, but Enid with birdlike deftness fluttered in front of him and sank gracefully down on the bottom step.

"My slipper's unfastened," she murmured.

He knelt and took the slender golden foot in his hand.

Matilda gained the upper hall. Just as she turned to enter her room she glimpsed Flora's colored bulk in close communion with Mrs. Kelsey's gray dumpiness. Matilda clenched her fists. How fast they must have tossed her name about at dinner and with what eager celerity they must have sprayed it with venom! And there was Eugene. How easily he was filling the gap between dessert and bedtime with the fluffy green and gold that was Enid! And yet if those two hens had held their tongues she might have . . .

Matilda sank down in the darkness beside her window and leaned her forehead against the sooty glass. Paint peeling from clapboards, pork fat congealing on thick china, dust sifting through the vulgar meshes of coarse lace curtains, smells crowding one another through the damp tumult of the store, bolts of cross-barred gingham stuffily waiting to become high-necked dresses, two books and a picture under a pile of cotton chemises reminding one of freedoms taken in silk . . . this was what she was doomed to return to. Matilda writhed there beside the window on the other side of which a city went adventuring without her. She even cried out to her mother's Methodist God.

Then something seemed to materialize close beside her—something that laid a cool shadowy hand upon her shoulder and brushed its dark velvet waistcoat against her cheek. For one ghostly moment she believed that she was her grandmother being comforted at Nohant. Then she looked up. It was as if she were aware of eyes . . . mocking at first and then softly united with hers.

They sat there for hours grimly enjoying an old disillusionment together.

WHY I QUIT BUSINESS

ANONYMOUS

THE summer of my senior year at college found me through fortuitous circumstances in the employ of Y. and Company, silk merchants in New York. Until then I had thought I possessed a sort of temperamental inaptitude for business and that I disliked it. Facts proved otherwise: I became a huge success and liked business immensely, so much so that I remained with the Company for five years, until 1921, when with $17,000 in savings and plenty of youthful determination and enthusiasm I opened my own silk house in Chicago. The year 1924 saw me realize a net profit of about $20,000; it was exactly doubled in 1925, and 1926 would have seen me earn well over $50,000. But I stopped right there.

When about a year ago I told my friends that I was thinking of retiring from business the more thoughtful among them smiled and assured me that it was impossible. I was too young, I was just really getting started, I had accomplished too much, was too much in love with business to let it go, they said. The others simply laughed in my face. Business has got into your blood—they were sure of it. But, thank God! I have disappointed them all. The first of the year I packed up my hat and quit.

Why did I do it? Because I was too much in love with it. Business is all right and does no harm provided one is not too successful.

II

One becomes aware of this only gradually. It took me nearly three years before I could say definitely, "There, look at yourself, you are beginning to think outside the office in the same characteristic fashion as at your desk; you are beginning to behave as if you were doing business *all* the time, whether in or out of the office. Something has happened inside you."

One is thus bound in time to discover that one has become a business man in a very real sense—a homogeneous, compact, thoroughly specialized intelligence, functioning according to certain definite laws and requirements. And these laws and requirements are the laws and requirements of one's business. They are the elementary principles to which a man soon learns to attribute, consciously or unconsciously, the largest measure of his success.

No individual wholly succeeds in confining his job to the office. The mental adjustment which any work requires follows us home. We carry our job under our hat. But my trouble was that the intellectual demands made upon me by my occupation were few, and those of a very specialized nature. They did not contain the elements of the broader, fuller, and more varied life of the world without; they reflected merely the peculiar needs and conditions of my own work-a-day world. What is more, the few simple formulæ to which my whole intellectual activity was reduced were hard masters. They demanded my unqualified allegiance; to deviate from them was to interfere with my success or, more familiarly, to lose in efficiency. It seemed that as my thought-life fell more and more under their influence, my gen-

eral point of view narrowed and hardened, declining in adaptive power and response to the larger world beyond my office, and identifying itself more and more completely with the characteristic orientation of the man at the desk.

This was brought home to me in all sorts of ways. For instance, I found myself estimating a landscape in such wise: "What a good place for a silk mill . . . land can't cost so much . . . and not far from Chicago, too." . . . Or my appreciation of Miss N. at a dinner party ran as follows: "What address and poise! The very woman for our new sales department." . . . At first glance, these experiences may not seem perhaps so significant, but they are characteristic of the way this business "slant" on things began to influence all my mental reactions.

A no less significant fact was that, with growing absorption in my work, I was steadily losing contact with other interests. My whole mental activity seemed to be pulled into an ever narrowing stream, and it became correspondingly difficult to deflect it to other channels. Nature, art, music, literature, men and women, my own inner world of emotion and thought—I stood outside them all, beyond their vital source of influence. At a picture exhibition I wondered whether the manufacture of canvas was a profitable business; and at a Philharmonic concert I was shocked at the horrible waste of man-power: were so many musicians really necessary in one orchestra? . . . There's the trouble with our sales department, I said.

It was with a feeling of profound sadness that I realized how unprofitable it was to reduce the inner man to such poverty, and I made several truly heroic efforts to develop other interests. For example, I tried to satisfy an early interest in applied psychology by assisting a psychiatrist in a work on psychotherapy. But I failed pitifully. Whatever satisfaction I derived from it was really due to the fact that when it was done I felt as though I had been relieved of a burden, and I turned to my business with greater avidity than ever. And, to be sure, during the brief breathing spells I managed to gain at the office for this presumably recreational activity no little cajoling was necessary to force myself into these new paths. However hard I sought to tone down this tremendous zest for business, there was always the opposite result: my business grew in fascination.

Perhaps my conviction that business success was due to nothing more than this unremitting application had something to do with my inability to turn to other interests. It's no accident, I used to think, that this fellow Smith or this man Brown will not get very far—they haven't all their teeth in business. I was convinced (and for that matter still am) that real financial success can come only by sheer fanatical persistence and concentration.

It's true, business in this respect makes the same demands upon the business man that art does upon the artist, but there is a tremendous difference. The one is in vital touch with all of life; the other is successful only to the degree in which he is able to maintain a permanently vital point of contact with one small part of it. The business man is really successful to the extent that he can forego the broadening and humanizing influences of other interests and still remain alert, virile, "alive" with respect to his own specialized interest. And there's the rub. His must be a sort of permanently sustained inspiration with regard to that one thing. I'll grant this is not easy. But because a healthy normal growth requires a more well-balanced diet than this unvarying, highly concentrated "business" fare, the truly successful business man of to-day seems to me to be a veritable freak of nature.

It is, of course, difficult for him to acknowledge the great sacrifice he has had to make. His vanity and the need for inner adjustment will force him to

deny it. He will point proudly to some of the distinctive work done by business men during their most productive periods in fields outside their own, as proof that he need not cut himself off from the larger world without. But this I consider only in the nature of a confession, a confession of an eleventh-hour attempt to escape the tyranny of a one all-absorbing, all-dominating interest, all the Latin scholars and antiquarians among our bankers and coal kings notwithstanding. I believe there is not a truly successful business man who, if he will only have the courage to search his heart, will not own the heavy price he has had to pay. From my own personal experience, and from carefully observing several oncoming men of the first order in the business world, I know that business is not a thing to be dabbled in; that it requires and, in the case of the successful business man, receives his whole and undivided attention, as business parlance has it. It is a most exacting master, but one whom he learns to love devotedly, passionately, despite himself.

There is only one type of business man who really succeeds in keeping himself above it, and that is the unsuccessful one. Business will never get this fellow for the simple reason that he isn't successful, and he isn't successful because he can't be: he hasn't the force, the initiative, the power. It's his incompetence that saves him. No danger of this fellow ever becoming a slave to the grind—and even if he did, what of it?

On the other hand, to ask the successful business man to content himself with partial success and a fuller, more satisfying life is to ask him to be something he is not. He wouldn't be what he is were it in him to go only half way or be satisfied with mediocre success.

But it is not enough to maintain a vital point of contact with all of life. To lay any claim to spiritual growth it is necessary for mind and heart to dwell inwardly on experience, as it were—to extract from it some underlying sense of unity, some essential principle of beauty or truth. And for this one must have leisure—lots of it. Time, however, was the last thing I could call my own. I kept on breathlessly chasing myself from the moment I pulled out of bed (the hardest part of my day's routine) to all late hours of the evening. And sometimes I was not even done when I was in bed: things always remained to be adjusted, if only in my mind. Business had a pernicious way of expanding, and that always meant more and more of my time. Everything else simply had to wait until I could catch a breath in this breathless routine.

More disheartening, however, than the lack of leisure was the fact that, when things slowed down somewhat at the office, and I had a little more time at my disposal, or when I managed to secure a well-earned vacation of a week or two, I could not bring myself, no matter how I tried, to enjoy my hard-won freedom. I was ashamed to acknowledge it at first. We hear nowadays a good deal of talk about the larger degree of leisure into which our working populations are rapidly coming and their inability to utilize it wholesomely. I think the problem is more serious with the men at the top. When I saw the ease with which my humblest office clerk adjusted himself to his "off-hours" I truly envied him. As for me, anything in the nature of "off-time" weighed so heavily that it fairly depressed me.

My last vacation in Nantucket is illustrative. The first two or three days passed fairly smoothly. But before the week was over I began to experience a peculiar uneasiness. I tried to pull myself together. I made every effort to get into the spirit of this quaint bit of old New England, so vaguely reminiscent of other days. But, no! New ideas of management, manufacture, control kept popping up in my head at almost every turn of the road. I threw up my hands finally in despair and acknowledged the job beyond me. My friend with me, a much sought-after corpora-

tion lawyer, fared no better than I under the strain of our self-imposed vacation—that much, at least, was reassuring! Before the next week was over the city saw both of us back again at our desks. Our associates in the office undoubtedly attributed our good humor and renewed zest to the wholesome effects of a well-deserved vacation; and I, for my part, did not take the trouble to correct them.

There was no use, then, to try to direct my serious attention to other fields. I could not devote either the time or the genuine interest necessary to derive any real value from them. And the less leisure I had the more difficult it was for me to know what to do with what little remained.

There was another significant factor to strengthen me in my decision. My physical and purely material demands were increasing by leaps and bounds, and their gratification resulted simply in throwing new and thicker walls round my real self, so that it became increasingly difficult for me to reach what I regarded as my real inner sources of power and freedom. It seemed that with each increase in earning power there was a quicker and more eager response to new material wants, and with each new material acquisition or gratification life was rendered only more complex, more disconnected, more fragmentary. I managed to succeed simply in moving outward all the time toward a larger and larger enhancement of the material side of my nature. One or two homely but none the less pertinent examples: formerly my delightful little four-room apartment and Alsatian maid were sufficient; now our housekeeper, maid, and Scotch cook were constantly getting into one another's way. There was so little room, my wife complained, in our apartment of eight rooms! Formerly one bathroom was quite enough for the needs of the entire family; now, as I was so pressed for time, I said I had to have one exclusively for myself.

What consolation was there in the fact that my material demands could not keep pace indefinitely with my earning power? Sooner or later they would be glutted, to be sure, but by that time, the damage will have been done. Then I should be so utterly dependent upon these external factors for my happiness and well-being that there would be no going back, presuming I should want to return to a life of high thinking and plain living.

Again: as my material demands increased and were satisfied, my spiritual needs grew less—they were in inverse proportion. Here is a concrete instance: formerly I had been able to derive genuine pleasure and recreation from an evening spent at home in the company of a good book; now the "tired business man" had to run off to see some cheap revue or third-rate play. Formerly I had found real fun and recreation in a quiet walk alone; now I had to kill time in an eight-cylinder car. But the worst of it was that I was not happy. I was simply distracted.

Finally, and with this my confession ends, I began to experience a curious uneasiness amounting almost to a morbid fear every time I allowed myself to look into the future. I saw clearly what was ahead. No doubt the time would come when I should have to quit. Age would drive me out. And what a job to form new habits or cultivate new interests then! That's why, I said to myself, these gray, half-tragic gentlemen go all to pieces the moment they step off the office mat. They have waited too long. No, the moment to act is now, while there's still plenty of time. I have, perhaps, already much more than is good for me. . . . To go on—to continue piling up wealth simply because one cannot stop, but must go on—that's failure in the truest sense of the word.

III

I should not be surprised if there were many others in our great country to-day who find themselves in as singular a pass.

These, I am convinced, have a unique opportunity to render an inestimable service to our national and cultural life if they will only stop early enough, before they have laid down their splendid manhood in the pursuit of an ideal of success which can end only in disappointment; for it is an ideal which fails to take account of man's spiritual needs and aspirations. For what our country lacks to-day is a class of men who have been through the brunt of the battle and, having emerged stronger and more self-assured for the experience, can now help us shape a larger ideal of life's intrinsic dignity and worth—men who through their larger experience and daring and leisure (we must not forget the last) can create for us out of the turmoil and bewilderment into which we have fallen some semblance, at least, of a spiritual life, a spiritual consciousness. And the men who are best fitted for this task, who are representative of the initiative and enterprise of America and have the instinct and native enthusiasm to put their capabilities to work on something besides business—these men do not come forward. Instead, they remain each in his narrow sphere, grinding to dust all of the inner man in the accumulation of wealth for which they can possibly have no further use, and which cannot possibly make them happy.

A concerted, well-directed effort on the part of our successful business men in the late thirties and forties to retire early, when their creative energies are still at full tide, will do more to discover America to itself, to bring to the surface its latent spiritual resources, and to save our national life from the permanent confusion and materialism with which it is threatened than all the school-men, bench-moralists, and closet-philosophers put together. For above all, it's the quickening influence emanating from men of demonstrated vision, courage, and energy, as they practice these day by day, which gives a civilization its spiritual character and significance. And if these men have lost their inner freedom in their mad rush for material gain, the task necessarily falls on the shoulders of our parlor-reformers and intellectuals.

No one should seriously object to early retirement on the ground that it will curtail the beneficence of our more public-spirited men of wealth. If more modest fortunes mean less philanthropy, they also mean more elbow-room and a more equal chance to our oncoming younger men, who are now held down by the accumulation of too much power in comparatively few hands.

But if the above considerations of social welfare are of small consequence, the personal factor looms large. Sooner or later the successful business man will want to retire. It's simply a question of when. I am convinced that the earlier he retires the larger will be his chances for enjoying his material independence and rounding out a fuller and more useful life. To keep on putting it off is to wait for the day when to retire means something more than what one prefers to understand by that term.

A SPECIALIST IN HUMAN BEINGS

BY ELIZABETH SHEPLEY SERGEANT

DOCTOR William Alanson White has one of those wise, skeptical, perspicacious faces that holds something ever in reserve. It is the glance of the eyes—extraordinarily bright brown eyes, shining out through gold-bowed spectacles—that makes his look arresting. If you went to consult him at St. Elizabeth's Hospital in Washington about some trouble of the human mind which filled you, as a "normal" layman, with fear or bewilderment—about a shell-shocked veteran, or a nurse who had threatened suicide, or a relative who imagined himself Napoleon—you might be surprised to find, in an ordinary executive office in this United States Government Hospital for the "Insane" a middle-aged, middle-sized, middle-weight, matter-of-fact doctor of sober, scholarly, yet somehow inscrutable mien, taking note with his secretary of some detail of hospital management, such as backdoor cleanliness or overcrowding in the wards. This would be White, the administrator, who functions very ably on the practical plane, above that deeper and more philosophic level where he really lives.

The Superintendent would listen to your story as calmly as a general practitioner listens to the story of a digestive upset, grasping with a mind swift and alert its full significance from its symptoms, and expressing, possibly, more interest than sympathy. But before you had said many words you would realize that you were talking to a doctor who holds, under his baldish crown fringed with soft gray hair and his high, domed forehead, a vast and tolerant understanding of human beings and their vagaries. Here is a physician who is a thinker. It would come to you, in a flash of insight, as he talked, that the cave where the mind of man is located is not so dark and fearsome and unexplored a place as you had imagined. Doctor White would conjure up for you a cavern with well-laid-out paths, signboards, milestones, electric lights, and other marks of civilized exploration. Why not go in, he might inquire, and learn about your intensely practical problem by understanding how primitive man lived? The mentally ill are primitives in their way. Psychopathologies are no different from any other illnesses: like the pathology of the liver, the pathology of mind is just the reverse of health. Doctor White, as he expounds these truths, which are at once so trite and so new, has the aspect of a watcher on a tower. Though he looks squarely at you, his look comes from within and searches a horizon beyond you.

Is his the detachment of the scientist, the detachment of the confessor? Sometimes it seems to me that his bald spot is a symbolic tonsure. He has the priestly aloofness—the priestly quietness which releases itself in the vivid and eloquent exposition of inward thought. The White of the lecture room or the medical congress or the criminal courtroom is eloquent, and yet a well-poised speaker, reasonable as a lawyer, cautious as a Romanist. It is almost startling that such an apparently conservative personality should be dealing with matters which the average medical man would hold radical. Any radical is sub-

ject to attack; when this happens the doctor's mouth—full and red in the drab of his skin—shows emotion, and the bristling black eyebrows grow unruly and provocative. But a hovering humor is there on guard, casting now a light and now a shadow of awareness. This flicker of alchemy—of something that you cannot quite put your fingers on—is, I suspect, what has made Doctor White eminent and kept him, though clearly a man of peace, on the firing line in the most modern of medical fields.

The modern psychiatrist, he likes to say, is pursued by three Furies—Ignorance, Superstition, and Fear. These wild-eyed creatures, so much more destructive, for all their bourgeois dress, than his most excited patients, have periodically to be met in the guise of investigating congressmen by a doctor who is also an official of the Department of the Interior. The Superintendent of St. Elizabeth's was asked, during one of the recent flurries, whether he doped his patients at the full of the moon. I am sure White's reply was cool and patient. He has written that the mind which surveys the world knows more of the world than of itself, and he does not expect much knowledge of mental illness, even from doctors—yet. Modern psychiatry is scarcely fifteen years old. The elder of his neurological brethren are still recalcitrant to the Freudian doctrine and method. I once heard White—rising from beside his stout and Rabelaisian friend and literary collaborator of many years, Doctor Smith Ely Jelliffe the neurologist—address a group of specialists in nervous and mental diseases on The Language of Schizophrenia (dementia præcox).

"The spoken word," he said in his rich, deep voice, and his phrase was terse and effective, "is an ingenious dexterity. Individual experience is largely unique and incommunicable. Yet the world as we see it is communicated by language. The whole interpretation of the psychoses might be thought of in terms of translating the language of the psychotic. We are just beginning to understand its archaic modes of expression, its unconscious symbolism." (Here the old guard of doctors began to bristle. That sentence had a suspicious sound.) "These were formerly considered a mark of mental deterioration. They are better thought of as of a different order of abstraction, an infantile and primitive, rather than an adult order. The truth is *our patients have been telling us what was the matter with them for hundreds of years.* It is we who have lacked the patience and humbleness to listen and understand."

Only a champion of the methods of scientific psychiatry would consider the "ravings" of the so-called insane person worth listening to. Only a champion of the psychoanalytical method would read in his talk the whole history of the race. Doctor White is such a champion. A society that had progressed farther than ours in the study of the mind would not allow him to be an executive; it would hold him mobilized for the sole exploration of those fascinating problems of research into the unconscious springs of conduct in which he is so absorbed. He pursues a new idea with the passion of an arctic explorer. But psychiatry has some of the harsh as well as the rewarding aspects of arctic exploration. When Doctor White entered this branch of medicine some thirty-odd years ago it was a genuinely unexplored field, and his whole professional life—which has been largely coincident with his long direction of St. Elizabeth's—may be thought of as a combat with the elements. This explains why he has always been found at those points where the winds of opposition blow most strong and keen.

II

It was William Alanson White, for instance, who, under the vicious attack of the "old guard" of psychiatrists, won the day in 1914 for the acceptance of the revolutionary method of psychoanalysis at the congress of the Medical-Psy-

chological Association, now the American Psychiatric Association. Word had been given out that those who supported the theories of Freud were to be baited and punctured once for all. The adverse clans had gathered for the fun. White made the chief defense and did it in so pregnant and measured a fashion that the confidence of the younger generation was completely gained—for the method and for White, who was later elected President of the Association. This was a definite victory, which has had lasting results.

Another epoch in psychiatric history was marked by White's remarkable testimony in the Loeb and Leopold case. Here the doctor had a unique opportunity first to make a complete and adequate study of the boys—with his collaborators, Healy and Glueck, he spent several continuous weeks in examining them—then, by bringing the results of the psychoanalytic clinic into the courtroom, an equally unique chance to "tell a psychiatric story" to the public. Doctor White testified for seven hours without interruption—an unheard of thing in his experience, for the rules of evidence generally stand in the way. Because of the melodramatic nature of popular feeling, because of the violent fears and hatreds aroused by the murder of the Franks boy, he was able to put into general circulation ideas that had before belonged only to the enlightened minority. The man in the street repudiated most of them. But many people hitherto unawakened to "unconscious" tendencies must have begun to ask themselves whether there is not a definite connection between the prevention of crime and the understanding and cure of mental difficulties, and whether both do not depend more on the basic illumination of families and teachers than on the intervention, after the fact, of doctors and judges.

III

Doctor White's method of relating his life story—which is, in its own fashion, the story of a pioneer—has the impersonality of science. He has none of the artist's romantic interest in his own destiny: his importance lies in his association with the development of a great medical specialty. The doctor likes to say that he has been "privileged" to live through the whole constructive period of American psychiatry. When he began the study of mental disease, "insanity"—a term now recognized as no more descriptive than "fever" or "cough," and never used by the initiate—had a vague and opprobrious meaning. The "insane" were pariahs, shut up in "asylums" to live and die under restraint, and the American specialist in this field was seeking the explanation of mental illness solely in the cortex of the brain, or by the methods of internal medicine. But gradually White has seen these asylums transformed into humane and truly scientific hospitals, where the object and the frequent result of treatment is cure. He has seen the interest of the psychiatric specialist, under the influence of the great European thinkers, transfer itself from physiological to psychological mechanisms, acting without the awareness of the patient.

Kraepelin was the first great modernist: a descriptive psychiatrist, he approached the symptoms of the mentally ill like a sort of observing naturalist. The intimations of Charcot and Janet were enormously suggestive, but they, in turn, gave ground before the psychoanalytical school. The *Psychoanalytical Review*, started in 1914 by White and Jelliffe, marks the first concerted attack in print of the new psychological ideas upon American practitioners in the mental field. White, by his writings and his work at St. Elizabeth's has perhaps done more than any other single doctor to get the principles of the new theory into general circulation. And gradually, psychiatry, this Cinderella of medicine, to borrow Doctor Thomas W. Salmon's phrase, has become accredited, even distinguished; taken its

place "on all fours," as White puts it, with other medical specialties. "Psychiatry," he says succinctly in his monograph in the Osler Memorial Volume, "is to my mind the first medical specialty which at all adequately approaches the problem of the whole individual, and I may say that that epitomizes its contribution to general medicine."

With this history in mind, White's life, which appears to have no spectacular features, is seen to have a drama of its own. People sometimes ask why he has stayed so long at St. Elizabeth's, a government institution, when he could have made so much more money and fame, and been in many ways more free in private practice. I wonder if it is not really because he would rather live in a hospital than anywhere else, and finds it his best laboratory. The romantic interest of his early years was centered in the Long Island Cottage Hospital in Brooklyn, to which he had the entrée through a childhood friendship with the son of a surgeon. His great delight was to spend his time in the operating rooms, and he can scarcely remember when he did not intend to be a doctor. A surgeon it was to be, then. His circumstances were meager, but he had a drive, an intelligence, an ability, and a quiet determination that no circumstances could inhibit. His talent for teaching and scholarly work, now so marked, developed in these very early years: in the high school he began to assist the professor of chemistry, as later on, at Cornell, winning a scholarship, he became a teacher of anatomy; and again later, at the Long Island Medical College, he earned his way by small teaching jobs such as demonstrations in obstetrics.

Doctor White's approach to medicine to-day is synthetic, as distinguished from the analytical approach of the ordinary specialist, who studies one part of the body as if it had very little connection with any other. White is a *specialist in the organism as a whole.* "Mental reactions are total reactions." "The mind is as old as the body." "The psyche is as old as the soma." These are some of his aphorisms. He is above all an assimilator and organizer of ideas, and it is illuminating to follow back to a very early identification with the philosophical and biological and psychological approach to life his strong tendency to see human beings as wholes; to conceive psychic and physical energy not as two separate streams but as manifestations of the same force; to take account, in appraising a psychiatric situation, of the whole past of the organism, including the past of the psyche. This boy, at the age of thirteen, was deep in Herbert Spencer—perhaps the greatest scientific "influence" of his life—and he soon caught up with the British scientist and waited eagerly for the later books as they came out.

Doctor White often quotes, in speeches, a Spencerian sentence that ties up with his adolescence, his year as ambulance surgeon, his interneship in a Brooklyn hospital, where social contacts were mixed and gregarious and he discovered young his human tolerance and his human curiosity: "Not only is there 'a soul of good in things evil' but 'a soul of truth in things erroneous.'" Here you have the germ of the psychoanalytical approach to the patient, an approach that rids itself of all human and moral judgment.

Where did White get his bent for specializing, as he began to do in college, in nervous and mental disorders? Perhaps, if he had not been born into the Spencerian age, it would have taken a religious form—the doctor tells me that he was in adolescence a faithful attendant at the sermons of Henry Ward Beecher. In any case, his absorption not only in the minds, but in the unconscious tendencies of men was definitely revealed long before the age of Freud. The doctor is not a very communicative man, but his secretary produced a letter from his mother, written to another member of the family while White was still a student, which speaks of "Billy"

as "taking a private patient with strange falling fits" (epilepsy). The next sentence is revelatory, considering its early date: "He sits up all night by the patient's bed and writes down the things he says in his sleep."

A year after his graduation White went to the mental institution at Binghamton and stayed there until his appointment by Theodore Roosevelt, at the age of thirty-three, as superintendent of St. Elizabeth's, where he still remains. During the earlier professional years he worked with Boris Sidis on disassociation, and conceived the idea of following a word or an association back to its source, with most illuminating results. "When Freud came along, I was already for him, I had no resistance to his theories, which I think are as fundamental to psychology as Darwin's to biology." It has been said, by old-line neurologists, that only those American doctors who came under the personal influence of Freud have accepted the psychoanalytical technic. White has never met Freud, much less studied with him; but he inevitably accepted the method, as developed not only by Freud, but by Jung, Adler, and the rest, and then proceeded broadly and tolerantly to synthesize it for his own use in his institution.

The method is the most thorough, individualized, and time-consuming in medicine, and has so far been largely the privilege of those who could pay for many full hours of the doctor's time. Yet White has been able to use it with destitute and seriously ill people in a public hospital. A poor old negress, who calls herself a "firewoman" is just as worth the listening of the great specialist as the epileptic was worth the sleep of the eager young student. Through this absorbed interest, which White feels and passes on, like some precious serum, to the able young scientists whom he has known how to gather about him, he has made a bureau of our government not only a place where the mentally ill are cared for and often cured, but a remarkable laboratory of mental knowledge; certainly one of the leading mental institutions in the country. Kraepelin, himself hostile to psychoanalysis, even to the extent that it is practiced in this big laboratory, where it is, of course, only one of the therapeutic agencies employed by the doctors, used stronger terms after spending two weeks at St. Elizabeth's. "The father of modern psychiatry" called it the foremost mental institution in the world.

IV

St. Elizabeth's Hospital stands in a fine, high country site, a few miles from the center of Washington. The grounds are vast; though they contain a sort of hospital city, housing six thousand souls, of whom about forty-five hundred are patients, they are still studded with old trees, and bordered with ravines and sloping fields.

When White assumed the direction of the hospital in 1903, it was a thoroughly old-fashioned institution, known as the Government Hospital for the Insane. Now, with Doctor White's new and more humane name—one that will not bring terror or disgrace to the anxious relatives of the Army and Navy patients, to whom so many thousands of letters go out every year on stamped hospital paper; there are nine hundred veterans of the World War alone—it is a modern institution, seriously overcrowded, to be sure, for the government appropriations do not keep up with the influx of patients from the Services and from the District of Columbia, but well staffed with physicians and nurses to provide individual care. In addition to the mental wards, one finds everything that modern science requires—a pathological laboratory, a medical and surgical hospital, a contagious hospital, cottages for the tuberculous—and, besides, everything that a self-sufficing city would need for the amusement and the sustainment of its inhabitants—a moving-picture theater, workrooms for educational therapy, a bakery, a

dairy, and the like. At one edge of the grounds, surrounded by a wall, is a prison for the so-called "criminal insane," which also lies within the Superintendent's jurisdiction.

In an apartment in the oldest building, an ivy-grown brick edifice in the English architectural style, Doctor White has had his home all these years—the janitor of the institution, as he humorously laments, as well as the Superintendent. His study, where Herbert Spencer's works and Frazer's *Golden Bough* are conspicuous on the shelves, is bathed in a deep, rather shadowy quietude. After a taxing morning of work-visits to the wards and hours of dictation and conference in his executive office, the doctor, coming home for lunch with his wife, makes a bee line for this study, sits down with bent head at his desk, and writes for twenty minutes or half an hour on his book—whatever it may be at the moment. The person who intruded upon that brief pause of concentration and synthesis in the life of a very accessible man would have much to answer for. A scientist who, below his many practical duties and almost tragic responsibilities, lives in a world of discovering thought would scarcely survive, I think, if he did not have this retreat and someone to guard his solitude—as essential to him as to any other writer.

I think, therefore, of White's life as divided into two parts: the inner life of the apartment, which is very like that of a scholar or an artist, unsensational, sober, reflective, creative, and sustained by a central emotion, and the outer life of St. Elizabeth's, which calls on every gift, not only of the physician and scientist, but of the well-rounded and resourceful man of action who has to "know a little"—indeed, a good deal—"about everything"; not only how a great group of sick people should be succored, and how a staff of forty doctors should be guided, and a large administrative staff taught to deal wisely with mental illness, but how a great plant should be run with economy and efficiency, how anxious and complaining families should be soothed and cheered, how critical politicians, bureaucrats, visiting scientists, Washingtonians needing help in trouble, Army and Navy officials wanting instruction should have their claims and interests composed. The doctor told me, for instance, of a public official, more abusive than intelligent, whose feelings had been hurt because one of the patients had called him names as he passed by. In this institution, Doctor White explained quietly, we use no repressive methods; patients are allowed to relieve their feelings by saying what they like so long as it does not disturb the other patients. Where, if not here, can they be "crazy"?

One of White's outstanding contributions is his synthesis of hospital routine, in which he manages so to centralize and decentralize that the specialists in any field, be it administration or research, are free to function at their best, with all the facilities they need. As a result he galvanizes his doctors into intense creative activity and really original scientific work. Doctor White maintains a steady flow of young men through the hospital, who give and receive ideas; and, unlike most administrators, he never stands in the way of the advancement of his ablest men, but sends them out as apostles of the new wisdom. His influence is to be felt through his disciples in every part of our country.

So the picture that one brings away from St. Elizabeth's is painted in the clear colors of hope rather than in the black tones of despair. I have never had so great a sense of the power of the mind as in this hospital where mind is clouded. In the wards, in the grounds, these droves of rather featureless human beings, wandering in their various mazes of thought that has gone astray; but flowing all about them, an electric current of humane interest, hard intellectual and scientific concentration, and robust youth. The staff of St. Elizabeth's does not hold the patients lost and miserable souls but human beings like you

and me, who can be helped, if not altogether cured, whose strange ideas and language have a coherence of their own, like some hieroglyphics which need only the interpretation of the scholar and which have a vital bearing on all normal human life. (One doctor, I remember, was telling the librarian of a thrilling discovery of a likeness between the symbols of the Hopi Indians and those of the schizophrenic.) At St. Elizabeth's the distinctions between mind and body, disease and health, normality and abnormality mean little. They are, as White would say, "pseudo-problems." Doctor White does not love his patients less than the old-fashioned doctor, but he is in addition fascinated by them; indulgent to them, in the sense of not exercising moral judgments, even about a man who has murdered his wife; ready to listen to "nonsense" because of what it will reveal.

After several days with White I decided that his true mission in life was the diffusion of veracious knowledge about ourselves. A talk with him makes the average physician seem as secretive as the Indian medicine man. White has as much to offer the layman as the scientist. He is no more interested in the poor woman who is nagged by her buried self, or the paranoid patient who believes himself to be a famous character, or the hysterical child who breaks all her fingers to attract attention to a shame she cannot voice, than in the eminent lawyer who cannot take a subway train because of his fear of crowds, the banker who in spite of superior brains feels inferior to his business associates, the lovelorn bachelor who somehow or other cannot marry. Such impediments to dynamic happiness and accomplishment are symptoms of universal conflicts which lie below the level of consciousness, difficulties accepted as inevitable until the new psychiatry came into being.

Psychopathology is highly pertinent to modern life because it recognizes man as a social animal, and mental disturbance as dislocation of man as a member of the herd. We can be as crazy as we like on a desert island and almost as crazy as we like on a lonely farm, but in New York or Chicago we must adjust ourselves to the complex civilization we have made or go under altogether. Therefore, White disdains no outlet for his ideas that leads into community life. The tuberculosis expert, the judge, the social worker, the vocational adviser, the teacher, the policeman have even more to learn from him than the mental expert. He has defectives and delinquents always under his eye, and believes that the greater proportion of the people in prisons are mental defectives. The criminal should be regarded as an individual of the primitive or childish order, whose actions are an anachronism on the adult level, not as a scapegoat to be punished to satisfy the unconscious fears and the vengeance motive of the mob. The criminal needs understanding and often medical care. In the prison, but not more so than in the whole institution, the doctor sees the catastrophic end of those troubles of social maladjustment in which an ounce of prevention years earlier—protection for a defective intelligence, understanding on the part of teacher or parent of the needs of a wayward boy or girl—would have been worth all the pounds of cure he can give to-day. "The awakening consciousness of man in himself is a new instrument of civilization, a new tool for fashioning human destiny."

Certainly if the knowledge already possessed by St. Elizabeth's of the springs of human lives—and any doctor of this school would tell you that it is a mere fragment of what will be available in twenty years—were really capitalized in the American community to-day, a goodly proportion of the ills that bring people to St. Elizabeth's would be done away with.

We might think of the life of the institution as a combination of crisis and routine. Without crisis, there would be no revelation of the depths; routine is the means of adjustment. I saw an

efficient girl who directs the cutting out of two thousand dresses a year in the receiving pavilion; she was, before she came there, a wild little bandit who enticed men into her car and then allowed them to be robbed on a country road. I saw a pretty young girl who seemed to be the right hand of the nurses; she had been a defective prostitute, hauled out of a "nigger den." I saw a brutal-looking negro keeping the hospital floors in a marvellous state of polish; he has the mentality of a child of three, but at this work he is one hundred per cent efficient. White's object is to find for everybody the right social level, however restricted. Some of his patients will always need a measure of protection; others will go out into the world again, but infinitely better armed than before.

V

This, you might say, is the portrait of an institution, not the portrait of a man. William Alanson White is inseparable from his institution, his patients, his ideas about them. Doctor Brill once said that the prime requisite for a psychoanalyst was an inexhaustible interest in human nature. White uses a phrase that a novelist might be equally glad to claim: the psychiatrist is a man who can "feel himself into" another's ways of thinking and feeling. But the novelist can choose his paths of human interest, and the psychiatrist's imagination and his humane charity must be ready to occupy itself with objects that frequently seem unworthy, or repugnant.

The doctor makes no pretensions to being a great original thinker. But he has the genius, as he sits in that shaded study, to draw all the threads of his daily life into a synthesis and to hand them out again woven into an intelligible and speculative pattern. If he is a great man, it is as a popularizer. When he is a teacher—and he is professor of psychiatry in four colleges in the city of Washington: the Jesuit University of Georgetown, George Washington University, and notably, the Army and Navy Medical Schools—when he is a writer—and the bibliography of his works shows that he has been prolific both in a strictly scientific and a relatively popular vein—when he goes into the courtroom to testify, it is always to carry into the greater world ideas that seem to him fundamental to the progress of man's knowledge of himself. White's influence upon our Army, though little known to the layman, has been of great importance. Through his teaching, the regular officer in the late World War was far more able than the ordinary physician from civil life to deal adequately and humanely with the mental derangements due to war stress. As to his writings,—he does not belong to the "miraculous" school; he does not draw his illustrations predominantly from sex; for all his alchemist's head, he does not go in for magic cures. But he employs speculation deliberately to provoke response and criticism. We have to fashion new tools, he says, to penetrate he unknown.

Sir William Osler was a great man in the medicine of his time because, by his combination of rich human qualities and advanced scientific vision, he stood midway between the old empirical doctor and the "testubian." So William Alanson White, a much less picturesque figure—a shortish, stoutish, middle-aged man, with a flicker of fire in his impassive, inscrutable face—in another generation and another field of medicine, seems to take his place as a sort of midway man between the psychiatrist of the past and the future. On his left is the isolated specialist of twenty years ago, marooned with his "insane" patients on a bleak island inaccessible to medical science; on his right the still shadowy figure of the mental expert of the future, who will, if Doctor White and his kind prevail over the "three Furies," take his place with the internist at the bedside of many a patient and be as welcome in court-room, schoolroom, university, or factory as in his own psychiatric clinic.

AMATEUR

A STORY

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

THERE was no doubt that Vivian had temperament. Too much to be able to slake it with vanity or self-satisfaction. Not enough to drive her to achievement. She lived in that half-world slung between the amateur and the professional ones, in which the great preoccupation is discontent. The concentrated, intensive purpose of the artist was lacking in her, but there were lacking too most of the poses and conceits of the dilettante. Anyone who saw her doing that swift, delicate solo dance on the night of the Junior League entertainment in the formal gardens of the Gailors could not fail to feel the difference between her and the rest of the handsome girls who took their part in the performance without ever forgetting their important surnames or the personnel of their audience.

Vivian did not care at all about her surname. She was without one for the minute, exquisitely individual, happy with the quick, clear music which she herself had chosen for her dance. The audience pleased her because it was lost in the shadows of the garden and was mysterious and strange instead of being a group of friends. David was not the husband who had brought her other slippers and would take her home, but a lover lingering for favors. Music and dance and beauty isolated her, and after the dance was over she wanted to run away and not fall quickly back into suburbanism. But she did not have quite temperament enough for that unconventionality, so she stood about with the others of the cast and listened to flattery.

It was always that way. She could dance in the marquee later with Jim Berkeley, feel the tenseness of his arms, and be quite shamelessly glad that he cared so much. She cared for Jim too, temporarily, in spite of being married to David, along with her love for David. But when it came to the point of Jim's almost angry demands, here was not enough temperament to satisfy those. So it ran. Too much temperament to allow her thoroughly to enjoy being the mother of two small, affectionate but grubby boys. Not enough temperament to neglect them. Enough, quite enough for discontent.

David Shevlin knew, of course. There was nothing much about Vivian that he did not know by this time. For some time he had been aware of Jim Berkeley's state of mind and was rather concerned and ashamed about it. He knew that there was nothing in it for Berkeley except ragged nerves and disappointment and he always felt vaguely responsible when Vivian stirred people up, men or women. But he himself did not bother with jealousy any more. Too many Jim Berkeleys had come along in the last six years, during his married life; and the jealousy which the first of them had aroused had faded and blurred into acceptance by this time. Vivian always told him more or less about these emotional encounters, and the stories did not vary much.

They got along very well, on the whole.

As everyone said, it was a perfect marriage because David took such an interest in everything Vivian did. Tonight at the Junior League benefit he stayed reasonably close to her, joining in the praises showered upon her, agreeing endlessly that he should be proud of his wife. She had worn a beautiful mask as she danced, and now as she held the mask against her breast as if to court comparison of it with her face, David recognized the artistic perfection of her attitude. She had it in her, he thought vaguely, without defining too closely what he meant by that. Too bad that she was twenty-nine and that life would probably torture her with its withheld possibilities for ten years longer. Vivian was always so cruelly tempted by the things she was not doing.

People came between them, and he moved back, for he was careful not to be too officiously the husband. Vivian hated that. He lighted a cigar and looked the crowd over and, as he did so, noticed the young girl who was watching his wife. She was an exceedingly young girl, not more than nineteen or twenty, dressed with a kind of dash that hadn't quite come off, in a vivid, orange-colored dress. The absorption with which she looked at Vivian was what held David's half-amused attention. He wondered what she was thinking and decided to speak to her. One knew all these young girls more or less, or was supposed to.

"Good show, wasn't it?" he suggested amiably, moving over to where she stood by herself. The girl looked up and answered with the bluntness of the very young, who consider judgment so serious that they will not temporize with it for a moment.

"She was good," she answered, nodding at Vivian; "the rest was what you might expect."

"What might you expect?"

"Nothing very much. Did you?"

"I expected to see a lot of pretty girls. And I'm not asking for my money back."

She shrugged their prettiness aside.

"Pretty enough. But when they dance, when they try to be rakish and alluring and think they're getting a chorus-girl effect, I think they're terrible!"

"You've had a bad evening."

"Oh, no," she said with the same directness, "I only came along to see Mrs. Shevlin. I've heard she was good but I'd never seen her before."

"You liked her?"

"Yes." Her criticism changed into enthusiasm and she was suddenly charming. "She really can dance. Isn't it too bad she's married to all this?"

"Now in that," said David, "I will not join you. I'm her husband."

The girl laughed with no embarrassment.

"Are you? Well, I stick to it. It's a pity she has a husband."

"Why?"

"She'd be on the stage if she weren't married, wouldn't she?"

"Would she?" he tossed the question back irritatingly.

"Why not? She's almost professional as it is and she has more beauty and temperament than nine-tenths of the people you see on the stage."

"Do you know my wife?"

"No."

"Come along and meet her." He took the girl's arm in an easy, friendly grasp and noticed how very thin it was. "You might tell me your name as we go along. Whose daughter are you?"

"My name is Mary Heath."

He couldn't place the name Heath, and evidently Vivian could not either, for she was rather uninterested at first in the introduction. As his wife stood beside Mary Heath, David saw that the girl's dress was worse than he had thought and that her intensity bordered on bad manners. She went straight to the point with Vivian.

"You dance like Joy Lefevre," she said bluntly.

"You've seen Joy Lefevre?"

"I've been in her ballet school."

"Isn't that interesting? And you liked my dance?"

"The first half was wonderful," said Mary Heath.

Vivian had felt that, and David knew it. Vivian had told him impatiently that toward the end the dance slackened in spite of her. Her answer would have surprised him if he hadn't known Vivian so well.

"I liked the last part rather better myself," she said coldly.

"But—"

Vivian laughed in the cool distant way that put people off and said that none of it was much good. And Jim Berkeley came up just then, nodding to David without quite looking at him, and asked Vivian to dance. They went away together and David forgot his temporary protégé in wondering if it would do any good to tell Vivian to lay off Jim. Probably not.

"Did she really like that last part of her dance or was she just trying to snub me?" asked Mary Heath, reflectively.

David told the truth.

"I think you hurt her. She never was satisfied with the end of it."

"I suppose it wasn't the thing to say."

"You have a very delightful way of lifting out the top thing in your mind," he commented. "I enjoy it myself; but I should think it might occasionally get you in rather wrong. Suppose I had been the husband of one of the dancers you didn't approve of."

She gave him a companionable smile and he saw more of that charm which seemed to be stored in her and to break through her stiff young surfaces now and then.

"Well, you picked me up. It's your fault. That's the answer to that, isn't it?"

"So it is. Let's go amuse ourselves. Do you want some of this food we have to buy for the benefit of something, or do you want to dance?"

"Food," she said, "not this kind of dancing. Too junky and I won't have people on my feet."

He took her to one of the little tables set out on the lawn and bought supper for them both. She had, he noticed, a thoroughly healthy appetite and no fear of fattening food. Youth, he thought again.

"So you're in a ballet school?" he asked her over their supper.

"No. I've been in one."

"And what happens next?"

"Rehearsals, I hope. I've been promised a little part in the new thing Ned Freeman's putting on."

"That's good, isn't it?"

"It's a start," she said, and her voice lifted into her hopes so sweetly and proudly that David felt a resentment of what the future was probably holding out on her. He had grown wary of futures, himself.

"Anyway you're not going to make a bad break like getting married, are you?" he asked jocularly.

They were feeling very friendly by this time. Mary Heath looked again at the handsome, very-much-at-ease man across from her and let him laugh at her.

"Nobody like you, who'd keep me off the stage."

"Why do you think I should?"

"Because of your wife, of course."

"Maybe she kept herself off."

"With that much talent?" she asked incredulously.

"Well, perhaps it is my fault that her name isn't in electric lights somewhere. But I've never objected."

"Objected to what?"

"To anything my wife wanted to do," he said; and again his mind abandoned the girl with him and went off by itself, reflecting on the many things Vivian had wanted to do. She had wanted to be married and she had wanted the children and the house and the social setting and the flirtations. Yet she had wanted the stage, too. And at first he had expected that she would go on with her dancing. When he had married her he had known of her talent and had a grave respect for it. Whatever she wanted to do would be all right with him, he had promised.

They would adjust their living to that bargain.

"Possibly you're right," he said reflectively; "it may be just as well for you to keep away from marriage. I suspect there's something stultifying in it no matter how one goes at it. But I really should have been glad to see Vivian on the stage if it was the thing she wanted most. What you'd better do, Miss Heath, is to trust no man's protestations that he won't alter your career."

He was speaking somewhat humorously, but she refused to take it like that. Again she spoke with that clean lack of reserve that was strangely not offensive.

"I don't think it was your fault your wife didn't keep on. Not if you talk like that."

She had pushed her plate away now and sat with her chin dropped in the hollow of her palms. He was beginning to find her very pretty, in spite of the failure of her clothes, and he was sure she worked very hard. There was a look of training and action about her.

"Anyway, I'm going to come and see your show in New York."

"I'll be such a fragment you'll never notice me."

"I'll hunt you out in the program. Do you use your own name?"

"It's as good as another one. A name isn't any better than what you can do for it."

"I have a notion that you are going to provide pretty generously for yours," he said.

After a little he realized that it was time to hunt up Vivian again and see if she wanted anything, and he managed to suggest that to Mary Heath, who seemed willing to stay at the table indefinitely, her thoughts brooding on her future. But she took the hint and left him, though he had a suspicion that no one was waiting for her. Queer, driving child, he thought, and found Vivian, who had been hard pressed enough by Jim Berkeley to welcome her husband as a natural check. Jim's feelings were becoming obvious and noisy. Vivian was through with him for the evening.

"Where did you pick up the scarlet child?" she asked David after they were home.

"I saw her rapt in admiration of you and went over to talk to her. She's rather unusual."

"I wonder if she's a clever dancer. Must be to get in Lefevre's ballet school. Is she going on the stage?"

"Almost immediately."

Vivian's eyes grew covetous.

"Who is she anyway? I asked Jim, and he said the only Heath he knew was a none too praiseworthy cousin of the Lowes. I suppose that's where she comes in. Probably visiting at the Lowes. She dresses like a forest fire."

"She's pretty though when you look at her, and she has all the drive in the world."

He saw he was blundering. Discontent began to drift across Vivian's face.

"You were beautiful to-night, Vivian. I've never seen you dance so well."

"The last part was a mess. Even that girl noticed it."

"It wasn't a mess, and it doesn't matter what she noticed." He had to defend Vivian now against the shutting in of her mood, the reaction from her pleasure during the evening. She was sorry now that she had danced at all. She was only a silly, middle-aged amateur, she said, and felt it bitterly. David could see her hate herself and everything she was and did.

"I should have kept on years ago, instead of letting go."

"But you didn't want to then, Vivian."

She looked at him somberly and said that she was a wretch and gave him no peace. For she had no more mercy on herself than on him. Everything around hurt her and had to be hurt in return. When he said good-night she was standing by a window in her room, restlessly looking out at an over-calm, over-hushed night. He was sorry to leave her so and lay awake thinking of her and pitying her. Into his mind once or twice

came the memory of Mary Heath but it seemed entirely irrelevant.

He was surprised when Vivian took the girl up. She had made inquiries about her and found her a guest at the Lowes, who were an old couple and paid little attention to her except to accord her houseroom for a few weeks. Nobody paid much attention to Mary Heath until Vivian did. She was too badly dressed for the younger set, too eager and fundamental in her talk to please young men. Besides, nothing interested her very greatly except her work, and of that she could not get enough. Vivian found Mary one morning in the midst of her exercises and came home hating herself because she no longer could treat her own body with the steady, unremitting discipline which Mary Heath never relaxed. The girl's body was under her control every minute, was her tool, her instrument, her beautifully trained gift.

Vivian had her at the house in the afternoon once or twice, and they talked music and dancing and interpretation and of Lefevre and Pavlowa and Lada.

"She isn't good for you, Vivian," said David. "Why do you let that crazy child upset you?"

He spoke of her with deliberate disapproval because he saw what a whip the girl was to Vivian's ambitions and that Vivian was deliberately scourging herself. Yet when Mary Heath, who had no idea of balance or restraint in friendship, and would have spent all her time at their house if she had been asked, came for dinner, he was very glad to have her there. He told himself at first that it was because she and Vivian had interests in common and then, when that excuse broke down, that the girl amused him. But amusement did not account for the way her face lingered in his mind.

They were four at dinner one night, he and Vivian and Jim Berkeley and Mary Heath. It was one of Vivian's stubborn, willful parties, planned in defiance of people's feelings, as if the brew of them could not be strong enough to suit her. Until the time they had coffee she was perversely domestic in her conversation, talking of plans for the boys and the funny things they said and of cooks and various kinds of salads. And then, over the coffee and cordials, she abandoned all that and fell into a mood of silence, and poor Jim Berkeley tried not to watch her brooding beauty but could not help himself. When they left the table she went to the piano and played for a long time, tempting Berkeley, interesting Mary, and worrying David because he was not sure of how she felt.

"I should think," said Mary to David softly while the music was going on, "that you'd try to get her to go on with her dancing professionally. Or else her music. She'd be a lot happier, you know."

She spoke of Vivian, but David felt as if she had spoken of his own happiness. There was something in her voice that was different from anything he had heard in it before, something that rested him and yet stung.

"I told you I have no objection, but you can't tell your wife to leave your house and go on the stage, can you?" he asked, trying to be funny about it.

"She ought not to tear at herself so," said the girl slowly; "it's like a gesture toward destruction. Not a complete gesture. I mean you can dance destruction. Or live it, I suppose. But you can't dance thwarting, or live it."

David listened to her but he did not answer. He was not really listening to what she said. He was thinking of her clear, courageous young mind, so staunchly driving through obstacles and urging other people to do the same, and he was watching her face and seeing it as many men saw it later, mysterious and desirable. He knew what was happening to him then and was determined that it should go no farther. He had seen too many of the men who hung around Vivian to find any lure in unlawful passion. But he had caught himself a little late, for as he stood up and sug-

gested to Vivian that they play a few rubbers of bridge his arm was trembling.

The bridge was uncomfortable for them all. Mary Heath played abominably, with every possible thoughtless blunder, and Jim Berkeley had no patience with her. They were all irritated. Vivian's brew of feelings that night had stood too long and became bitter. It was the last night they were to see Mary, who was returning to New York in the morning, to go into rehearsals for the small part that was to wedge her into fame. Berkeley took her home at midnight, and David felt he had not had a chance to say good-by to her. It made him impatient with Vivian's sigh after the guests were gone.

"That's what I should have done, years ago," she said. "I should have gone to New York and fought it out like that girl."

"Why don't you do it now?" he asked coldly.

"Now? Because I'm nearly thirty. I'm too old. Besides, I can't. What would happen here?"

"You could leave that to me. I'd manage with the children. Go ahead. Get it out of your system. Get out of the amateur class."

"It's easy to talk," she said, "but you know it's impossible."

"I don't see why, if you don't like the way you're living. Try some other way."

"Maybe I will," she answered darkly, but he felt the thin quality of her purpose.

"And by the way, is it impossible to call it a day with Jim Berkeley?" he added.

"He's not doing any harm. It's stimulating. You want me to live like all the heavyweight suburbans, David. I can't do it."

"I hate to see him making a fool of himself around my house," said David angrily.

"You haven't much patience with people's feelings, David. They can't be run by machinery."

David knew well enough by this time. That was why he was so savage.

Later in the night he woke and heard Vivian sobbing. Things had gone black on her again, the way they did sometimes. He tried to harden his heart and not hear her, but he could not. So he got up and went to comfort her. She needed him at times like this.

"If it weren't for you, David," she said, before she at last drifted off to sleep, with her tangled thoughts straightened out, "I don't know what I'd do. And I know how miserable I make you. I hate myself most of all for that. That's my worst failure."

It was such moments that usually made him tender with her, ready to forgive the next revolt, or indiscretion, or indulgence. He had hoped for ten years that one of them would mark a turning toward peace. But to-night he had no such illusion. He saw himself going on indefinitely from mood to mood, from scene to scene in an endless circle. It made him resentful because outside the circle there were things he wanted now. And through his denial he knew it.

Mary Heath's part in the Ned Freeman production was as inconspicuous as she had told David it would be. He saw her once in the first few weeks, a slim girl, usually on the end, with a marvellously graceful body, who danced with delightful abandon. To David it seemed very clear that she was far better than any of the others in the group. He had come without Vivian, and later he went back of the stage to find Mary.

He told himself that when he saw her again this foolish infatuation would probably disappear like a pricked bubble. He would find it had been imagination. But at the sight of her his heart grew warm, and he cherished the warmth. She seemed older, better dressed, although it was only two months since he had seen her.

"You found me, didn't you?"

"I'll always find you," he said quietly,

"I'm going to be in many of your audiences, Mary."

"Did Vivian come?"

"No. It's only an overnight trip for me. Will you come and have supper with me?"

She hung on his arm and told him everything that had happened. That even now she was being rehearsed for a short solo dance and was understudying one of the leads. Together they plunged on foot through the theater crowds and were extremely happy looking for a satisfactory place to eat. They found what they wanted, and David ordered a supper that took some time in preparation, for he wanted to prolong his hours with her. Everything on the top of Mary's mind tumbled out and then the things underneath. But the strangest thing of all came when he was saying good-night to her in the empty hallway of the little hotel where she was living.

"Do you know I'm in love with you?" asked Mary, suddenly.

He felt his heart pound heavily.

"Don't make fun of me. You know that's nonsense. I'm an old married man who likes to buy you suppers. That's all."

"It isn't all. I'm in love with you. I know. I think of you when I wake up in the morning. I think of you—"

"Hush," he said imploringly, "please don't, Mary. It's just a foolish fancy of yours, that's all."

"Do you really think that?" she asked with her terrible directness.

"I've got to think it," said David. But he lifted her hands to his lips with a swift irresistible movement and then bent for a second to her face, to her sweet, fresh lips that were so willing.

The career of Mary Heath is part of theatrical history. It was not only the swiftness of her success but the sureness with which she caught and held public favor that marked it. One season she was unknown. The next year she was rising on the wave, being asked to indorse brands of cold cream, to sign contracts, to be photographed in many poses for many magazines. Some of the portraits of her in that early period accent the childishness of her face and some hint at the mystery of her beauty, which was never a matter of feature only but of some mysterious composition of outline and spirit, an indefatigable spirit, sure of its aim, confident and fearless. She worked very hard. The money she earned never tempted her to relax her discipline over her body or to shorten those hours of rigorous work she planned for herself.

The Shevlins came in from Bellclair for the opening night of the revue which starred Mary Heath. David had not wanted to come. He had objected on various grounds. Business had interfered, and David would have found it impossible to get away if Vivian had not absolutely insisted. She said she must see Mary on that opening night. And she had angrily torn up an invitation to dance at a benefit for the orphanage, and hurled it in the wastebasket. They had gone to New York. Vivian said nothing during Mary's act. She had seen and listened, understood the charming music, watched the grace of Mary's beautiful body in its splendor of costume, heard the delight in the applause around her. She, too, had applauded generously.

"She's wonderful, really, David," said Vivian.

David did not say anything, and Vivian thought that as usual he was thinking of the business which he had wanted to stay home and attend to. He was studying his program with a slight frown.

"Don't you think she's remarkable?" she urged.

"Very."

"Sometimes, David, I think you never appreciate anything."

He did not answer.

"I must look her up to-morrow," said Vivian, worrying at herself.

She had taken the success of the revue gracefully. Vivian never let cheaper forms of jealousy ride her. Only when

they went out of the theater and were waiting for a cab beneath the winking, flashing electric lights which spelled the name of Mary Heath she had looked up at them suddenly, and for a moment they seemed to blind her. She put her hand up to her eyes.

"That," she said to David, "is where I should have put my name!"

He patted her arm affectionately and hurried her to the cab.

"Your name is all right just where it is, darling. Everybody doesn't have to be in electric lights."

"No, and you can't get there if you're like me. You've got to be ruthless, to sacrifice everyone to your own interests. That's what I couldn't do."

He turned. Through the window the name of Mary Heath flashed back and forth on the street.

"Ruthless?"

"The reason that girl has got on is because she's thought of no one but herself."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure of it. I could have done the same if I'd been a little different. Only—"

"Only you were greedy," he said unexpectedly, "you wanted everything, Vivian. You wanted all the things Mary has but you wanted all the things she hasn't too. And you didn't want to work very hard. That's why you stayed amateur. You couldn't pick the one thing you wanted and go after it. If Mary Heath had chosen the things you have, she would have stuck by them."

"She wouldn't want the things I have, you may be sure."

"Wouldn't she?" he asked; "I suppose not. I wonder."

"You needn't wonder. You may be sure she wouldn't. She wants her public and her electric lights, her success."

Vivian held her bitterness close to her. Once she could possibly have done what Mary Heath did to-night. But it was too late now, and she knew it and hated herself and for the time hated the alternate choice she felt she had made, David, himself.

That was one reason why she was so cordial to Jim Berkeley, meeting him in the lobby of the hotel where she and David were staying. David was not cordial. He did not like Vivian to be made conspicuous by a certain hangdog, ever hopeful look in Berkeley's eyes, and he was ashamed that his wife had made Berkeley look like that until people laughed at him. Jim asked them both to come down to the grill for a supper and dance a little.

"Love to," said Vivian.

"I'll get a table," Jim said and hurried away.

David turned to Vivian.

"I thought you were through with that," he said abruptly.

"What?"

"Leading Berkeley around by the nose. Why don't you tell him to get out? He's been making a fool of himself for two years now—turning up here in New York."

"It shows fidelity, doesn't it?"

"Did he know we were to be here to-night?"

"Was it a secret?"

"You're not fair, Vivian. I wish you'd tell him when he comes back that you're tired. Let's cut it out. It hurts a man to be treated like that."

She looked at him like a very scornful statue.

"David—just because you don't understand how anyone can't want anything he doesn't possess, don't try to get everyone else fitted into your own limitation."

"I don't know what you mean."

"There's no reason why I shouldn't see anyone I please, no reason why a man shouldn't like—love—me if he wants to."

"I think there is."

"You're disagreeable, David. If you ever were in love yourself or let your fancy stray for a foot or so, you'd be more sympathetic. I wish you would. Here comes Jim."

David turned away.

"You have supper with him alone

then, Vivian. I'm tired of playing chaperon. There are things I'd rather do."

He went out. But Vivian knew he would be back again. It rather amused her to strike a spark of jealousy in David. He had been too careless about her admirers lately until for some reason Jim Berkeley had begun to annoy him. After all, thought Vivian, if a woman gives up a career for a man, it's almost enough. That career she had given up was vivid to-night. It was in electric lights, accomplished. Sacrificed to David. Let him walk his temper off.

He walked very swiftly, if she could have seen him, and he had a directed air as if he knew exactly where he was going. When he turned off Fifth Avenue six blocks away into a quiet and fashionable street, he went into an apartment house. The boy at the desk knew him.

"Is Miss Heath in?"

"Just came in."

It was luck he had not expected.

"Ring her apartment and see if I may go up."

She met him at the door, and she was evidently alone. She had not allowed herself many friends. She was wearing a dress of heavy cream silk with a red girdle and she looked like an actress but also like a child. He stared down at her for a minute and then took her in his arms, her head against his shoulder, gently cradled there.

"Ruthless—" he said softly, "ruthless!"

"What is it?"

"Nothing, dear. I was just thinking of the things you weren't."

He let her go at length and sat down with her on a little brocaded sofa.

"It's a great show," he said. "You're wonderful."

"Am I?"

"More wonderful than ever."

She shook her head dolorously.

"I can't get the thrill out of it. Oh, I do it all right, I know. I'll keep working. But there's no more thrill."

"Why not?"

"It isn't enough. I want something else."

"What do you want?"

She hesitated and for the first time her frankness halted.

"I want you," she said at length, with a child's heartache sigh; "I want what Vivian has. What your wife has. I'm jealous of her. I want just you and nothing else. It grows on me horribly."

He looked at her, his face tense, and then shook his head.

"You'd hate it, Mary. Don't be jealous of Vivian. She's too unhappy."

"Why should she be unhappy? Oh I know what you'll say. I know I didn't see it at first. But I didn't realize what it might mean to be your wife, and now I know."

He was about to say something bitter and stopped. Some memory of Vivian in one of her hundreds of moments of regret and pity for him may have stopped him. Some loyalty. Some fear of the youth of the girl who was so candidly in love with him.

"Don't talk of that. Talk of why you shouldn't be jealous of anyone. Think of what you have ahead of you now, Mary. More future than you can use! Successes, traveling, beautiful things—men loving you—too many of them—a husband perhaps some day, if you want one."

She shook her head impatiently.

"Don't talk like that. I hate it, I tell you. I hate it."

"I won't. I only came up to say good-night. I'm going home early to-morrow."

"Must you?" she asked, and again was a little girl denied what she wanted.

David nodded. He was looking at her now as if he would never see her again. And he knew he would never see her like this. After this he must keep that row of footlights between them, always.

"You must work hard," he said, with his hands on her shoulders, "work hard and then everything will be all right. You're a professional. You've got something that makes you independent

of everyone in the world and every happening. That's why I have no fear for you. No fear—and no pity."

He walked for hours, away from the hotel and then at length back again. All the way he could feel her arms clinging about his neck.

The great lounges of the hotel were deserted. They were strange and unfamiliar and waiting. He went upstairs to his room and softly opened the door. From the far corner of the room he heard a hushed sobbing. Vivian was finding life hopeless again. Berkeley had been too insistent or not insistent enough and her name was not in electric lights.

For a moment David hesitated with his hand still on the door. He saw the years of moods like this unwinding before him, crystallizing slowly into petulance and resentment against him. Still, after all, Vivian had very little. It was the sense of what she no longer had that made him close the door and approach to bring her what comfort he could.

OLD BATTLEFIELDS

BY EDMUND BLUNDEN

THERE, where before no master action struck
The grim Fate in the face, and cried, "What now?"
Where gain and commonplace lay in their ruck,
And pulled the beetroots, milked the muddy cow,
Heard the world's rumors, wished themselves good luck,
And slept, and rose, and lived and died somehow—

A light is striking keen as angel spears,
Brightness outwelling, cool as roses, there;
From every crossroad majesty appears,
Each cottage gleams like Athens on the air;
Ghosts by broad daylight, answered not by fears,
But bliss unwordable, are walking there.

Who thirsts, or aches, or gropes as going blind?
O, drink with me at these fair-foliaged wells,
Or on the bruised life lay this unction kind,
Or mark this light that lives in lily-bells;
There rests, and always shall, the wandering mind,
Those clumsy farms to-day grow miracles:

Since past each wall and every common mark,
Field path and wooden bridge, there once went by
The flower of manhood, daring the huge dark,
The famished cold, the roaring in the sky;
They died in splendor, for they claimed no spark
Of glory save the light in a friend's eye.

WHY EUROPE DISLIKES THE JEW

BY JOSEF BARD

A CERTAIN amount of bad feeling against the Jew seems inherent in the normal attitude of the European. Hence the definition, "An anti-semite is a person who dislikes the Jews more than they deserve." Illustrious Europeans usually manifest the "normal" amount of dislike even when they are as cultured and tolerant as Goethe or as skeptical and destructive as Voltaire. Voltaire—with the unpleasant memory of some money-lender in the back of his mind—said such hard things about the Jews in his *Dictionnaire Philosophique* that he had to modify some of his *obiter dicta* after receiving protesting letters from six rabbis whom he answered, rather mildly but flippantly, in a short writing called, "Six Jews against one Christian"—a title which expresses the impressionistic rather than the numerical truth about the relations between Jews and Gentiles.

But even Jews, in the degree to which they become Europeanized, assume a certain degree of anti-semitism which, beginning with the condemnation of outward characteristics, increases to such a repudiation as that of Heine: "The Jews . . . are long since condemned and drag their torments of condemnation through thousands of years. Oh, that Egypt! Her products defy time; her pyramids still stand unshattered; her mummies are still indestructible, and just as imperishable is that mummy of a people which still wanders about upon the earth . . . an ossified bit of world history, a ghost, dealing in bills and old trousers for a maintenance." No Gentile can say more than that.

Anti-semitism goes back to the very beginnings of European civilization and is even older when world history is considered. Josephus Flavius, the Romanized revolutionary hero of Jewry, finds it necessary to defend his compatriots against anti-semitic exaggeration. Interrupted by abnormal outbreaks, normal anti-semitism goes continuously through the history of Europe, and appears to us to-day a stronger current of popular feeling than it has ever been before.

What is the root of such a constant antagonism—an antagonism which seems to have its tide and ebb determined by periods of change in European civilization and character? Studies into the reasons for anti-semitism record a bewildering array of causes, ranging from the charge that Jews have unpleasant personal habits to the accusation that all Jews are bolsheviks. From a historic collection of caricatures on the Jews I learn that, whereas in earliest times the strange Jewish ritual was mocked, from the sixteenth century onwards the Jew is satirized as the blood-sucking money-lender; in the industrial era of the nineteenth century he develops into the hard-hearted capitalist and, finally, in the twentieth, he is represented as a socialist leader and communist dictator working against the nationalist state and the law and order based upon it. But this is not the whole gamut of charges. There is a charge which began with the legend that the Jews had crucified Jesus of Nazareth. It is significant to record that slowly Europeans have changed this charge against the Jews and, from holding them respon-

sible for the death of the Saviour, begin to hold them responsible for making Christianity and forcing it upon a resentful Europe. What Nietszche openly expresses is implicit in the attitude of many other writers.

Anti-semitism is deeply implanted in the European mind; its history is sufficient evidence of this fact. But it is impossible that all of the alleged causes should be genuine. Most of them appear to be painfully sought-for justifications for a feeling, the origin of which is covered by ignorance or inhibitions. I am convinced that an analysis of the deep-lying causes of anti-semitism and an investigation into those critical outbreaks of anti-semitism which occur from time to time will help to an understanding of the European mind itself.

There is a Jewish problem in Europe to-day. The period of liberalism accompanying the opening of the industrial era, in which peasant and laborer rose from an animal status into the lowest degree of citizenship in the scale of the European social organization, also opened the Ghetto, because men believed in equal treatment for the entire mob which had hitherto stood outside legalized society. All the Ghettos of Europe were not opened at the same time. In some East-European countries they were never opened at all. But even where they were opened, they were in a few years re-established in another, less obvious form. Those Jews who failed to emancipate themselves before the sixties of the last century lost almost their only chance ever to become assimilated in Europe. Slowly new discriminations were built up against the Jews; no simple yellow spot or district of domicile debarred them, but subtler barricades of social discrimination; and now, since the Great War, voices have become loud which demand the actual re-establishment of Ghetto conditions. Hilaire Belloc and his supporters in England, pan-German neopagans, awakening Magyars preach the isolation of the Jewish population, and would limit their rights, establishing a second- or third-class citizenship for Jews. Not since the days of the emancipation, when for a brief time Europe seemed opened to them, have the Jews stood before such a crisis.

II

An attempt to analyze the many plausible-sounding justifications of anti-semitism, and to determine which are real and which are only ratiocinations, leads us beyond the symptomatic aspects of anti-Jewish feeling, and makes necessary a comparative historical and cultural analysis to determine where and how the Jewish mind becomes an irritation for the European mind.

For there is a Jewish mind-type which only occasionally, and for brief periods, has been in harmony with the dominant European mind-type, and which, most of the time, has been in profound conflict with it; and this fact lies at the root of all anti-semitism, despite the hundreds of more superficial explanations.

I am inclined to dismiss as ratiocination all reference to the physical aspects of Jewry. Where Jews do not set themselves apart from the rest of the population by self-imposed marks, kaftans, and corkscrew curls, as in some East-European countries, the physical differences cannot account for the discrimination against Jews. As a matter of fact, mimicry is so strong a quality in the Jew that he tends to take on the outer aspect of the nation among whom he lives. Anyone who has seen an international Jewish conference must have been impressed by this. An ardent racialist who made skull measurements on all the deputies of the Hungarian parliament to ascertain the number of pure Turanian skulls found a single "satisfactory" head, and its owner was the President of the Jewish community in Budapest. Professor Marczali, the well-known Hungarian historian, a Jew, was chosen to sit as model for the statue of the great national poet Petöfi, who was a South-Slav by origin. No people as a whole has

exclusively pleasant physical qualities, as a walk through the suburbs of London, Paris, or Berlin shows; and I do not believe that the Jewish population contains a smaller number of attractive men and women than that of other peoples. Nor is there any evidence that eugenically the Jews are inferior to Europeans. Not only do they produce a large percentage of capable human beings, but they are also long lived and, when mated with Gentiles—leaving out of account the mental complications of such marriages—the eugenic result appears to be satisfactory.

One of the strongest proofs of what an artificial and insincere justification of anti-semitism the physical aspect of the Jews is, is furnished by the fact that when someone who at first sight is not taken for a Jew, is discovered, by his own confession perhaps, to be one, the mental attitude of the Gentile usually automatically changes toward him, and approaches the European "normal" contempt.

It is argued that European "races" should be kept immune from further Jewish intermixture in the interest of race "purity." But this question is one of the most debated and dubious in anthropology. If one is asked what is a race, what is a pure race, what are the laws regulating successful racial combinations, and how far racial characteristics are responsible for cultural qualities, one can quote an equal number of first-class authorities pro and contra. When such a scientifically uncertain problem receives a definite political formulation then we may be sure that the physical aspect is not the real reason, but one of the many after-justifications of an existing hostility. We learn or suspect that someone is a Jew, and with this knowledge we begin to be uncertain in our attitude toward him; we look for discriminating physical characteristics in the color of eyes, the quality of hair, the length of legs; and with a bewildering number of logical jumpings make these constitutional elements the responsible agents for our own attitude toward an irritating and foreign mentality.

III

One gets much closer to the real origins of hostility when one considers other charges than those of physical inferiority, charges which imply an acknowledgment of a different mentality in Jew and Gentile.

The charge that the Jews lack physical courage is more serious than it appears to be. To this charge it is no answer to prepare a registry list of the Jews who fell in the World War, nor is the argument settled by reference to the moral courage of Jews, who from the days of the Roman conquest to our own times have provided martyrs ready to die for religion or starve in the interest of scientific progress. What the European feels in the Jew is an attitude toward suffering and death fundamentally different from his own, which is the product of Valhalla epics, romanticism, chivalry, and the gentleman tradition and code. That the Jewish fear of suffering and terror of death as the horror of all horrors is much closer to the realities of nature does not reconcile the European to it; on the contrary, his own attitude being much more ambitious, he fears being conquered by the "lower" conception of the Jew. He finds himself, furthermore, in conflict with the Jewish protest against physical force in settling disputes and differences. The idea of the beauty and value of physical force is one which Europeans cherish despite their Christianity; it is embodied in their myths and legends, and some of their most modern philosophers exalt it. It is part of their complicated and unharmonized mentality. Even European pacifists try to work against war and at the same time to keep intact the idea of physical force as power and glory. They talk of "new wars for old," of sport as a substitute for fighting, and their most potent argument against war is that it no longer provides an outlet for individual competition, since it

has become so mechanized and such a mass affair. The European pacifist distrusts the Jewish pacifist, whose pacifism is so much simpler a thing since it is quite simply founded on a distrust of force in any form and a preference for competition with other weapons where his advantages are greater.

Another frequent justification of anti-semitism lies in the spurious national spirit of the Jew, in his international connections, in the suspicion of an international conspiracy of Jewry to rule over Europeans. None of the copious proofs that Jews can be and are good patriots will do away with the European's intuitive conviction that the Jew bows the knee to the national ideal merely from opportunism or from a sense of justice, and not from inner conviction. The Gentile has an ideal of the amalgamation of God, State, and Nation into some all-powerful force; this ideal, initiated in the Reformation and planted deep in the mind of the European, particularly in Protestant countries, seems incapable of penetrating more than the skin of the Jew. The Jew's ethics are universalistic, his units are the family and mankind. He may die for one nation, but the national ideal does not fill him to the conviction "Right or wrong, my country," nor can it become for him a religion. He has not, like the European, had many creeds, but one, and this is a messianic dogma which leads him to hope for a world organization of all mankind, to hope to see the national states of Europe as but bubbles on the surface of an eternal stream. The evident international connections which the Jew has, his history—often a personal one—of wandering and of living among various peoples, his knowledge of many languages, his relatives in other countries—all tend to weaken the nationalism which is imposed upon him from without and has no roots within. Whether as capitalist or as socialist intellectual, he is a born mediator; and as he brought Asia into Europe through the Bible, and Greece into Europe through the translations of Aristotle, so he continues to negate clan separation.

Although the accusation that the Jews have a world organization working for the domination of mankind can easily be exploded, the apprehension of danger from this internationally minded people cannot be removed so easily. The European feels that as the competitive struggle for existence leaves the realm of force and enters rational and economic fields, the highly intellectualized, rational Jew is likely to rise rapidly unless he is forcibly held down. History shows that the economic rise of the Jew is coincidental with the rise of the rational spirit in Europe. The spirit of knighthood, the romantic spirit, was a force impeding the rise of the Jew when it was active; to-day it acts in his favor, for although it is no longer the ruling spirit to which he as a citizen of Europe must conform, it is still operative in the inner persons of the Gentile population; they still must carry with them, seeking to harmonize it with the rational ideals of an industrial world, the romanticism of a past day, the vestiges of a one-time mentality. They must be business men and still gentlemen; act rationally in their own interests and still be Christians; trade on an international market and still be good patriots. No wonder these European Gentiles rebel against a mentality which is rational to-day and which was rational yesterday, untouched by romanticism, limiting its sentimentality to the family.

This leads us to the heart of the problem of anti-semitism.

IV

It is charged against the Jews that they are dangerous and unfair competitors. Anyone who has visited schools in East-European countries and seen that the five or six best students are almost invariably Jews, or witnessed the numerically and influentially dominating position of the Jews in the learned professions, will certainly affirm that for the

neglected, retrograde masses of East-Europe the Jew is a dangerous competitor. Yet, in most countries we find a special group of Gentiles, almost a clan, holding all the responsible offices in the state, running the administration, without finding a similar resentment against them or a legislative attempt to bar them. The new Jugoslavia is almost entirely run by people from the so-called Sumadia, Hungary by a few counts and Magyarized Germans; the former Austro-Hungarian monarchy was in the hands of Czech aristocrats; even in England the political role of Welshmen and Scotchmen is prominent. In competition it is usually accepted that the best force a nation has should be brought to the foreground. When practicing for the Olympic games, teams like to match their capability against the best teams of the world and not the worst or the mediocre. So when he protests against the unfairness of Jewish competition, the European, where he is not manifestly acting from base self-interest, does not mean that the Jew has a greater capability, but that he finds in competition with him a handicap resulting from a different mental constitution.

The European feels that the Jew carries less weight than he does, and that love for mankind may actually involve less responsibility than love for a city or a nation. The European feels an unfairness in the conditions of the competitive struggle; he feels heavier, more bound and pinched than the Jew. The implication in the charge against unfair Jewish competition is to a great extent a protest against a one-colored attitude which the Jew so easily assumes; he may be thus easily thoroughly economic, capitalistic, or intellectually radical without the inner pressure to be loyal to so many other ideals, above all the ideal of nationalism, which the Gentile has. Sometimes this very subtle contrast becomes only too visible, as when in wartime Jewish business men were almost lynched because they were thoroughly business men and worked for profit. The European feels that the Jew has fewer rules in the game, and that this Jewish simplification in the number of loyalties amounts to a great advantage in competition.

The European protests against the advantage which the Jew has in that he can do business with a good conscience, with an almost religious enthusiasm. The Old Testament, full of the spirit of haggling, is certainly more in accordance with the business spirit than the New Testament, which records in several versions how the Saviour drove out the representatives of business in Jerusalem from the Temple. For a man brought up in the perusal of how Abraham haggled with God about the saving of Sodom and Gomorrah, and with what a pleased mien the Deity regarded the shrewd proposition of the patriarch, business transactions have a much happier taste in the mouth than for the man who, brought up properly on the New Testament and the tradition of feudalism, unconsciously waits for the whip of a punishing angel when he makes money on the Exchange. The European, on the whole, is never a thorough-going economic creature. The highest code of the European business world is the code of the gentleman, which is only a modernized and democratized code of knighthood with many respects and loyalties to other standards than that of money-making and profit. The spirit of a sublime but hard justice, much closer to the power of nature than to the weakness of man, pulsates in the Jew—the unhellenized and intensified grim fatality of the Old Testament.

V

Leaving aside charges like bad manners, unscrupulousness, ingratitude, smugness, self-satisfaction, exhibition of wealth, and the like, as of minor importance and characteristic not of Jews only, we find another serious reason advanced for the feeling against the Jews—their responsibility in making Christianity and forcing it on the Gentile world. It is

probable that very early in the history of Christianity, before such a "blasphemy" could be expressed aloud without an anathema following immediately from the Church, the resentment of the European against Christianity was among the strongest unconscious motives for his hatred of the Jews. The spiritual violation involved in making the Old Testament the holy book of Europe, superimposing the imagination, the history, and the ethical principles of an Oriental people on a population differently constituted mentally and historically, always disturbed the European from the pagan revolts onward—long before the problem whether Christianity was, on the whole, advantageous or injurious to the mind of Europe received the thundering Nietzschean answer. How out of an exclusively sectarian Jewish feud in Jerusalem there grew in a few decades a worldwide movement is not yet completely clear, but the more that is known about the role played by the agent of the Christian Church, St. Paul—without whom, according to Dean Inge, it is doubtful whether there would be a Christian Church—the more the European feels confirmed in his suspicion that a "Jewish trick has been played upon the world."

Not only is the Old Testament the most widespread book in the Western world, influencing children's minds in formation from one end of Europe to the other, but it is the anchor of Christianity, the New Testament being only what amendments are to a constitution. In his relation to a people which framed the constitution and accept it fully but refuse to accept the amendment, the European must feel irritated and embarrassed, the more so because by his creed he is being forced to feel gratitude and admiration for the chosen people, while by his conviction he feels less and less grateful and would most willingly get rid of both Testaments, the Jews and Christianity together.

The revolt against Christianity is one of the strongest causes for the antipathy of the European against the Jew, and it is none the less strong because it is largely unconscious. The European feels it unfair that the Jews started a movement and then stood aside without participating in it, like some business men who prepare goods for their own use and export a cheaper quality abroad. A very intelligent friend of mine who fifteen years ago had great influence over writers and artists in Austria insisted that his Jewish friends should become Roman Catholics. He is responsible for the conversion of Peter Altenberg, Karl Kraus, and many others. He made his point in this manner: "My forefathers gave up their beautiful and satisfactory religion for your Jewish concoction. Now it is only fair that you should get it back and see how it feels and give up that arrogant isolation!"

The examination of what is symptomatic in the present strong current of anti-semitism has revealed to us a decay of the liberal philosophy so classically formulated by Adam Smith, Jeremy Bentham, and J. S. Mill, while an analysis of the charges against the Jews has shown us that Europe protests against a mentality which is differently constructed from its own, which carries less responsibility especially in national ideals, which has different values with regard to physical and intellectual excellence, and which has an unfair advantage due to its eternal stability, its simpler heritage of idealogies and, finally, to its refusal to accept a religion which Judaism itself invented and imposed upon Europe. These are the mental sources of anti-semitism. They are strongest in those countries where military and aristocratic tendencies are strongest, and where the anti-Christian elementally pagan influences are most renascent. Admitting this, we see that the sources of anti-semitism lie as deep as the European mind itself is rooted.

VI

When the skeptical barbarian Frederick the Great teased his chaplain to

show him a miracle, the man of God solemnly answered, "Your Majesty, look at the Jews!" The existence of a people who alone—the Chinese, perhaps, excepted—preserved an ethic and cultural continuity when Babylonians, Sumerians, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and other distinguished nations of antiquity disappeared, has an element of the miraculous, particularly in view of the fact that for centuries this people has had no home. A people which still celebrates national festivities commemorating events which occurred before Tutankhamen, and chants and wails over the Babylonian Captivity and the wicked Nebuchadnezzar, which considers the destruction of the Temple of Jerusalem as a quite modern disaster, and fanatically believes in the New Zion and the coming of the Messiah, a people with a mentality that has remained stationary for almost two thousand years, has something awe-inspiring about it.

Compare the mental history of the Jew with that of the European; consider the catastrophe in which the European mind was made, the frequent crises it underwent, the continuous production of types since the fall of the Roman empire: types which have included hermits, saints, apostles, knights, renaissance men, humanists, reformers, enlightened skeptics, Jacobins, romantics, bourgeois, gentlemen, proletarians—each phase producing a new "European" mentality. Clearly there must be something essentially stable about the Jewish mind which has undergone all of Europe's social and economic changes without adopting her progressive mentalities, and something essentially unstable in the European. What is there in a mental type which gives it duration through thousands of years while other mentalities disappear, perhaps after a dazzling display of brilliance, in a few generations or centuries? Why do a few nations endure under the most adverse circumstances while others, which seem born under beneficent stars, perish suddenly?

Often the explanation is offered that a sudden decrease in the birthrate is responsible for a nation's death. It is true that in Greece and Rome, long before the ultimate national catastrophe, appeals had to be issued to the population to have more children, and legislative measures were taken to enforce an increase of population. But a slowly declining population cannot explain the suddenness with which a people as a cultural entity is wiped out or absorbed by conquerors.

In the case of Sumeria, Babylonia, Assyria, and perhaps also Persia, an essential similarity in conquerors and conquered made it easy to adopt immediately the only slightly differing culture of the conqueror, just as in Bismarckian Germany the conglomerate Germanic States became rapidly Prussianized. But in the case of Greece and the Roman Empire we have to look for another explanation.

To begin with, this seems clear: Aristocratic cultures, where only a thin stratum of the population goes through the cultural process which produces a national mentality, perish much more easily than cultures where the wide masses are imbued with the characteristic life-philosophy and life-regulation in the form of easily accessible moral codes, holy books, or epical poems. In the old empires of the Orient a handful of very cultured, highly individualized aristocrats ruled over big masses of culturally colorless, primitive people, and when that minority died out in wars and internecine intrigues there was no resistance to the dominance of another cultural type. The population could not reproduce its peculiar mentality when its few artists, architects, philosophers, generals, and statesmen were removed. How very different it is with the Jews! With them the cultural type is democratized. Each Jew is put in possession of the racial wisdom, the philosophy and religion which produce that type. Repeatedly after great masses of Jews have perished a small minority has reconstructed Jewry in all its essentials, as did

the broken remnants of the Babylonian captives led home by Cyrus.

Most populations fight vehemently for admission into the mentality of their culture; after long struggles the Romans wrung the law out of the hands of the Pontifex Maximus and made it a common mental bondage in the formation of the Roman citizen. Still, the type of mind which results from this process is essentially different from that type of mind which is fundamentally democratic, made for the entire population from the very beginnings—as the Jewish mind is and the Chinese has been since the days of Confucius. It is characteristic of such democratizable mentalities that they grow in an anthropomorphic and rational religion and have easily understandable codes.

It is also evident that a mental type which is essentially moral, everyone being able to carry in himself the whole structure of rules and beliefs, is much less likely to perish than a mental type which, through its idealization of beauty, its striving for a certain grandeur in the standards of living, and its reverence for death is dependent on statues, temples, shrines, plays, olympiads, pyramids, and a thousand other outward anchors of cultural existence.

But all this merely goes to show why certain types of mind worked out by certain groups of people wear better than others, why some seem to be fragile, and others hardy, weatherproof. The various mental types which develop out of the struggle of mankind for existence are similar to zoölogical formations; some types seem to go through ages hardly changing while others die out or transform into something quite different. The fly in my amber ring could have seen the tropic forests on the north coast of Germany, the mammoth, and some of the big reptiles, and the fly is almost the same fly which to-day sees the birds, those very different descendants of the reptiles; the Jew who to-day observes fascism is essentially the same as the Jew who once saw the Roman warrior. There are hardy and there are delicate group-mind forms. The Jew is evidently one of the most hardy, while the Greek was one of the most delicate, perishing quickly in the life-struggle. Delicate group-mentalities subject the individual to long training before he is chiselled into form. It was only after eighteen that a Greek boy was considered of age, and Europeans are not of legal age until they are twenty-one and are considered mature only at twenty-four; but the Jewish boy is taken into the bosom of Abraham and considered ready to be a member of the community when he is thirteen.

The original ideals of nations likewise determine their durability. There is something very symbolical in the mythology in which nations have commemorated their choice of ideals. In the story of Paris, the son of King Priam, we find it corroborated that the Greek gave the golden apple of preference to Beauty above all other things; it may be that at historically the same time Solomon, when all the glories of the world were offered to him by God, chose world wisdom. The result was that Paris, all his kinsmen and his city, after a long heroic warfare with many noble incidents, were annihilated, and two sublime epic poems sprang up in Greece; while Solomon flourished, had a thousand wives, wrote a number of proverbs and one fine love-song, and perpetuated his nation and their ideal to this day.

The European mind, as a cultural successor of the Greek, belongs to the family of the delicate and fragile types. Its ideals are taken from Jerusalem, Athens, Rome, and West-Europe. These ideals are always in a conflict, never completely harmonized. If the European is religious he is hampered in his scientific and national pursuits; if he is scientific he cannot be religious. And close to him, in his very midst, lives the heir to the hardiest of all mentalities, the Jew who can be religious and at the same time be a scientist, or can be a socialist agitator or a capitalistic dictator without

suffering from such anguish and inner conflict as torture the European. The strongest conflict which tortures the Jew is the sex conflict, diagnosed and cured by psychoanalysis, whose author is a Jew. Wherever the sex conflict has been touched by Gentiles as doctors or patients it has had to be widened to other conflicts—to conflicts with religion, with a life-philosophy, with the responsibilities a man has as a citizen of a state and of the world. It is worth while to note that the first man to extend psychoanalysis outside the region of sex alone was the first Gentile to be prominent in the movement, the Swiss physician Doctor Jung.

The anthropomorphic rationalism of the Jew, constructed around a religion which is merely a sublimation of the family, with God as a severe but just Father, and accompanied with an ethic pragmatically constructed with full regard to the nature of man, full of common sense—the whole ethic and religion integrated and of a piece, one from the beginning—must be irritating and disturbing to a pantheistic, mystical, romantic mentality constructed synthetically from various cultures and brought to temporary balance with so much artistry, as the European mind is. It is the friction of a hardy, almost eternal type of mind with a delicate, fragile and more ambitious formation, and the fear of the more fragile that it will be exterminated by the hardier type which is the profoundest reason for anti-semitism in Europe. In the clear hammering arguments of rationalism the European dreads the force which may compel him to simplification, to the giving up of some of his ideals and traditions. The fear of "Americanization" so widespread amongst the truest representatives of Europeanism is precisely the same fear. But the Jewish "peril" is closer. The European shrinks before Israel, the eternal; for he knows subconsciously that Israel will exist when the European with his many conflicting souls has disappeared. It is the fear of the Jewish mind as one of those most favorably formed for the struggle for life that the Gentile expresses with his dark apprehension that Judea will rule the world.

I make these statements not to show my preference for one type or the other, but simply to bring out clearly the roots of anti-semitism. The Jewish mind may be considered as a successfully constructed machine, working with and against a more delicately constructed machine of different material and different use, destined to wear out much sooner than the other. If machines had feelings, the second machine would dislike the first.

Anti-semitism is the resentment of a delicately formed mind with romantic ambitions, striving to be godlike in power and beauty, against a hardy mind limiting the ambitions and ideals of existence with sound common sense, and this resentment is due to the inner fear that the common-sense type will outlive the heroically ambitious and restless type. It is the imminent disturbance of a composite, constantly shifting mind brought into opposition with a highly unified mind which, wherever it comes into contact with the other, pushes towards unification, simplification, oneness in structure. Whether in economics or politics or morals or philosophy, we find that the Jew continuously presses for a one-colored mentality, for the abolition of conflicts in life-philosophy, whereas the European clings to his conflicts and their temporary compromise. It is for this reason that the Jewish problem is continuous and insoluble, and always exists wherever that hardy mind comes into contact with the fragile mind of the European. In this eternal struggle we find a rivalry between different mental types, and a presentiment of the doom which seems to linger in the trail of man's ambition when he defies the limits of common sense and rationalism.

THE GO-GETTER ABROAD

BY JESSE RAINSFORD SPRAGUE

SOME months ago Lord Beaverbrook's London newspaper, the *Daily Express*, presented a none too cheerful résumé of the business situation in Great Britain as reflected in the annual report of the British Board of Trade. The report dealt with unemployment, the slack conditions in shipping, the practical shutdown of many industries; and there was comment on the more happy condition existing in the United States. Yet in one matter the *Daily Express* was able to strike a more optimistic note. British and American Government figures were quoted as showing the overseas trade of the two countries, and appended was this statement: "Thus British overseas trade exceeded that of the United States by no less than £448,000,000, or 25 per cent."

Doubtless, this statement will come as an amazing surprise to many Americans who have taken it for granted that our country leads the world in every business activity. During recent years the United States has expended more money and effort than any other country in promoting overseas business. The Government maintains at Washington a vastly efficient agency known as the Bureau of Foreign and Domestic Commerce that offers every assistance to manufacturers who wish to dispose of a portion of their products abroad. There are a number of well-financed export associations and many publications devoted to foreign commerce. Practically all of the great universities now feature instruction in business matters that bear on international selling. Columbia University offers courses in Psychology of Salesmanship, Sales Letter Writing, Motor Vehicle Salesmanship. New York University has a School of Retailing, a Department of Business English, and at the present writing finances a round-the-world voyage for students interested in export trade. The University of Pennsylvania lists "Preparation for Foreign Trade Service." One finds in the Catalogue of Yale a course described in this oddly constructed sentence, "Foreign Trade: A study of the mechanism by which international exchange of goods is effected, foreign exchange, ocean transportation, marine insurance, with particular reference to the foreign commerce of the United States."

Certainly it is not from lack of effort that the overseas business of the United States with a population of more than one hundred millions falls behind that of Great Britain with forty-odd millions. It is certain also that the American business man is as enterprising as his European counterpart, and there is no lack of capital to prevent the exploitation of foreign markets. American manufacturing plants are conceded to be more efficiently equipped than those of any foreign nation. We have, moreover, the most pressing need for foreign sales as a preventative of recurring panics. In a recent number of the *Magazine of Wall Street* Mr. Ethelbert Stewart, Chief of the Bureau of Labor Statistics, is quoted as follows:

"I have an idea that the full time productive capacity of the manufacturing industries of America, with but little increase of employment, is already forty

per cent larger than the present market."

It requires no special business knowledge to comprehend the meaning of this Government official's statement. American factories make more things than American citizens buy. Unless a large portion can be sold abroad there will be recurring periods when factories must shut down for want of sales and citizens of all classes suffer. The last serious crisis of this sort took place in 1921, when four million people were said to be out of employment. It is to prevent such crises that the Government, the export associations, and the universities make intensive efforts to promote overseas business.

II

Surprisingly, a new theory of business has lately gained currency in the United States that we may prosper without an export trade. This may be described as the theory of Prosperity through Salesmanship and comprises, briefly, the following features: massed factory production, high wages to workers, salesmanship of such intensity that the workers are incited promptly to spend their money, which at once finds its way back to the factories and is used to produce more goods and thus provide more wages.

One need only quote from the published statements of eminent business men and economists to show how widespread is the belief in the theory of Prosperity through Salesmanship. In a recent interview Mr. Henry Ford is made to say:

"A man should like his work and not work long hours. He should work as few hours as possible. That gives him a chance to go out and spend the money he earns and contribute to prosperity."

No less an authority than Mr. Herbert Hoover makes this statement:

"The United States is the only nation in the world with unique resources and circumstances to permit complete independence with a high standard of living."

Another important Government official is quoted:

"The understanding is spreading, I believe, that prosperity is largely a matter of the rapidity with which capital is turned. High wages mean higher consuming capacity, and, in turn, provide for larger production."

Where there exists a school of thought which holds salesmanship to be a cure for all business ills it is quite natural that strong selling methods should come into being. There is, for example, a device known as the "sales quota," that is unknown in Great Britain and Continental industrial countries, but now much employed by the large corporations of the United States. For the benefit of those unacquainted with business terms it may be explained that the "sales quota" is, briefly, this: The manufacturer, let us say, of wash boilers estimates that his plant is capable of turning out one million boilers per year; or, roughly, one boiler for each one hundred of population. The manufacturer then consults Government statistics and sets a "quota" for each separate unit of the country. Should the State of South Carolina, for example, show a population of one million people, the manufacturer issues orders to his sales force that ten thousand boilers must be sold in South Carolina. If the manufacturer markets his product through local agents, each of these is required to contract for a certain number of boilers based on the population of his community. Should an agent fail to live up to his contract the agency is taken away from him and a more active seller appointed.

It requires little business acumen to realize how revolutionary is this practice. For the first time in any country it has come about that the producer of goods decides on the quantity of his goods that the public must buy. In every country save the United States the public decides what it wishes to buy, and the producer gauges his output accordingly.

Up to a certain point the theory of

Prosperity through Salesmanship works. Wages in the United States are vastly higher than elsewhere; and in the rapid flow of money from factory-to-worker-to-dealer-to-consumer and back again, there is opportunity for all to get a share. Yet there is this danger: Every normal human being is ambitious; and it follows easily that the manufacturer who successfully orders his sales force to market a million wash boilers this year, may set his "sales quota" at a million-and-a-half for next year. And if ten thousand other manufacturers order like increases, eventually the situation arrives where the public cannot legitimately absorb the amount demanded of it.

Already the selling problem is acute. There is now competition between entire industries. At the present writing more than thirty industries are raising "campaign" funds, each endeavoring to divert the public income toward the purchase of its particular product. The astonishing spread of installment selling, of which so much has been written, is the natural result of a condition where the forces of salesmanship have been so insistent that many people have exhausted their cash recources and must buy, if at all, through the mortgaging of future income. It is estimated that at the present time more than four billions of dollars are owing in the United States for installment purchases. In certain industries the installment plan is superseded by an even more radical departure, as, for example, the fur coat trade, where garments are regularly rented by the month or the season. It might be expected that the wage earner, whose income has vastly increased during recent years, would be satisfied; yet James Lynch, President of the International Typographical Union, thus speaks gloomily for his craft:

"The wage earner has been driven into debt. What chance has he against an army of smart professionals who lie awake nights figuring out scientific ways to break down his 'sales resistance'? Resisting salesmen is not the worker's chief business, but selling is the life work of the sales manager and salesman."

III

It becomes increasingly apparent that a greater export trade is necessary to relieve the present terrific pressure on the home market. But in this we have so far fallen short of success in spite of the efforts of the Government, the manufacturers' export associations, and the great universities that feature instruction in export matters. Great Britain, with little more than a third of our population, exceeds us in overseas trade. How does it come about that we are so efficient in selling at home yet, apparently, lack efficiency abroad?

Let us see if the trouble may not lie somewhat in the theory of Prosperity through Salesmanship. High-powered selling is a necessary part of that theory. But citizens of other countries do not submit to high-powered selling from their own business men, and certainly cannot be expected to submit to it from foreigners. No intelligent American exporter, for instance, attempts to enforce a "sales quota" abroad, yet habits acquired at home are not readily shaken off when one crosses an international boundary.

Recently in the business publication, *Printers' Ink*, there appeared an article by Mr. John R. Robinson, a practical export executive, on the subject of choosing foreign representatives; and in the course of the article Mr. Robinson states:

"Along the Caribbean I met a chap who had graduated from the foreign trade course of one of our biggest Mid-West universities. He was selling motor trucks, and could take a truck apart, toss it into the air and put it together again. But he was a signal failure. He talked 'money, money' and 'God's country.' He just couldn't get over it, either. The Creator made him that way, and man could not change him. He is not traveling the territory now, as the sales man-

ager eventually found out what was the matter with the sales."

Certainly it is legitimate to search the reasons for such surprising actions on the part of a graduate of a university's foreign trade course. With all respect to Mr. Robinson's acumen, one can hardly accept his statement that the fault lay entirely with the salesman's Creator. It is fairer, one thinks, to believe the salesman was a victim of the high-powered business atmosphere in which he was raised; and that the chief blame should be placed upon the institution of learning which issued his diploma without instilling in him the primer rules of export salesmanship.

It is inevitable that a theory so revolutionary as that of Prosperity through Salesmanship with its accompaniment of high-powered selling should have far-reaching results. The most apparent, perhaps, is the increased assurance of those who sell. Readers whose memories go back to the beginning of the century, when American business was generally conducted along European lines, will recall how habitually deferential was the attitude of salespeople in retail stores and how each purchase called for formal thanks. One finds the same attitude in foreign countries today. Even in England, reputedly less polite than Continental Europe, the bus or tram conductor thanks the passenger for his fare; the girl at the post office thanks the purchaser of a postage stamp, and the newspaper vendor expresses gratitude for his penny sale. If one wishes to learn how far we in America have departed from such customs he may try for a week the experiment, in his ordinary contacts, of counting the number of times employees of department stores, drug stores, newsstands, and the like say "thank you" in acknowledgment of purchases. I have just completed such an experiment and out of some twenty-odd contacts have been thanked on five occasions, though it is only just to add that one of these occurred in a chain cigar store where the rules call for such amenities; and the effect was somewhat weakened by the fact that the attendant almost in the same breath demanded to know if I had yet tried a certain brand of cigarettes handled by the organization.

There is no reason to suppose the American salesperson who shoves the customer's package and change across the counter without polite acknowledgment is less amiable than his foreign counterpart. Indeed, for actual kindliness of heart and willingness to aid in times of distress the American character is generally beyond reproach; yet in ordinary business transactions the niceties of personal relations are often ignored, and for a reason easy to understand. Under the theory of Prosperity through Salesmanship there is no reason why the seller should express gratitude, because in selling he performs merely a patriotic duty.

At home we understand these things; but the foreigner to whom we wish to sell our goods can judge only by outward appearances. A couple of years ago I chanced to attend a session of the Rotary Club of Paris; and among other Americans present was a member of the order from Texas, a hearty, well-meaning man, full of the Spirit of Service, who wished, evidently, to impress upon his French brethren the atmosphere of wide hospitality that characterizes his home community.

"You men of the Paris Club look like a lot of live wires," he said in his impromptu speech, "and I guess you all know about the big international advertising convention that is going to be held in Houston, Texas, next June. I hope you'll all come, and maybe when you get there you'll see something we can sell you!"

We Americans present understood these remarks to be merely an expression of good feeling, a willingness to allow his foreign confrères to promote prosperity. We understood, further, that whatever the Texan himself would sell to visitors would be well worth the purchase price.

The Frenchman who translated the remarks understood also, for he had lived in the United States; but the others did not; and one could see from the shocked faces and hitching of chairs that the well-meaning Rotarian had balked any desire for the products of Houston's manufacturing plants.

Few people not actually engaged in business realize the pressure that becomes necessary, without adequate overseas outlets, to force a domestic market for the products of American industry. Salesmen are cajoled, urged, frightened into the most strenuous effort. In a business journal of national circulation appears an article describing the efficient methods of the sales manager of a great oil company, and excerpts are printed from letters sent by this executive to the several hundred traveling salesmen constituting what is termed a "Sizzling Sales Force." One communication contains this:

"If a salesman lacks backbone, if he lacks the facts to justify his price, if he is without that confidence in his line that will put him and his line over, why doesn't he find another stream for his drifting? Sooner or later he will be sunk and if he blocks navigation he'll be damned."

And another:

"When Walter Camp brought out his Daily Dozen he may have been inspired by sincere desire for higher health standards. He was actuated, however, by the purse-swelling possibilities of Daily Dozen sales. Men do not get themselves attached to payrolls for health or patriotic reasons. And payrolls have a way of dropping men when their attachment is no longer profitable. There's a Long, Long Worry awaiting losers."

These are not pleasant developments of American industry, and not even sound business. Inevitably the thought occurs that the theory of Prosperity through Salesmanship entails a loss of courtesy in business relations; and for the nation that aspires to sell its products in foreign countries such courtesy is a paramount necessity. The Go-getter has no place in international business.

It was somewhat startling, during a recent visit in Europe, to be told by an American consul that the American Express Company had issued an order forbidding the further employment of American young men in European agencies of the Corporation. According to my informant the order does not call for the discharge of those already employed; but as vacancies occur the positions are to be filled by young Englishmen.

I made inquiry of the American managers of several European agencies as to the reason for this astonishing policy; for it was hard to believe American travelers, who constitute such a large proportion of the American Express Company's foreign clients, should prefer to be waited upon by Englishmen rather than those of their own nationality. The replies to my question were varied. One official stated that the average American youth was not so trained in accuracy as his English cousin, and inclined to slanginess and offhandedness of manner when waiting on customers. Another that young Americans were impatient for promotion and inclined to lose interest in their work when faced with long periods in one position—a tendency which he believed was largely due to the over-optimistic tone of American "success" literature. The most businesslike reply was that of an official who fills one of the Corporation's important European posts after more than thirty years' service on both sides of the Atlantic. This man said in effect:

"The idea of an American company employing English salesmen may seem unusual, but we are only following the ordinary business policy of trying to please our customers. At home in America people have become used to a certain brusqueness in business manners, and put up with it. Over here they do not have to put up with it; and we must meet competition or lose business. It is an unfortunate condition and we regret

it; but first of all ours is a business concern, and we must consider the interests of our American stockholders."

A single example may give an idea of salesmanship requirements in English business circles. Recently the general manager of a chain of London clothing shops explained to me how each new assistant, before being allowed to wait on clients, is subjected to a period of training and taught just how much pressure he may use in effecting a sale. I quote the Londoner's precise words:

"An assistant may say to a client, 'This is a fine garment and I believe you would be pleased with it.' But the assistant must not say, 'This is a fine garment, *you ought to buy it.*' Such a speech as the latter would be cause for dismissal."

IV

Constantly, in conversation with American manufacturers who are making serious efforts to sell a portion of their products in foreign countries, one hears complaint that the high-powered salesmanship developed in the United States during recent years has made it increasingly difficult to find young men who can meet the requirements of foreign work. One business man, a large-scale operator in the electrical field, told me that recently in selecting a man to take charge of his sales in Mexico he had interviewed more than twenty applicants, all young Americans, with experience in electrical goods, and had rejected all in favor of a German who had been in America but four years, who was more than fifty years of age, and who "did not know a switch from a socket." Pressed as to his reasons for this surprising choice the executive said:

"The manufacturer who goes into a foreign country must put out of his mind the possibility of creating an overnight sale for his product. Any effort to 'rush a market' is worse than useless, because it is more than liable to antagonize those with whom one wishes to do business. In Mexico, for example, I do not look for profits inside of five years; the man I send must be content to travel the country regularly, gradually winning the good will of electrical dealers in various communities, until a demand for my goods is attained. The German I have engaged seems to have the qualifications necessary for this kind of work. The other applicants without exception impressed me as having been trained to believe salesmanship consists in getting a prospect to sign promptly on the dotted line."

The manufacturer showed me a copy of a Magazine of Salesmanship that one of the young applicants for the foreign post had left in the office after his interview. One of the features was a poem presented for its inspirational value and entitled, "When Doors Slam." The manufacturer had grimly marked the following lines:

> Yes, every door that slams on me
> Screws up my pep another key
> And puts me on my grain.
> It neither scares me out of wits
> Nor maddens me to catnip fits;
> It brings on growing pain.

Another manufacturer whom I interviewed had just returned from a hurried voyage to London, a visit made necessary by an indignant communication from the English distributing house which handles his pharmaceutical products and which threatened to discontinue business relations. It appeared that the manufacturer's representative, a young man recently engaged on his record as a salesman for a domestic house, had taken steamer from New York and landed in London. At the dock he telephoned the distributing house to ascertain if the managing director was in and, receiving an affirmative answer, immediately flung himself into a taxicab and went to make his sales call. The managing director's secretary inquired if the salesman had an appointment with his chief. The salesman replied he had not but that his business was urgent. Then he put into effect a bit of strategy which he had sometimes used successfully at home and

for which he had often been commended by his former sales manager. As the secretary went into the office of his chief the salesman followed closely upon his heels and, before the astounded Britishers realized what had happened, the salesman was seated upon a corner of the managing director's desk, explaining the merits of his sure-profit line of pharmaceuticals.

This story has a happy ending, for the New York manufacturer was able to retain the business of the London distributing house by making a personal visit and promising that he would send no more young men of go-getter methods. But another incident that concerns itself with the fortunes of an American hardware corporation ended less happily. In the city of Pernambuco, Brazil, this corporation has for some time enjoyed a considerable business with an important wholesale dealer who, in turn, sells the product to retailers throughout a wide territory. Somewhat more than a year ago the hardware corporation sent a new man, a graduate of the foreign-trade course of a well-known university, to represent it in South America. Arriving in Pernambuco, the representative called upon the wholesale dealer and the latter, an elderly and dignified Portugese, informed him courteously that he would have his assistants check the stock of American hardware and make out a list of requirements that would be ready the following day. The representative called at the appointed time, but there had been some delay and the order was not ready for him. There was a third visit, on which occasion the representative was accompanied by a friend he had met on the steamer. Possibly to impress this friend, or possibly from no reason other than impatience of South American ways, the representative remarked loudly in English:

"My boat sails to-morrow. If the old geezer hasn't got my order ready for me this time I'm going to leave him cold!"

It might have been a harmless explosion except for the unfortunate fact that the son of the merchant, a youth who had recently graduated from an English university, was standing near. With a Latin bow the son said in perfect English:

"My father will be desolated to know the gentleman is in so great a hurry. It will be unnecessary to wait, for we shall need none of the goods that the gentleman sells."

Up to the present time the American hardware corporation has been unable to find further market for its products in the Pernambuco territory.

Business men of those countries most successful in foreign commerce thoroughly understand the importance of delicate personal relationships. Immediately after the World War I chanced to encounter in Mexico a delegation of French manufacturing executives who were making a tour of the principal cities. The object of their visits was purely commercial. Yet they had no samples and made no attempt to sell. As they were careful to explain to their hosts, they merely wished to learn what changes might have taken place in Mexican needs during the war hiatus in order that they might arrange their manufacturing operations to suit.

The British, long experienced in selling their products to other peoples, overlook few points of salesmanship; and on a recent English visit I encountered a typical sample of the professional viewpoint. A London business man told me of the troubles he was having with the education of his sixteen-year-old son whom he had taken out of a certain school in mid-term; the boy had, it appeared, come home for the Christmas holidays with an inclination to slur over his vowels, and investigation showed he had acquired the habit from one of his instructors. At the time of our conversation the business man was about to start on a series of visits to various schools in order to select one where no such influence would obtain.

A fussy proceeding, perhaps, in the life of a boy who was destined only to go into his father's exporting business at maturity? Perhaps so. Upon my return to America I related the incident to the young department head of an Eastern university which features courses in export trade, and the response was a humorous comment on archaic English traditions and the prediction that in another twenty years American hustle and directness would monopolize the trade of the world.

But let us see. The English are a practical people and commercial reasons underlie most of their traditions. The Londoner's exporting business lies largely with South America, and we may imagine, for example, that Argentina will be the field for the boy's future work. In Argentina, as in all Latin countries, the important business men are usually of an educated type; many of them know English and speak it with especial correctness because they have learned it from highly cultivated instructors. Should the Londoner's son, placed in charge of his firm's offices in Buenos Aires, betray any carelessness of diction, he is at once set down as a socially inferior individual, and the deduction is drawn that his firm is not quite first class. But no such criticism can be directed against the Londoner's son, because at sixteen he was taken out of the school where an instructor's speech was faulty and placed in another institution where a purer English was the rule. Now let us suppose that in the course of events an important contract is to be let in which the young Englishman's competitor is an individual of another nation who knows his product equally well, but whose vowels may be faulty and whose conversation is "money, money," and "God's country." Prices being somewhat equal, is there a doubt as to which of the two sales representatives will secure the contract?

Numbers of manufacturers who are ambitious to extend their overseas business have expressed to me the hope that the export courses now featured by so many American universities may develop a body of young men uninfluenced by "success" literature or the harsh methods of the "sales quota," and from which desirable employees may be recruited for work in foreign countries. One executive informed me that, with this end in view, he had recently addressed a questionnaire to twelve leading universities. His foreign competitors are largely English firms and, recalling the meticulous care with which young Britishers are prepared for foreign selling, one of his queries concerned itself with speech. Did the university addressed, he inquired, endeavor to cultivate correctness of diction; did it insist upon a certain standard of pronunciation of the English language as a part of the instructors' equipment, as is generally the case in English schools?

The business man preserves twelve astonishing letters received in reply. Located in all parts of the United States, from Cambridge to Berkeley and from Chicago to New Orleans, no one of the institutions addressed considered correctness in spoken English of enough importance to require a certain standard from its corps of instructors. The Dean of the Department of English in one great seat of learning wrote:

"The task of inculcating careful habits of speech and of training our students in enunciation, pronunciation, and the proper use of words is a very difficult one in an age which, in the mad rush of affairs, places little emphasis on the niceties of life. *There are in the city one or two good teachers whom I could recommend and who could train the voice and develop careful, accurate habits of speech.*"

The balance of the business man's story I will relate in his own words.

"I was a little dashed at the evident disregard of what I believe an important qualification for overseas work; but the development of foreign trade is so vital to the interests of the country that I felt I should press my investigations further.

One of the universities to which I had written is located in my own city, and one day I sought an interview with the head of the business section who, in turn, introduced me to a gentleman who was giving a series of lectures on foreign trade. The gentleman was young—around thirty, perhaps—and knew no foreign language and had never been abroad, but seemed nevertheless to have some sound ideas on the subject of overseas business. He told me, for instance, that he tried constantly to impress upon his students that it is fatal to try to 'rush' foreign buyers, and that the amenities current in each country must be carefully observed. But then he let drop an unfortunate remark.

"'I always drive my points home,' he said earnestly, 'in language the students can understand. I use a lot of slang in my lectures.'

"I asked him why.

"'Because,' he said, 'you can put over your meaning quicker that way, and more forcibly!'

"I went away from there convinced that I would not be able to use any of the graduate students in my export department. I myself, for example, understand German; and I asked myself how I, as a buyer, might feel if some young German were to come into my office and make his sales talk in German colloquialisms learned from his professor of economics. Perhaps I might buy his merchandise; but if so, his prices would certainly have to be low enough to make it an object!"

In spite of our elaborate agencies for promoting export trade we fall behind Great Britain with barely a third of our population. A homely example of the futility of go-getting occurs in the report of a recent meeting of the Export Managers' Club of New York on an occasion when the members were addressed by one just returned from South America. The speaker said:

"Many of us are sending out sales helps—window trims, cards, and things of that kind. I know of an instance where at least a hundred dollars' worth of window material was sent to Buenos Aires to a very capable house in that great city. The letter of instructions which in this country is always sent out to the retailer—'Do so and so; do so and so'—was translated into Spanish and sent along. That stuff has been there for two years and it has never been used because the merchant took exception to being told what he must do with that window trim."

Here, certainly, is an incident calculated to arouse resentment in the heart of any earnest go-getter. Foreign business men are unduly sensitive, without doubt, and inclined to place stress on trifles that an American would ignore. Yet it is their own money that they are spending, and they have a right to spend it with those whose business manners they like best.

FROM TRUTH TO PROBABILITY

BY GEORGE BOAS

IT has often been asserted that human nature has not changed and that it cannot change. A good case, however, can be made out both for the fact that it has changed in the past and is changing at the present time. The change in human nature to which I am referring is not in superficial customs. Feminism, for instance, may be said to have changed our habits in that we now are no longer shocked that our wives should run gift shops or vote Socialist when we vote Republican. But that is not a profound change; it goes no deeper than our acceptance of the automobile instead of the buggy. Nor am I referring to changes in our religious attitude, to our humanitarianism, to our programs of education and hygiene, and the like. That we have more hospitals and schools than our ancestors is, of course, a change, but it is nothing more than an extension of something which has existed for centuries. I am thinking rather of a change in the most radical part of the human being—his method of thinking.

Here a certain misconception may arise. When I say that our methods of thinking have changed, I do not mean that we are thinking about different things than our forbears, that, whereas they thought the world was flat, we think it round, or that, whereas they thought the earth was the center of what we call the solar system, we think the sun is its center. Nor do I mean that the frontiers of science have expanded and that we have had to devise new laboratory technics to explore them. Nor do I mean that we have shifted from what some philosophers have called Reason to what some others call Intuition. All these changes, if they have occurred, are important, but they are still, with the possible exception of the last, relatively superficial. I am on the contrary asserting that the very logic we use nowadays is different from the logic our grandfathers used which they inherited from the Greeks.

Aristotle and Leonardo da Vinci and Newton and Huxley, if not Darwin, could all have met in the same room and understood one another with no great difficulty. Their beliefs about many things would have been different but their methods of reasoning would have been about the same. If any of these men, however, were to sit down for a chat with Albert Einstein, Bertrand Russell, Paul Valéry, and Stravinsky, in a room hung with the paintings of Matisse and Picasso, the amount of explaining which would be necessary before an *entente cordiale* could be established would probably be an effective bar to a satisfactory interchange of opinion. They would find that things were no longer either black or white but might be both; that there was no longer an absolute certainty about the future state of the universe but only a high degree of probability; that there were no longer any "standards" in works of art or in morals. These changes which they would have found difficult to accept calmly cause us few qualms; we look upon them, indeed, as blessings. To explain them simply is not easy, but they follow almost as a matter of course from the change to the kind of logic which is now prevalent.

II

There are, in general, two kinds of beliefs which we hold about things, observations and evaluations. We can, that is, state what a thing is, and we can state whether it is good or not. To say, "*Muslin* was written by George Moore," and "*Muslin* is a great novel," are two different and independent statements, though some of Mr. Moore's enthusiastic readers might maintain that one follows from the other. A man might believe the first statement without believing the second, or the second without believing the first, and so on without any logical inconsistency. The first is an observation, the second an evaluation or criticism. The truth of the first depends on its correspondence with fact; the truth of the second on certain standards of good and bad.

Our mental nature has so changed that we now have new notions of what facts are and of what standards are. If this is obscure, the following may clarify it.

The change of which I am writing is the shift which has been going on for some years from Aristotelian logic to statistics. The difference between the two logics rests fundamentally upon the difference between an Aristotelian "class" and a statistical "group." If you say, "All soldiers are brave," what do you mean? You mean, says Aristotelian logic, that there is a quality, "bravery," which appears incarnate in each and every soldier, if the statement is true. In so far as soldiers are members of the class of heroes, it would maintain, they are all alike, and the sociologist has only to scrutinize them under the proper conditions to see their bravery shine out of them like the color shining out of a rose. It means also that there is a quality called "not-bravery," or "cowardice," which no soldiers have. There is no scale of gradually diminishing degrees from the perfectly brave to the perfectly cowardly; there are simply two separate and distinct things, bravery and cowardice. If you have one you cannot have the other.

The same statement might be made to-day, "All soldiers are brave." But what would it mean in statistical logic? It would mean that if you arranged each and every soldier in order of bravery, assuming that bravery is something measurable, you would find a few who were always brave, foolishly, wildly, romantically brave, and a few who were never brave but who, scenting the acrid perfume of the artillery, scuttled off to Washington and got jobs in the Judge Advocate General's Department. You would find that in between the extremes of these two contrasting groups was an overwhelming mass of individuals whose differences were less and less noticeable, the so-called "average" doughboys, who neither courted danger nor shunned it and, that if you had to pick out a man for a dirty patrol, you might just as well take the first man who came along. For the odds would be that you would light upon a man of average bravery. "All soldiers are brave," then, would mean not that absolutely each and every soldier is brave and to the same degree brave, but that *on the whole* soldiers are brave.

Let me cite another and more accurate illustration of the difference between the two logics.

Suppose the question were raised, "How much is the dollar worth?" Aristotelian logic would say, "One hundred cents." All dollars are the same to Aristotelian logic. There is a quality, "dollarity," incorporate in each dollar which makes them all dollars. If a coin hasn't that quality it isn't a dollar.

But when a man asks, "How much is the dollar worth?" he doesn't mean "How many cents does it contain?" but, "How much will it buy compared to what it used to buy?" He is no longer thinking of the dollar as a member of a group of identical items, like a stack of blue poker chips, but as something fluctuating and unstable. There is no longer a question of *the* dollar, but of *a*

dollar; or, if you prefer, of the dollar of 1914, the dollar of 1915, the dollar of 1916, and so on. And the dollar of 1914 happens to be worth almost three times as much as the dollar of 1925.

Which dollar is the real dollar, the Aristotelian or the statistical? The former has absolute qualities, the latter relative. The former makes for clear simple additions which a child can perform, the latter for dark and complicated calculations which are secrets to all but the economist. If the Aristotelian dollar is real, then a man who had $1000 in 1925 was as rich as a man who had $1000 in 1914; if the statistical dollar is real, the man who bought a Liberty Bond in 1917 for $100 and sold it in 1925 for $102 lost money.

There is in a statistical class a certain order, as I have suggested. One of their number, the median, is in the center: it is a standard from which variations are measured. The individuals on the two extremes are those which vary most in both directions, plus and minus.

Let me give, if possible, a concrete picture of such a class. Soldiers when they are drawn up for drill are arranged in order of height from left to right, the tallest man on the left. If one were to draw a line along the top of their heads from the first man in the first squad to the last man in the last squad one would have a curve which would begin to descend fairly rapidly, would flatten out for a long distance throughout the middle squads, and which would begin to descend again near the last squad. Since the line would descend as the men grew shorter and flatten out as the men stayed about the same height, one can see that in the flattened portion of the curve one will find the soldiers of average height. Whenever one gets assembled a large number of natural objects selected without malice one finds such an arrangement. If now one marked out squares of equal dimensions on the ground and ordered the men who were within two inches of the same height to stand in the same squares, the squares which the very tall and the very short men would occupy would have room for many more individuals, whereas the squares occupied by the men in the middle squads of the company would be crowded. If you were in an aeroplane looking down on this formation, and far enough away, you would see a band of a certain width laid out along the ground, dark in the middle, where the men were crowded, light on the two ends where the men were few. Such would be a statistical formation.

But now suppose one had a crack company of soldiers such as Frederick the Great is said to have gathered together, all of whom were above six feet. Had Frederick made it a condition that they all be exactly six feet, no more nor less, then the line along their heads would be absolutely horizontal. It might be considered to be a symbol of the Aristotelian class. And if these men were put in a square and observed from our aeroplane, they would present an evenly darkened surface.

To go back to our dollars, there is one dollar, the "average," if you choose. Other dollars are either more or less valuable than it is. If we had enough facts we should find probably that most dollars hold pretty close to the average, though when money is scarce some will go above the average, and when it is plentiful they will go below. Their values would vary, but they would vary in a well-known manner, and if you had to guess at the value of a given dollar at a given time and *had no facts to guide you*, the proper guess would be the average value.

Nowadays it has been discovered that almost all measurable things fall into statistical rather than Aristotelian classes. The grades of students, the weights of mature men and women, the anatomy of animals and plants, learning ability, deaths and births, crime, even the behavior of atoms and the quanta of energy. The world seems to be composed not of groups of things identical

with one another, but of variant individuals with certain family resemblances.

III

So far, so good. What is the importance of it all?

Let us take a sample or two of Aristotelian and statistical thinking and see. Our first examples will be of observations or descriptions, statements of fact.

The best examples come, perhaps, from biology. The Greek, like the American fundamentalist, believed that all animals and plants fall into fixed and permanent groups called "species." Within any group the individuals are all alike. When the group characteristics are known, the characteristics of the individuals are automatically known. Thus as late as Buffon one finds descriptions of *The Camel*, *The Bear*, *The Humming Bird*. So in medicine physicians wrote books on the specific, *i.e.*, the class characteristics of the various diseases, three-day fever, biliousness, malaria. Every case of malaria was like every other case of malaria. Similarly in psychology appeared accounts of "the angry man," "the melancholy man," "the sanguine man." One had only to classify and all was done. For once an object was classified its nature was known.

What was done with exceptions? They were either called "accidental" if they were slight, or "monstrous" if they were great.

Nowadays who outside of the state of Tennessee would dream of classifying animals, plants, diseases, and temperaments and imagine that he was doing more than indicating a rough sort of grouping? A biological species was seen even in Huxley's day to be a great collection of individuals amongst which monsters find their natural place. *The Camel* is, so to speak, the "average" camel; if you had to bet on the characteristics of a camel chosen at random, you would put your money on him. The notion that all camels are alike is as absurd as the notion that all dollars are alike. So in psychology we have certain normal reactions; they are merely the reactions of the overwhelming number of people to a given stimulus. The individuals may range from the goiterous cretin of Switzerland to Einstein. Einstein, if his reputation is justified, is just as monstrous at one end of the scale as the poor cretin at the other. He varies almost as far from the median. He varies, however, in a good direction. There is no feeling that this is something either diabolical or divine. It is to be expected. In medicine again a disease has normal characteristics, but these cannot be expected to be present in every case of it. As Doctor Joseph Collins pointed out in this magazine recently, physicians are coming to recognize that a patient may have a very common disease in his own very personal way.

It is easy to see why in Aristotelian thinking the first question that popped into everyone's head was, "What is it? What class does it belong to?" For if these questions were answered all that is important is known. And if the individual failed to meet the requirements of his class he could be insulted or punished and the world deprecated for having produced him. Thus one still hears such discussions as, "Is cubism really art?" or "Is Christian Science really Christianity?" One might as well ask, "Is the mule really a horse or an ass?" In law such questions have become of tragic importance, for on the answer given the lives of human beings depend. "Did Aaron Burr really commit treason?" "Did So-and-so commit murder or manslaughter?" "Is such-and-such really a case of assault and battery?"

In the Seventeenth Century statistical descriptions were first discovered, I believe, to hold good of social phenomena. They were gradually extended, going into psychology and biology, until at the present day they are used even in physics. Clerk Maxwell, if I am not mistaken, is usually given the credit of introducing statistics into physics, but

to-day dynamics is full of it. Gilbert Lewis, whose authority as a scientist few would care to dispute, points out that one can calculate the probability of what would be called levitation in the case of large material bodies and indicates that we can even calculate the chances of freezing a kettle of water by putting it on the stove. To be sure, his words are not mine; they are exact whereas mine are pictorial. But they are not contradicted by what I have said. I should not advise ice-cream manufacturers to count on this chance event in their business, for it occurs so rarely as to be practically impossible. For further details let me refer the curious to Professor Lewis's book, *The Anatomy of Science*. Here we must be content with noting that it recognizes the world to be made up of *individual events*, no two of which are exactly alike, but any selected class of which acts with statistical regularity.

What is no doubt more interesting is the effect all this has had upon our evaluations, on our judgments of goodness and beauty. For we are supposed by some people to be living in an age of singular moral and æsthetic poverty. It was natural in classical thinking to seek the common character in things. The typical was important, the individual was trivial. Thus in the arts one looked for certain general properties which made, say, a piece of writing a tragedy or a comedy, and forgot those things which made it the unique expression of a certain moment or place or person. The same thing seems to have been true of sculpture and architecture. The ancients developed a few types of statue and building and stuck to them with beautiful if stubborn devotion. So in Seventeenth-Century France critics expected certain things of a play: those things were class characteristics. If a play didn't have them it might be interesting, moving, even beautiful, but it wasn't a play. One's spontaneous impulse is to say, "Well, what of it?" Just as when one reads to-day in a fashionable literary review, "Mr. Smith's book is very well written, but"— one can feel the supercilious curl of the lip— "it is not a novel." Again, what of it?

Nothing to us, but everything to an Aristotelian. For to be a novel is to be susceptible of logical treatment and to exemplify in particular form a universal idea. It is to permit a critic to perform this amazing bit of dialectic:

(1) All novels are something-or-other.
(2) This is a novel.
(3) Then this is something-or-other.
(4) But it isn't.
(5) Therefore, it's a bad novel.

The intricacies of such thinking are exquisite. But I shall not untangle them here. Imaginative readers are invited to ask themselves, "What is the evidence for statement number 2?"

Statistically considered, works of art will, of course, be found to have certain similarities, well enough indicated by the old terms, novel, portrait, symphony, and the like. But statistics in itself can tell nothing about an individual except its variation from the median. And so critics who pride themselves on being "modern"—which I admit is a disgusting adjective—spend more time pointing out variations from the type rather than conformity to it. And I suspect that whereas classical artists found a certain satisfaction in sticking to tradition and in repeating traditional styles, modern artists find their satisfaction in modifying it. We speak to-day with approval of an artist's "originality"; our ancestors would have called it "eccentricity."

IV

The same thing is true of morals. The *honnête homme* of the Seventeenth Century, like Castiglione's Courtier, did certain definite things because he was expected to exemplify certain class characters. To have departed from this ideal would have been as shocking to his contemporaries as being conventional is to ours. He wanted to do what everyone else of his class did;

we hate to. His poets stole other poets' ideas. We call it plagiarism; he called it classicism. We have all seen survivals of such notions. As a college teacher, I am perhaps unusually sensitive to them, moving, as I do, in a world of human beings who have succeeded in making themselves as uniform as bone buttons. My undergraduates believe firmly in the necessity of exemplifying Spartan soldiers who have emigrated to Corinth. They would, I believe, perish on the scaffold rather than be seen speaking to a member of the faculty, reading a book for pleasure, or getting more than seventy in any course. They feel that they must give every appearance of avoiding an education, no matter how keen their appetites for learning may be. (I can't say that I blame them much, considering what kind of education they are offered.) They would be the joy of an Aristotelian sociologist, for they afford such good evidence of an unvarying class.

At the same time there is springing up a certain so-called looseness in morals which is very encouraging. It is not that found among our youth who, though loose enough, are all of the same pattern of looseness. It is that found among their elder brothers and sisters who no longer set to with certain classic rules to measure off virtue by the yard, but who attempt to judge each case on its own merits. A man's life is a unique thing, varying more or less from the norm; one can determine its variation; one can decide about the good or evil of that variation later on. Moral standards must be disintegrated and made relative to individual needs and capacities. In the old days there were certain signs of morality, like going to church, chastity, holding a steady job; and in some places men can still be arrested for atheism, unchastity, and loafing. But on the whole we tend to assume that the virtue of the old school, while good enough for the people who formulated it, is the height of evil for many others. The crimes that have been committed in the name of liberty are nothing when compared with those committed in the name of virtue. The only reason why the race has survived morality is, I imagine, that few have seriously attempted to do more than make others practice it.

What I say, to be sure, implies that society is not organic but is a collection of atoms, human beings, moving in orbits not necessarily harmonious. Some of our most enlightened thinkers when they come to the question of society still argue as if we were in a state of feudalism. How anyone can believe so and notice the actual strife which animates the achievement of social ideals, is another tribute to our human ability to believe what we wish to believe irrespective of evidence to the contrary.

Perhaps the most impressive example of the shift of which I am writing is found in the courts. Our classic figure of Justice is a goddess blindfolded, treating all individuals absolutely alike, as instances of a general law. To the classic Justice there can be no extenuating circumstances. There can be no partiality. Lately Justice has been peeking from under the bandage which covers her eyes to distinguish between children and adults; sometimes she treats women differently from men, and some women differently from others. She will, of course, be blamed for this, since she is no longer impartial; but in time it will probably be the proud boast of her worshippers that she treats no two individuals alike. At that date her statues will show her not blindfolded but equipped with a high-power microscope. If she carries a balance, it will be not to weigh the criminal but the peculiar conditions which brought him forth.

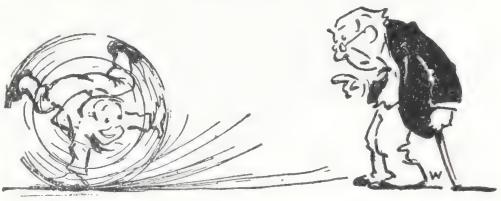
Characteristic of the two kinds of "classes" are two kinds of properties. Aristotelian classes are fixed, permanent, unified, and unchanging. For reasons which are too technical to be elaborated here, they cannot be conceived of as ever coming into being or ever passing away. They divide the universe into a

number of immutable parallel tunnels, in some of which are smaller tunnels but between which there are no passageways. Curiously enough, the classic mind abstracted these properties and became enamored of unity and permanence, and looked upon time and change as evil. Statistical classes, on the other hand, are loosely organized, inherently multiple, changing as new facts are added to those already learned. The knowledge they give us of things stands always in need of correction. We can never stop and say that we have learned all there is to know on any subject, whereas our forefathers could and did. We, too, have made abstractions and ideals of these traits in the Twentieth Century and do as much superstitious worship unto Variety and Change as our fathers did to their opposites. The human mind is very strange about this matter. Very few philosophers have ever dreamed that the nature of the universe might be bad. Thus when it was believed to be One and Eternal, Unity and the Everlasting were criteria of value; when it was discovered to be Many and Changing, Variety and Progress became the slogan. We seem to like to have a harmony between our metaphysics and our ethics and we usually wind up in basing our theology on both. The God of our fathers was one and immutable; our gods have become many and changing. If Aristotle and Einstein would have had a hard time bringing about a common basis of discussion, can you imagine the dialogue which would ensue between Martin Luther and H. G. Wells?

Whether the shift in logic has been a gain to civilization, no man can as yet say. In what does a gain to civilization consist? We have, of course, gained enormously in tolerance, we have been stimulated to discovery, we have made life much more of an adventure than was possible in classic times. Our fathers would have sneered at all this, as some of their descendants do. Can we deny that we have lost in the power of discipline, in clarity of thinking and precision of statement, and in a sense of order? It is difficult to resist the charm of the Middle Ages, the coherence of their culture, the intelligibility of what they thought and did. They were not messy and chaotic and emotional as we seem to be, and one is tempted to wish that such a society could be built on modern foundations. One has a longing for authority, not merely in religious matters but in artistic and ethical matters. They had it, we have lost it.

Such longing is obviously childish, like the longing of a tired old man for his boyhood. The old man cannot recover his youth but he can profit by his age. And I confess for one that I should like to see a few more social critics stop berating us and wailing over us, and point out exactly how we can capitalize the raw material which we have. We obviously are not going to revive primitive Christianity, lovely as that might be; we are going to continue in the same path that we are treading, oblivious of our critics. It would be agreeable to see a forecast of where that path is leading us. But the forecast must be made by a scientist and not by a prophet.

The Lion's Mouth



A WHEEL ROLLING BY ITSELF

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

"THE child," said Nietzsche, "is a wheel rolling by itself." I am not sure that I know what Nietzsche meant by that, but the image is happily suggestive. A wheel becomes detached from some moving vehicle and goes rolling down the highway. There's freedom for you! The wheel ambling along, gay, irresponsible, unconcerned, going nowhere in particular, manifestly having no connection with the useful services of civilization. It is not doing its share of the world's work. It is not helping to produce anything or to transport anything. It is not taking life seriously. What a comment upon the important business of getting somewhere!

Children often affect me that way. I know it is rash to write about children. One is likely to become sentimental and to spoil things with the touch of a sticky paw. The child, like maternal love, religion, and beauty, is a subject that is perhaps best taken for granted. Nevertheless, I am going to take the risk, so I repeat, children often affect me that way.

For example. Early one morning last spring I was out walking in Edgewood Park. I had gone out to look for birds, but birds were scarce and, in fact, I was worrying about the day's tasks. I dare say I presented to the world the puckered brow of the average distracted citizen. And then as I followed the course of the sluggish stream I came suddenly upon four children, three boys and a girl, who had been hidden from me by the bank. They were poking with a long stick at something in the water. One of the boys clambered up the bank and without preliminaries addressed me. "Do you want to see a dead cat?"

With that I awoke and found myself in the real world. "Is it a good cat?" I asked.

"Not very. Phew, what a stench!"

His laugh was enough to disinfect any stench. Well, he was right about the cat, but whether she was to be described as good, bad, or indifferent is unimportant. I had been admitted to that world where poking at the bloated corpse of a cat was a proper and absorbing occupation for a spring morning. I ceased to worry. For the rest of my walk I looked for birds with a fine careless rapture.

And then there was the episode of the mechanical tractor last Christmas. The man in the toy department who sold it to me assured me that it was unusually powerful. I passed on this information to the boys to whom I gave it. On Christmas morning they submitted it to various tests—none of them apparently sufficiently searching, for in the afternoon they carried it off to a neighbor's where experimental conditions might be more adequate.

A few hours later I heard the hall door burst open and then a triumphant shout. "Mother! Mother! We've been over to Edward's and Edward has a Bible that weighs six pounds and the tractor dragged it all over the floor. Just *think!* Six pounds!"

Needless to say, we *did* think. We

thought (though we did not say) that this was hardly the way to treat a Bible, especially when the Bible, as we knew, happened to be a Family Bible, venerable with age and sacrosanct not only as the Word of God but as containing the record of births, deaths, and marriages for I know not how many generations. We thought too that it was rough on Edward's grandmother, for she was concerned about the gaps in Edward's religious education and for the fate of his immortal soul, and no doubt in giving Edward access to the Sacred Volume she had hoped thereby to promote in him the growth of some tender spiritual shoots. A serious business, you see, any way you look at it. And yet . . . Oh, well, fill in the dots for yourself.



ON OUR WAY TO THE DOGS

BY PHILIP WAGNER

"HELEN," said I, as I leaned over the sink and applied myself assiduously to the supper dishes, "the younger generation is going to the dogs."

"I know it," sighed my still-loved bride of a couple of years. And as she replied she dried the other plate and placed it in the cupboard.

I handed her one of the saucers. "The whole country is going to the dogs, you know, and especially the younger generation. Do you remember that article we read awhile ago, about our decaying morale, or something like that?"

"Yes," she said.

"And didn't it say that American youth is going to the dogs?"

"Of course. Everybody says that."

"So we are going to the dogs—aren't we, kid?"

"Yes, dear," replied my wife.

"We should have been more grateful to our parents when we were younger—don't you think?"

"Yes—I guess so, dear."

"Young people don't appreciate their advantages the way they used to—do they, dear?"

"I'm afraid not, Philip."

"And we shouldn't have gone to so many dances while we were in college."

"Oh, I know it! The books and magazines are blaming everything on dances."

"And you know, Helen, I think you should start to wear a corset. Don't you know it is immodest to go without one? You probably lured me into marriage by not wearing one."

Helen looked at me doubtfully. "I'll buy one if you think we can afford it, Philip. But I don't think I could breathe, or I'd probably get a stomach-ache, if I wore one."

I paused, lifted my hands from the suds, and turned toward her.

"Do you suppose," I cried, "that we did wrong to sneak off and be married while we were still in college?"

"Why, of course we did! Don't you know that we were selfish, and failed to consider others, and were needlessly romantic, and all sorts of things? I read about it only the other day—let me see, where was it?—no self-control in the younger generation, lack of restraint, no proper respect for the conventions."

I plunged gloomily into the suds again.

"We should have waited," I grumbled, "until I had made a mark in the world."

"I know it. Didn't Dad tell me that no young people should *think* of marriage until they had an income of fifty dollars a week? Everybody says young people need plenty of money these days. The magazines say we're being brought up too extravagantly, Philip. I shouldn't have had such a big allowance for clothes, dear, while I

was in college; and your father shouldn't have let you take the car so much. It gave us such expensive tastes, Philip."

"I know it," I sighed. "Here we've been married for two years and we aren't up to that fifty-dollar minimum yet. Haven't we been miserable! Not even a private bathroom."

"Yes, and all those expensive tastes, dear. Oh! do you suppose we can get a second-hand Ford in the spring? The country is so beautiful around here in the spring, Philip. And there isn't a decent swimming place within five miles."

"Well—maybe we can, if we go to the movies less. That dancing's too expensive, anyway. It was a dollar thirty-five counting the tip, last week."

The dishes done and put away, we went into the living room of our little apartment. In fairness to this box of a room I should say that it is also our vestibule, our library, our dining room, our bedroom, our music room, Helen's boudoir, and our drawing-room. For fifteen minutes we held consultation on plans for the evening. But our schedule had been arranged, at least in part, for us. Eight pairs of my socks, all containing holes, beckoned from their basket under the desk.

"Oh, I suppose I've got to do those damn socks," sighed my wife.

"Don't say 'damn,' kid! Suppose a magazine writer heard you! He'd just have another piece of evidence against the younger generation. However, here's a cigarette."

"Oh!" she laughed. "You mustn't give me cigarettes, Philip! Suppose a magazine writer saw you doing it!"

So we lighted cigarettes, and settled down, Helen to do my socks for me, I to read Anatole France aloud.

For an hour and a half we read in *La Reine Pédauque*, finding, as people will in these sinful days, much amusement in the Abbé Coignard's sly digs at his Church.

"I am afraid religion must be losing its hold on the younger generation," sighed Helen, drying the tears of laughter from her sinful young eyes.

"Oh, yes," I replied. "All the magazines say so, too."

Perhaps it was because the knowledge of our sinfulness lay heavy upon us, perhaps it was because Helen had finished the socks, thereby bringing a natural pause in the evening's quiet progress, that we decided to leave the fat old Abbé's company for the time being.

"Let's read a little more *Pickwick*," suggested Helen. "I'll read awhile, if your throat's tired."

So Helen read to me awhile, and our consciences were eased as we laughed (quite as hard as we had with the Abbé) at the Wellers, old and young.

When in the natural flowing on of time ten-thirty came along, we arose and looked out of the window. No cloud blurred the soft brilliance of the sky. A great round, white-gold moon gave a gentle beauty even to the telephone poles on our little side street. Up over the roofs, and far away, the stars blinked their eternal queer little pink and green and yellow blinks. All was quiet. Even the interminable come and go of noisy trolley cars seemed for the moment to have ceased. A sense of the vastness of space, and of our unimportance in the vast scheme compounded of time and space, came down upon us, and we did not speak.

Finally Helen slipped out from under my arm. "Let's go out for a little walk," she said. "It's a nice night."

When we returned there was cocoa left from supper, which only needed reheating, and some bread and butter and some jam which Helen had concocted in a moment of inspiration from strawberries and currants. We ate our late supper slowly.

"I should have enjoyed the walk if I had had a fur coat, and if we had been able to take it in a nice big roadster," said Helen—and grinned at me.



LIVING OFF THE LAND

BY ETHEL STURTEVANT

I HAVE just refused a cup of water to a thirsty wayfarer on a hot noonday. If anybody had told me last year, or even this spring, or indeed at any time in my life previous to the day on which the turnpike traffic was detoured over our secluded back road, that I should do such a thing I should have been not only incredulous but angry. I should have considered myself insulted by prognostication.

I saw him coming. He had turned his car into our lane, thereby blocking it very neatly for any exigency of our own. Meanwhile his female adjuncts, stout, drab-colored, and clad in the scant one-piece dresses with rat-tail belts which something has taught me to recognize as the national costume of the American Woman, were distributing themselves and their lunch along the fence.

I heard the clink of the front-gate latch, then a knock. I had already made up my mind. I was waiting. The warning helped me to steel my nerve. When I went to the door he met me with the air of a godlike stranger at my gates. He was bald and in his shirt sleeves. My heart quivered nervously. Confound the tyranny of folkways! But I did it! With my most ingratiating air I told him that we had decided not to accommodate people any more, that we could not run a free-service station, and that there was a nice little store just a quarter of a mile beyond where on a pleasant, breezy balcony over the river he could drink anything he might lawfully crave. He departed, looking surprised. Evidently he felt the force of folkways, too.

That was noon. Just a moment ago—it is a little after two and still hotter—a car drew up under the front fence, within the very sound of this typewriter. (We no longer expect to see someone we know.) Four people emerged, two men in their shirt sleeves, two women in the national costume. The women pulled down their dresses as they got out of the car and fixed each other's collar as if they were coming to call. I heard one of the men say, with the large relaxed air of a man about to be satisfied, that of course those ice cream sodas never did you any good; there was nothing like a drink of cool water. The women approached my window across the fence, they also, like the other, with the air of divine visitant. Could they have a drink of water? they asked confidently. I repeated my line. I had it all nicely by rote now, and my heart was less noticeable. When I painted the charms of the little store they said, Yes but those things don't quench your thirst, you know. I refrained from informing them that ice water keeps cold in a thermos bottle. Nor to their tentative assertion that the turnpike was sunny did I suggest that it was not my fault that they had gone driving on a hot afternoon. They had got out a lunch, but they went on presently.

Now the way to our well lies down a hot path through the garden. In weather like this I make sudden sallies, not more than three a day if I can help it. The bucket operates laboriously with a windlass. We can't let the visiting gods manage it themselves because in the first place our well, like any other worth having, is our refrigerator. The rope on the southeast corner carries a pail containing any meat or fish we have on hand. The rope on the northeast supports the cream. It requires a certain amount of skill to steer a bucket up without putting our precious water supply out of commission altogether. In the second place, these travelers never know how to treat a well. I have seen them take a sip out of a glass and throw the rest back down the well. They will wash their hands in the bucket if you don't stop them. They will drink out of

it and drop it down again. Some of them call for a pitcher and glasses, others for a pail to water the car, still others for all three. If there are any utensils lying about they take them without asking. They swarm all over the place, two carfuls at a time. That we have what some one has happily called "orchard plumbing" suggests to their minds that we operate a public comfort station. They simply spread out and make themselves at home. The last party I escorted down that burning path to the well felt so stimulated by the refreshment that they wandered into a neighbor's yard and blandly picked a large bouquet of her pink ramblers. It was then that I repudiated the whole Samaritan tradition!

What brings me to my conclusion is that these people are not in any way fitted to be objects of commiseration. Their cars are good, usually representing the Buick stage of prosperity. (I have not yet refreshed a Packard or a Rolls-Royce, although they constantly slip past the house with a soft rush of sound that has reconciled me to the unequal distribution of wealth.) Our nuisances provide themselves with generous lunches if one may judge by the amount and quality of the garbage we periodically remove from the front of our house. Nor can they plead a dearth of accommodations, for there are accessible railroad stations every twenty miles along the route, and our turnpike, no exception to the general character of such highways as featured in cartoons, stretches out a long "midway" of gas pumps, service stations of every kind, tea houses, road houses, restaurants, and soft-drink bars. Motorists say that garages do not charge for water. And if it is true that soft drinks fail to quench thirst, it is no less true that custom imposes free water with ice cream. Perhaps these are thrifty folk who prefer not to pay for the ice cream. Perhaps I ought to recognize a sincere compliment to my house whose elm-shaded door yard on a breezy hill does look tempting, I grant. Or the fact that our acquaintances along the turnpike itself do not suffer from these visitations may suggest a gentler reason. Perhaps even a half-mile detour bears the jaded turnpikers into regions so romantically alien as to make them feel that in permitting us to wait on them they are bringing some thrilling variety, some element of adventure into the monotonous lives of isolated country folk. Or it may be that they are the class-conscious missionaries of a higher culture. This explanation was indicated by a shrill tired voice which bore to my awakened ears one night from the crowd tinkering with a stranded car, "Say, how far are we from civilization?" And it would account for the air of conferring a favor which they do so inexplicably wear, every one of them! But the truth, I fear, is that folkways and Christian ethics, indistinguishable I suppose by this time, have made parasites of the race. They have taught us to sponge on Samaritanism.

If that is the case we ought immediately as social beings to convert ourselves to philosophical rationalism. I, therefore, propose that we subject our folkways to the cold scrutiny of reason and that we scrap all the Christian virtues and begin over again.



MURDER TRIALS AND ELECTIONS

BY CLARENCE DAY, JR.

THE other day, in a page of editorials, I found two crying evils which the editor was holding up under our noses, like babies, to look at. (To smell of it was more his idea. He said they smelled to heaven.) One evil was the apathy the public displays at elections. The other was the excessive interest this same public shows at a murder trial. The editor was angrily pointing out that this was deplorable,

and that he and his newspaper, therefore, felt bound to deplore it. He went even farther and said something ought to be done about it. But the only suggestion he could think of was that the public should change.

If this can be done it will solve the whole problem, of course. But in case that editor doesn't find it practicable to change human nature it might be a good idea to begin at the other end of the problem. My suggestion is, don't change the public; change our arrangements instead. They are the clothes, as it were, of the public, and they can sometimes be altered.

If we approach the problem from this other direction it becomes very simple. The proper solution would appear to be somewhat as follows: Murder trials should not be decided by a jury but by popular vote. And elections should not be decided by popular vote but by a jury.

Let us consider the reasons for suggesting this remedy. The editor described clearly and correctly what the situation is now. People are getting less and less interested in elections. They won't go to the polls. But they follow a great murder trial closely. Hence, they would all vote on that. Nobody would have to urge them to drop in their ballots when the trial closed—they would ask nothing better than to have a say about a good murder.

We won't read political speeches that run over a paragraph, but we eagerly read pages and pages of murder-trial testimony. We don't have strong opinions on politics; we do about killings. We argue about a murder even at breakfast. The first thing in the morning we are trying to figure out who is guilty and how much he should be punished. But who seeks a solution at breakfast of a political muddle? It is only our conscience that awakes us when political muddles confront us. But our interest in murder is spontaneous, not conscientious.

"Voting heavy on the Hall-Mills murder case," the papers would say. "Early returns indicate that Senator Simpson is guilty by a majority of 31,000,000." If there were a delay of twenty-four hours or so, while country districts were heard from, it would only prolong the suspense and make the occasion more thrilling. But delays in political elections—due to the popular vote—are exasperating.

And consider the great advantages of deciding an election by jury. The jury system is only a makeshift way of deciding a murder case, but as a method of settling elections it is simply ideal. Every year, instead of putting millions and millions of ears at the mercy of orators, twelve men would be chosen by lot to listen for all the electorate. These human sacrifices would be locked up in a lecture hall and kept there throughout the campaign, and every candidate would be given a key so that he could go in and make speeches to them. He wouldn't have to wear out his throat either, as he does now, making the same old speech over and over—unless he himself wished to. If he did, he should, of course, have that privilege. Give him plenty of rope. As a compensation to the jury for their hardships, they could be pensioned for life. Even with this expense added, a campaign would cost far less than at present.

Our jury system is a valuable heritage, our great jurists tell us; it is the most sound and dependable way of deciding things. Very well, let us use it. It would be quite as representative of the popular will as the vote. Each juryman would see every candidate as well as hear all his arguments. That would make the new custom more thorough. It would be democratic, yet dignified. And on Election Day, instead of thousands of polling places, voting machines, clerks, and watchers, and a long and elaborate count of a whole nation's ballots, the jury would merely retire for an hour or so and announce the result.



Editor's Easy Chair



"SUN SPOTS AND POLITICS"

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

WHILE the fundamentalists are fighting science the best they know how—which is not very well—the scientists seem to be turning considerably to religion. At the convention of the American Association for the Advancement of Science, which sat through the turn of the year at Philadelphia, some of the members gave their imaginations unusual scope, as when Director Curtis of Allegheny Observatory, lecturing with a lantern slide that showed the galaxies of stars, contributed the conviction that man's spirit is as immortal as the universe he inhabits. It is not a new thing for astronomers to have pious thoughts. All their studies lead them to that and, indeed, the most religious of all spectacles and the one that most binds the human spirit to the idea of God and the after life is the sight of the sky on a starlit night.

Maybe the newspapers gave disproportionate attention to the more spiritual suggestions of the scientists. They made a great deal, for example, of the paper of Professor Tchijevsky of Moscow, who anticipates great disturbance during the next two years in our terrestrial home as a consequence of intense sun-spot activity. That is not exactly a pious thought but at least it has to do with celestial influences. All great world-ructions, this Russian observer said, had followed these periods of sun-spot activity. The periods come in eleven-year cycles: three years of minimum excitability of human beings, two years of increasing excitability, three years of maximum excitability, and then three years of decline to the minimum that closes the cycle. This year and until 1929 the period of sun-spot activity now going on attains its maximum "with resulting human activity of the highest historical importance which may again change the political chart of the world." The more so, he says, because this maximum coincides with the maxima of two other periods of sixty and thirty-five years.

Mr. Tchijevsky's notion is that all human beings are creatures of the sun and its vast electrical power, and that they behave as they do, not for the reasons they imagine, but because the sun influences them. His studies, it seems, have been very extensive, and the mere digest of his theories runs to thirty pages, so that the newspapers gave comparatively little of them; but even that little is interesting. The world does get very crazy at times. Persons not yet killed by motor cars may recall the year 1912 when there was such a curious quiver of behavior and such an extraordinary craze for dancing. That may well have been one of the preliminary periods of the sun-spots cycle which introduced the Great War.

One would like to have some competent person investigate Mr. Tchijevsky's theory, except that anybody considered competent to investigate anything usually does not believe it. It is the incompetent who have belief, though it is

true that the competent are improving in that respect. The idea of the influence of the sun on human dispositions and behavior is really not so crazy. It is credible enough that sun spots are a part of the game in which we hold cards, and it is more credible in this decade than it used to be that there is some sense in astrology. Astrology undertakes to determine the influence of heavenly bodies upon human behavior. When one reads that in April Uranus and Saturn "will force changes by making old ways and ideas impossible," it does not sound quite so fantastic as it used to. We are so accustomed nowadays to the notion that the world is changing that we can even look with indulgence upon suggestions about the means by which the changes come to pass. Throughout the year, says a newspaper astrologer, "there will be reverberations of the gathering of the scientists interested in psychics held at Clark University in December, and prevailing materialistic conceptions will be abated. Don't imagine this suggests revolution, because mental changes of any kind move imperceptibly. You simply get up one morning with a different feeling about things to which formerly you were either antagonistic or favorable."

THE idea that force is exerted only by visible and physical means does not go so strong as it used to. We are getting more familiar with the idea of powerful and important forces that are imponderable, invisible, and very imperfectly understood. Rays are going strong in this generation. Sixty years ago people did not count much on rays, but this Russian informant's sun-spot theory—that's rays. Radio is rays. Magnetism is a kind of ray, and nobody seems to know enough about electricity to make it dangerous for anybody else to classify that as a ray. Healing is done increasingly by rays. The spirit doctors work with them—at least so one is told—and no incarnate doctor's shop is fully furnished nowadays without a ray machine of some sort.

Telepathy is almost accepted as a fact, which means that it is accepted by some people whose acceptance is respected. Gilbert Murray, the poet and professor, a particularly honored person whom Harvard University just at this writing has borrowed from Oxford, has himself experimented with it and seems to think well of it. Telepathy is the transfer of ideas from one mind to another without the use of visible, audible, or other known physical means. Doctor Murray, as reported in the papers some time ago, seemed persuaded that such a transfer of thought is made. Well if it is, what makes it? What is the process? Something must go from one mind to another. There you get rays again. The mind seems to give out a substance. We have to think in terms of substance. Light is a substance. Thought is a substance. Will is a substance. Spirit is a substance. Our learned brethren doubtless have other names for these things and doubtless better ones. But it does seem to be that these influences give out various kinds of rays made of something; that healing is done in that way; that the arts of great orators and great actors are connected with an ability to produce rays and shoot them out.

There is a lot to learn about these matters. We have got far enough to think that much. What an orator or an actor may do in producing emotion or affecting the feelings, a book, a picture, a piece of music will often do. Maybe books and pictures and written music are storage batteries. They certainly hold what is put into them in a fashion truly remarkable.

Mr. H. G. Wells seems to be of the opinion that more is going on than usual. He is putting out a line of newspaper articles about "The Way the World Is Going" and declares in his announcement of them that there is a biological revolution in progress of far profounder moment than any French or Russian Revolution that ever happened. He denies the unchangeableness of human life. The facts, he says:

come dripping in to us, here a paragraph in a newspaper, there a book, now a chance remark; we are busy about our personal affairs and rarely find time to sit back and consider the immense significance of the whole continuing process.

Mr. Wells is not an urgent supporter of the *status quo* in this world. No doubt he looks forward cheerfully to fundamental changes. One would rather trust him though as a forecaster of change than as an accurate estimator of what will finally be produced. The urgency of the Russian gentleman's sun spots will decline in two or three years; but while they are working, Mr. Wells is an excellent man to observe their influence on human affairs.

WHOM will the sun spots work for, Smith or Coolidge? That is the political question which may well engage the minds of our politicians. These gentlemen, Governor Smith and President Coolidge, are at present our foremost political figures. Mr. Coolidge stands for prosperity, dividends, and the *status quo*. Governor Smith stands predominantly for revolt. His strength is that he attracts the attention, and so considerably the admiration, of people who do not like the way things are going in the United States. If there are to be no changes of great moment Mr. Coolidge is almost an ideal President for us. Everybody whose dividends are satisfactory and whose political thought is first of all for them ought to be pleased with Mr. Coolidge and want to keep him as long as possible. But people who, on the whole, do not think that current life is what it ought to be, and want someone as dissimilar from Coolidge as it is safe to follow, are very observant of Alfred Smith at present. He is far from being a revolutionary character. He is not despondent, not disgruntled, not particularly rebellious, not excessively ambitious. To people who are dissatisfied with our relations to the world outside of the United States he has so far had almost nothing to say.

Mr. Coolidge has confined himself as much as possible to the world within the United States, but as President he has not been able to escape concerns outside of our borders. But Alfred Smith has lived and moved and had his political being not merely within the United States but within the State of New York. As his political reputation all rests upon his public service in that one State, it is the more remarkable how big a reputation it is. It is big because his service to New York has made people familiar with his personality, made them see in him powers that they have admired and qualities that they have trusted. All the same, the reaching out towards him as a candidate of voters who are neither Irish nor Catholic—which of course may not survive for another year—is one expression of a great discontent. To people who do not like the way that life is going here now, or the agents who are directing it, Alfred Smith and his ideas and his behavior are attractive by contrast. When the Protestant Churches have done themselves great damage by their squabbles and their blind support of Prohibition, here is Al Smith, a Catholic, and a Wet! He might be both, of course, and have no political strength, but, as it is, he exemplifies for many people a better understanding of life, a better practice of living, a much greater ability in public service and a much more Christianized spirit than the more active reformers and drink-fighters among the Protestants.

Nothing accounts for him. Not that he is a man of the people, born poor; not that he is a Catholic; not that he is Irish (and one hears he is only half Irish). Nothing about his religion or his raising explains him. Evidently he was born so —able, observing, reasoning, conciliating, charming. Somehow he must have good rays shot into him. A great talent is Governor Smith, apparently a first-class actor was lost when he went into politics. If he runs for President against Mr. Coolidge there will be a complete contrast of candidates and, presumably, of backers.

It would be very interesting. It is almost inconceivable that he could win a presidential election next year, but it would be a great entertainment to have him try.

NEXT year! Next year! How much will happen before next year? A great deal of trouble is making of one kind or another. Nicaragua, what of that? Mexico, what of Mexico?

Saul is again among the Prophets. Mr. Hearst has come out for the co-operation of the English-speaking nations in keeping the peace of the world. Politics does make strange bed-fellows. Perhaps it has dawned on Mr. Hearst that we should be friendly with at least one family in this world.

Would the nations like us any better if Alfred Smith were President? They might. He has very winning ways, that man, and there is no reason why he should not have a first-class Secretary of State, a gentleman, to wit, who ran for President last time. Would he wish to send Cardinal O'Connell as Ambassador to London? He might. He seems to think well of Cardinals. But probably he would not, and if he did the Senate would hardly back him. No great harm, however, if he did, but some entertainment and enormous indignation.

But with the prospect of such active sun spots it is extraordinarily difficult to see far ahead. One can see that Prohibition has got to be overhauled and greatly improved. One can see how ominously the Protestant Churches have strayed away from their fundamental obligation to keep liberty alive in the souls of men. One can see that our relations with the rest of mankind are not altogether what they ought to be. One can see that our world is by way of being stood on its head and that a lot of processes of improvement are ahead of us which we may not like. One can see that there is a lot to be done but not who is going to do it.

Business, they tell us, will be good again hereabouts this year, and yet they gently intimate that last year was high tide for business, and that prosperity, so much extolled, is passing its peak. Perhaps it won't be unmixed evil to have prosperity sit down and rest a little. Seasons have their value, and where it is always summer people get lazy. Besides that, prosperity is expensive to the less prosperous. Prices get adjusted to larger fiscal abilities. Merchants usually charge what buyers are willing to pay. When briarwood pipes go to seven dollars for just a fair one, prosperity seems a bit sarcastic.

How rich it is expedient to be has never been determined either for individuals or for nations. What is plain enough is that there is a relation between means and duty. Also, that riches are a test and trial of character. That is just as much true of nations as it is of men or women. If you have, you must do, on peril of rotting if you don't. If what you ought to do is beyond your ability though not beyond your income that is bad luck. Our country has great power. That is obvious. It seems as yet to be deficient in means to apply that power to the needs of the world. Industrially it does so more or less. Politically it does not. Spiritually it does not seem just at present to be cutting much ice, and yet there is spiritually power enough in the United States if only it can be started. It may be that our great problem this year is the problem of unused powers, and possibly that provision of sun-spot rays, which the Russian scientist predicts, may get us going again. We seem to need something with a kick in it: we really do. Internationally our years of probationary prohibition have been far from glorious.

Personal and Otherwise

THERE is much harsh criticism nowadays of American manners, culture, and morals. On the whole this criticism is desirable; some of it is highly valuable. Yet in the midst of the chorus of lamentation it is refreshing occasionally to hear from someone who really thinks there is hope for these United States after all. We are glad to give an opportunity to ***William Allen White,*** widely beloved editor and proprietor of the *Emporia Gazette*, author of *A Certain Rich Man* and other novels, biographer of Woodrow Wilson and Calvin Coolidge, and wise and liberal observer of the American scene, to set forth the reasons for his fundamental faith.

Nephew of the former Lord High Chancellor, ***J. B. S. Haldane*** is a distinguished English biologist. He was formerly reader in biological chemistry at Cambridge University, and has written two books in the "Today and Tomorrow Series," *Daedalus* and *Callinicus*. Last March he was represented in HARPER'S by a delightful essay "On Being the Right Size." This month he contributes a daring speculation based on the data of modern science.

Since the war ***Charles Nordhoff,*** who, like his friend, James Norman Hall, was an aviator and wrote brilliantly of his experiences on the Western Front, has been living (again like Mr. Hall) in Tahiti. Now and then he sends us a chapter of his South Sea observations; the most recent was "Man Monday's Fishing," published last June.

The modern physician must be both scientist and artist. Sometimes the two techniques seem to be conflicting, and there are signs that many physicians have made the mistake of abandoning one for the other. How they may be reconciled is shown by Doctor ***George Draper,*** who has done much laboratory work at the Rockefeller Institute and elsewhere, and now directs the Constitution Clinic at the Presbyterian Hospital in New York. Doctor Draper comes naturally by his appreciation of both the scientific and the artistic method: his father was an eminent physician, his brother Paul was a concert singer, his sister Ruth is known throughout the country for her remarkable monologues.

Again Father Brown appears in our pages just in time to solve a criminal problem, and ***G. K. Chesterton,*** essayist, poet, biographer, critic, and novelist, adds another proof of his versatility. "The Red Moon of Meru" and other stories which have appeared in HARPER'S will be included in a new volume of Mr. Chesterton's Father Brown stories, which will be published this year.

K. K. Kawakami gives us an opportunity to see how the foreign policy of the United States looks to his Japanese compatriots. Needless to say, his interpretation of events and policies is his own, not ours; but we believe his article will be enlightening to those who are willing to see their country as others see it. Mr. Kawakami came to America from Japan in 1901. In his native country he had been a newspaper man with socialistic leanings; some of the radicals who were executed in 1910 for *lèse majesté* were his friends and associates. Now, however, he frequently visits Japan, and finds, he says, that the police no longer regard him as dangerous. He lives in Washington and is the Washington representative of the Osaka Mainichi Publishing Company, which publishes the *Osaka Mainichi* and the *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi*, both conservative daily papers.

Henry Noble MacCracken, President of Vassar College since 1915, writes frankly at our request on modern parents, wise and foolish, as college officials see them. We commend his observations to parents, to daughters, and (for that matter) to sons.

"Shades of George Sand!" is the work of ***Ellen Du Pois Taylor,*** whose novel, *One*

Crystal and a Mother just published, has already won the following very unusual praise from Ford Madox Ford: "I have been reading manuscripts, as you know, for ages past and I certainly never came across a first, or an early, novel that had one-half its brilliance, its insight into life or its power to intrigue a reader. . . . I cannot imagine where she got her talent from, but there it is, authentic and undeniable—and her knowledge of life comes only second to her talent." Last month Mrs. Taylor made her first appearance in HARPER'S with a story entitled "Nostalgia." Like the heroines of both stories, she is a native of Dakota. She has done newspaper work in Chicago; at present she is in Europe.

The anonymous author of "Why I Quit Business" sailed for France shortly after making his vital decision. On shipboard he wrote out, largely for his own satisfaction, his reasons for taking the step. It occurred to him that others might be interested in them, and so he sent the article to us.

It is a sheer coincidence that this issue of HARPER'S MAGAZINE involves two very different men with almost identical names: William Allen White as author of the leading article, and Doctor William Alanson White as the subject of ***Elizabeth Shepley Sergeant's*** skillful portrait. Miss Sergeant, a frequent contributor, sketched Doctor Alice Hamilton in our May, 1926, issue. Both portraits are included in a volume entitled *Fire Under the Andes*, to be published shortly by Knopf.

With the final story of the month, "Amateur," ***Margaret Culkin Banning*** returns to fiction after writing for our February issue an article on "The Lazy Thirties." Mrs. Banning, who lives in Duluth, is the author of several novels, the most recent of which is *The Women of the Family*.

Josef Bard, an Austrian now living in Berlin, has long been interested in European social and economic conditions, and is now writing a book on the European mind, of which "Why Europe Dislikes the Jew" is to be a part. Doctor Bard has had considerable newspaper experience, and his wife, Dorothy Thompson, is the Berlin representative of the Public Ledger Syndicate.

In the December issue ***Jesse R. Sprague,*** writing on "Big Business on Trial," condemned as a source of real danger to our prosperity the go-getting methods prevalent in American business. Now he shows how ill-adapted these methods are to business in the foreign field. Mr. Sprague has had varied experience: he began his business career at sixteen in a village jewelry store, turned salesman, went into business for himself in 1900 at Newport News, and later operated a retail store at San Antonio. Now he is giving his time to writing.

George Boas of the Philosophy Department at Johns Hopkins wrote the amusing sketch entitled "The Professor Dines Out" which we printed last June.

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Countee Cullen is the young colored poet of Harlem who recently won the Harmon Award for the most outstanding achievement in poetry made during 1926 by a member of his race. His first volume of verse, *Color*, has already reached a sale of six thousand copies. He wrote the first of the two sonnets which we publish this month while he was taking a post-graduate year of study in English at Harvard after graduating with honors from New York University. He has recently joined the editorial staff of *Opportunity*. The other poet of the month, ***Edmund Blunden,*** is an Englishman who has published several volumes of verse, won the Hawthornden Prize in 1922, was formerly on the editorial staff of the London *Athenaeum*, and is now professor of English literature at Tokyo University.

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The Lion's Mouth contributors are ***Charles A. Bennett,*** associate professor of philosophy at Yale and author of the article on "Freedom vs. Compulsion in Religion" in our November issue and of many a Lion's Mouth paper; ***Philip Wagner*** of Schenectady, New York, who, being only two years out of college, has a good right to poke fun at the critics of the younger generation; ***Ethel Sturtevant,*** whose protest at the tyranny of the motorist comes to us from Waterford, Connecticut; and ***Clarence Day, Jr.,*** an ever

welcome contributor, best known, perhaps, for his delightful book, *This Simian World.*

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Ellen Emmet Rand, A.N.A., has long been one of the ablest portrait painters in the country. "Antoinette," one of her most recent studies, was shown in the large exhibit which she held this winter at the Grand Central Galleries.

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We sent word several weeks ago to nearly two hundred American colleges and universities that the Harper Intercollegiate Literary Contest, held for the first time last year, with great success, will be repeated this year under slightly revised conditions, and that the closing date for the mailing of manuscripts to the Magazine is March 5, 1927.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE offers a First Prize of $500, a Second Prize of $300, and a Third Prize of $200 for the best pieces of prose written by undergraduates in American colleges and universities. The manuscript which wins First Prize will be published in the Magazine. The Judges who will make the selections will be Henry Seidel Canby, Elinor Wylie, and William McFee.

The conditions are as follows:

1. Manuscripts, to be eligible, must be the original work of enrolled students in any of the *undergraduate* departments of American colleges and universities. They must be written in prose, but may be stories, essays, articles, or any other form of prose work suitable for magazine publication. Translations or adaptations are ineligible. The limit of length is 7,000 words in the case of stories, 4,000 in the case of articles, essays, etc. Manuscripts which have been published elsewhere than in a college magazine or newspaper are ineligible; but the fact that a manuscript has been published in a college magazine or college newspaper shall not exclude it from consideration. It is understood that, subject to the above conditions, manuscripts written as themes in English courses, or for college papers, or otherwise shall be equally eligible. No competitor may submit more than one manuscript.

2. The manuscripts shall be mailed to INTERCOLLEGIATE LITERARY CONTEST, HARPER'S MAGAZINE, 49 East 33rd Street, New York City, *not later than midnight on March 5, 1927.* Each manuscript shall be typewritten, shall bear the name and address of the author, and shall be accompanied by a self addressed envelope bearing sufficient stamps for the return of the manuscript. Manuscripts mailed later than midnight on March 5, 1927, will be disqualified.

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Last month we were compelled to omit, owing to lack of space, several replies to and comments upon R. Le Clerc Phillips's article, "The Problem of the Educated Woman," which seemed to us to deserve publication. Even at this late date we think we should make room for some of them. Here is a passage from a letter protesting at the emphasis placed by Miss Phillips on the "desiccated" instructors at women's colleges:

> May I speak, instead, of another type of teacher, a type which is found in nearly every school? Countless women, not unattractive, discover on leaving college that they are directly prepared only for teaching, that they have not the funds for further study, and that to earn a living they must work. Since the profession of teaching is relentless, they give years of toil to establish their reputations. They are not in a society where unmarried men abound. Of course, many women, when they see the life of books and of spinsterhood (I hate the word) closing upon them, toss those books aside and make for the city and another kind of work. Nevertheless, hundreds of other women, through force of circumstance, cannot so blithely seek new worlds, not manless, to conquer. Theirs is the harder task—that of knowing the years ahead will not bring them the home they long for; that of living, not bitterly, but graciously and sympathetically; that of "playing the game" as they find it. Such women will always have mother-hearts and a mother love that leads them to do their work, not for science, not for art, but perhaps for the children who are theirs only in dreams.
>
> Thus the truly educated woman teacher is a "problem" not so much to the world as to herself. Her adjustment to life is most difficult. She must sacrifice what she instinctively craves, and, because her work will not be successful if she is disheartened, she must sacrifice—gaily.

One of the most unusual letters called forth by Miss Phillips's paper came to us from a girl who belongs—or fears she will

belong—to the class just mentioned. She is not eager for marriage, she told us, but she is teaching in a "two-by-four" girls' denominational college, and finds that in this community her chance for even "a congenial friendship with a thoroughly intellectual man is just exactly *nil*. . . . I want really to live, and normal life has shut the door in my face."

As a well-rounded reply, we publish the following from Doctor Helen Leland Witmer of the University of Minnesota:

Malthus outwitted: that was my first and flippant conclusion when I read Miss Phillips's article on "The Problem of the Educated Woman." But one glance at the fur-coated, rouged co-eds in the midwestern university library in which I read her article dispelled any such illusion. May I point out a few of the places where I think Miss Phillips goes astray?

1. The "printed collection of addresses" to which she refers rings strangely familiar. Methinks I went to that college myself for a time. *But* of the 128,677 girls in college in 1920, so says the report of the Department of the Interior, over three-fourths were in co-ed institutions and open to many other influences than the "purely exalted aspects of human nature." Nor do I remember many in this "most famous women's college" who took their president's Commencement addresses and their women professors' examples and precepts too seriously.

2. But I am warned that the article does not deal with the girls who merely go to college but solely to those who go for purely intellectual purposes. Heaven forbid the mark! In college and out, that type, male or female, is, I fear, as rare as she is unwanted by the opposite sex. If, however, Phi Beta Kappa's and Ph.D.'s and the like mark the intellectual type, and fraternity pins and engagement rings masculine approval, I can see among the present graduate and undergraduate students no cause for Miss Phillips's alarm.

3. "The average man dislikes the unusually intelligent and exceptionally well-educated woman." Well, so does that young woman dislike the average young man. College girls as I know them on the whole consider marrying only college men. And I can see no inherent reason why the girls, being exposed to the same education as the men, should dislike third-rate plays and ninth-rate novels while the men should like them. As a matter of fact the majority of them, girls and men both, prefer the *Post* to the *Dial*.

4. The high correlation between physical unattractiveness and college brilliance is, if my eyes deceive me not, much more an illusion of the nineteenth century cartoonist than a reality. For proof of which I can only refer Miss Phillips to the college annuals.

5. And again the problem of careers, which here are said to produce "faded faces and diminished vitality." As though anything were more productive of those characteristics than childbearing! Faded faces are our common lot, I fear; at least until the monkey glands become more effective.

No, I cannot agree. Even the "revolt of youth" seems to me to be more against marriage than against the lack of it.

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The O. Henry Memorial Prize for the best short story by an American author published in an American magazine in 1926 has been awarded to Wilbur Daniel Steele for "Bubbles," which appeared in HARPER'S MAGAZINE for last August. Readers who enjoyed the extraordinary artistry of that story will join us in congratulating Mr. Steele on being honored once more by the O. Henry Committee. It will be recalled that in 1921 the Committee gave him a special award for maintaining the highest level of merit among American short stories during the three preceding years; that he won second prize in 1919; and that last year his HARPER story, "The Man Who Saw Through Heaven," was adjudged by the Committee one of the two best stories of the year.

It is with deep regret that we record the untimely death of Harry S. McKever, Eastern Advertising Manager of HARPER'S MAGAZINE, who succumbed to pneumonia on January 13, 1927, at his home in Rutherford, New Jersey. Mr. McKever had been with the House of Harper since 1902. The Magazine feels acutely the loss of his indefatigable and fruitful services as an important member of the advertising staff, and all who came in contact with him, within the House and without, mourn him for his cheerful, friendly, and unselfish personal qualities.



SCHUYLER HOLLINGSWORTH

By Lilian Westcott Hale

Courtesy of the Grand Central Galleries

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SIN WITH A CAPITAL "S"

BY ELTON MAYO

THERE has been something of a campaign against youth recently —not so designed, of course, but tending inevitably to have such effect. In a plethora of magazines and newspapers youth has been accused of "moral revolt," of "flaming" more than youth has been accustomed to flame in the past. That some parents and middle-aged people are becoming anxious is shown by the fact that certain co-educational schools have quietly ceased to be co-educational because daughters have been withdrawn. I do not think that a reaction against the youthful spirit of adventure is generally typical of our time; I believe, on the contrary, that the present mature generation is making an effort to understand the youthful generation which is probably without historic parallel. But mental hygiene movements, juvenile courts, and social investigations have brought into the broad light of day many facts that were formerly hidden or conveniently ignored; and a scattered tendency to take cover is not surprising. While something of this is perhaps inevitable, it remains important that efforts to understand youth should be attended by as little relapse into opposition or coercion as is humanly possible.

It is only rarely that forty retains the spirit of adventure in thinking which is the special prerogative of twenty. At forty most people have become "careful" almost to the point of obsession; they tend to think that youth should be careful, too. Forty has achieved some kind of not necessarily satisfactory compromise, a compromise which includes a dim awareness of unrealized desires. These unrealized desires have deteriorated from their former high quality in a way that I shall subsequently discuss; they are often no more than the debris of misadventure. When such a one reads the reports of juvenile courts he tends to construct a scarecrow effigy of youth out of oddments selected from his deteriorated mental scrap-heap, and to re-order his attitude to youth accordingly. Even the churches are entangled in this situation, for though a church lasts through generations, a pastor does not. Like other men, the pastor passes from eager

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twenty to compromise at fifty: he is very apt at fifty to select a topic and order his discourse, guided not by capacity, but by incapacity to understand the rising generation. In such case he also produces a scarecrow effigy of Sin; and youth drifts out into the sunlight. For the effigy is a scarecrow indeed; the eager curiosity, the desire for companionship and high intimacy are all left out—the spirit of life itself is missing. A bachelor or vindictive celibate may deteriorate into believing that the only justification of high comradeship is that it is better to marry than to burn. But youth scorns dull compromises, youth believes it has a capacity to effect higher syntheses in living than its tutors. And youth is abundantly right, for this spirit is the very essence of civilization and morality.

We have, therefore, to essay the perhaps difficult task of envisaging the problems of youth as they actually are; we have to avoid, as far as possible, the mere opinions of middle age. There is no lack of material available for study; anthropology, psychology, and psychopathology have much to offer. Practically every primitive people recognizes the crisis of adolescence by a ceremonial initiation. The Christian churches all prescribe some form of confirmation which is designed to provide the individual with spiritual support and comfort. These, however, are only ritual recognitions of the fact; they contribute little or nothing to understanding of the intimate aspects of the adolescent struggle. Nevertheless, they constitute valuable evidence of the persistent nature of the special problems of adolescence, and for skilled investigation of these special problems one can turn to psychology and psychopathology. In the former of these two studies one finds small attention given in these days to the pioneering work of E. D. Starbuck in his *Psychology of Religion* or to the better-known work of William James in *The Varieties of Religious Experience.* It is true at least of the former of these that it has at no time attracted the attention it undoubtedly deserves. Published a quarter of a century ago, the book describes an empirical investigation of the mental changes of adolescence. Starbuck's conclusions are based upon a study chiefly of religious conversion in approximately fifteen hundred cases. His findings remain, even at this distance, surprising and illuminating.

He points out, for instance, that "conversion is a distinctively adolescent phenomenon." His figures show that the greatest number of conversions occur between the ages of thirteen and twenty. Before and after this period the numbers are, by comparison, so few that they can safely be ignored. His study becomes still more interesting when he proceeds to examine the intimate or inner characters of conversion and the adolescent crisis. He finds that the central fact in the mental crisis of puberty is "the sense of sin," "the other conditions are various manifestations of this, as determined, first, by differences in temperament, and second, by whether the ideal life or the sinful life is vivid in consciousness." This sense of sin is accompanied by mental depression or "dejection and sadness." When conversion occurs it "is a process of struggling away from sin, rather than of striving towards righteousness." Another interesting fact which Starbuck elicits with respect to the feeling of sinfulness is that it has very little relation to actual sinfulness. Where there has been actual "waywardness" the sense of sin is, of course, strong; but it is frequently almost as strong in those who have not been guilty of any serious infraction of the social code. There are a few instances in which the sense of sin is not strong in the pre-conversion period; individuals of this type complain of a "feeling of incompleteness." Briefly put, the characters which mark the adolescent crisis are: a conviction of sin; dejection and sadness; a feeling of incompleteness; a disturbed relation to the environment.

A contemporary medical journal, in reviewing his book, said, "Dr. Starbuck himself does not apparently realize the

full force of his work in the domain of psychiatry." And indeed it is to be doubted whether Starbuck knew that in describing the characters of the adolescent crisis he was also naming the symptoms of the obsessional disorders that appear usually somewhat later in life. (Obsession is a form of mental depression characterized by perpetual morbid preoccupation; work and sleep are alike impossible.) Had he realized this, he would have attempted to keep in touch with his conversion cases in order to discover something as to the continuing adequacy of the adjustment effected in adolescence. He does give figures indicating a relatively high number of "backsliders," especially in instances where the change from "storm and stress" to "joy and peace" had been sudden and remarkable. But he makes no attempt to follow up selected cases.

The interest of this question lies in the fact that clinical records show the greater number of cases of obsession to be of the nature of a postponed or revived adolescent crisis. Starbuck places the adolescent struggle between the ages of thirteen and twenty; obsessives begin to drift into the clinic at the age of twenty-five or thereafter. Many of them have had a religious period in youth, have been "converted" and have experienced a satisfaction which unfortunately diminished with the years. It is indeed possible to distinguish two types of obsessive attitude to religion. In the one type the individual is still clinging desperately to religious forms, although he has long ceased to derive any comfort from such observance. Of such a type was a woman who had elaborated a list of promises to God, a list so long that it took two sheets of paper to write them down. Being unable to live up to these promises continuously, she devised a form of occasional "holiday." The holiday was always terminated by a ritual pronunciation of the words "I promise." This brought the promises automatically into operation and the patient invariably collapsed. In the other type of case the individual has reacted against religion, though his attitude is not otherwise changed. A girl of thirty-three had in adolescence been an extremely devout "High Church" Episcopalian. At the time when her obsessive disorder demanded medical attention she had given up going to church; she was accustomed to cross the street to avoid meeting a clergyman; she also asserted that her various ills were all aggravated on Sundays. She had definitely reacted away from her early conversion—it had failed to clear her mind of obsessive doubts.

The chief symptoms of obsession are agonies of indecision—one does not know what agony of indecision means until one has encountered an obsessive—and doubt. The elaborate ceremonial performances, which so distress the sufferer and his friends, are secondary to the doubt and indecision. A young man drops a pencil; as he picks it up the thought occurs to him that perhaps it is not his, so he asks his companions, one by one, if the pencil is his. A student of mathematics is unable to mark a decimal point and gets into trouble with his instructor. A business executive is unable to sign his name to a check or letter if any other person is present. Individuals such as these develop elaborate rituals in all the ordinary affairs of living—rituals of hand washing, rituals of putting letters in envelopes, rituals of trying doors a definite number of times to see whether they are locked. These rituals complicate life immensely for the sufferer and his friends, and add to rather than diminish his misery. In all such cases one finds by talking with the individual that he suffers an appalling sense of sin, that his indecisions and doubts are determined by this conviction. It is not the sins he has done that distress him; it is the indefinable sin he might do. One such unfortunate when he went for a walk was in the habit of "letting his feet decide" which road he was to take. The burden of decision is the burden of possible sin. On one occasion the same man was asked

whether he would like to be transferred to another hospital. That night he lay upon his bed, tense and sleepless, for nine hours; it seemed to him that he had been called upon to make a decision. When the question was decided for him his condition immediately improved. The improvement was, of course, no more than temporary; he had merely evaded a decision and had not lightened his burden of Sin.

II

It is to Dr. Pierre Janet of Paris that we chiefly owe what understanding we have of obsession. Janet has pointed out in a variety of books, and with much illustrative case material, that the obsessive mental situation is not to be classified with dementia and hysteria as "abnormal" in the same sense of the term. In the latter ills, hysteria and dementia, the individual's capacity for being aware of a complex world about him has deteriorated or disintegrated, whereas in obsession this is not so. One can, therefore, approach a case of obsession, as one cannot a case of dementia, with some hope of finding that the situation can be described in terms of a psychology of the normal. Janet points out that it is, indeed, owing to their relatively normal mental integration that obsessive patients are so miserably aware of their difference and inferiority to normal people. The hysteric, he observes, is not so aware, nor is the dement; there must be a relatively normal degree of integration, as in obsession, for the conflict or inferiority to be felt.

But if obsessives are to be classified rather with normal persons than with "mental cases" in respect of their awareness of the reality about them, the question as to what ails them becomes urgent. It is here that Janet makes one of his most important contributions to psychopathology. He points out that a psychology which takes account only of acts of concentration is exceedingly defective and unsatisfactory. Our minds are not always at the high "tension" of concentration; we periodically and frequently relax and think passively. At such times our thoughts drift, our attention is dispersed; we are in the mood of "revery." With this fact in mind, Janet made the observation that obsessives suffer a mental insufficiency which affects only their power to concentrate "and which leaves intact intellectual operations properly so called." Their awareness of a complex surrounding is relatively normal, but they are incapable of sustained concentration. One observes, says Janet, in their intelligence a certain activity apparently associated with a fundamental state of revery. They pay small attention to their actual surroundings; they are incapable of sustaining mental work except for short periods. Obsession is primarily "an incapacity of attention." Obsessives are perpetually distracted; there is always some vague preoccupation which interferes with and prevents the fixing of attention. Since it is by means of attention that we come to know the reality about us, it follows that where there is difficulty of concentration there is necessarily a defective relation to the surroundings. Each failure to sustain attention provokes, as Janet has said, a "crisis of revery"—a further accentuation of revery thinking. The effect is to make the individual feel remote from reality, incomplete, unlike other people. At this point conviction of sin and inferiority, together with mental depression, emerge. The crises of revery ensue, says Janet, when such cases wish to work or when they try to sleep.

Janet's observation and analysis make it evident that one must consider Starbuck's crisis of adolescence as closely related to obsession. One does not need, therefore, in the first instance to consider Starbuck's suggestion as to "the automatic working out by the nervous system" of mental problems. One need not even turn immediately to conceptions of "the unconscious" or "subliminal fructification" for aid and illumination.

The first step is to consider adolescent crisis, in the light of Janet's investigation, as a problem in the relation of revery to customary concentration—or customary thinking—at puberty. In this connection it is interesting to recall another observation of Janet's, namely, that the effective will of an individual, like his ideas, is formed in revery before it shows itself in definite acts. Youth apparently must resolve the issue between conflicting trends in revery thinking or suffer as penalty a diminished capacity for concentration and active living.

III

Studies such as these take the investigation of Sin completely out of the realm of moral disquisition in which the nineteenth century placed it. Sin, spelled with a capital letter, must be distinguished from sins. No one can avoid making mistakes or misjudging situations. Such sins or errors are incidental to learning—they aid the individual to establish necessary discriminations. A mind that is truly free faces reality fearlessly and is in no danger of repeating its mistakes. When a discrimination is established, the particular problem ceases to be a problem. But Sin, with a capital letter, is a morbid mental trait, it is symptomatic of obsession in however slight a degree. For so long as the morbid situation persists, the individual's mental development is cramped and hindered; he has difficulty in fixing his attention, his life deteriorates into compulsive repetitions which are designed to prevent the emergence into action of desires formulated in revery. Since few individuals, if any, escape adolescent crisis in some area of their thinking, two questions suggest themselves. In the first place one might ask how far the turbulence and alleged "revolt" of modern youth is an attempt to find a better solution of the adolescent problem than that recommended by their seniors. And, second, one might also ask how far the attitude of the maturer generation to the youth of the present is conditioned by the evasions and imperfect solutions of the immediate past.

I cannot in this place discuss all the facts which modern investigation has shown to be relevant. I have especially to assume a fact most notably demonstrated by Freud—the part played by infantile situations and pre-adolescent revery in the determination of adolescent crisis. I have to confine myself somewhat narrowly to the enlightenment we owe to Janet. This is the discovery that the adolescent struggle, like obsession, is capable of being described as a faulty technic in thinking, a defect in the method of developing and controlling revery. William James in his *The Varieties of Religious Experience* speaks of the adolescent crisis as due to a "divided self." This is in essential agreement with Starbuck's description of an issue between a larger, somewhat vague, self and a lesser, more clearly defined.

The simpler crises can readily be depicted. A youth finds that almost overnight his attitude to the world of girls and women has dramatically changed. Whereas before he was uninterested, perhaps a little contemptuous, he now finds that every girl is a center of mystery and romance. There is nothing in his explicit knowledge to justify the change, for his knowledge has been developed in pre-adolescent situations or by instruction. So an issue arises between his actual attitude—the "larger self" of Starbuck—and what he thinks his attitude should be. The difficulty affects, and very directly, his general relation to his surroundings and there ensues, in the manner described by Janet, a characteristic aggravation of his revery life. In this mood he recollects furtive whisperings heard at school and the solemn warnings of his seniors. This tends to exacerbate the crisis further, "forgotten" reveries are revived, and he begins to develop conviction of Sin.

It is not difficult to discover in partic-

ular instances the source of the sense of Sin. Youth apparently tends to develop opposed trends of revery in every department of its thinking. Being opposed, each tends to the extravagant and fantastic. In the area of sex there is a "high-minded" group of reveries and another group which is unfortunately usually regarded by the thinker as being "low minded." The high-minded reveries are gallant but absurdly abstract. They contemplate situations of remarkable achievement and chivalrous self-abnegation; services to one's love and lady, or to humanity at large, have an entirely characteristic heroic flavor. The low-minded reveries are fraught with curiosity and terror. They gather round surprising physiological changes and unrecognized organic tensions; they clutch eagerly at half-heard whispers and are horrified by the threatenings of mature elders. Youth tends to exaggerate the high-minded revery and to repudiate the low—which thereupon becomes cruder still.

In the obsessive one sees this procedure carried to the extreme of exaggeration and distortion. I still have by me the records of the revery development of a scholar who completed his university career and began the first stages of professional work, only to fall into obsessive disability at the age of forty. In his adolescence the problem of sex revery was fully established and to such an extent that he was unable to work for some days if he even spoke to a girl. The effect of such conversation was to "light up" his repudiated sex reveries, to enhance his sense of guilt, and to cause a condition of painful agitation such that concentration became impossible. At this time he took up, almost frenziedly, the study of philosophy —for no better reason actually than to strengthen his power of repudiation. Marriage was, of course, an impossibility; ultimately, however, partly by reason of an unfortunate mischance, he became promiscuous in his mode of living. This spelled disaster, for it shattered the whole structure of philosophic repudiation he had carefully built up, and he fell into melancholic obsession. He had always feared that he was "degraded"; the lapse into promiscuity convinced him that he was hopelessly so, and he became suicidal.

The most intimate reveries of this unfortunate gave evidence of the distinction between high-minded and low-minded attitudes carried to the most absurd degree of exaggeration. He had even arrived at a complete classification of women in terms of his utterly inadequate reveries. Thin women, to him, were virtuous; women of softer contour were necessarily vicious. Sex could not be thought of in relation with thin women, it would be an "unforgivable sin"; consequently, he tended not to think of thin women at all. Where women of softer contour were concerned, upon the other hand, he was unable to think of any attributes other than the grossly sexual. And he found it very difficult, in spite of his repudiation, to keep such women out of his thoughts. He had not married because only thin women were to him marriageable, and he was unable to think of intimacy with them except with horror and revulsion. One might continue the exposition indefinitely; for thirty years or so his intimate reveries on this most important human relation had been of this general character. And he ranked as a well-educated man.

This is not an isolated case; it is characteristic. Obsession begins as a technical defect in thinking—the repudiation of a group of reveries which, however crude, have yet a right to claim some relevance to reality and the business of living. The repudiation leads to difficulty of concentration, and perpetual vague preoccupation—but this is not all. It leads also to oversimplification, to the substitution of a false antithesis for an integral attitude in an important department of living. It is to this false dichotomy, this absurd "good-bad" antithesis, that I wish to

draw particular attention. Conviction of Sin and mental depression imply mental conflict of a pathological type. Pathological conflict is not to be compared with difficulties of decision or choice in the ordinary affairs of life. Pathological conflict always implies a false dichotomy, an impossible effort to guide action by choice between extremes of a "good-bad" type which are themselves of the nature of unreal oversimplifications. In this respect the abnormal saint and the hardened sinner are equally pathological. In the clinic one finds among obsessional cases those who have in some measure succeeded in banishing the reveries they regard as "low-minded"; they live enslaved by agitations and compulsive rituals. One finds also those who, like the case named above, have endeavored to break forcefully away from the cramped restriction of a sense of Sin, who have experimented with promiscuity. They are no less enslaved by anxiety or dread than the former type. Psychoneurotic situations are simpler than normal situations; they are, in fact, insufficiently complex. *The remedy does not lie in an identification with either extreme but in the elimination of the false dichotomy and the achievement of an adequate understanding.*

Experience and revery are the means to mental growth. It is revery before experience which makes an experience significant; it is revery after experience which improves discrimination and leads to wisdom. Revery cannot be escaped; it is the creative or constructive element in thinking. All our decisions of thought and action have been made in revery long before they issue in "behavior." So much is the lesson of the clinic. It follows that concentration of attention is the link between the inner problems of revery and the outer problems which life sets before the individual. Where there is a close nexus of relevance between the inner and outer the power to achieve and sustain concentration is high. Where there is no such relevance the power of concentration and observation fails. The former situation cannot be characterized by a morbid sense of Sin; the latter situation cannot exist without it.

The strong tendency to false dichotomy in adolescent revery is somewhat astonishing. In the sex area one can suppose a certain "all or none" quality in the maturing organic tension that finds recognition in revery and leads to a guilty isolation of the thought. This sets the "guilty" revery over against the new-born increase of introspective capacity and of romantic interest in living. The persistent nature of the problem is shown by the fact that St. Augustine speaks in his *Confessions* of his youthful struggle between the "carnal" and the "spiritual" will. His statement finds echo in the writings of Martin Luther. The period of crisis in adolescence that interests the newspapers is apparently the moment when sufficiently normal youth casts about for some method of escape from an impossible dualism of attitude. Moral disquisitions addressed to such an individual provide no remedy. If he listens to "purity talks" which emphasize the false "good-bad" antithesis, the possibility of a disastrous "break" is greatly enhanced. The new interests which perplex him are not in any sense "original sin"; they are primarily evidence of organic and mental growth. The real inadequacy is an insufficiency of reflective knowledge, an unwise repudiation of a genuine interest; the remedy is fearless study of the relevant facts. Advice that the individual should "give up introspection" or "take exercise" is beside the point; most obsessives have tried these expedients with signal failure as the result. The new capacities of adolescence are not in themselves vile. They only become so if utterly repudiated, if left to deteriorate; recognition is the first step to harmonious development.

But it is not only in respect of sex that youth tends to false dichotomy. The problem of authority tends to be similarly oversimplified; it usually exists,

indeed, as a complication of the other. The division here lies between the absurd extremes of utter obedience and complete repudiation. One hears echoes of this obedience-repudiation antithesis in the "agnostic" arguments of early maturity, also in the Capital-Labor discussions in "class-conscious" communities. An obsessive, who sought clinical assistance for his ills, was accustomed with some pride to style himself "a rebel." On one occasion I heard him open an address to his "fellow-rebels" with the assertion: "I am opposed to kings, capitalists, labor politicians, and trade-union secretaries." This is an example of the repudiation-half of the dichotomy. His antithetic reveries had begun in opposed attitudes of utter obedience to and complete repudiation of a brutal and domineering father. There was no power of discrimination or of real adjustment in his adult attitude to social authority.

This story shows the important part played by home life and the parents in determining the individual to false dichotomy and social inadequacy. Freud has demonstrated that all obsessive histories carry this implication. It is, after all, in the home that the issue between a maturing generation and a generation that has matured is at its acutest crisis. In so far as parents and seniors attempt to use their power to restrict the developing freedom of reflection in the young they probably drive the young downwards towards obsessive conflict between absurd extremes. And, to particularize farther, the mature generation is thus actually responsible for the provocation of a morbid sense of Sin in youth and for the fantastic excesses which upon occasion characterize the effort of youth to gain release from this burden. It is, upon the whole, profoundly true that Sin, as a social phenomenon, marks an inadequate relation between the mature and the youthful in a given community. Obsessions, whether of sex, of authority, or of "radicalism" are the danger signals of morbid dichotomies.

IV

In dealing with the problem originally specified I have described the situation rather than provided an accurate solution or answer. Generally, however, it has become possible to clarify to some extent the question with which this paper began. We can best estimate the attitude and achievements of the youth of to-day by asking, first, what the persistent problems of adolescence are, and second, how the youth of the present is facing these problems. The former of these questions has been in some degree answered by modern advances in psychopathology. With respect to the second, I think one must admit the probability that the youth of the present is developing a better technic of self-control than any preceding generation. There is evidence of much greater candor of thought and expression; topics are now discussed by adolescents which formerly a mature generation would have been horrified even to mention. There is evidence that youth is more impatient of the "good-bad" antithesis, more impatient under that sense of guilt which is the pathological symptom of insufficient understanding. This would seem to be significant of a move in the direction of psychological freedom as defined by Janet. We can never be sure that our knowledge will be adequate to all the problems which may arise. We can, however, be relatively assured that our thinking shall not be cramped and hindered by fearful repudiations or by false and misleading dichotomies. The youth of to-day seems to have moved in the direction of abolishing that morbid conviction of Sin which has so disastrously limited the power of vision and the social progress of past generations. And in all this, youth is being aided, as never before, by movements towards "mental hygiene" and the proper instruction of parents.

But, in spite of these last-named movements, there remains a doubt as to the influence of the present maturer

generation. The great majority of the mature, have, no doubt, escaped the grosser forms of obsession and even the "conversion" crisis; but of those who have escaped there are some whose capacity for freedom in thought and living has been more or less permanently damaged. These last have become "good" or "bad"; and in either event they burn with eagerness to instruct the young. If they are "good" then anything in the nature of experimental living is rendered horrifying to them by an all-pervasive sense of guilt. They believe that human nature is essentially evil and that morality consists in being careful, in denying human nature opportunities of expression. If they have become "bad" their lives are no less dominated by compulsive repetitions; but the repetitions tend unfortunately to the perverse. The "bad" do not succeed, any more than the "good," in escaping from the sense of Sin. They tend to publish novels or magazines of self-justification in which nudity and promiscuity are covertly recommended. They are more vocal nowadays than in former times.

Religion and morality are words that represent something important to humanity and in human affairs. They should mean more than fundamentalism running madly from a god-devil phantasy it has itself created; more than agnosticism, similarly pursued, running in the opposite direction. Up to the present era the morbid adolescents of forty have had too much say in human affairs, too much voice in the instruction of the young. Now youth itself is rebelling against the false dichotomy, the preposterous "good-bad" antithesis, and is adventuring in the direction of a morality pure and undefiled. It is the duty of a real, as distinguished from a merely chronological, maturity to aid and develop the research.

THRIFT

BY LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

A STAR proves never traitor, and a weed—
Even that vetch obscurely purple there—
Can hoard such loyalties against your need,
You may go rich, although the world go bare.
A blackbird's whistle over the low grass,
Is but another wealth; so are these too:—
The old rememberings that start and pass
At its short music, when the year is new.
If stars you love, and all their like, then know
Your love will be a thrift to set you clear
Of beggary and whining at a door.
You change; life changes; it is ever so;
But these last on from whirling year to year:
Learn God of them, and add Him to your store.

TRAVELER'S TALES

BY FORD MADOX FORD

A YEAR or so ago when I was coming over here on the *Paris* there was a great storm. There was so great a storm that only fifteen of us attended breakfast. In consequence, there seated herself beside me a lady of a certain age whom I had not before noticed. She remarked to me suddenly —this sort of thing happens only to travelers—she remarked to me, then, suddenly, with an organ more singularly nasal than any I have hitherto had the good fortune to encounter:

"You kehn't flirt with Amur'can gels as you ken with English ones. But if she falls in love with you . . . *look aout.*"

That was all she said, and it is all that I can remember of her, save that she was large, florid, and alarming. And the assault was so unprovoked—for there certainly wasn't any she to whom the message could apply—it was all so singular in that reeling ship that she remains to me as something supernatural.

If there were here any female figure equivalent to that of our Britannia on the pennies, and if the voice had not been so singularly nasal that the suspicion would be insulting, I should have imagined that the genius of the land which we were approaching had manifested itself, and that She—right or wrong—felt sufficiently interested in my unworthy self to afford me that warning.

Anyhow, it warned me. For the whole of that visit I walked the streets with my eyes glued to the pavement, for, had I chanced to have had handed to me, as we say, a glad eye, how mightn't I have had to look out!

I was going somewhat later on the train to somewhere near Danbury. There sat opposite me—I always like riding with my back to the engine—a young woman, masculine in most of the attributes of her attire, that is to say she wore leather leggings and knee breeches. I looked no higher. Now, although I have been in this country quite often, I had never been in an American slow train before; and although I was quite aware that the tempo of New York is the slowest of any of the great cities' of the world, I still harbored the superstition that once you were outside New York things might begin to rush.

Well, that train took hours. Hours and hours and hours. We have a very ancient story as regards our own Southeastern line that once a traveler asked a guard of a train why it had stopped. The guard said there was a cow on the line. An hour afterwards, the train stopping once more, the traveler asked the guard the same question. He received the same reply. On his remarking that there seemed to be a good many cows on the Southeastern, he was told that it was the same cow. Well, my progress to Danbury was like that. I grew so alarmed, so certain that we must have passed Danbury, that we must be approaching Portland, Maine, or even Halifax, Nova Scotia—I grew so alarmed that the one fear outweighed the other, and I asked the young woman —she was really quite plumply feminine and agreeable—whether we hadn't

passed Danbury. She said with animation:

"Oh, why *didn't* you speak to me before? It would have been so much more amusing."

She gave me all the information about railways that it is usual to give a stranger who is traveling for the first time in your country. She told me, I mean, that here trains run upon steel rails, being drawn by locomotives whose propelling force is steam, that before entering a train you purchase a ticket, that iced water is supplied upon American trains, and that you can have paper cups for nothing—this showing a very high state of civilization. Then she told me that she was going to Kent County Reservation in Connecticut to catch rattlesnakes for the Bronx Park Zoo.

And what is more it was true. Now, neither of those things would ever happen to you if you happened to be American and in your own country. But singular oddities have always presented themselves to me whenever I have traveled here. I don't mean to say that odd things ever happen so long as I bide put in New York, between, that is to say, the Battery and Eighty-fifth Street; nothing odd ever happens or presents itself to me, and I enjoy a relative immunity in Brooklyn or Hoboken; but let me once leave that, as it were, home circle, to go into America . . . well, I will tell you how I went to Coney Island.

I wanted to take a Brooklyn rapid-transit line that had lately joined up with the Manhattan Beach Company. I paid the car fare, the statutory five cents. At a given point in that journey a uniformed attendant remarked to me, "You hevn't paid your fare." I said, "I hev." He said, "You hevn't," so I paid him another five cents. Shortly afterwards a uniformed policeman came along and remarked, "You hevn't paid your fare." I said, "I hev." He said, "You hevn't," so he took me by the collar and threw me off the car. The train proceeded, and I observed that it charged into a crowd of, let us say, mornamillion people. They, standing on the bridge over the river, were mostly precipitated into the stream.

By that time I was slightly discouraged as to my chances of getting to Coney Island by land. I went by water. On the boat I had nothing to smoke. I descended to the bar and asked a white-coated attendant for cigarettes. He said, "What sort of cigarettes?" I said, "What sort of cigarettes do you keep?" He said, "We don't keep 'em. We sell 'em." I said, "What sort of cigarettes have you got, anyhow?" He said, "We hain't got no cigarettes, but we carry a fine juicy line of Colorado stogies." I said, "Where do you carry them to?" and he said, "It's up to me now."

That would not have happened to you, neither would what followed. When I arrived at Coney Island I sought a dancing hall where, so I had been told, the entire population of the United States could dance in comfort, and with pleasure. (One does get told things like that when one is a traveler.) In the center of the otherwise completely empty ballroom a gentleman was slowly turning round, both his arms extended, and in each hand was a six-shooter which he was discharging.

Now it is only to the traveler, by preference to the traveler who is not unlikely to write a book, that the gods vouchsafe such terrible joys. The poor man had merely gone suddenly mad, as I have known it happen in several places. I should have said to myself at that date that nothing could have been more unlikely than that I should write a book about this city. My former visits here have always been either for sheer pleasure or on business, quite unconnected with my own writing; and were that not the case I should hesitate now, however hard I might have been pressed, to record my impressions of the city where people work by the forty-three layers or more, boxed one on top of the other. For I have always found that

if I went to a place on purpose to look at it I could either not write about it at all or only write about it quite badly. My job in life as I have conceived it has always been to record as passionlessly as possible my impressions of my own times and the places in which I have worked. And to say that I have worked in a place is practically the same thing as to say that I have at least liked it, for I have seldom been under the necessity of staying in a place that I did not like and in which I did not feel at home.

So I have always felt that my impressions were happiest when I merely glanced aside from something I was doing. Thus, Carcassonne has for me an extraordinary life because I wrote practically the whole of a book there—and indeed I have written a great many books in the South of France, and that is perhaps why I so much love the *Midi*, whereas places like Rouen or Tours or even Salem, Massachusetts, which I have visited avowedly merely to look at them, have left on my mind either very little impression at all or else impressions of a disagreeable kind. This is perhaps because the mere job of getting to places is disturbing, or perhaps because I dislike being the stranger anywhere. Thus Salem, to which I went on land and over water from Gloucester,* Massachusetts, comes back to me as a memory almost of detestation. It is possible that Gloucester, Massachusetts, which returns as a memory relatively delightful, may be responsible for my dislike of Salem. That is to say that on the morning we went to Salem we were entertained by hospitable customs-house officers on board their launch—we were entertained with large quantities of raw salt fish which called for the consumption of almost larger quantities of their admirable champagne. Now if you consume large quantities of salt cod and champagne—I don't say there weren't also some crackers, but I don't remember them—if you consume large quantities of such comestibles on a steam launch between seven and ten in the morning, and if at half-past two of the same day after spending four and a half hours in the slowest, most dusty and dilapidated trains the world has ever seen—if after all this you arrive lunchless and with no prospect of lunch or even of a nice, hot cup of tea, at a beauty spot, the probability is that you will dislike that beauty spot almost more than you will dislike places which are called hells on earth. So it was with me and Salem. That journey comes back to me as a memory of intense depression and disgust. For the matter of that, it hardly comes back to me at all. I can only remember stopping off in atrociously hot weather at a place called Kingston-on-Thames, a railway junction, that was crammed with particularly nauseating French-Canadians. Kingston, as I remember it, consisted of one single shack, like an army hut, which comes back to me as The Star and Garter Restaurant. The Thames was a trickle of yellow water between thirty-foot mud-banks. On our pushing open the gauze doors of the Star and Garter a long table revealed itself as covered with what appeared to be coal-black linoleum. But it wasn't. That linoleum rose and dissolved into millions of flies. So at half-past-two we came to Salem.

Now all over such parts of the United States as I had already visited I had heard rapturous tales of the ancient beauties of the marvellous old-fashioned hostelry, of the marvellous old-fashioned host of the inn at Salem. Alas, the most unpleasant place in England is called Ancoats, a soot-begrimed coal-getting, cotton-spinning suburb of Manchester. Well, Salem intimately resembled Ancoats. It was black with

* This town comes back to me as Gloucester, Mass. It has done so for over twenty years. If I consider the matter geographically and in the light of pure reason I know that it was really Newport, R. I. But I am here trying to show how Travelers' Tales get themselves written, not to write History. Memory exaggerates.

soot and over it the skies wept black tears. The entrance to the inn was a black staircase ascending between two shops selling things that I can't remember. But they were nasty things. The anteroom of the hotel resembled the most unpleasing of provincial railway-station waiting rooms, nor was there in it any single thing upon which to sit. Behind a counter snored an enormous man, his face covered by an unpleasant-looking handkerchief. We had to wake him to ask if we could have any lunch. He said, "Nope." We asked him if we could go to our rooms. He said, "Nope." We asked him if there was anywhere where we could sit down. He said, "Nope." He was the courtly old-fashioned host.

I may as well remark here that this is the most unpleasant thing I shall say about this country, where, generally, my lines have fallen in pleasant places. Moreover, I am writing about a time, nearly a quarter of a century ago, when American conditions, and particularly American rural conditions were undoubtedly much rougher than is to-day the case. And I am also attempting to indicate rather how a book written by a foreigner visiting a foreign land should not be written than attempting to make any generalized point out of the oddities that I have recorded. It is obvious, I mean, that if one is about to visit a national shrine for purposes of observation one should not first fill oneself up with raw salt cod and champagne. Nothing could withstand those depressants. Not even Stratford on Avon. Or Chartres.

For myself, the first natural gasp of emotion at the sight of the buildings behind the Battery or of the houses on the cliffs of Boulogne once over, I set myself to exhaust international similarities before beginning on the differences. That is perhaps partly a product of contrariety—of that spirit that the French call *ergoteur*—but it is at least self-consciously due to a profound feeling that those globe-trotters who are volubly outraged because it is difficult to find drinking water in Madrid or because hotels in the United States do not have your boots cleaned for you unless you ask for it—that such unthinking idiots do an immense amount of international harm. One must take into account that Madrid is situated in a country of great aridity and that labor in New York is relatively expensive before starting to cackle in the streets of either metropolis—and how much more before setting out to record one's impressions!

It is a curious fact that although we all look for instances confirmatory of the saying that there is no new thing under the sun, we are almost pained if we discover that our neighbor across the nearest frontier has not the habits and point of view of a Choctaw savage. We love it when we discover that the ancient Egyptians in their temples at Memphis had penny-in-the-slot machines that delivered perfume after the insertion of an obol, and enormous delight rewards us when we find in reading Bion or Moschus that the emotions of two women, one holding a baby, and both crushed in a crowd of sight-seers watching a procession—that their emotions, gossip, and even their ejaculations are precisely the same as would be those of any two women with a baby watching a procession from the pavements of Broadway two thousand years later. But we are filled with disgust if the first Frenchman we see in a Paris restaurant is not eating snails, or the first Englishman we see in Smithfield is not selling his wife with a halter around her neck. For why should we travel if we cannot discover our neighbors to be infinitely inferior to ourselves? Why, indeed?

For myself, having spent a great portion of my life in lands other than that of my birth and a great portion of my time in the study of historical documents, I am inclined to regard international or chronological differences as

so slight as to be negligible or so changing as to cause an endless confusion. The inhabitants of the south of France in the thirteenth century spent the greater part of their days in baths or in other methods of perfuming and ablution. On the other hand Brillat-Savarin during the early decades of last century, complained bitterly of the unpleasant smell of the inhabitants of New York, since in those days New Yorkers never bathed themselves and, indeed, the city did not then contain one fixed bath. So that how a traveler's book should be written I don't really know; I should never myself think of writing one. The results of migratory observation are so bewildering. The other day at a party an English newspaper correspondent was bewailing the fact that the passengers in New York public conveyances were grossly rough and brutal. He said that, traveling frequently with his wife on subways or in omnibuses, he had been disgusted by finding that if two vacant seats were separated by a third which was already occupied, the occupant of the third seat would never take the trouble to move so that my friend and his wife could sit together. He said that in England, on the other hand, this would always be done. He was interrupted by an American newspaper correspondent who stated that, having spent ten years in London and traveling frequently, he, too, with his wife by bus or tram, he had never once known the occupant of a seat that was between two vacant seats make room so that a couple could sit together. At the same time I was experiencing an uneasy sensation. In the lounge of an hotel the day before, I had been occupying the middle one of three armchairs when two attractive young ladies came in together and sat one on each side of me. My natural impulse was to offer my place to the one or the other, and had they been elderly or unattractive I should certainly have done so. But I have lived for so long in France, where to offer your seat in a public conveyance to a lady below the age of sixty is apt to be regarded as an attempt to scrape acquaintance, that I refrained from that small act of politeness. What, then, are we to make of these divergent constatations? And, if those two young ladies were English, what did they think of American manners?

There is no end to the way in which one is contradicted the moment one attempts any of these generalizations. Last month I ventured into New England and, arrived at Boston, I delivered a harangue on the superior culture of the inhabitants of France. I said that if you talked to any French tram conductor you would find that he read books, took an interest in literature, and had very interesting views of life. That same afternoon I went by a slow train to a remote part of the state of Massachusetts. The conductor of the train was a benevolent individual, like a kindly, elderly English butler, except that I have never seen an English butler wearing silver-rimmed spectacles. He chatted in a fatherly manner with all the passengers, patted myself on the back, and appeared in every way like an English village patriarch upon an English village green. I almost saw a ghostly smock frock draping his limbs.

Now one young man of that carload read sedulously in a magazine, and the conductor halted before him shortly after we had passed Fitchburg. The conductor asked the engrossed young man where he was getting off, and the engrossed young man answered that he was going to Fitchburg. The conductor said that he sure wasn't; that just as bees made honey for other folk to eat, so that young man's father had cooked his son's Sunday goose and others would consume it; that the reading of love stories in magazines was an engrossing pursuit but should not be indulged in when one had urgent business on hand. The assistant conductor declared that he had six times announced the name of Fitchburg. They discussed for a long time how that young man was

going to return to his father's goose. He might make the eleven-fifty at the next station; if he didn't make that he would have to wait until the five-forty-two from somewhere else. Or he might take a trolley to somewhere and there find a motor-bus to within two miles of Fitchburg. That settled, the conductor began a monologue addressed mostly to myself. He said that books were engrossing things. When he took a book he himself would become so engrossed in it as to be completely lost to the world. Once when he was reading Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* he had failed to go on duty altogether. He found love stories even more engrossing than history. Pictures also could engross him. He liked to go to picture galleries alone so as not to be disturbed in his contemplation. He liked the frescoes of Puvis de Chavannes in Boston better than most other pictures he had seen. He then addressed the young man directly. The young man must learn from this from what trivial causes great events may arise. He pointed out that on that trolley car or on that bus the young man very possibly might pick up a young woman every whit as beautiful as the heroine of the love story in the magazine. The young man continually protested that he had been reading in that magazine not a love story but an article about Central Africa. The conductor, however, continued benevolently that the young woman the young man would meet on the trolley would not only be more beautiful than the heroine of the story he had been reading but she would be an admirable helpmeet, a housekeeper of surpassing economy, and a cook beyond praise. Thus, by her savings as by her exhortations that young man would certainly grow to be as rich as my more famous namesake. He then again addressed myself. Life, he said, was like that. It flowed in a placid current for long periods. Then some trivial accident would occur, but accidents never arrive singly. And so on. He concluded by pointing out that that young man would pick up his young woman on the trolley and not on his car, because under his vigilant eyes the sexes feared to make each other's acquaintance, whereas the conductors of trolleys are less vigilant conservators of the public morals than their brothers on the railway service.

At any rate, after having uttered a panegyric on the Wattmen of the South of France for their interest in books, pictures, and views of life, asserting by implication that no Anglo-Saxon vehicular public servant would be interested in such things, within the hour I had to listen to that monologue upon books, pictures, and life.

So generalizations are futile. They are, nevertheless, inevitable. I read today in my newspaper that a certain novel published in Paris concerns itself with "the lost generation of hard-drinking expatriates in Paris." Now it is my impression that compared with the Americans of New York, American expatriates in Paris are teetotalers. They have to be. Apparently—mind, I say apparently—in this country few people object to your getting far drunker than a lord at any social gathering. But in Paris if you get drunk at a party you are never asked to the house again. I do not think I have ever seen an American expatriate drunk in Paris. I do not mean to say that I have never seen drunken American tourists: I have seen thousands. But then I have seen thousands of drunken tourists of all nationalities in that unfortunate city—British, Swedes, all other Scandinavians, Martinique negroes, but hardly ever a drunken Frenchman. I do not think I have ever seen more than one Frenchman drunk. Certainly I have never seen a French woman over-indulge.

So one generalizes. It can't be helped. But when one generalizes on international matters one should observe certain rules. One should, as far as possible, accumulate a large number of particular in-

stances before attempting a generalization—and one should attempt to discover the reason that underlies that collection of similar particular instances. I am convinced that American expatriates in Paris, and still more in London, are a particularly sober race, because, as I have said, I cannot remember ever to have seen one of them in a state of intoxication. But my conviction gains immensely as soon as the consideration occurs to me that there is a reason for this sobriety and that that reason is a pretty strong one. And I think that another requisite for the writer of books of international comparison is what I will call the faculty of feeling-at-home-ness. In a beautiful passage in one of his books W. H. Hudson says that there was no place in the world, whether in New England, or in the Banda Orientale, in Patagonia, or on Sussex downs—there was no place in the world where grass grew and where there were birds in which he did not feel himself a son of the soil. And I may make almost the same claim for myself as regards any place in which men and women live. I might be inclined to exclude the nations with whom we were lately at war. But even that I don't know. One of my reasons for disliking the Germans was this: at dinners given by professors in several German university towns where I lectured before the War I used to observe that, whereas the professors round the table ate and drank enormously, their wives sat round the walls and knitted, and it appeared to me even at that date that a nation whose intellectual heads behaved in such a way must be in a low scale of the human race. But what was my perturbation the other day to read the following passage in a letter from an English lady who was re-visiting Oxford and England after a long interval.

I find, in spite of the cold, that I awfully like the aspects of the English country in winter, and of the towns, too. But *what* people! Dash and I went to the Magdalen Carol Singing on Christmas Eve and sat shivering in the ladies' gallery with the most unpresentable collection of completely self-satisfied women I have seen for a long time. The carols were not till midnight so we only stayed for "The Messiah," which I hate. But the old stones and the old woodwork are so lovely that one hates them to be in the hands of pedants and frumps. Of course it *ought* to be a niceish society because there is neither great wealth nor great poverty and no one can *much* queer the other fellow's pitch. But it is no place for a woman. The whole concern has been run for the glory of men since the beginning and women can only be domestic hangers-on. I felt that, sitting with the cold wives in the cold gallery of Magdalen Hall, watching their gorgeous husbands dining below with all that swanky simplicity of beer mugs, great fires, and bare tables that distinguishes the city of dreaming spires.

So I presume I must revise my estimate of the place of Germany amongst the nations.

Of course one can palliate the apparent brutality of the Oxford dons in Magdalen Hall by explaining that that is only a traditional game and that Oxford dons, being cultivated gentlemen, do not normally eat while their women folk fast; it is a platonic proceeding much as at Yuletide you may see elderly gentlemen of blameless behavior forcibly embrace young virgins under the mistletoe, and no doubt some similar palliation may be found for the behavior of the German professors that I used to find so disagreeable.

The chief requisite, in short, for the writer of books about other countries is comprehension—and not only the faculty of comprehension but the determination to apply it to every national or individual manifestation that the writer may witness. Looking through what I have written I find that some explanations are necessary. The old-fashioned host of Salem was no doubt rendered crabbed by being awakened suddenly from post-prandial slumber. I myself can be singularly brutal in similar circumstances, though I fancy you would find me normally bland and kindly. The reason why we could get

no hospitality of any sort at that moment was simply that the waiters' union of Salem forbade any activity in hotels between the hours of two and six P.M. And the salt cod and champagne amply explain the desolate aspect of Salem which I believe to be one of the most delightful places imaginable. I quite believe it.

As for the singular instances on the road to Coney Island,—they are historic—it should be explained that those were due to that sturdy love of liberty which distinguishes the population here, native or resident. At that date the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company had just amalgamated with the Manhattan Beach Company and, there being a law to the effect that only one car fare of five cents can be exacted for any single journey, the New York public was determined that it would not pay more than five cents for the journey from Brooklyn to Manhattan Beach. The companies had appealed to the law and had obtained from a judge, whose decision was finally reversed, a decree permitting them to exact two car fares for that journey. The judge, moreover, had lent the companies several posses of city police. So the public were up in arms against the injustices of this judge Jeffreys of the twentieth century, and if I chanced to poke my nose in between those contending forces, that was my fault. Foreigners should keep out of revolutions and civil strifes.

The young lady rattlesnake catcher is also explicable. Rattlesnakes will not breed in captivity, so an annual supply is needed for the Bronx Park Zoo if the inhabitants of New York are to be kept instructed as to the habits and aspect of those engaging reptiles. So every year a band of the young friends of the Bronx Park custodians proceeds to Kent County Reservation where the rattlesnake is protected and plentiful. Thus these young people secure for themselves a pleasant holiday whilst doing the state some service.

The only phenomenon to me inexplicable was the lady on the *Paris*. I am still inclined to think that she was supernatural. In that case not the United States but an even higher authority must take the responsibility for her.



CHILD OF GOD

A STORY

BY ROARK BRADFORD

WHEN Willie told the preacher that morning that "ev'ything is all O.K., Revund," he meant it from the bottom of his heart. The hawking of the rain-crow from the limb of the dead cottonwood sounded like the song of a mocking bird. The monotonous patter of rain on the tin roof lulled him into gentle restfulness. The damp, dirty stench that floated up from the dark closeness of the cells below him was like a sedative. Even the lyelike coffee served to remind him that the jailer was his friend.

"Cap'm Archie tole me I could have ev'ything I wanted fer brekfus," he explained as he caught the minister sniffing and eyeing the scant remains of the meal. "An' I tole him I b'lieve I'd take some po'k chops an' cawfee, ef'n hit wuz all right. An' hyar it is."

"You mean dar hit wuz," admonished the preacher. "Now yo' flesh is fed, Willie, whut 'bout yo' soul?"

Willie beamed a broad, knowing smile. "My soul," he said tolerantly, "is all O.K. An' Revund," he continued, jubilantly, "Cap'm Archie say he gonter bring me a ten-cent cigar to go walkin' up de gallows wid in my mouf." The minister's face was a study in expression. "An' I makes me a speech up yonder"—jerking his arm toward the gallows high in the roof of the jail—"an' den—"

"Den which, son?" Preacher Moore was eager to find a point of contact at which he could begin his prepared message of consolation.

"I'se Glory bound!" Willie declared with enthusiasm.

While the condemned man talked and the preacher listened, the Great State of Louisiana prepared to exact its penalty in the form of the life of Willie Malone because "he did feloniously, wilfully, and of his deliberately premeditated malice aforethought, make an assault on one Thurston Gibbs, and a certain gun which then and there was loaded with gunpowder and buckshot and was by him, the said Willie Malone, had and held in both hands, he, the said Willie Malone, did then and there feloniously and of malice aforethought shoot off and discharge at and upon the said Thurston Gibbs thereby, and by thus striking the said Thurston Gibbs with the buckshots inflicting on and in the body one mortal wound of which said mortal wound the said Thurston Gibbs then and there instantly died. And so the said Willie Malone did in the manner and form aforesaid, feloniously and of deliberately premeditated malice aforethought, kill and murder the said Thurston Gibbs in the Parish of Wilton aforesaid, against the peace and dignity of the Great State of Louisiana."

It all came out at the trial. Hogs had been running in Willie's cornfield. The hogs belonged to Mr. Gibbs. And when Willie asked him to keep them home Mr. Gibbs had cursed him. Willie then bought a shotgun and some buckshot. Everybody agreed upon that

much of it. Willie said he aimed to shoot the hogs and that when he heard something rustling the long blades he fired, thinking it was a hog. The district attorney pointed out that it was impossible to get a witness who could say what was in a man's mind and, therefore, he'd leave it to the jury as to whether Willie was hog hunting or man hunting.

The jury was divided upon the point, but all agreed that no nigger had any right to shoot a white man's hogs, anyway, much less shoot a white man. So they found him guilty as charged.

Willie had rather enjoyed his stay in jail. Two or three times his lawyer came and talked to him in a low voice and had him make his cross mark on many important-looking pieces of paper. It all gave him a feeling of importance hitherto not experienced.

He liked "Cap'm Archie," too—Cap'm Archie was always making jokes, and didn't make him do any work around the jail except a little sweeping. And during the long cool spring evenings, when the stars twinkled in the sky and the fiddling of the katydids out in the weed patch back of the jail floated in between the long iron-barred windows, Cap'm Archie would have one of the short-time prisoners drag his chair back to Willie's own private cage and Willie would sing for him.

Willie did like to sing—church songs, mostly. But sometimes when he felt sad and lonesome he'd sing the one that began:

"Thirty days in jail,
Baby, don't soun' so long,
But de las' frien' I got in dis worl',
Done shuck her laig an' gone."

There were many verses, and to these Willie had added a hundred others. He was good at that. When they locked up that Caldonie for cutting her husband because he stole one of her hens and a chicken brood and gave it to another woman, Willie celebrated the occasion by adding:

"He might er stole yo' chickens,
He might er stole yo' cow,
Hit don't make no diffunce what he stole,
You's in de jail-house now."

Cap'm Archie had laughed at that one and it made Willie happy.

Not long after that Cap'm Archie sent for him to come to the office. Cap'm Archie looked sad that day, and it made Willie feel sad. So when Cap'm Archie told him the Supreme Court had turned him down and that he would have to hang Willie was much relieved.

"Shuh! Cap'm Archie," Willie consoled, "dat ain' nothin' to go worryin' 'bout. I thought hit mought er been somethin' wrong, de way you had yo' face strung out. Shuh! Ain' dat de same as de jedge done tole me?"

That afternoon Reverend Moore, negro preacher, was ushered into Willie's cell, and under his exhortations Willie was converted. He had been converted annually ever since he could remember but he always had been too busy to follow it up. This time he had ample leisure in which to contemplate Christianity and draw mental pictures of it. Willie was keenly interested.

The preacher had spared no detail his imagination could supply as to the glories of heaven, and these Willie supplemented with the colorful pigments of his own imagination. Heaven was a wonderful place. Willie wanted to go there.

"Hyar dey comes, son," the preacher said kindly. "Git up off'n yo' knees."

Cap'm Archie unlocked the cage door with keys that rattled nervously in his hand. Behind the jailer were half a dozen others—the doctor, two brothers of the man he had killed, the editor of the *Wilton Parish Gazette*, and a short, stubby, mean-looking man that Willie disliked instinctively. He had never seen him before, and the pale-green, watery eyes that squinted out at him through shaggy eyelashes made Willie feel bad. "I loves him too," Willie insisted under his breath. "Got ter love him. 'Makes me love ev'ybody—hit's

good ernuff fer me'"—Willie recalled the words from the old song. "An' I guess he is somebody. But I be dog ef'n he looks like much, Ole Green Eyes."

"Ready to go, Willie?" It was Cap'm Archie. His voice was kind and filled with sorrow. Willie hated to see Cap'm Archie like that. But when the jailer's teeth clicked together and he said briskly, "Here, slip your hands into these," it did not sound so sad, and Willie obeyed with alacrity.

"I bet you fergits my cigar, Cap'm Archie," Willie countered as his arms were being pinioned behind him.

"Cut out that damned foolishness! Come on here, nigger. I ain't got all day to fool." It was the stubby little man who assumed charge.

"Makes me love ev'ybody," Willie hummed desperately under his breath. "Hit's good ernuff fer me."

"Good ernuff fer anybody," seconded the preacher loudly, happy that he had found some place to enter into the ceremony with the dignity of his calling. "Hit's de ole time religion, and hit's good ernuff fer me!"

As the party marched up the narrow steps to the gallows, the negro prisoners on the lower tier of cells caught up the refrain and the brick walls of the little jail reverberated with:

"Gimme dat ole time religion,
Gimme dat ole time religion,
Gimme dat ole time religion, Lawd,
Hit's good ernuff fer me.

"Hit will take you home to Glory,
Hit will take you home to Glory,
Hit will take you home to Glory, Lawd,
Hit's good ernuff fer me."

The climb to the gallows took a remarkably short time and Willie noticed that as soon as they arrived there "Ole Green Eyes" rushed to the rope that was lying handy and began making a loop in the end of it.

"Makes me love ev'ybody," Willie insisted.

Everybody seemed nervous. Cap'm Archie couldn't look at him. The editor was talking with big words to the elder of the Gibbses and said something about "dancing on the air." Willie didn't understand it but he knew he wasn't going to dance on anything. Dancing would send him straight to hell. He had the preacher's word for it.

He edged over toward Cap'm Archie.

"When does I make my speech, Cap'm Archie?" he asked.

The jailer did not look up. "In a minute," he replied. "When you are ready to—when they stand you over there." He pointed to the trapdoor with his foot.

"Come over here, nigger." It was "Ole Green Eyes" again. Willie stood on the trapdoor.

"Makes me love ev'ybody," he kept repeating as the knot was being drawn close to his ear. "Makes me love ev'ybody."

When the knot was finished the little stubby man slipped a black hood over Willie's head and stepped back. A jaybird on a dead limb of the cottonwood broke out in a scathing chatter of malediction at the crow. A dog howled mournfully in the jail yard below. The katydids in the weed patch opened with a wild symphony of fiddling. "Somethin' 'bout to happen," Willie concluded. "I guess I better make my speech."

He threw back his shoulders and raised his chin as though about to address a large congregation.

"Folkses," he began in a clear, strong voice, "I has a few words I wants to say to y'all—"

"Too late now, nigger." It was that stubby little man. And even as the trap gave way under his feet Willie began:

"Makes me love ev'ybody."

Willie did not finish that line, however. He was interrupted in the midst of it by a long blast on a horn. It was a loud, thundering blast and it startled him. He looked into the direction from which it came and there, charging down the road, he saw four prancing horses draw-

ing a snow-white chariot. It was a beautiful sight. He had seen some such rig the time when he went to the circus at Baton Rouge. But this rig was even prettier than the circus carriages. Big white plumes bobbed from the crown-pieces of the bridles, and the horses pranced and danced along, raising a terrible dust.

"Great day!" he exclaimed. "Class sho' is comin' down de road to-day."

In a minute the carriage was in front of him and with much suddenness it came to a halt, the horses falling back on their haunches to check the momentum.

"Git up hyar, boy, an' le's git goin'," the driver called down. "Us is late, as it is—or else you is early."

Willie scrambled to the seat beside the driver. As the horses raced onward he enjoyed the thrill of the speedy ride, the wind rushing by his ears, the sparkle of the gold and silver harness, the dexterity with which the driver held the horses in the road with one hand and cracked the whip over their heads with the other.

"You drives right well, boy," he observed. "What's yo' name?"

"Jehu," replied the driver.

"Jehu-which?"

"Jest Jehu," replied the driver.

"Who dat boy wid de hawn in his han'?"

"Gab'l."

The monosyllabic replies of his companion irritated Willie. He wanted conversation and he intended to have it.

"How long you been—" he began, but suddenly Gabriel raised his trumpet to his lips and blew a deafening blast which almost lifted Willie from his seat.

"Hol' tight," cautioned Jehu, and the chariot stopped suddenly.

Willie saw an old man in a black slouch hat and cutaway coat, walking very alertly toward the carriage. His face was cleanly shaven except for a mustache and goatee which gave him a distinguished appearance. Willie instinctively knew that this quality-gentleman was going to ride on the plush seats inside so he leaped down and opened the door of the carriage. The old man halted a few paces from him and cast a surveying glance at the horses.

"That checkrein is too tight on that off-lead horse," he said. "It is a pity that I have to 'tend to these trifles, but damn it all, I can't stand to see fine horseflesh suffer on account of triflin' niggers."

Willie quickly ran and lowered the checkrein and climbed back to his seat.

"You oughter know better'n to check up dat hoss so high," he admonished Jehu with a proprietary air. "Us likes our hosses to have a heap er room."

Jehu did not reply. He held steadily to the reins, and the carriage fairly flew through the misty haze. Willie wanted to ask for the reins himself. He felt he could drive much more to his own satisfaction but, withal, he admitted, Jehu was doing very well. A minute later, however, when the lead horse bolted just as they approached a long bridge, and Jehu prevented a crash by expert maneuvering of the reins, Willie was glad he was not driving.

"Does dat ev'y time at the bridge," Jehu volunteered as the team settled down to a long gallop across the structure. "Lots er times us misses an' de folks in de chariot gits drownded tryin' to cross Jurdan."

"Dat de Jurdan, huh?" asked Willie. "I be dog," and he gripped tightly to the seat.

The chariot rolled off the bridge and up to the front of a white pearly gate where it stopped. Willie dropped confidently to the ground, opened the chariot door, and assisted the distinguished old passenger to alight. St. Peter swung the big gate open.

"Welcome, Colonel," he said, "It gives me great pleasure to greet you personally after having known you indirectly for these many years. She's waiting for you under the crepe myrtles. Cherub, escort the Colonel to Miss Julia."

Willie thought that was great and he was thrilled almost to ecstasy when the

old gentleman gave him a curt nod in recognition of his service.

As soon as the old man had disappeared behind the cherub St. Peter dropped his air of formality.

"Well, well," he said, "if it ain't that worthless Willie Malone. Willie, how'd you git here, son?"

That was language Willie could understand and appreciate.

"St. Peter," he replied, "I jes' got on de chariot an' rid up hyar."

"Well," said St. Peter, "I guess you better try on a pair of wings, then. Here, Cherub. Bring out a pair of wings for old Willie Malone."

St. Peter helped the cherub adjust the wings.

"Now you're fixed, son," he announced. "Fly away!"

And Willie flew. He flew among the golden clouds and down long narrow golden streets. He flew over mansions of gold and sparkling rivers. High into the air and close to the ground he flew. He tried a few fancy turns, such as he had seen birds perform among the chinaberry trees. He dived at the surface of the water and grabbed at the golden fish and then climbed again by lusty flaps of his wings, as pelicans do. And he did it perfectly.

"Doggone my hide," he exclaimed, "dis is somethin' like!"

After a few hours the novelty began to wear off. He was high in the air, maybe a mile high, he estimated. So he pointed one wing at an angle and began gliding down, making a huge spiral as he descended. Half-way down, he reversed the cant of his wings and came down the rest of the way, flying backwards.

He landed right in the midst of a group of other angels who were seated around the Great Throne. Upon the throne, sat the Great Lord God. Willie recognized him instantly because of the distinction with which he sat upon his throne and by the carefree tilt of his huge, bejeweled crown almost hiding one eye and by the angle at which the tencent cigar was cocked. Willie was a little frightened and dazzled by the regal splendor of it all, but he settled down noiselessly to the ground, and was made to feel perfectly at home by the informal greeting he received.

"I bet you want to hear some music, don't you, Willie?" asked the Great Lord God and, without waiting for Willie's reply, he continued, "Little David, play on your harp."

"What shall I play, Great Lord God?" asked Little David.

"Play something calm and low, Little David," said the Great Lord God. "Do not alarm my people."

David struck a chord or two on his harp. It was beautiful. The mellow music floated straight to Willie's heart. One or two of the other angels started humming with the music and, almost unconscious of where he was, Willie added his low, rich bass to the chorus:

"When dat big *Titanic* sunk down in de sea,
All de brass bands played 'Nearer My God to Thee.'
Out on de deep blue ocean de people sleep
In a cold wet cradle, three miles deep.
It's yo' las' trip, *Titanic*."

After several verses Willie began to feel a personal sorrow for the passengers of the *Titanic*. The music stopped suddenly, and the Great Lord God commanded, "Little David, play something quick and lively. Let the skies rock with mirth. Let the heavens open wide. Let the stars and the moon shine out. Let my people shout with joy."

And as soon as the command was issued all the angels began dancing and singing as Little David played:

"Two little babies a-layin' in de bed,
One of'm sick an' de yuther mos' dead.
Sont fer de doctor an' de doctor said,
'Give dem babies some shortnin' bread.'
So put on de skillet an' thow way de led,
Cause mammy gonter make a little shortnin' bread."

Several more songs followed and finally Willie began to tire of singing. The party broke up, the angels flying away in

groups of twos and threes. Soon no one was left before the throne except Willie.

Willie felt slightly embarrassed there, with no one around except the Great Lord God. He figured he might be intruding or something, or that perhaps he'd better go out and fly some more. But as he was turning over the idea a tall, kindly looking angel, more strikingly handsome than any he had ever seen, strolled up and sat down familiarly by the side of the Great Lord God. At first Willie thought it was Cap'm Archie. There was kindness and understanding in his face, just like Cap'm Archie's face. But it wasn't Cap'm Archie. Cap'm Archie had no scars on his hands and feet as had this angel.

As he puzzled over the matter he faintly remembered a story his old mammy had told him about a man with scars on his hands and feet, and he recalled the lines of a song that Cap'm Archie used to make him sing:

"They nailed His hands and they rivet His feet,
An' de hammers wuz heard in Jerusalem street."

Some way, Willie could not place him. But he felt much more at ease for his presence.

"What you thinking about, Willie?" the kindly angel asked. "You don't seem to be enjoying yourself so much."

Willie did not know exactly what to reply. He rummaged through his mind hastily. He had been entirely happy for ever so long, not a thing had gone wrong. Everybody had been so nice to him. The music had been beautiful and just the songs he liked to sing. His wings fitted perfectly and St. Peter had been wonderful. So had Jehu. And Cap'm Archie—he had given him everything he could think of and a heap he did not think of. Of course there was the matter of the cigar. He wanted to go to the gallows with a cigar in his mouth. But that wasn't Cap'm Archie's fault . . . and, too, maybe Cap'm Archie had forgotten the cigar. He had so many things to think about. Willie concluded that if it were the cigar he would say nothing about it to the kind angel because he did not want to embarrass Cap'm Archie. He did not really want to go to the gallows with a cigar, anyway, he decided.

"But I did want ter make dat speech," he concluded.

"What speech is that?" asked the kindly faced angel.

Willie explained in great detail, and the angel and the Great Lord God listened intently.

"But hit wa'n't Cap'm Archie's fault," he declared.

"Whose fault was it, then?" demanded the Great Lord God.

"Hit mought er been—onderstan', I ain' s'cusin' nobody," Willie faltered, "but hit mought er been Ole Green Eyes. But I loves ev'ybody—him, too," he added hastily.

"I know the scoundrel," declared the Great Lord God. "He's been plaguing me for years and years. But this is too much." The brow of the Great Lord God clouded in anger and he shouted with a terrible roar, like seven peals of thunder, "Cherub, bring me a bolt of forked lightning that I may strike that man from the face of the earth."

The cherub brought the lightning, and the Great Lord God was about to hurl it. But the kind angel touched his arm gently.

"I wouldn't, Father," said the angel. "He might not have understood that the speech was to have been the biggest thing in Willie's life."

The Great Lord God stayed his hand and turned upon the kind angel. "Of course he understood. That's why he didn't let him make it. He's just low down mean. I've put up with enough of it."

"But," insisted the kind angel, "it will do no good to strike him down with lightning. It would frighten many people. And it would start new arguments over religion and that would lead to controversies and they would lead to hatreds and hatreds lead to—"

"I've heard that speech a million times, Son," said the Great Lord God, "and you needn't go into details. I admit you are right," and he handed the lightning bolt back to the cherub. "But," continued the Great Lord God, "I will not let this thing pass." His brow clouded in anger again. "I am the Great I Am," he roared, "and my commands shall be obeyed." The kind angel sat meekly and argued no further.

"Willie Malone," commanded the Great Lord God in a tone of thunder.

"Yassuh, Great Lord God," replied Willie, jumping to his feet.

"You go right back down yonder and make that speech. He's sitting in the jail office right now with Captain Archie. Now go and do my commands."

Willie lost no time in getting to the jail. As he approached, he noticed a half dozen negroes—friends of his—standing in the rain about the big steel door entry to the lower cells. But he hurried by them with only a curt "hy-dy, boys." The fact that they ignored him stung a little but he had no time to lose. He went straight to the office entrance.

The green-eyed man was seated at a table fingering five new ten-dollar bills. The coroner was scratching away with a pen on a big official-looking document. The editor and the two Gibbses were talking in low tones. Cap'm Archie was hunched down in his chair at his desk, looking at the floor. Willie stood a minute respectfully, hoping Cap'm Archie would notice him and inquire what he wanted.

But Cap'm Archie did not look toward him and Willie tried a scheme that had worked many times for him.

"Cap'm, suh," he said, "don' you want dis ole dirty flo' swep' up er somethin'?"

But Cap'm Archie acted as though he did not hear.

Willie cogitated. Maybe he was worrying about forgetting the cigar.

But as the thought came to Willie Cap'm Archie slowly reached to his vest pocket and drew out a single long black cigar and studied it intently.

"You got the mate to that'n, Sheriff?" Ole Green Eyes quit shuffling the new bills and directed his attention toward the cigar.

"Nope," replied Cap'm Archie, "I ain't got the mate to this'n." And he tightened his grip on the cigar until he had broken and crushed it. "And if I did have it," he added, "I'd damn well keep it."

"No hard feelings, Sheriff," offered Green Eyes. "I see you ain't used to it. Cheer up. It's just another nigger less."

A scraping of feet in the jail hall at the side of the office attracted the attention of both Cap'm Archie and Green Eyes. Willie followed their gaze through the barred hall door and saw six negroes carrying a long black box toward the big jail door. Behind the box marched Preacher Moore, directing and exhorting as he went.

"There he goes now—out of yer jail and out of yer life. It's all over and yer duty's done."

Cap'm Archie squeezed the cigar tightly, crumbling it into tiny bits.

The green-eyed man essayed a cackling laugh. "And so's mine," he continued, picking up the five bills, "so I guess I'll be going."

Willie had been standing by in respectful silence since the white folks had indicated by ignoring him that they were too busy to talk to him. White people are that way, Willie had learned. Sometimes they will talk with you and laugh with you. And sometimes when they are busy they won't pay any attention to you unless you get in their way or something. Then they will curse you. Willie knew how to get along with white folks.

But things were different now. He had business with Mister Green Eyes.

"Wait a minute, Cap'm, suh," he addressed the green-eyed man.

Green Eyes stiffened, blinked his eyes, passed his hand across his fore-

head, and frowned. He stuck the money into his pocket quickly and grabbed for his hat.

"Wait a minute, Cap'm," Willie pleaded. "I got ter make my speech."

The green-eyed man turned pale and shut his eyes tightly, gritting his teeth and shaking his head as if in an effort to clear his brain.

"Sheriff," he said with a great struggle for calmness in his voice, "I need a drink. I—I—I'm sort of nervous, I reckon."

"There's the doctor," Cap'm Archie replied calmly, nodding toward the coroner.

"But, Cap'm, suh, wait," interjected Willie, "lemme make my speech—"

The green-eyed man yelled and ran to the doctor.

"Get me a drink, Doctor!" he begged. "A drink! For God's sake. I'm all shot to hell, Doctor. Get me a drink, quick."

"What's the matter, man?" demanded the doctor. "What is it?"

"That damned nigger, Doctor. I'm seein' things. So help me. He wants to make a speech, Doctor—"

"Dat's all right, Cap'm," Willie insisted. "Hit ain't no mean speech."

"O-ww-w-w—Doctor," screamed the green-eyed man. "There he is again."

The coroner and Cap'm Archie caught the hangman and led him to a chair.

"Calm down, man," said the doctor. "Your nerves are upset."

"But that nigger, that damned nigger! I seen him."

"Well, he isn't going to hurt you, man. He's—"

"Nawsuh, I wan't gonter hurt nobody," Willie assured him. "I jes' was gonter say a few words."

The man struggled wildly, and it was only with the added strength of the two Gibbses and the editor that they succeeded in holding him in his chair. He was alternately crying and cursing, trembling weakly and fighting wildly.

"That damned nigger! I see him! I see him!" he kept shouting. "He wants to make a speech!"

"Hold him until I can fix a hypodermic," ordered the doctor.

"I jes' gonter make my speech," Willie pleaded again in an effort to calm the green-eyed man. "I ain' gonter do nothin' but jes' tawk."

But instead of being soothed, the man became more violent and but for the utmost strength of four men, he would have escaped. They held him, though. Held him in the chair while his eyes glared in wild frenzy, his huge neck swelled even bigger, his face turned purple, and his breath came in short rasping gasps. "Git away, damned nigger. I see you. Ow—ww-ww!"

"I jes' on'y got a few words I wanner say," Willie began again. And after one lunge at the sound of Willie's voice the man quieted down and his eyes stared glassily at nothing, although his neck still bulged. The color of his face changed to an ugly blue and his mouth dropped open and dripped frothy saliva. And while the green-eyed man sat limp in the chair Willie Malone completed his speech:

"I jes' wanner say I ain' got no hard feelin's agin nobody an' I don' want nobody to has no hard feelin's agin me. An' I wants to meet you all in heaven."

UNDER THE CAST-IRON DOME

A STUDY IN CONGRESSIONAL ROCOCO

BY H. G. DWIGHT

On this hill of imperial splendor,
Through the rock-written annals of time,
Stands America's Capitol, lifting
Ever skyward her grandeur sublime,
Where, surrounded by parks and pavilions,
Beauty spots in our national pride—
In the heart of the sovereign city—
The Republic's directors reside.

In the midst of these rival surroundings,
Touched with silver and tinted with gold,
On an eminence—fashioned by nature
In the formative ages of old—
Palisaded in iron, and builded
Of the choicest creations in stone,
Sits the White House, the statesman's objective,
Independent, apart, and alone.

To the east, in uplifted aloneness—
Fitting climax to lofty surprise—
Stands the Washington Monument, reaching
Up to kiss the cool lips of the skies,
From the top of whose tower of granite,
Over five hundred feet from the sod,
Looking down to the depths from the distance,
Life enlarges its faith in its God.

NO, charmed reader. Not from any high-school magazine were culled these dithyrambs (of which three more stanzas might be quoted), neither from *Godey's Lady's Book* for 1840, but from the *Congressional Record* for 1926. For thus did "the Republic's directors" delight to honor the Father of their Country—within a twelvemonth of *Manhattan Transfer*, *The Mauve Decade*, *The Romantic Comedians*, *The Hard-Boiled Virgin*, *The Orphan Angel*, *Heaven Trees*, *Thunder on the Left*, *The Sun Also Rises*, and *An American Tragedy*. And the fact not only goes far to explain certain gruesome discrepancies between the original plan and the present appearance of Washington, but it throws a sidelight on the adventures of the Constitution during the same period, on the esteem which pre-Copernican philosophies still enjoy among us, on the civil war between the older and the younger generation, and on many another mystery of our national life.

What it illuminates less is that darker riddle of the sphinx, upon the answer to which hangs our ultimate salvation—namely, how it is that a villainous poet may turn out a virtuous citizen, that a sad dog may be a great artist, that a savior of the state may drive his own child to perdition, that war may make a man a hero and peace a pickpocket, that good taste and bad humor, fullness and emptiness, wisdom and folly, and God knows what other seeming contradictions may reside with no apparent discomfort in one and the same skin. What will ever drive it into our heads that human beings forever persist in being human? And why should a Congressman be an exception?

In his case, however, there is a further complication to be noted. Meet him at a dinner table, and you find him dignified, affable, witty, widely read, far-sighted, original and adventurous in his views. But put him on his "hill of imperial splendor," under his huge unpricked bubble of a cast-iron dome, and something happens to him. What is it?

It is largely, I think, what happens to anyone set down in a company of

ninety-six or four hundred and thirty-five persons. The French idea of an American is not based upon the quiet, simple, well-mannered folk who have the protective coloration of their kind in any country and who can be identified only by an acute eye or by reference to a passport. It is gained from the loud, pretentious, ill-mannered people who bawl their witticisms from café to café, make the fortune of Montmartre, paste their suitcases with their left-over francs, and tell the world who won the War. So hence, dear delusion! Sweet enchantment, hence! Under his cast-iron dome our friend of the dinner table does not turn into a mountebank, nor is he the author of the more flamboyant part of the *Congressional Record*—which no village newspaper, not one of those annual albums of the Know-Nothing period, garish with gold and dripping with sentimentality, can rival in the luxuriance of wild grammar, exploded ideas, excruciating rhymes, misquoted quotations, irrelevant padding, and shameless bids for publicity. He is merely lost among those of his colleagues who happen to furnish bored reporters with more amusement.

Another point about our friend of the dinner table is that the *Congressional Record* long ago ceased to be an accurate mirror of his activities. In the Senate public discussion still counts for something because debate is practically unlimited and there are fewer to engage in it; but no one ever hears of what goes on in committee, where almost all the serious work—especially of the House—is done. That is why visitors find more empty chairs than full ones in the House. Among so many complaints, both on the Hill and off, against secret diplomacy, it is rather curious that we hear so little about secret legislation! And changes yet more revolutionary have overtaken the humble little world of Calhoun, Clay, and Webster. To such a height of wealth and puissance have we now attained that we all but regard it as beyond the power of Congress to exalt us or to bring us low. American life has grown vastly more complex, and the Hill occupies a relatively smaller place in our attention. The papers have swollen enormously in size, as a rule are little concerned with what goes on outside their own States, and are readier to print what used to be passed over in silence. The severe *Congressional Globe* of 1840 refused to publish in full what Mr. Ogle of Pennsylvania, objecting to an appropriation of $3,665 for the White House, had to say about the "regal splendor of the President's Palace," the "tabby cats" (*i.e.* tabourets) of his "blue elliptical saloon," and the rest of his extravagant "trumpery." The *Congressional Record* of 1925 not only gave more than two pages, or some five thousand words, to a lyric effort from Kentucky entitled "Cal's Hobby Horse" and the discussion relating thereto, but the so-called poem appeared that night or the next morning in every corner of the country. If it is now possible for a humorous or unseemly incident on the floor of either house to become public property within the hour, it is also possible for constituents to exert their pressure as never before. And oratory, which once held so high a place among American arts, has fallen out of fashion. We are still a talkative people, but the speech we prefer is the kind that goes best with dessert. We feel that if a man must indulge in purple patches he should mount the pulpit or hire a hall. He should not obstruct public business by haranguing the galleries at public expense.

For the rest, there has never been a time in our history when it was not the fashion to decry or make game of Congress. Such are the penalties of eminence. Such are the compensations of obscurity. Such are the prerogatives of free speech. And such, in particular, are the fruits of experience. Our heroic period is past, with its hazards, its experiments, its enthusiasms, its first fine glow of creation. Having set in motion a mechanism which, as such things go,

was something new under the sun, we have discovered that it doesn't work precisely as we expected; and we have begun to be extremely critical of our handiwork. From the very lips of a personage entitled to a seat under that cast-iron dome have I heard words which might dismay certain of his constituents—to the effect that representative institutions are not an end in themselves, and that they were not intended to be a device for handing over the rule to the multitude. They are, rather, an excessively cumbersome and far from infallible device for discovering the competent. What was unforeseen was that this device would open the door also to the self-seeker, the shallow persuader, the ruthless go-getter. The original theory was that in an aristocracy of virtue and talent he would subside to his true level. But we have not yet learned how to eliminate him; and we may never. Hence a certain disillusionment with respect to the diehards of an order which is not destined to pass with any swiftness or comfort. As the ironical Beaumarchais put it, who lent us money that we never repaid, *tout finit par des chansons. E.g.*, the *Congressional Record!*

II

Be that as it may, the Congressman you meet at dinner has a colleague whom you do not. Why is that? There are many reasons, none of which has to do with his shyness or unapproachability, several of which have to do with his manifold preoccupations and your own failure to be of the elect. But there are more or less reliable sources of information about him, including among others the Constitution and Statutes at Large of the United States. Thus you know that, if a Senator, he must "have attained to the age of thirty years, and have been nine years a citizen," while a Representative must be at least twenty-five and a citizen seven years. As our generation is by no means the first to inquire, however, what is the Constitution between friends? At any rate, there have been several exceptions to the primary requirement for election to Congress. Indeed, not two years ago it was seriously proposed in Illinois that one Mr. Harold E. Grange, aged twenty-two, an outstanding citizen of a sovereign State, be sent to the House. The Congressman you do not meet at dinner would have been the first to agree with Scipio Africanus Major, who, elected to office in 211 B.C. but not yet of legal age, announced, "If the citizens in general are desirous of choosing me for ædile, I am old enough."

You know also that he is clothed with authorities and responsibilities which were not cut out for narrow shoulders. Not least important among them is the Representative's power of the purse, derived from his right to initiate measures for raising revenue. His, too, is the sole power of impeachment, and in certain contingencies he elects a President. As a Senator he may be required to elect a Vice President or to sit with his fellows as a court of impeachment. How thoroughly he enjoys his constitutional check upon the President's power of treaty-making and of appointment is one of the largest themes in American politics. So far as his charters provide, however, he has no right to nominate anybody but cadets to West Point and midshipmen to Annapolis. This privilege is not without its points and belongs in equal measure to every member of each house. In whichever house he sits he may likewise cast the vote which will declare a war, pass a bill over the President's veto, or propose an amendment to the Constitution. And he possesses certain valuable immunities. He is immune—save for treason, felony, or breach of the peace—from arrest. He is immune from the intrusion of the Washington police—having a standing army of his own, composed of nine officers and forty-four men. He is immune from the inquisitions of the

Budget and of the Comptroller General. And, not least gratefully, is he immune from the pettifogging of Fine Arts Commissions. He has his own architect, who is good enough for anybody—except the Congressman you meet at dinner.

Powers and prerogatives are very well; but, oddly enough, these imponderabilia are chiefly for keen eyes, stout hearts, strong wills, hard heads. Immunities, too, are good in their negative way. But how much better, for the more poetic type of Congressman, are solid pickings, perquisites, profits, and emoluments! A formidable array of them could be set forth without exhausting the list. Videlicet:

A salary of ten thousand iron men a year—to use the language he speaks most fluently. No princely sum for a plutocratic Republic, yet enough for a "hill of imperial splendor" and more than enough for most home towns.

Item, mileage at the rate of twenty cents a mile for the lawful number of round trips a year between the home town and the cast-iron dome—and no impertinent questions asked.

Item, the more pleasing prospect, realized oftener between 1898 and 1917 than since, of a sea voyage at the expense of the honest taxpayer. Join the Government and see the world! The Navy is rather skittish in these matters, having a slogan of its own and regulations to which it can point the finger of regret. But the Army, which makes men, can occasionally spare a transport. The Coast Guards will also listen to reason—especially just before or just after the consideration of a pay bill. As for the Shipping Board, it makes special rates not only for Congressmen but for all officers of the Government going to and fro upon their lawful occasions.

Item, an office or two—or three—on the Hill, not always so spacious as the occupant's desires, yet designed by no mean architect and fitted out with every modern convenience—it need not be at a penny's expense to himself.

Item, the services, gratis, of a number of clerks which varies according to the house in which the Congressman sits, his rank in his committees, etc. In the case of a Senator who is not chairman of a committee, this works out to an average of three. For the fiscal year 1926–7 $1,760,000 were appropriated for general clerk hire in the House, specifying so many categories of clerks at so much per annum; and each member gets the mathematical share he rates. His share occasionally provides a salary for each member of his family. And mind you, the job of clerk to a Congressman is not to be sneezed at. The ranking clerks of the two committees on appropriations draw $6,000 a year. A senator's chief clerk gets $3,300, or more than many a specialist in the scientific Bureaus.

Item, none too niggardly supplies of stationery—judging from the current year's appropriation of $85,000. On the principle of the Army canteen, it used also to be possible to acquire through the Stationery Room all manner of miscellaneous merchandise, at a discount of something like forty per cent. But an incident involving a pocket flask has latterly curtailed this privilege.

Item, a postal frank, covering all official correspondence of any class sent out from any domestic Post Office during the incumbent's term of office. Indiscreet questions rarely asked.

Item, the use of an underground monorail, gratis, for transportation, in freedom from prying eyes or the inclemency of the weather, between the office buildings and the cast-iron dome.

Item, a share in the services of a page on the floor of either house—whose antecedents will generally lead back into that impenetrable maze of patronage whence likewise issue midshipmen, cadets, postmasters, and ambassadors.

Item, the right to pluck nosegays, in strict order of precedence, in the United States Botanic Garden. This pleasance is more celebrated for its poker and its politics than for its botany, being an unkempt jungle at the end of the Mall

nearest the Capitol, which has grown up since 1856 around what used to be known as the National Greenhouses. Among its more terrifying ornaments is a vast cast-iron fountain, in the taste of 1876, which for reasons unfathomable to the profane is immensely admired by the citizens of Washington and by poetic Congressmen. Whenever there is question of suppressing it—for the taste of 1876 demanded that, like the Washington Monument, it should bear no relation to the symmetry of its surroundings—there arise to heaven such passionate outcries as have hitherto prevented the realization of L'Enfant's noble plan of a setting for the Capitol. Besides the President has a greenhouse. Why shouldn't Congress have one? The gardener likes his job and his cottage, the Congressmen like the little favors he can do them, the Congressmen's wives like his flowers—to say nothing of the neat wooden boxes in which they come. And it has never occurred to any of them that there is anything undignified in gracing so harmless a piece of graft with so sonorous a name. To create a real Botanic Garden, in a part of Washington where it would not be out of place, would cost money and require scientific experts. Whereas this year's appropriation is only $77,544, providing among other things for a Director, an Assistant Director, seven gardeners of various degrees, two shipping clerks, etc. But according to recent numbers of the *Congressional Record* this disfigurement is at last to be removed from the Mall and a new National Greenhouse is to be erected in convenient proximity to the cast-iron dome—under the old name of United States Botanic Garden. To the taxpayer its roses will doubtless smell the sweeter.

Item, the right to bring the United States Botanic Garden as it were to the door of every garden-loving constituent. Too much noise has been made about this graceful altruism, and the language of the law is too dark for an outsider to make out just what happens—beyond the fact that to him who asks shall be given, without money and without price, a number of small packages marked "Department of Agriculture. Congressional Seed Distribution." But the Secretary of Agriculture draws two appropriations, aggregating $241,000, for the propagation, purchase, and distribution of "rare and valuable seeds, bulbs, trees, shrubs, vines, cuttings, and plants," two-thirds of which—if the texts do not mislead me—are subject to the call of Congress.

Item, the right to draw books to any number, for any length of time, from the admirably stocked and excellently run Congressional Library, with subterranean compressed-air delivery service at the Capitol. Volumes from the Congressional Library may occasionally be picked up in second-hand book stores out of Washington. But he that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone!

Item, the less restricted right to receive a generous number of copies, gratis, of all "documents" issued by the Public Printer. The duties, prerogatives, politics, and woes of this functionary, at once an appointee of the President, a minion of the Joint Committee on Printing, and the largest and least advertised publisher in the country, is a subject worthy a gifted pen. While the editions and distribution of works published by the Government Printing Office are prescribed by law, a determined Congressman need rarely put his hand in his pocket to get one more copy. Such literature as agricultural reports, however, may run to editions of five or six figures. Of one edition of a treatise on the Diseases of the Horse, 25,000 copies were reserved for the Senate and 50,000 for the House. When a past or present member of either house "succumbs" or is "claimed by death"—as the Washington papers invariably put it—his colleagues from his native State or Territory receive 1,950 copies of the eulogies pronounced in his honor. To impound this flood of printed matter and to divert

it into channels where it will be most useful, Congressmen have the additional services (a) of a Document Room and (b) of a so-called Folding Room. The frank and the constituent do the rest.

Item, the right to receive two copies a day, gratis, one at home and one at the Capitol, of that periodical whose appearance bright and early on the morning after the proceedings it records, how interminable so ever they may have been, is the first thought of the Public Printer—the *Congressional Record.* A Senator, furthermore, is entitled to 88 and a Representative to 60 additional copies, either of the daily or of the definitive edition, loose or bound. And at nominal cost he may cause to be reprinted from the plates any portion of the same, for private distribution as parts of the *Record.*

Item, the more precious right of revising speeches which were made too hastily, or of inserting speeches which were never made at all—technically known as extensions of remarks. They extend! They make it possible for a daily *Record* of the 69th Congress, 1st Session, which adjourned July 3, 1926, to run on until the 16th. They necessitate the resetting of the definitive edition, in order that corrections may be made and unspoken speeches may appear to have been spoken at the proper time and place. They include accounts of stewardships, political manifestoes, advance texts of controversial treaties, campaign copy, lectures, radio addresses, after-dinner witticisms, tributes to deceased patriots, harangues or literary efforts by the friends of members, articles borrowed from the five-cent magazines, praises of the mocking bird, poems, sighs, sobs—all at the rate of $48 a page. And during the past Session the pages of the definitive edition alone ran over 13,000. But what would you? The country is rich, no comptroller can make a fuss, and no member who asks permission to print material germane to important debates will refuse another member leave to slip in a piece of padding designed merely to impress constituents or to satisfy a personal vanity.

As it is, some member might do worse than to extend his remarks by printing a cynical old book entitled *The Prince,* in which it is said, "Not by words are states maintained."

III

Evidently a potent personage, this Congressman you do not know, for whom the Constitution, the Statutes at Large, the rules and precedents of the cast-iron dome have done so much. You are, therefore, justified in your curiosity to know him better. Are you not a lesser citizen of a country which has suffered much for the arts of publicity? Is it not your daily meed to gaze at the portraits of your national heroes, to hear their views on questions of which they know little and care less, to inspect their furniture and wardrobe, to pursue them to the altar, the courtroom, the operating table, the funeral parlor? Your curiosity is the more justified because this hero is as native to America as tobacco. Search the world over, and you would not find his precise counterpart.

He is somebody because the Declaration of Independence made him somebody. And what is not least quaint about it is that of that Declaration he has read no more than a few of the opening phrases—which he generally misquotes. *E.g.,* "all men are created free and equal." Then there is something about inalienable rights, about life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, about Governments deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed. Brave words, full of encouragement for a Congressman with gifts of extension! If their author was romantic enough to imagine that a nobody, given the chance to become somebody, would all of a sudden burst out into all manner of previously inhibited virtues and talents, the joke is merely on Jefferson. For himself, there is nothing but a ballot be-

tween the elect and those who seek election.

His biographical sketch in the *Congressional Directory*, longest where there is least to say, proves that for the purpose of becoming somebody nothing is so good as to have been born in a log-cabin, or, failing that, on a farm. Was there not a rail-splitting Lincoln? If he is a self-made man as well, so much the better. Look at Henry Ford. At any rate he is not likely to have had more schooling than the law allows, unless a correspondence course in Coke and Blackstone. Otherwise he will have turned his hand to a variety of odd jobs; may easily have edited a country paper. He settled in a town of ten to twenty-five thousand, took to local politics as a horseshoe to a magnet, discovered that there lay as good a way as any to make a living, did his bit for his party chiefs, served a term or two in the State Legislature,—and here he is under the cast-iron dome.

His stock in trade is a grand air, a confidential manner, a ready tongue, a fair game of poker, and an inability to say no. You naturally do not expect him to care much for reading. He is too fond of talk and good company. The latest poet he has heard of is Kipling, the Kipling of 1895; but for purposes of quotation he leans toward Longfellow and that esoteric school of song to which the *New York Times Book Review* consecrates its final pages. He is strong, too, for "Crossing the Bar." It infallibly reappears in a eulogy of a departed colleague. In history he is less strong, having had no occasion to refresh his memory since his school days. But at a pinch the encyclopedia will tell him all he needs to know, or his clerk can run over to the Library and work up the facts.

Where he touches his heights of eloquence is on the theme of American institutions and ideals—though just what they are or just how they differ from French, Japanese, or Fiji ideals and institutions he would be hard put to expound. Whether he has read more of the Constitution he is sworn to defend than of the Declaration of Independence you are too discreet to inquire. Certainly his tinkerings with it do not look as if he had. When he descends from the clouds, however, he makes it clear enough that the great American ideal is prosperity and the great American institution politics. For him the words "politician" and "statesman" are synonyms, as are "republic" and "democracy." Yet his piercing eye discerns worlds of difference between a Republican and a Democrat. He is a devout one, whichever he may be, believing no stone too hard for an infidel. He cherishes also a mystic faith in majorities. There is nothing of which a majority is not the final court of appeal —the worth of a candidate, the truth of a religion, the fate of an evolutionary theory, the standing of an artist. If you were to tell him that Shakespeare is a great poet, not because everybody says so but because two or three men in every generation say so, he would laugh at you.

Are you puzzled by the fact that, to acquire merit with his party or to defend a ham in the pork barrel, he is likewise capable of the stubbornest resistance to the will of a majority? The mechanism of his instinctive actions and reactions is after all not too mysterious. His cast-iron dome, five times too big for the edifice it surmounts, illuminated at night on the principle of "Let your light so shine before men . . ." and marking the center of Washington in a sense not intended by its founders (by the simple device of ordaining it to be the point where converge four dislocated quarters of the town), is the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual truth—namely that Congress is the sole veritable Government of the United States. Did not a Continental Congress run the country alone, with perfect success, throughout the Revolutionary period? Is not the first and foremost article in the Constitution devoted to Congress? Does not the House hold the strings of

that capacious purse from which must come every penny doled out to a President or to the hungry army of bureaucrats who swell his train? Has not the Senate the sacred duty of advising a President on every treaty and appointment he makes, and of consenting—or of refusing to consent—to the same? These are circumstances requiring an eye of sleepless vigilance, a hand prompt to put upstarts in their places, a readiness to forego deliberative functions. Whence it is that the most poetic of Congressmen must now and then descend even to the White House, more frequently to drop the name of a postmaster into an august ear than to hound a tyrant to his grave, or must rise to warn a befuddled world that a mere Secretary of State has no authority to conduct the foreign relations of the Republic.

Foreign relations! Instinctive, too, is his unwillingness that they should exist. Nine times out of ten they are nothing but another name for England—implacable enemy, decaying prop of monarchs, mother of deceits, mistress of oppressions, destroyer of liberties, snapper up of unconsidered trifles, forever prowling up and down the earth seeking whom she may devour, forever weaving dark stratagems like the League of Nations and the Permanent Court of International Justice. (But World Court is what he prefers to call it, as being shorter, wickeder, and more grandiose.)

Precisely why those gropings toward reason imperil his famous ideals and institutions he is no more able to explain than to define the latter. He points instead to those nine hostile millions menacing his unguarded northern frontier. He mutters grandly about sovereignty. Irresistible forces, immovable obstacles, something like that. He almost makes you think of a superiority complex. Or is it merely disgust at having let himself in for the "World War"? (German War, after the analogy of his others, wouldn't do. Too many voters to get annoyed.) What this war was all about he has no idea, but he is firmly convinced that England and France were at the bottom of it. Why on earth can't all those people stop squabbling, get together, throw down their absurd tariff barriers, do away with their tin-pot pretensions, and live in unity like his own "sovereign" States? He misses no occasion to shout good advice to them across the ocean. He doesn't like it so much when they shout back. What could any of them teach him? Poor old England, for example—who has had colonies for three hundred years and has learned quite a bit about running them. Colonies? He has none. His own odds and ends of islands and zones are quite another matter. The very idea that he might set up something like a Colonial Office to look after them is enough to give him an apoplexy. He passes a law or two, turns them over to generals and admirals who have nothing better to do, and lets nature take its course. As for other countries, the only thing to do is to keep clear of the whole crazy lot. Why? Because Washington said so, a hundred and thirty years ago. And how does a poetic Congressman happen to know that? Because once a year, on the twenty-second of February, he has to listen to the reading of the Farewell Address, from end to end.

Another source of irritation is the city-namesake of Washington upon which his vigilant eye looks down. True, it is his lawful appanage and footstool. Yet never since his coach arrived there from Philadelphia in 1800 has he felt quite at home. So unnatural an island of anomaly, compassed about by full-blown sovereign States, is abhorrent to all his instincts. It is like a drifting piece of foreign soil. It is full of strangers who have the effrontery to demand—and to obtain—precedence over him at official functions. It incites him to speak of himself as an ambassador from afar. It ungratefully draws away from his shadow, toward a domeless white house upon another hill. It

forces him, in the thick of more fruitful labors, to pause and ponder upon a drain or a policeman—and one without a vote. His ears are too often offended by the clamors of those who demand its embellishment. His answer to that is prompt and clear. The cast-iron dome and the United States Botanic Garden are embellishment enough for Washington. Washington compares very favorably with Concord, Montgomery, Austin, Little Rock, Boise, or Sacramento. What is good enough for them is good enough for Washington. What is good enough for Washington is good enough for them. He will not vote one penny for Washington unless his own State gets something just as good.

His own State! Ah, there is the key to unlock his heart! *E pluribus unum* is all very well on a seal or a coin, but it is a conception too remote, too impersonal for a Congressman of extensions to take in. What he understands is his own State, its beauties, its grandeurs, its crying needs, and its fair rewards. Let laws, Presidents, foreign relations, Washington go hang. Let those who theorize about a statesman's duty to lead do likewise. The statesman's first duty under the cast-iron dome is to see that his State gets a square deal—in roads, rivers, harbors, national parks, post offices, appointments. And it is the citizens of his State, his constituents, who like hotel guests are always right. For them, therefore, does your poetic Congressman become a willing slave. For them, between two cocktails, does he propose Eighteenth Amendments. For them does he present bills which he knows have no chance of passing. For them does he pass other bills which he counts on the humble denizen of the White House to veto. For them does he sweat day and night, "correcting" their military records, getting them pensions, writing them letters of recommendation, finding them jobs, protecting them against unscrupulous Department chiefs, hunting down for them all manner of information, sending them public documents and seeds—seeds which may fall among thorns or upon stony places, yet which may bring forth fruit, some thirty, some sixty, some an hundred fold. . . .

IV

How do I know? I read the *Congressional Record!* Also, I sometimes sit in the gallery of one or the other house, where it is possible to behold, albeit from afar, this by no means mythical personage. The nearest I ever came to meeting him in the flesh was at a Hopi Indian dance in front of the Capitol. And I recognized with a start of incredulous surprise those stigmata of greatness which I thought had vanished from the Hill—the *n*-gallon hat, the streaming black tie, the magnificent waistcoat, the watch-chain richly accentuating the umbilical region, the air of complicity in profound and encouraging secrets, the indefinable American look of those who have never known doubt or humiliation or misery or despair, who are citizens of the best of all possible worlds, the grandest of all conceivable Governments, and the queen of all sovereign States. There were shrewd wrinkles about the eyes, the lips were quick to part, and something told me he would have a hard hand. No stranger he to the axe, the rein, or the steering wheel. Something also told me that he would be a faithful enough husband, an indulgent father, a resourceful friend. As he directed to their seats ladies with cards, inducted under the ropes ladies with none, gave orders to his standing army, I caught again a whiff of the atmosphere of the cast-iron dome, unmistakable in its aroma of complicated traditions and bottomless understandings. Nor do I mean to insinuate that his pockets are the fuller for his intimacy with the contents of the public purse. Yet I fancy he would hardly subscribe to W. B. Yeats's definition of a gentleman as "a man whose principal ideas are not connected with his personal needs and his personal success."

THE MIRACLE OF THE FRANC

BY SISLEY HUDDLESTON

ALWAYS, throughout a long career as diplomatic and economic observer, have I contended that foreign affairs and finances, rightly regarded, properly described, are as fascinating and dramatic as any romance; and never perhaps has this contention been justified so clearly as by that exciting episode in France which lasted from, say, the beginning of 1925 to the early months of 1927. In this period there were all the elements of a well-constructed story. The situation at the start was interesting, and with a series of violent vicissitudes it grew more interesting. Incident after incident carried the breathless adventure to successively higher points, until at last the excitement was worked up to the catastrophic stage. Then, while we looked on, believing the crash was inevitable, there quietly stepped forward a remarkable man. Everything changed suddenly. We had been asking how quickly disaster would come. Then we began to ask how quickly salvation would come. The struggle to restore the franc was, for the spectator in the front stalls, as heart-gripping as had been the previous approach of an apparently inevitable fate. One would like to suppose that the play is nicely rounded off and is over; but it may be that there are other peripetiæ, that a final act is to be added. At any rate I consider the narrative, whether it be ended or not, engrossing; and I would have others share my view of the stirring character of public life in other lands.

Jules Romains, a distinguished and talented French writer, in his younger days invented a theory of composition which he called Unanimism. Unanimism means many things, but for my present purpose I would define it as an art-form which takes cognizance of collective joys and sufferings. The business of the novelist, as it is generally conceived, is to isolate three or four persons or more from the mass, and to follow their fortunes. Henry Fielding, who may be regarded as the father of the modern novel, particularly practiced this method, and his personages might, for all he tells us to the contrary, be moving in a vacuum. Outside events scarcely concern them. They are intent on themselves. Sir Walter Scott broke away from this tradition and brought crowds into his pages, and related more or less accurately the clash of public events. His personages were part of society, and were detached only in the sense that the limelight particularly played upon them. The novel has undergone many changes, but it may not unfairly be said to have developed on these two divergent lines.

To-day in America there are novelists who are chiefly concerned with the external or internal life of a handful of people; and there are other novelists who are concerned not so much with the individual as with the community. Romains made heroes—to use the common expression—of streets and of quarters.

This is not a digression. It is of the very essence of the theory which I have put forward continually. That theory is that the life, not merely of a street or a town, but of a whole people, is as vital and moving as the life of a selected

person. Diplomacy is usually represented as dull, and economics as deadly. They are, indeed, often expounded in dry terms. They are stripped of their human interest. They are considered to be mysterious operations to be understood only by experts. The truth is that, in spite of specialists, they are simple and thrilling. There are continually produced "situations" which, rightly handled, would make famous the playwright who could thus handle them. My own endeavor has always been to put in high relief these dramas of nations. My ambition—had I the time and the ability—would be to be the Novelist of Nations. Perhaps some day somebody will frankly work in this large way.

This does not mean that although entire peoples strut upon the international stage there are no persons. Inside the main drama are a million dramas, and these million dramas may be the result of the decision of a single man. A Washington or a Lincoln, a Pitt or a Disraeli, a Robespierre or a Napoleon, or, nearer our own days, a Bismarck or a Roosevelt or a Wilson or a Lloyd George or a Poincaré or a Clemenceau may be a determining factor in the stupendous play.

II

Bearing these remarks in mind, let us briefly tell the story of France's experience. For half a year pessimists considered national bankruptcy to be unavoidable. French currency slumped ominously. Parliament appeared to be helpless. The Deputies and Senators, talking interminably, seemed incapable of calling a halt. They lost themselves in a labyrinth of verbosity. Therefore, it is not surprising that Parliamentary institutions were challenged, that Democracy was called into question, that there were cries for a Dictator. It was not surprising that the people, dismayed and angered at this appalling spectacle of inefficiency, clamored in the streets. In the first half of last year M. Briand was Prime Minister; and although he was not himself responsible for the finances of the country, he failed to choose Finance Ministers who could cope with the exceptional conditions. His tenure of office was precarious. Twice he was compelled to resign, once in March and again in June, before his final resignation in July. Still the franc continued to fall when M. Briand formed his third Cabinet of the year, with M. Caillaux as Finance Minister. M. Caillaux had been hailed as a financial genius. It is not my purpose to criticize him, but merely to state that the great expectations which had been placed upon him were disappointed. Precisely as he failed in 1925, he failed in 1926. He was unable to win confidence. The franc rolled down hill without respite. Capital fled the country. The Treasury was empty. The Chamber was in turmoil. The populace became wrathful. M. Herriot acted as a kind of lightning-conductor when, on July 17th, he took the unusual course of descending from the Presidential fauteuil of the Chamber and, by a powerful speech on the floor of the House, overthrew the Briand-Caillaux Cabinet. He was compelled to take up the difficult succession. His Ministry was overturned after a single day of existence. With the franc at its lowest level—approaching fifty to the dollar—the Paris population met agitatedly before the Palais-Bourbon and the Palace of the Elysée, and demanded a party truce. The people, with their mass instinct, held the dissensions of the parties to be responsible for the impending disaster.

The contrast between these six months and the following six months is amazing. When the worst was anticipated, when Revolution, besides Bankruptcy, was not impossible, the President of the Republic called on Poincaré to accept a formidable duty. Probably Poincaré was the only man in France who could even attempt the task. Other statesmen had been Prime Ministers, and

personal jealousies and considerations of personal prestige prevented them from serving under one of their number. But Poincaré stood on a higher plane. He had not only been Prime Minister: he had also, for seven years—seven of the most troubled years in French history—been President of the Republic. Under him surely all men could serve in this national emergency. Conscious of the gravity of the moment, he formed a Cabinet of men of various parties, excluding only the Socialist and Communist parties. No fewer than six Prime Ministers were associated in his Government. He concentrated his attention on finances. He worked with extraordinary celerity. Not a few weeks, but a few days, sufficed to still the outcry. It was confidence that had principally been lacking, and confidence began to return. The franc stopped on the very edge of the abyss into which it was about to plunge. It quickly took up a tenable position. A Sinking Fund was established to ease the Treasury. The Chamber, thoroughly alarmed, did everything it was asked to do; and Poincaré drove through laws with record rapidity and obtained powers of decree which had previously been fiercely disputed by the Deputies. The Budget—a properly balanced Budget—was voted in thirty-six days—well before the opening of the financial year to which it applied. Nothing like Poincaré's performance had been seen for generations. If anything, the franc recovered too quickly, and the economic life of the country was perturbed—an inevitable penalty, however, for past blunders, a penalty which M. Caillaux had never ceased to prophesy. At the end of the year stabilization in its legal sense was still to be achieved, but the Banque de France publicly announced its willingness to buy and sell at approximately twenty-five francs to the dollar. This was tantamount to *de facto* stabilization.

Could he hold the franc? Certainly he could hold it at such a price or thereabouts if there were not fresh political complications. Economically, there was not the slightest difficulty. But psychologically, was there not danger? Would not memories be short? Would not the politicians, notoriously ungrateful, proverbially incorrigible, forget even the most recent history? The peril past, would not the intrigues be renewed, ambitions, jealousies, contentions, party strife be resumed? These were agonizing questions, for there was a chance that if Poincaré was forced to retire, his work unfinished—though this would be, from his personal viewpoint, excellent, since he would have acquired great credit without risking another depreciation of the franc under his Premiership—panic would again seize the people, and this time the flight from the franc would be fatal.

Yet, whatever the sequel, it is indisputable that for at least a period Poincaré had become the Mussolini of France—a more supple, less pugnacious, quieter, unboasting Mussolini, but a Mussolini nevertheless, wielding unprecedented power, whipping the deputies into obedience, demonstrating his own efficiency, stimulating the faith and the efforts of Frenchmen.

III

Financially, France, ever since the War, has been faced with genuine problems, but the crisis was brought about chiefly by public distrust of the politicians. Yet if we look at the French financial institutions, we shall find that they were outmoded and began to creak before 1914.

Only eight times in more than half a century since the Third Republic was proclaimed has the Budget, for example, been voted in due season. Usually France existed on monthly provisional credits. There were always supplementary estimates and Special Budgets. Expenditure was concealed by the passing of additional credits. All calculations of French spendings must be more

or less approximate until many years have passed. The whole French financial machinery is unwieldy and unworkable. Drastic reforms have long been needed. When the first shot was fired it was certain that, whatever was the outcome of the strife on the battlefield, French finances would be shattered. They were antiquated, and were not modified as the industrial and economic conditions were modified. Napoleon established the Banque de France, but its relations with the State are still ambiguous. The fiscal agents are buried in a mass of papers and the fiscal laws accumulate and are contradictory.

There might have been no particularly evil consequences had not the War precipitated the smash. During the War there was reckless squandering of money, for everything was sacrificed to victory. After the War foolish illusions were cherished, such as the possibility of extracting from Germany gold in profusion.

In 1913 the French Budget was, roughly, 5,000,000,000 gold francs. It is now, in round figures, 40,000,000,000 paper francs. Of this amount half must go to the service of the debt. It is difficult to see how the sums devoted to the service of the debt can be reduced materially for many years, for there have been many loans on which interest must be paid. It will be readily appreciated that the service of the debt necessarily prevents the full restoration of the franc to parity. It is possible to raise in taxation forty or fifty milliards (billions) of paper francs at the present rate of exchange, but obviously it would not be possible to obtain from the present resources of the country even twenty milliards of gold francs—that is to say, two or three times as much as at present. Yet the service of the debt cannot, without some kind of repudiation, be brought lower than, say, fifteen milliards; and the figure will remain the same whether interest and amortization are paid in gold or in paper. This is the most serious reason why any further considerable improvement of the franc is not feasible.

Economically, I have worked out the figures carefully, and I am convinced that the franc is truly worth twenty-five to the dollar as against five to the dollar in 1914. That is its intrinsic value on the lowest estimate, having regard to the gold holdings and the unquestionable securities held by the Bank. If the State chooses to repay its debt to the Bank—and there is, theoretically, no reason why the heavy borrowings from the Bank should not be regarded by the Bank as good credits—the franc could be restored completely. But, as I have pointed out, complete restoration, or anything like it, would, from the budgetary standpoint, be calamitous.

In 1914 there was a deficit of five milliards, in 1915 of sixteen milliards, in 1916 of twenty-two milliards, in 1917 of thirty-eight milliards, and in 1918 of forty-nine milliards. These are disastrous figures which are, however, readily explained by the war. But afterwards France failed to raise adequate sums from taxation, imagining that the Budget was balanced if large items were put under the head of Recoverable Expenditure—that is to say, expenditure which might be recovered from Germany. Is France to be blamed because she believed for so long—as all the Allies believed for some time—in the dreams of Rhine gold? In 1919 there was a deficit of forty-two milliards, in 1920 of thirty-eight milliards, in 1921 of twenty-four milliards, in 1922 of twenty-four milliards, in 1923 of eleven milliards, in 1924 of seven milliards. Thereafter, it was professed that the deficits were smaller, but in reality even in 1926 there were many milliards short. The post-war borrowings exceeded the war borrowings, and France was crushed under a mountain of debts.

The need for drastic action was realized in 1924, but unfortunately the political confusion began, and much precious time was wasted. Nobody would lend any more. Short-term bonds were presented by their holders

for repayment. As confidence diminished, the strain on the Treasury increased. Three times in 1925 was it necessary to raise the legal limit of note circulation, until the fiduciary issue was higher than fifty-five milliard paper francs, as against less than six milliards in 1913. No wonder that the franc fell. Finance Minister after Finance Minister was unable to control the process, until the franc, nominally worth twenty cents, was worth only two cents. When things reach such a pass, when a whole people becomes panic-stricken, it may be presumed that the collapse will continue, until the two cents shrink to one cent, and perhaps to nothing at all.

It was at this critical juncture that M. Poincaré stepped in, and with a series of measures, legislative and administrative, showed the French people that their fears were unfounded; and in a few months converted the two cents into four cents.

Whatever may be the truth about earlier years, let it be emphatically stated that France is now not undertaxed, as is often pretended, but is rather overtaxed. With a variety of exceptional charges for special purposes, and the contribution to the State of the *départements* and the communes, it may be calculated that the French numbering forty millions pay, for public services, at least fifty milliards—not forty as the Budget would appear to show. As for the alleged discrepancy between direct and indirect taxation, there is a serious misunderstanding abroad. More than half the receipts from taxation are personal and direct. These facts should be made better known, for they are an irrefutable response to the calumnies which are still spread about France, and show the enormous sacrifices the French people are, under good leadership, willing to endure.

IV

In normal times the population disregards fiscal facts—just as the ordinary person is unconscious of a circulation of his blood. Far from blaming, one may commend this ignorance. Nobody is so boring and so morbid as the person who is aware of his blood pressure. It is a dangerous sign when a whole nation awakens to an interest in finance. France for a long time pursued her way happily. Then suddenly everybody was unhealthily fascinated by the rate of exchange. Everybody turned eagerly, morning and evening, to the money quotations. The French were like the anxious folk of a fishing town, scanning the sky and examining the barometrical readings.

Things did not reach the pass they had reached elsewhere—the French housewife, setting aside overnight the money for the food of the following day, did not, like the German housewife, discover the next morning that everything had changed and that her provision of money would purchase practically nothing. Those extremes were spared the French. Yet history repeated itself sufficiently for the French man or woman to become doubtful of the morrow. The French are characteristically thrifty. For innumerable generations they have saved. Now saving seemed to be folly. What was the use of piling up paper which palpably shrivelled under one's eyes? The scriptural satire was paraphrased—Let us eat, drink, and be merry, lest our notes become nothing.

Articles which were not required were acquired. There was a spirit of extravagance. It overtook all classes. The working classes bought furniture and clothes they did not want. The bourgeois classes offered themselves automobiles and pianos. The richer classes bought up houses and land. Expensive restaurants multiplied. On the boulevards handsome banks were erected and did brisk business. Outwardly there were evidences of wealth, but those of us who are acquainted with these phenomena knew that the evidences of wealth—as they appeared to be—were in reality evidences of impending poverty. The rush of spending in any country may well

be the forerunner of ruin. It is a paradox that is quite comprehensible to those who have lived in these post-War days in Europe. Artificial prosperity is positively blasting.

That was one side of the French expansion—a blown-up expansion without substance. There were those who soon had a vested interest in inflation, and who, enriched by the production of paper, would have liked the production to continue. They dreaded deflation, foreseeing that there would be a crash. Thus it suited a minority—a minority that was influential and active—to encourage France on a deadly path and to resist the final settlement. But there were others who were determined to get to grips with a relentless foe drumming its hectic and staccato syncopation with feverish fingers. Those who were able to work, though their virtues were undermined, were not badly off. On the whole their wages were not disproportionate to their expenses. They obtained compensating augmentations. The manufacturers and the dealers could put up their prices. The agriculturalists were in a commanding position. But France's backbone is the poorer bourgeoisie, and the bourgeoisie have incomes which, if not fixed, are not flexible. They were badly hit.

V

Take the case of the *rentier*—that is to say, the man or woman who is more or less dependent on his savings. Those savings had been accumulated by dint of constant care. They had been put in what the French call choice family investments—*placements de père de famille*. Surely they could be considered safe. The State guaranteed them. The State, indeed, in most cases issued the bonds. There was no question of speculative risk. The element of gambling was supposed to be eliminated. Yet these savings dwindled month by month. Readers will remember the story of the *peau de chagrin*—the wild ass's skin—imagined by Balzac, which grew beautifully less and less. The bonds in this manner grew beautifully less and less. If they had been sold on the money markets—and nobody wished to buy—the capital would even nominally, as expressed in paper francs, have shrunk from, say, a million to half a million. At one stroke the capital would have been reduced by half. But this was only the beginning of the trouble. If that half-million francs had been converted into gold, it would have become only 50,000 francs! Think what tragedies may lie behind these simple figures.

But of course it would have been unwise to sell. Let us assume that the million-franc man kept his bonds and tried to live on the interest. Let us assume that his interest amounted to 4,000 francs a month. In the old days that would have meant, in France, comfort and even luxury. According to the rate of exchange when the franc approached 50 to the dollar, these 4,000 francs, expressed in gold, would be only the equivalent of 400 francs—a ridiculous sum on which to live.

I have put the case at its worst. I have somewhat exaggerated in order to make the point clear. In fact, the internal prices in France were lower than world prices. They never increased tenfold as, theoretically, they should have done. They increased about sixfold. Therefore, for practical purposes, one can double the figures I have given, provided there is no comparison with the outer world. But even that is bad enough, and on the most optimistic basis the *rentier* seemed to have lost nine-tenths of his capital or four-fifths of his income.

Moreover, the prospects were entirely unfavorable. Fortunately those prospects have been falsified, and the *rentier* has recovered a good deal. The Socialists loudly professed their lack of sympathy with the *rentier*. They would have robbed him of what remained. They held that he was an idler living at the expense of the State. They would have "consolidated"—that is to say, have declined to pay him what was due

to him—or by a "special levy" would have further reduced his capital or would have cut down his interest. It was precisely the socialistic schemes which frightened the investing classes and made the situation almost impossible. It was the defeat of these socialistic schemes which helped to restore confidence. Personally, I cannot understand why the *rentier*, already so severely hurt, should have been singled out for attack. He should have been protected. He had shown fiscal patriotism. He had trusted the State. He had relied on promises, explicit or implicit, on which every citizen of a modern State is entitled to rely.

So I hope that this plain statement will enable Americans to appreciate the feelings of the French when they saw the franc careering towards the edge of the precipice over which it might plunge. The intellectual workers—those who love and disseminate that culture which is the proudest prerogative of France—were in particularly parlous case. The writer, the artist, the savant, the philosopher, the professor at the Sorbonne, the student at the University were disheartened. Those who had culture to sell found that culture could not dictate its price. Those who strove for culture, if they belonged to families with straitened means, found the sacrifices they would normally have to make immensely magnified. On these classes was placed a tremendous handicap.

Hence the spectacle of an entire people watching the ticker-machines. There was a dreadful rhythm of the exchanges—a terrible tune with a ruinous rhythm. From five to fifteen was sickening, but from twenty to twenty-five was frightful. Twenty-five — thirty — thirty-one — thirty-three — thirty-five! Would the maddening rhythm ever stop? Forty! Forty-five! If it reached fifty, why not sixty? Why not eighty? Why not a hundred? Why not any arbitrary valuation? The mighty remorseless rhythm of destruction was the harder to bear because there was no indication that it would ever cease before the boundaries of ultimate discomfiture.

That ultimate discomfiture did not come. The rhythm ceased. The franc stopped, hesitated, improved slowly, and then rapidly. France breathed again. The panic had passed. Why? Because of one man. Because of Poincaré. Poincaré did what nobody else had done or could have done. Whatever the sequel, Poincaré should be honored by the French. Whatever his blunders three years ago, five years ago, ten years ago, fifteen years ago—and I do not suggest that they were blunders—he has more than redeemed them. He showed the French how to save the franc, and with the franc, France.

VI

Raymond Poincaré has been more intimately, more continuously, and more influentially connected with French public life than any man of his generation. In France Governmental instability is notorious. Governmental instability is scarcely exceeded by the instability of the franc during those anxious years. As many as five Ministries have been formed in a single year. The average duration of life which a Ministry may expect is nine or ten months. It would be much less were one to subtract the five or six fairly long Ministries which have, by exception, marked the Third Republic. Prime Ministers come and go, leaving no real trace of their passage. Clemenceau, at widely separated intervals, accepted power and stuck to it. But Briand, who has played a remarkable part in recent politics, has been Prime Minister ten or eleven times—a terrible commentary on political vicissitudes.

Poincaré has a less checkered career. Without going back to his earlier Ministries, one may say that his tenure of office has been scarcely broken since 1912. Then he became Prime Minister. The following year he was elected President of the Republic. He remained at the Elysée throughout the War. In

1920, when his term expired he refused to retire into private life. He was President of the Reparation Commission. Then he became the most powerful journalist in France. At the beginning of 1922 he, a former President, casting aside obsolete notions of personal dignity, entered the dusty arena of politics and again was Prime Minister. He stayed in his post for nearly two and a half years—most momentous years—controlling the destinies of France. In the middle of 1924 the general elections went in favor of the *Bloc des Gauches*. He stepped aside. Many believed his influence had ended, but two years later a national emergency called for a national man, and what national man was there besides Poincaré? Without depreciating other statesmen, and without necessarily extolling the past performances of Poincaré, he, disdaining party, by virtue of his seven years' Presidency seemed to stand above the others. That is why he was given his supreme opportunity.

Poincaré is altogether unlike the conventional conception of a Frenchman. He is a Lorrainer. There are Frenchmen who are romantic—he is unromantic. There are Frenchmen who are flamboyant—he has a horror of melodrama and is studiously plain. There are Frenchmen who are adroit—he gives an impression of rigidity, though it is remarked that he has lately been less rigid. There are French politicians who openly aim at popularity—Poincaré truly asserted on one occasion that popularity and unpopularity mean nothing to him: he will do what he believes to be his duty whether people like or dislike him. It is foolish to call him mediocre, for he has succeeded in many different ways—at the Bar, at the Desk, at the Tribune, and in the Presidency. He takes infinite pains and works indefatigably. Histrionics he abhors. He is sincere, he is methodical, he is intelligent, and he has a curious moral courage which is not incompatible with caution. I have known him probably better than any foreigner in France—indeed, I was privileged to write a biographical portrait of him—and in our relations I learned not only to respect him, but to like him for his simplicity and integrity. Certainly he has his limitations, but he is never demagogic. He does not glow or glitter, but he plays no personal or party game.

The first thing that Poincaré had to do was to convince Parliament that works, not words, were wanted. He had to convince Parliament, too, that its job is not to govern. It is a small Executive that must govern and, although Parliament must not surrender its right of control, it cannot substitute itself for the Executive. The smallest business cannot be run by its shareholders. The shareholders have their rights, but they must not mistake their functions for those of the Board of Directors. If hundreds of men may produce contradictory plans, chaos must result. One plan, comprehensive, solid, straightforward, produced by a responsible Minister, can alone be efficacious.

The French Parliament, though apparently unmanageable, has always been managed by strong men. There have been few strong men, but whenever one appears Parliament recognizes him and ceases to be unruly. Since 1870 there have been Thiers, Jules Ferry, Waldeck-Rousseau, Combes, Clemenceau, and Poincaré. Most of the others, whatever their good qualities, were inclined to allow themselves to be ruled by the Chamber instead of ruling the Chamber. One may disagree with the policies of the men I have mentioned, but they have veritably been Chiefs. They have not been opportunists. Poincaré, right or wrong, is unmistakably a Chief. He had a single purpose, a commanding power, an absence of self-interest, and was transparently honest. He showed his capacity for succeeding when his predecessors had failed, because he is a Chief.

His downfall before he has completed his task, would betoken short memories, indicate political folly, and provoke perhaps fatal consequences.

GETTING AHEAD OF THE JONESES

BY R. LE CLERC PHILLIPS

LAST summer my dentist spent his vacation in England. A few weeks after his return to this country I called on him for treatment, and he spoke at length on the delights of his visit. And then, in the middle of a filling operation, he uttered a remark which, for the moment, almost made my head reel. "What I like about England," he said, "is that people stay in their own class in that country."

When I had recovered from my astonishment I observed that such a remark falling from the lips of an American was nothing but pure blasphemy and that he, consequently, was a blasphemer against one of the cardinal social doctrines of his country. He replied that the universal American habit of straining to "get ahead of the Joneses" entailed efforts of a nature which made the game by no means worth the candle and that one of these days people would realize it, and the sooner the better. "Year by year," he said, "as the population of the country increases, the struggle to raise oneself socially and financially is getting more deadly. There was a time when to do so was comparatively easy; but it is not easy any longer. One of these days it will become so intensely difficult that men and women will choose the alternative to this frightful competition. That is, they will stay in the class in which they happen to be born and cultivate serenity and a competence instead of the competitive spirit and a nervous breakdown."

I believe that I am voicing the silent opinion of countless thousands of women when I say that they are the chief victims of the abuse of the competitive spirit in men. Such a statement may sound paradoxical, since it is the competitive spirit in men which has given women diamonds and pearls, luxury and idleness. But the competitive spirit does not lead a man to give himself. Diamonds and luxury are, in most cases, nothing much more than makeshifts that women demand from men as partial compensation for that which the competitive male so resolutely refuses them—his society, his time, himself as a man and not merely as a successful producer of wealth. The competitive male is ruining not only intimate, but also social life, both of which have always been considered hitherto the special provinces of women.

Something of the bitterness of this sense of lack was recently expressed to me by a woman friend who had just decided to separate from her husband. "You ask me what I complain of?" she said. "You say that my husband is highly successful and very generous to me. I say that he is highly unsuccessful and the very reverse of generous."

I asked her to explain her meaning, which was by no means obvious.

"My husband is highly unsuccessful," she said, "because he has failed in the field in which it is most important that every man and woman should succeed—that is, as an ordinary social human being. To put the matter bluntly, he is a brilliant success as a merchant and a pitiful failure as a man. He has been generous to me with his money and incredibly stingy with his company. But even if he were to turn over a new

leaf and offer me a little more of his society, I should refuse a reconciliation, for his companionship is no longer worth having. He has been ruined by his ghastly abuse of the modern competitive spirit."

And then she proceeded to tell me that, in the first place, her husband had nothing to say—that is, nothing to say as an ordinary social human male, although he had an immense amount to say in his capacity of merchant. "I am willing to talk merchandise in the Fifth Avenue stores," was her comment, "but I am not prepared to do so every evening at dinner or between the acts of the play." Furthermore, he had little but contempt for all the personal graces that were valuable only because they were personal graces. These, my unfortunate friend assured me, he despised because they did not "get a man anywhere." And then she burst out, "From now on I intend to do things that won't get me anywhere—at least, as judged from my husband's standpoint—and I intend to cultivate the society of none but those who are resolutely determined to go nowhere, although I suppose that this will make my circle dreadfully restricted. But then, I have always preferred quality to quantity. Anyhow, I've had twelve years of existence—I won't call it life—with a 'go-getter.' Now I'm going to live among people who have nothing whatever to sell, and least of all themselves."

This is one case, and it contains the elements of tragedy. I have another friend whose case against the competitive male almost evokes a smile.

She was engaged to be married to a man in his late thirties who was intent on his business and on very little besides. One night he called to pay his addresses to his fiancée. He carried under his arm, not candy or a gift, but a set of office ledgers. "I want to see how I'm coming out this month," he said, as he spread his books on the table. "I'd be very much obliged to you if you'd lend me a hand with the figures." He explained what he wished done with the books, and my friend spent the whole evening in doing sums for him, so that he might gratify his curiosity to see how he was "coming out" that month. The following morning she wrote and broke off their engagement. "Did you explain the reason?" I asked when she told me of the incident. "No," was the reply, "he would not have been capable of understanding it."

II

I think that it is precisely this conviction of the utter lack of understanding of women on the part of the highly competitive male which most dismays the modern woman. Over and over again have I heard complaints of his obtuseness concerning the inner needs and longings of intelligent women as opposed to their needs for raiment, food, shelter, and amusements. These last he understands, for they are material; but the desire for a community of interests, for intellectual comradeship, for some faint recognition of the fact that a woman has a soul as well as a body and cannot live in happiness by bread alone is, so they say, incomprehensible to his business-ridden mind. Some of my friends speak of this void in their lives with tears in their voices; others have become hardened and satirical.

One friend, a college graduate of unusual intelligence, has been married for about nine years to a highly successful business man whose aggressively competitive spirit is an object of veneration to a large circle of men in his native city. She has told me that, frustrated in her longing for companionship with her husband, she now derives some real amusement from a close objective study of his intimates. These she divides into the owls and the eagles. The owls, she says, are those men who have "arrived"—that is to say, they have crushed their competitors, made fortunes, and have taken on that owlish cast of countenance which she declares to be the hall-mark of the successful, competitive, ignorant,

and wholly self-satisfied, middle-aged business man. The eagles are those men who, with hard mouths, grim eyes, and shoulders thrown well back, face the world determined to soar and soar still higher, shrilly screaming their wares as they mount and tearing to pieces all competitors whom they encounter in their flight upwards. "You should see them at a dinner party," she said to me not long ago. "They are not exactly what you might call oil paintings. Isn't it strange to see what a terrible effect competition has on the faces of men? But if the eagles are ugly, I don't know how to describe the owls." And then she added, "My husband has ceased to be an eagle. He has become an owl at a comparatively early age. You see, he is extra competitive and is very satisfied with his unusual success; at least, with what he chooses to consider success." (Again that intimation that the conception of a successful man is one thing in the mind of the competitive male and something very different in the mind of an intelligent woman.)

But unfortunately all women have not the sense of humor of this light-hearted friend. They take their disappointment deeply to heart; and their husbands, immersed in affairs, pathetically ignorant of the real nature of women and, indeed, hardly even interested in it, go their way, condemning their wives to a life of solitude that is none the less real because it is not physical. "Once, when I was young," said one woman to me, "I had enthusiasms and a score of interests. But I suppose I was not one of the strong-minded sort. I had to have someone to share them with if they were to be kept alive. I loved symphony concerts, I loved the plays of Shakespeare, I loved reading history. I married; and when I talked of the things I loved my husband just looked at me—and *grunted*. It is many years now since we have exchanged any conversation other than on formal commonplaces. But he is satisfied; he is getting ahead in the world."

III

Now, the competitive spirit is particularly strong in the United States and the divorce rate is particularly high. Is there any relation between the two? Has the intensity of the determination of the average American male to forge ahead, to crash through all barriers to self-advancement, to beat all competitors in the race upward and onward any connection with the startling readiness of American women to get rid of their husbands? I believe that it has.

Up to very recent times the ordinary man thought that he had acquitted himself well towards his wife if he provided for her with liberality. Perhaps, indeed, it would be more accurate to say that he considered he had done well by his wife if he had just provided sufficiently for her. And, no doubt, his idea of the whole matter was justified, since few indeed were the means open to her by which she could procure better provision than by marriage. In a word, marriage, until recently, meant for a woman protection and economic safety, two conditions of such immense value that wives might well be content to leave well enough alone and not demand much more than these strictly material benefits from their husbands. But today women are able to provide for themselves. Not only does the average intelligent and well-educated woman manage to gain a bare livelihood, but she frequently succeeds in gaining a very good livelihood indeed. The fact has ceased to be a phenomenon and has become a commonplace.

Naturally, such a condition of affairs must have and does have repercussions on the married state. Put bluntly, the old inducement of economic safety as one of the most attractive features of marriage for a woman is no longer enough. She, too, has become a competitor in the economic race, although only a puny one in comparison with men competitors. But at all events, she is holding her own well enough to be able

to demand higher inducements to change her status as a woman. The old inducement which men dangled before her fascinated gaze, except in the case of an unusually wealthy man and an abnormally mercenary woman, has lost much of its glamour for the simple reason that economic safety for women is no longer the special perquisite of marriage. Consequently, some other inducement must be offered to take the place of the decreased prestige of the economic inducement.

Without question, the inducement which the average intelligent and well-bred woman would prefer is that of a high degree of personal attractiveness in an aspiring suitor. By personal attractiveness I do not mean, of course, a merely handsome face, since women are notoriously far less moved by looks in a man than men are by looks in a woman. But I do mean a general attractiveness of personality that commands first the interest, then the respect, and finally the devotion of women.

These foregoing remarks on the economic position of women and on attractiveness in marriage suitors may seem a digression in a paper treating the modern phenomenon sometimes known as "getting ahead of the Joneses." But as a matter of fact they are strictly relevant. For the point to which I wish to lead is the fact that the competitive spirit, when highly developed, kills the quality which the modern self-supporting woman demands as a compensation for the much diminished prestige of matrimonial economic safety. In other words, the highly competitive male is entirely lacking in personal attractiveness since the competitive spirit and personal attractiveness are mutually destructive. In the eyes of women he is, indeed, a horror, and the sooner he knows it the better.

It does not require any very great amount of imagination or audacity to argue that the prevailing discontent of women with the type of man produced by the modern spirit of competition acts as a persistent irritant applied to the present situation of marriage. But unfortunately the wide prevalence of the type, and its real virulence, are producing social results that do not stop short at any possible effect on the divorce rate.

One of these is the problem of how to handle those highly competitive youths whose ambitions outrun their mental capacities. A good deal has been heard lately of the overcrowding of the universities—particularly of the Western universities—by young men, a very large number of whom cannot possibly benefit by the education offered, so great is the discrepancy between their natural mental capacities and the intellectual standards of the colleges. The discussion of this problem is, however, the task of the specialist and will not be touched on here; but the results arising from the determination of large numbers of young men to engage in callings and professions far beyond their capacities are a matter of more or less public interest.

Much has been said about the recent assertion of Mr. Herbert L. Fordham, late of the Bar Association, to the effect that eighty-five per cent of the new lawyers are unqualified for their profession. They are, he said, ignorant, crude and generally unfit. Mr. Allan Fox, a member of the Committee on Character and Fitness, supported this statement by saying (as quoted in the *New York Times*) that George Washington was about the only figure in American history whom the majority of the candidates could identify, and that most of them knew nothing of English literature or history. "Asked whether they had ever read any biography, some of them this fall have been answering, 'Yes, *The Private Life of Helen of Troy.*'" Mr. Fox went on to say that another problem vexing the Character Committee was the increase in the number of girl typists gaining admission to the bar, most of whom "clearly can never become competent lawyers."

This example is an admirable illus-

tration of our modern "getting ahead of the Joneses" spirit. There is something very tragic in the sight of a young man whose will power and determination to outdo others are accompanied by only very slender mental gifts and a colorless or disagreeable personality. A connection of mine by marriage has wrought havoc with my own and other people's money through his attempts to "swing" jobs and positions for which he is totally unfitted in regard to personality and intelligence. He is a graduate of one of the well-known smaller Eastern colleges, although it is quite impossible to discover the slightest traces of a liberal education in his make-up. Had he never been to college, it is possible that he would have earned an honest living as a mechanic or a chauffeur—perhaps, even, as a salesman, although I doubt whether his personality is pleasing enough for this last calling. As it is, he considered himself qualified to go into business on his own account, borrowed recklessly from all and sundry the moment he got into difficulties, and is now burdened with debts which it is practically impossible for him ever to repay, even had he the desire to do so. This is an example of where the competitive spirit *may* lead; for assuredly it does not always lead to the delights of money and power which the "success" books so glibly assure us of. "God is whispering into the ear of all existence, of every created thing, 'Look up.' Every sentient thing in the universe seems to be trying to get to a higher level," remarks one of the most celebrated of these "success" writers. One pauses a moment in reading these words to wonder if it really is God who is whispering to every created thing to "look up." When one remembers the money that is owing to one because an ambitious but thoroughly incompetent person has insisted on trying to get to a "higher level"; when one remembers the disasters entailed by the purchase of pianos, sewing machines, furniture, and motor cars on the instalment system; and when one remembers the records of the bankruptcy courts, then, indeed, one is tempted to believe that it is not God, but Satan, who is doing the whispering and urging to look up. But no! The "success" expert is very positive, for he continues, "The inner call to go forward, to push on to a higher good, is God's voice; heed it. It is your best friend and will lead you into light and joy." . . . Or else into debt and the bankruptcy court.

The truth is that it is a wrong inflicted both on society and on the individual for any person, institution, or organization to foster the competitive spirit in those who plainly are not naturally fitted for any but the more mediocre tasks of life. I do not believe that there is a sadder spectacle than that of a young man of iron will and highly developed competitive spirit who plunges into the struggle for success totally unaware of his mental, educational, and personal shortcomings, and naïvely accepting all the absurd dicta of the cheap "success" books concerning the absolute supremacy of the will to succeed. That will power is of enormous importance no one denies; but that it is everything is false. Little imagination is needed to picture the life history of such a young man, with all its horrible record of perpetual straining to climb the next step of the ladder, its lack of serenity, its struggle to keep up appearances for fear of what the "Joneses" will say, and its dismally small money margin for old age or the inevitable rainy day.

As for the corresponding female of the species, she is as absurd a spectacle as the male is tragic. She repeats on a petty and very silly scale the grotesque ambitions of her husband. She must furnish her house, clothe herself, and educate her children in exactly the same way as the "Joneses" do, in spite of the fact that the "Joneses" are better off and that "Mrs. Jones" will one day inherit a private fortune. She is ashamed to be herself, to live her own life unmindful of the strictures of the

"Joneses," and to wear the simple clothes that her social and financial position should, but does not, dictate. The results of her strivings to keep up with the "Joneses" occasionally lead to ludicrous contretemps. A friend of mine told me that in her small native town in the north of New York State the banker's wife was the social leader, and whatever she wore was accepted not only as the last word in fashion, but also as the only word. One day this lady returned home from New York and appeared at a social gathering dressed in a new black satin dress. At the next social affair in the town every woman present was wearing a new black satin dress, the quality of the satin being graded according to the financial status of the respective husbands. One woman, whose rivalry with the banker's wife was specially bitter, went one better than that lady by generously plastering her new black satin frock with masses of cheap iridescent passementerie, and on that account (so gossip related) claimed the victor's laurels in the contest. Such is the competitive spirit!

IV

I often wonder how our "success" experts explain the towering personalities and marvellous performances of men who lived and died in the days of inherited social status, when success "authorities" were not, and no one dreamed of spending his life in an attempt to beat his fellows in a race to a higher social class than his own. Yet men *did* rise, *did* make their mark, *did* exchange poverty for wealth and obscurity for power. Shakespeare was the son of a poor small-town tradesman; Cardinal Wolsey was the son of a butcher in Ipswich, in the east of England; Napoleon Bonaparte was the poverty-stricken son of a petty Corsican lawyer; Jean-Jacques Rousseau was the son of a poor watchmaker of Geneva; Voltaire, the friend of a king and the admired of princes, was the son of a notary; Lord Nelson came of a family which was neither rich nor powerful. And these examples might be multiplied a hundredfold. Yet such men came to the front at a time when the competitive spirit was unknown, or at any rate unknown in its present sense, and when social status was accepted as an inherited condition. How did they do it?

They were quite without "success" authorities or "efficiency" experts. They had never been taught from their infancy upward that only the sky was the limit of their ambitions. Except Napoleon, none of these men had any snobbish cravings to soar to classes not their own. Yet they were signally successful. I once asked a pushing, one-third educated young man whom I knew if he really believed what he said when he assured me that modern America could, at need, produce at least forty to fifty Napoleons. "Why not?" he replied. "If the eighteenth century with all its antiquated ideas, rundown methods, and total absence of correct and scientific instruction in efficiency could produce one Napoleon, it stands to reason that this country, which has no antiquated ideas or rundown methods, and which abounds in correct and scientific instruction in efficiency, should and could produce something like fifty." I then asked him if he did not believe that Napoleon was an exceptional and very special type of man. "There are no exceptional or special types of men," he answered curtly. "There are only determination and scientific methods of efficiency." Thinking to corner him, I asked him if he believed that "As You Like It" was written by determination and correct methods of efficiency. "I thought we were speaking of serious things," was his reply, this time curter than ever.

Is there, then, no way in which the fantastic ambitions of the modern "go-getter" may be curbed, since I suppose it is too much to expect that they can be stifled altogether? Do we not have sufficient warning that one pays the

price for the proud possession of the competitive spirit? Have there not been of late a number of suicides in the colleges? Is not insanity on the increase? Do not the newspapers constantly report that another vice-president has dropped dead on the subway platform? Yet our "go-getters" continue to multiply. They have encouraged mediocrity; they have soured and sharpened social life from top to bottom; and with their money-sodden minds and those annihilating personalities of which they are so inordinately proud they have rendered themselves obnoxious to any woman outside the ranks of the "gold-diggers." I say little about the competitive spirit in women, because they have so little of it in comparison with men, and the little they have is paltry in quality. Indeed, their lack of competitiveness is one of the feminine characteristics which men have seized on as evidence of the inferiority of the female sex. It seems clear to me that the whole blame for the social blight produced by an abuse of competitiveness must be laid at the door of the male sex.

I confess that I look back with regret at the days of inherited status and comparatively limited horizons. Just think of life without the "Joneses"! For these detestable "Joneses" are a modern, and more particularly an American bugbear. Our ancestors in the old countries lived and had their being untouched by their influence; and we have only to study the chronicles, memoirs, and intimate records of other days to realize that they were lighter-hearted, more joyous men and women than ourselves. But since those days the "Joneses" have spawned and multiplied incredibly and most of us are under their domination in a greater or lesser degree. And with the increasing influence of this family has come the decreasing agreeableness of social life. Taine, who made an exhaustive study of the social life of the *Ancien Régime*, asks the reason of its peculiar charm. And he answers his own question with the verdict that "there was no laborious, forced work in those days, no furious competition, no uncertain careers, no infinite perspectives. Ranks were clearly defined, ambitions limited, and there was less envy. Man was not habitually dissatisfied, soured and preoccupied as he is to-day."

This state of affairs is not progress according to the "go-getters." But what *is* progress? Some of us are beginning to be as puzzled about its nature as Pontius Pilate was about the nature of truth.



PASSION

A STORY

BY SANDRA ALEXANDER

IT WAS quite late, five minutes to ten, to be exact, and but few guests of the Hôtel Lille et D'Albion remained at breakfast. The many windows of the *salle à manger* were sealed right against a deceptive radiance of April sunlight. Golden notes, escaping the heavy mesh of the curtains, embraced the black-clad legs of Robert, the waiter, and repeated themselves in the pale jonquils on the tables. There was a fine fragrance of coffee, and the barmy smell of freshly baked bread permeated every nook and corner of the room. The whole atmosphere was redolent of serenity and the warmth of well-being.

Robert was bringing in the steaming pot of chocolate, the pats of fresh butter, and the pile of crescent rolls ordered by his patron, Mr. Reginald Demming. Robert wished to please Mr. Demming and, with an eye to the huge disc of a clock above the doorway, he revolved around the little table, arranging and rearranging the breakfast equipment in still more tasteful patterns. The chocolate here, with a fold of napkin about the pot to preserve the temperature of the stove it had just left, an infinitesimal push to the stiff glass container with its three daffodils, so . . . He stepped back to observe the effect.

"Good morning!"

With Mr. Demming's greeting, the ancient clock above the doorway whirred and gave ten faint gasps.

"Good morning, sair!"

Out came the chair, the napkin was whisked from the pot, given a deft flick, and its sail-like amplitude festooned the plump legs of Mr. Demming now reposing under the table.

"Ah!" Mr. Demming rubbed his hands together and glanced in a leisurely fashion around the room before turning his attention to the cup Robert was filling.

"Vairy nice morning, sair!"

"Yes," said Mr. Demming, but it was evident that his attention was elsewhere. Robert watched him anxiously as he lifted the burdened spoon to his mouth and critically sampled the contents of the cup.

"*Bien,*" thought Robert. . . . Both he and Mr. Demming visibly relaxed. A moment more and the rolls and butter had passed inspection. Mr. Demming's jaws were moving with the stately unction that denoted a mind pleasantly at ease. So different, thought Robert, from the rest of those *canaille,* his countrymen, who know nothing of food and only take notice when the chocolate is too hot for them to swallow in a hurry. Like pigs, they were in a hurry! If they were not in a hurry, they were *artistes* who never knew what they were eating! Those *Américains!* What a people! But M'sieu Demmin', now. . . Ah, that was a so different matter! He knew what he consumed. Did he not come every year when the ducks of Rouen were round as little apples with plumpness? Did they not know it below stairs, and was not the silver press given an extra polishing when his

letter of *accommodation* was received by Madame? Did she not mix for him an *omelette aux fines herbes* or roast for him with her own hands the red partridge of Perigord *en papillotte?*

Holà! That so large cup was empty. Robert again lifted the pot and lovingly filled Mr. Demming's cup. It was an extra large cup, for Nature had given Mr. Demming a healthy appetite.

And now Robert ventured upon a little conversation. He leaned over the back of the chair and whispered, meaningly, "A new one arrived last night."

"What?" said Mr. Demming.

Robert brushed an imaginary crumb from the spotless cloth and hissed, "*Artiste!* See, she drinks her *café* over there, alone!"

A wave of the hand, and the impossible creature was revealed to Mr. Demming's hostile gaze.

"Hum! She is an American—one of my own country-women," he said at last.

Robert shook his head mournfully. "*Oui!*" he muttered. "See, she reads while she eats. She has not looked up, not once!"

He departed for more butter, and Mr. Demming continued to observe the exasperating young woman. He saw a thin girl, in a dark green smock with white piqué collars and cuffs, hunched over a book which she held in one hand. At intervals, whenever she seemed to think of it, the other hand negligently lifted a cup to her lips. Mr. Demming's whole being suffered a slight spasm as he watched her. Poor child, it was evident that she did not know what she drank or when! He further noticed the tight Basque cap pulled down over short locks of curly black hair, the small triangular face white and intent. He wondered what she was reading. What could there be in a book that could so absorb one's attention that it had to be read when food, delicious food, was before one? He knew the *brioche* and the butter of the Hôtel Lille et D'Albion. It was incomparable. The girl looked up. Mr. Demming dropped his pitying eyes.

When next he stole a glance at her he saw that she had put down the book and was busy with a pencil and piece of paper. She was sketching. This is worse, he thought. A book would be infinitely better. To use the blood of the body in creating while eating was to do the digestion damage. He, himself, had always made it a rule to think not at all when eating. In order to savor one's food the mind should be a blank, or as nearly so as possible. He resolutely put the girl out of his mind and turned his attention to the mound of butter which Robert had placed beside him.

But even against his will his thoughts came back to the thin child who sat so near him. She was nothing more than a child. Artist, Robert had told him. There was no mistaking that, it was written all over her. She had come to do the Church of St. Ouen; it was just around the corner, and the Lille et D'Albion gave accommodation to hosts of just such as she every year. They came in the spring, an army of them. She would get up presently, shove back her cup and then her chair, and stalk out with that same look of intentness on her face; and all day long, with a brief pause for lunch, gobbled anywhere, she would sit bent over a sketching block and put down marks on paper that might or might not mean anything. When the light faded she would get up, cold and stiff, and walk back to the hotel, wash her hands and comb out her hair, or perhaps she would not comb her hair—quite a few of them didn't, he had noticed. She would descend to the dining room, wearing the same smock, and eat anything that the Lille et D'Albion chose to put before her. Mr. Demming shuddered, not that the food would not be good and wholesome, but that such a desecration should take place, as it were, before his very eyes. He had seen them by the dozens in the last six or seven years. Ever since he had been coming to Rouen, in fact.

Violet had found the Lille et D'Albion, and before she died they used to come together every spring. Ah, Violet was a keen one! She it was who had discovered Philadelphia terrapin and pronounced the cooking of it with egg far superior to the Baltimore stew. She had introduced him to Madame Beguet's. . . . He would never forget the first morning they had breakfast there. It was on their wedding journey; they had really gone to New Orleans to sample Creole cooking. He, himself, knew vintages, but, in those days, Violet's knowledge and taste in the preparation of food far surpassed his. Poor Violet, dead of an attack of ptomaine poisoning. . . . He would never be able to eat Chesapeake Bay oysters with any enjoyment again. It was a great pity, too, because he had always felt that the large Lynnhavens were the finest bivalves in two continents.

Mr. Demming's thoughts continued to rest upon his late wife with pride and sadness. Three years of bereavement had hardly softened the blow of her departure. And there were so many discoveries he had made since, discoveries that she would have enjoyed to the fullest. She had not known about the red Mediterranean herring, or that truffles are best in the month of January. It was sad, very sad, and, in particular, because she had lived such a short time after her uncle Edmund Carruthers had left her that tidy legacy. She had never really had the proper enjoyment of it. How like her to pass it on to him instead of leaving it to that worthless brother of hers.

And he had done with it exactly what he knew she would have approved of his doing. Three or four times a year he closed his desk and took a well-earned holiday, visiting all the places they had enjoyed together. Yes, Violet would have approved of that. . . . Solely in her memory he drank his French chocolate mixed with orange-flower water, although he preferred it with milk of almond.

There was a slight rustle. He awoke to discover the little artist was leaving the *salle à manger*. He watched her gather up her coat, her bag, her enormous portfolio that he knew must contain sketching materials. She was very tall, too tall for a girl. Violet's head had just come to the top button of his waistcoat. This girl was thin; Violet had been pleasingly plump when he married her. Women were as nervous as skittish horses when they were too thin. This girl, now, was undoubtedly always on the verge of a serious breakdown.

She passed him, her eyes ahead of the door Robert was holding open for her. Robert had an affable smile on his face. Robert was given to duplicity, Mr. Demming decided. Robert should have managed to convey subtly to the young lady his disapproval of the way she had eaten her breakfast. Look! the girl had dropped something! Mr. Demming made an effort to rise from his chair, but his knees were jammed under the table, and the girl had gone. He watched Robert pick up a sheet of paper from the floor.

"See, sair!" he said with a flourish. "She is a good one, thees little *artiste!*" He placed the paper on the table.

Drawn on it was the south side of the *salle à manger*, a table, with cloth almost touching the floor, and seated before it a figure engaged in lifting a cup to its lips. It was quite clearly Mr. Demming himself. The girl had managed to get him all in. There was his pearl pin. There was his wide eye-glass ribbon, even the polka dots in the tie under his winged collar. Hang it all, it was good! Damned good! His hair was not quite so thin on top, but then the thing had evidently been done in a hurry. It was just a sketch. But there was something about it—had he looked so pleased as he tasted that superior chocolate?

"She has done you, sair!" Robert's face was beaming.

"Hum!" said Mr. Demming. He must not let Robert see he was too pleased about it. "She has talent, that young lady."

"I knew you would admire it, sair! Shall I give it to her when she comes in, and acquaint her that you admire it vairy much?"

"Ahem!" Mr. Demming coughed. On the whole, he felt he should give it to her himself. He got up. Robert flew to remove the chair. "I will attend to that myself, Robert." He cleared his throat. "I will say some little thing—some graceful little word of praise. After all, she is very young, and a word of encouragement might not be amiss."

"*Mais oui, M'sieu!*" Robert's face had fallen a trifle, but he was still amiable.

Mr. Demming ensconced himself in the east drawing-room and lighted a cigar. Behind a well-ironed copy of a week-old New York *Times*, a plan of astonishing generosity was occupying his attention. The plan, as he formulated it, had to do with accosting the young artist on her return, tendering the lost sketch, expressing his admiration of her talent in a few well-chosen words, and then asking for the pleasure of her company at dinner that night. And since it never once occurred to him that she might not care to accept his invitation, he was at full liberty to perfect his plan. This he did.

He rang the bell, and impatiently awaited the servant it would summon. Madame would receive him in her *Bureau* of Accounts. There he remained in conclave with his old friend for the better part of an hour. Then, with the dinner arranged to the last detail, and a satisfactory price put upon the whole of it—Mr. Demming was not a man to leave this detail to chance—he put on his light spring overcoat, his soft felt hat, and, selecting a tightly rolled umbrella from the steamer-robe bundle, descended and let himself out into the street.

First he strolled in the direction of the Church of St. Ouen; she was certainly to be found there. And there he found her. He seated himself upon a bench at a careful distance.

The girl's absorption made it quite possible for him to watch her unnoticed. She was wearing a coat of dark plaids, and the keen air had given her cheeks a bit of color. She had no gloves, but then one could not work in gloves. Mr. Demming worried over this fact. He worried, too, over her feet and legs; if she had on those thin silk stockings that his countrywomen affected, no matter what the weather, she stood a good chance of catching pneumonia. He bent his near-sighted gaze upon her feet and legs until he brought himself under the haughty stare of the park's solitary gendarme. He returned the stare as the long blue figure in its swinging cape passed him for the third time. He got up. His intentions were perfectly proper and he would not be deterred by a minion of the law. . . . Yes, they were silk, and flesh-colored at that. She might just as well have left them off. He sighed and passed on.

After a light luncheon, composed of a clear soup, an entrée of veal done in its own gravy, stalks of fresh asparagus with *sauce Hollandaise*, and a salad of endive, the proper assortment of cheese, and Belgian grapes, he retired to his room where he allowed himself one cigarette of Turkish and Virginia mixture. After this he disposed himself comfortably under a traveling robe on the couch and indulged in his customary "forty winks" of sleep.

Awaking about three o'clock, he made his way to Cook's where he found two circulars, one from his tailor announcing new and ravishing tweeds suitable for summer suits, and a slightly later New York *Times* than the one he perused that morning. Passing a newsstand he purchased a copy of *L'Illustration*. Armed with this reading matter, he returned to the hotel to await his quarry.

He intercepted her at the foot of the stairway. He bowed, holding the sketch between the tips of his fingers.

"You will pardon me, I feel sure—this"—he held out the paper—"this

came into my possession this morning. I think you must have dropped it as you left the dining room. Allow me—"

She took the sketch, stared at it and then at Mr. Demming.

He cleared his throat and continued, "I hope it has given you no concern—losing it, I mean."

"Oh, not at all. I hadn't missed it."

"I am not much of a judge in these matters, but I venture to remark that it is a very good piece of work—quite remarkable, in fact."

"Well"—the girl hesitated, her eyes traveling back and forth from the sketch to Mr. Demming.

"I do not suppose it is for sale, but if by any chance you could part with it I should be very glad to purchase it."

"Why, you may have it!" said the girl.

"Oh, no," he shook a playful finger at her. "I wish to buy it."

"But please take it!" Now she held it out to him. "It is just a sketch—I really didn't take time to finish it—"

"Yes, I noticed that." He leaned forward and pointed. "The edge of the waistcoat goes off—doesn't it?"

The girl nodded.

"And then my hair—a few more strokes might give it a more finished appearance."

The girl stared at him. At last she nodded. "Shall I make it right?"

"Ah," said Mr. Demming, "if you would be so good."

"Not at all." She put down the portfolio. "I'll do it now."

"Not here, not here, my dear young lady! I beg of you!"

"No?"

"I have taken the liberty of ordering a little dinner and I am hoping that you may be my guest."

"Dinner?"

"I hoped you would do me the honor." He bowed once more.

"Why, yes, I'll have dinner with you. What time?"

She was astonishingly matter-of-fact about it. Mr. Demming had relished the idea of bringing all his persuasive grace to bear upon her reluctance. Violet would not have accepted an invitation from a stranger in any such off-hand fashion.

"Seven o'clock. I will meet you in the drawing-room, if you don't mind."

"I will finish it then. But you'd better keep it—I might lose it again." She smiled, and Mr. Demming smiled with her; it was as though they shared a little secret joke. "Well, so long"—She moved away.

Mr. Demming put out a hand. "Just a minute! You have neglected to tell me your name!"

"I thought you might have found it out at the desk."

Mr. Demming's hand and eyebrows became deprecatory.

"It's Ethel Smith."

She mounted the stair and left him to inform the interested Robert that the table might be laid for two.

It was very nice of her, Mr. Demming reflected, to have combed her hair and changed her dress; but he would have preferred that she should have chosen a proper dinner dress. This streaked and dyed garment in which she appeared to be wrapped disconcerted him. His own garb was beyond reproach—just what gentlemen were wearing, the world over, as they sat down to dinner at seven o'clock.

Robert bowed them to their places with innumerable flourishes and left them to fetch the soup.

She spread the sketch on the table. "Let me see—the waistcoat and more hair, wasn't it?" Her pencil moved rapidly for a moment or two. "There, how's that?"

"Splendid!" And indeed it was. The waistcoat now ran its accustomed length and certainly there was plenty of hair adorning the top of Mr. Demming's head. A captious person might have found fault with its abundance.

Robert returned with the tureen. He ladled out two exact portions and replaced the cover. Mr. Demming

prepared for the auspicious moment in which he should taste it. He moved his whole body in a sort of ecstatic wiggle, anchored his napkin a bit more securely, and lifted the spoon with a delicate movement and dipped it away from him in the soup plate. "This soup," he stated in a round, oratorical period, "is the famous *pot au feu* for which the good French housewife is so justly famous." He paused and frowned. The girl had not waited for him. She had already consumed half a plateful. He swallowed a spoonful, choked, coughed violently, and seized his glass of mulled claret.

"Shall I beat you on the back?" his guest inquired with concern.

"Ahem! Ahem! My dear young lady!"

"It always helps." She returned to the business in hand. "May I have some more soup?"

"Do you think you will need it? The dinner that is to follow is quite—ah—substantial."

"Well, all right then." She gave up the soup.

Mr. Demming hastily swallowed the remainder of his. The soup was a failure so far as he was concerned. He had meant to tell her a few interesting bits about its preparation, but the time had passed. He beckoned to Robert.

While they waited for the entrée, she continued to sip the warm claret. Mr. Demming decided to ask if she was remaining long in Rouen.

"Long? I don't know. It depends—"

Robert uncovered a dish at her elbow.

"What is it, fish?" she demanded.

"*Mais non, mademoiselle! C'est la Volaille Casserole de Rivièra!*"

"What did he say?" She appealed to Mr. Demming.

Mr. Demming explained. And as they partook of the dish he went on explaining. He told her that the truffles with which the chicken was stuffed were found by truffle-hunting dogs or pigs. That the truffles of upper Provence were the best in the world and that the chickens of Bresse could not be surpassed. The sauce was a blend of many ingredients, and nowhere could the French sauces be surpassed. "You will notice," he said, "that I did not order fish. I might have done so, but one takes a chance on fish in France. Usually it has been shipped and, while packed in ice, it nevertheless loses its flavor. The French rarely serve fish *au naturel*—'*au naturel*' means in the natural manner." He stopped to make the explanation, then he proceeded, "The sauces are excellent, of course, but they are used primarily to conceal the fact that the fish is tasteless. The *sole Marguery*, I feel, is an unworthy dish. My wife used to think so, also."

Throughout this dissertation Ethel had plied her knife and fork in a workmanlike fashion. Mr. Demming's plate remained untouched. "My wife is dead," he finished in an appropriately solemn tone, then lowered his eyes and fell to.

They ate their way steadily through Madame's pressed duck, to a salad of romaine. Presently Ethel pushed back her plate with a sigh, lighted a cigarette, and planted her elbows on the table. "I've had enough," she announced in a conversational tone. "Really that *canard*—whatever you call it—it was awfully good. I forgot to eat any lunch to-day."

Mr. Demming was shocked. "My dear Miss Smith, you should never neglect a meal! How can you hope to keep up your strength if you go without food? Food"—he poised a selected mouthful on his fork—"food is the fuel of the body." He stated the fact impressively.

"Yes, I suppose so; isn't it a nuisance? It seems to me that sometimes I hardly get under way on something I'm interested in when it is time to eat again. I don't see why some enterprising chemist doesn't invent a little pellet full of concentrated nourishment and when we're hungry all we'd have to do is swallow it!"

Mr. Demming was very much amused.

He laughed. "There are great benefits to be derived from food," he said. "And cooking is one of the arts. Owen Meredith says, somewhere, 'You may live without books, music, and art'—er—I'm afraid I've forgotten it—oh, yes, 'You cannot live without cooks'," he finished triumphantly.

Ethel nodded her head. "But it is a frightful bore all the same."

Really she was nothing more than a pretty child in spite of her great talent. Quite spoiled, too. He must take her in hand. . . . Strange he hadn't thought her at all pretty this morning. Her hair was so black and glossy. . . . He stole several appraising glances at her sitting there inhaling her cigarette. She smoked as though she enjoyed it.

"The Château Yquem," he said to Robert who was now bringing in a soft, round, fragrant Gruyère cheese and a basket of big white grapes decorated all around with their own leaves and a fringe of small African bananas.

"How did you know that was my favorite wine?" She was watching Robert uncork the bottle.

"Sweets for the sweet," Mr. Demming quoted gallantly. Around his well-ordered heart there began to circulate little currents of warmth and tenderness. Such a feeling it had not known for years.

"Yes, it is sweet. That's the reason I like it better than champagne."

"You must try a bit of the cheese. Someone once said if there is a cheese in Heaven it will be Gruyère."

"Did they really? It is heavenly, isn't it? I never tried it before."

And Mr. Demming was pleased. He was immensely pleased, both with himself and with her. She might in time, he thought, awake to a genuine appreciation of what she ate. He lighted his own cigarette; Ethel lighted her fourth.

Robert now removed everything from the table that could be removed, hovered for an instant, and then retired to the kitchen to report the complete success of the affair.

Under the influence of the Château Yquem Ethel became confidential. She told him that this was her first trip abroad, how she had made and saved, for ever so long, the money to come. That the triforium of L'Eglise St. Ouen was the most beautiful thing she had ever seen. So beautiful that she despaired of ever getting it down on paper. That she intended staying all summer in France—if her money held out. Of course she must go to Lyons and to Barbison. Mr. Demming did not seem to remember Barbison. But he and Violet had once gone to Lyons. They had a turkey there, stuffed with sausage and Lyons chestnuts—

"I used to do still-life," Ethel said reflectively. "I'd like to do a turkey stuffed and roasted. How was it? All brown and shiny as though it were glazed? I'd put it on a big platter—blue, perhaps—but what is something red that we could decorate it with? The French aren't much for cranberries, are they?"

Mr. Demming's head was nodding like a Chinese mandarin's. The girl made him see the Lyons turkey. It had looked like that—all satiny brown and shiny. "Red?" He considered. "Why, put a bunch of young radishes!"

Ethel clapped her hands. "Of course! How clever of you to find something!" She leaned over and patted his hand, a fleeting touch that sent Mr. Demming's blood pressure up. "I wish I knew as much as you—it would be an awful lot of help in my work."

A dizzy idea took possession of Mr. Demming's brain. After all, why not? He was alone, there was no one dependent upon him. . . . If he wished to help this child there was no one who had the right to question it.

"How long will you be here?"

"Oh, about a week."

"I would like you to dine with me, as my guest, every night you are here."

"But I couldn't do that!"

"And pray, why not? You don't know anyone here, do you?"

"No, it isn't that! You see I'm used to going on my own. If you'd let me go 'Dutch treat' I might do it." Her voice was hopeful.

"What is 'Dutch treat'?" Mr. Demming inquired.

Ethel explained. It seemed amazing that he had never heard of it.

Mr. Demming laughed loudly. "It is a heathenish custom," he pronounced. "No properly brought up young lady should consider such a thing!"

"But then, I'm not properly brought up," insisted Ethel.

"You are," Mr. Demming affirmed. "And what is more, you are a very pretty young lady. Your escorts should think it quite ample payment for you to sit across the table from them. And anyway," Mr. Demming went on, "you will be doing me a great favor by dining with me." He sighed. "I am a very lonely man, Miss Smith." He had never thought of it before, but he was a lonely man. He felt quite sad.

"Well," Ethel hesitated. "I'll think about it!"

A little later, when they had found seats in the crowded drawing-room and were having their coffee to the emaciated strains of Mr. Irving Berlin's "Always," played by one violin and a stout female harpist, she capitulated. She would dine with him every night, since he insisted, but he'd find it a bore. "And won't it be frightfully expensive?" she asked.

Mr. Demming made an expansive gesture. "We will not discuss that. The point is, that you will give me the pleasure."

And so it happened. Ethel stopped by his table every morning on her way to sketch the Church of St. Ouen; or on mornings when he was very late she airily waved a hand at him from a distance. At night she changed her dress for another one of the batiked garments—she had told him she made them herself, and he now looked upon them with tenderness—and, waited upon by the genial Robert, they dined in state. Robert fancied that he saw love blossoming under his very nose, and his Gallic soul was filled with delight. They sat long over the superlative meals that Mr. Demming compounded.

A list of the dishes would have read like the prized menus of a Venetian prelate. They tried a turkey stuffed with Lyons chestnuts and sausage. Madame sent all the way south to Lyons for them. There were Marenne oysters, small but delicious, on a plate with no ice about them. A *Jambon Mousse* with *croustades* of spinach, cauliflower *Hongroise*, *Tournedos Bordelaise*, stuffed artichoke hearts, the beautiful omelet of Madame, *Crêpes Suzette*, the young and tender *haricots verts frais*. . . . They consumed hundreds of stalks of asparagus. *Champignons grillés sur toast* . . . *Bombes*, vanilla and chocolate and pistachio—Ethel was fond of sweets. The airy nothingness of soufflés ended each meal, and huge dully black Belgian grapes capped its climax.

Then there was the night on which Mr. Demming conceived his triumph. . . . Robert had found a red shade for the little table-lamp; there were three red carnations and a spray of fern in the glass case, and Mr. Demming and his guest sat down to a late dinner that began with a soup as red as the decorations. "Lobster!" he told Ethel in triumph, "all the way from Dieppe." And so it proved. The thick, creamy deliciousness looked like cochineal itself and tasted, as Ethel told him, like nothing short of Paradise. Next, red herrings —"From Marseilles!" Mr. Demming boasted. They were done in a sauce as red as red, red, roses. *Canard sauvage*, ringed around and cooked in fresh red cherries. Robert turned off all the lights, for by now every guest had left the dining room except Ethel and Mr. Demming, and brought in the brazier with two huge peaches, and proceeded to cook them in brandy before their very eyes, pouring over them spoonfuls of the spirit. The lambent flames mounted

higher and higher and a heady, faintly sweet perfume caressed their nostrils.

"I think I shall swoon!" said Ethel as she hung over the brandied peach in her plate and watched the last dying flicker of the blue flame.

"It's her artistic soul," Mr. Demming told himself. "It makes her very susceptible." He, himself, felt godlike. The Burgundy had been excellent, the soup, fish, and roast, perfection. He watched Ethel breathing the scent of one of the spicy carnations. She had taken it from the case early in the evening, and whenever she was not eating she pressed her dear, delightful little nose deep in its heart.

She was so feminine. She did utterly ridiculous things, terrible things such as going without lunch two or three times a week because she forgot to eat it. And her thin stockings—really, he worried about her every day. She'd end by catching pneumonia. And she had no regard for time; never knew what time it was. Doing things promptly had no meaning for her. She smoked far too many cigarettes. . . . She needed someone to look after her. . . . How she appreciated what he had done for her. . . . She had learned so much, too; it was amazing how her taste had developed. She seemed to see everything in pictures; everything was a picture to her.

She knew a great deal about art. He hadn't particularly wanted to go with her to that Museum, but after he had got there he had enjoyed it. Portrait of—what was the man's name? The one who had the son who wrote improper stories? De Maupassant, that was it! But the fine large canvas with the huge cabbage on it. Now that cabbage was done to the life. The way its leaves curled over and all the veins, white and green, stood out on it. Really it had seemed that you could put out a finger and touch it! It was good, very good. He didn't need anybody to tell him when art was good. He had taken to that picture immediately. Ethel had upheld him, too. She said it was the most remarkable thing she had ever seen. If she were only going to stay longer. . . . If she could go on to Nice with him. She'd have a fit over the color of the sea. . . . The lobsters were good, too.

"Really, Mr. Demming, you don't know what you've done to me!" Ethel interrupted the flow of his thoughts. "I'll never be fit for anything again; no one will be able to live with me! I didn't think I cared anything about food, and I didn't until I met you. You've been wonderful!"

The way her lips curved when she said "wonderful!". Her lips were always red. Mr. Demming's ears grew pink, he felt that he was suffocating. Hang it all, why shouldn't he think of her mouth? He'd like nothing better than to kiss it right now. But of course he mustn't. He looked stealthily around the *salle à manger*. It was absolutely deserted. He stared at Ethel's moving lips again. They fascinated him so that he could not think consecutively. . . . Suddenly he leaned across the table and took her face between the palms of his hands and planted a kiss upon the red, provocative mouth. There, he had done it. . . .

He was terrified. How had he happened to do such a thing! He must not look at her; she might be angry. But Ethel was laughing. "If you hadn't kissed me I should most likely have kissed you in another minute! And that would have been very forward of me, wouldn't it?"

Mr. Demming was beyond speech. He only shook his head helplessly. He felt he would like to bury it in his hands.

They got up and went out into the little lobby. He was better. Air was what he needed. A walk would do him good. "No," Ethel would not go. She had some letters to write. "I've neglected everyone lately. But I am going to make up for it to-night." She held out her hand and pressed his happily before she turned away. "Good night, and thank you a thousand times!"

All he could find to say was, "Don't mention it, don't mention it, Ethel!"

It was the first time he had called her "Ethel."

When he reached his room he sat down on the side of the bed. After all, he did not feel like taking a walk. His legs seemed suddenly strange and weak.

He supposed this queer feeling might be called love. . . . He had gone and fallen in love with her. . . . First he had felt sorry for her and had wanted to do something nice for her, and then he had begun to find himself looking forward to dinner when he would see her again. Why, some days he had been quite miserable waiting for her! Then once or twice his luncheon had disagreed with him. That had been an almost unheard of thing. And to-night—this capped the climax! He couldn't explain it at all. He had wanted to put his arms around her and kiss her. And he had done it! He had wanted to keep on kissing her. Why shouldn't he keep on? Why shouldn't he marry her?

He prowled around the room. *He would marry her!* He'd take her home with him. No, first they'd go to the Riviera and afterward to Paris. Oh, she was sweet. . . .

He sat down again. There was something altogether queer about his legs. They would not support him any more. He sat regarding them.

A faint rustle distracted him. He looked up and saw that the wicker basket hung below the little slit in the center of the door held an envelope. He got up. It was his weekly bill. His second week was up to-night. They were very prompt, these French hotel people. He pulled open the flap and unfolded the long sheet that bore the crest of the Lille et D'Albion. His eye automatically went to the foot of the page. The total was staggering. Five thousand francs! Impossible! He placed his hand on the door-knob; he'd go right down and go over the whole thing with Madame Michaud. It was not too late. His eye caught items listed: "*Un canard sauvage*, 200 francs." Well, perhaps there wasn't any mistake. He took out his note-book and carefully checked off each item listed there and compared it with the bill. No, there wasn't any error. The bill was right to the last centime.

Of course he could easily afford it; but somehow the total had looked so big. Really, it had startled him! Why, it was at least twelve times as much as he and Violet had spent when they used to stop at the Lille et D'Albion, though that was in the days when the franc was at its normal rate of exchange. He did some rapid calculations. He'd have to go very slowly during the rest of his stay in Rouen. This far exceeded the budget he had allowed himself. He had never exceeded it before, not since he could remember. Perhaps he had better cut out the Riviera. And yet, he needed the vacation down there; the hot sun always did his touch of rheumatism good. . . . But he had better take no chances.

"Ethel!" Something clicked in Mr. Demming's mind. How had he forgotten her? This beastly bill had put her out of his thoughts completely. How had it happened? A sensation of coldness pricked his spine. It traveled up, his hair felt as though it were rising on end. He put up a hand to feel it.

If he asked Ethel to marry him he wouldn't be able to take these vacations. He wouldn't be able to go to Scotland for the grouse. . . . New Orleans would be out of the question.

He saw himself shabby and hunched over his desk. The vision expanded to include a table spread with spotted linen, and an under-done roast and watery potatoes. A down-at-the-heels slavey waiting upon them. . . . Horrible!

With feverish energy Mr. Demming bounced to his feet, stared wildly around the room, sank his hands in his pockets, rocked on his heels, and then collapsed weakly in a chair.

He was up again. "Where is that

time-table?" he addressed the atmosphere. There was a train for Paris at twelve; if he hurried he could make it! He punched the bell marked *maître d'hotel* and, without waiting for the man's arrival, flung open his wardrobe trunk. The closet door next. Out came his ten suits of Bond Street tailoring, his two overcoats, the heavy broadcloth one and the light-weight one he had been using in Rouen, each on its separate hanger. In they went. Drawers were pulled out. The silk shirts first, then the linen and madras and the pleated and tucked ones he liked for evening. The black silk corded waistcoats, the white piqué ones. The socks, dozens of them. His shoes, all on trees, and the patent-leather ones in Canton flannel bags to protect them from damp and mould. The canes and umbrellas rolled tighter in his steamer rugs and the straps adjusted. The little top bureau-drawers. . . . He was packing upside down. Never had he gone about it in this fashion before. His ties, on the silken-covered rack that Violet had made for him. Where in the devil were his folding traveling-slippers? They should go in the over-night bag. And the lighter weight dressing-gown. Now a pair of dark pajamas—he didn't approve of fancy ones on the train—but perhaps he would not be able to get a compartment to himself. In that case he'd have to sit up all night.

He was conscious of a pain. He was going to have an attack of gastritis. He felt it coming on—but he did not pause. The seven razors, in their cases with the day of the week marked upon them, his bath brush, the sponge bag, the *eau de cologne*. . . . Perhaps he had better stop and take a dose of bicarbonate of soda. But it might make him miss the train. The bag of soiled linen, the traveling-clock, Violet's picture in the leather frame they had bought in Florence. It stood on the bureau when he was away from home; it rested on his desk. . . . Was there anything else? He looked around the room. His head was aching—he was going to be ill, very ill.

The porter had come for the trunk, the bags. Now he was paying the bill in the little *bureau*. Madame Michaud had retired; her "nephew" received his purple traveling-checks and gave him change.

The elevator had stopped running for the night. Mr. Demming contemplated the flight of stairs before him with a feeling akin to panic. He began the descent. About half way down he lifted up his eyes and saw the front door open, and slipping through it, as though blown by all the winds of the heavens, Ethel. She had on her coat but no hat. Her hair was a rumpled mass of blackness. She sprang up the stairway, two steps at a time.

"Oh, there you are!" she said breathlessly. "I've just been out to mail my letters. Come along and have a good-night cigarette!" She gave his coat-sleeve a little tug.

A hollow groan issued from between Mr. Demming's lips. He stared at her flushed face, his heart turning to water within him. . . . She really shouldn't go out alone at night in a strange city. And she had on no hat.

Ethel was staring at him, too. She took in the coat and hat, the umbrella, and the small over-night bag that Mr. Demming clutched in his left hand. Her eyes were wide open in surprise.

"Are you going away?"

"Yes! No—" said Mr. Demming. "That is—"

"M'sieu Demmin'! M'sieu Demmin'!" At the top of the stairway stood Madame's "nephew." Even as they watched, his long legs began a tumultuous descent.

"One moment, sair!" He waved a paper in his hand as he precipitated himself upon them. "There is one leetle item that have been overlook." He pointed, and in stunned silence Mr. Demming looked as directed. He saw

another sheet of that noxious bill paper with the Lille et D'Albion's coat-of-arms at the top and on it—"*Râble de Lièvre poivrade et purée de Marrons, 180 francs.*"

Ethel contemplated the tip of her shoe. Mr. Demming pulled himself together. "I am quite sure," he said in his most resonant voice, "that this item has been already included in my bill." Even as he said it a horrible, sickening doubt attacked the pit of his stomach.

"But, no, M'sieu!" The "nephew" of Madame waved the bill violently, a veritable agony of sorrow upon his face. "*Vraiment, je vous garantis—*"

"Well—" Mr. Demming put down his bag, fished in his pocket, and brought out several sheets of paper, each decorated with a little gummed label. The light was bad. He hauled on the broad ribbon of his pince-nez.

"Hum!" A fierce anger grew in him. This stupid dolt was over-charging him. . . . He'd always disliked the fellow from the first minute his eyes fell on him. . . . Madame Michaud could call him a "nephew" if she liked, but he wasn't any more a "nephew" than—than—. No, it wasn't on the bill. The *Râble de Lièvre poivrade et purée de Marrons* had been overlooked. He opened his pocketbook and extracted a two hundred franc note.

"I'm afraid I've made you late," Ethel said sorrowfully. "But then, I didn't know you were going away so soon. You didn't say a thing about it at dinner! Did you get a telegram or something?"

"A telegram—yes—I got a telegram—very important. I must get right off—"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" She ran a hand through his arm as he forged ahead to the door. "You've been absolutely heavenly to me."

"There she goes again," Mr. Demming thought. He set his lips resolutely and took the remaining steps at a lope. The porter held the door open; beyond, through the glass, he beheld the pile of luggage, his trunk and portmanteaus, the steamer-robe bundle. . . .

Ethel was beside him on the sidewalk. She really should have a hat on. . . . Damn that fellow with his last-minute bill for a hundred and eighty francs. As soon as he got on the train he'd look it over again. They must have put it down on the first bill. They never made mistakes except in their own favor.

He climbed into the *fiacre*—they had not been able to find a taxi for him—and settled himself while the porter piled the luggage about him.

Ethel danced on the sidewalk, the wind blowing her skirts like wings behind her. She held out her hand. "I'm ever so grateful."

"Good-by, Ethel!"

"Oh, not good-by! Look me up in New York sometime when you haven't anything better to do—" The wind blew the words toward him.

The *cocher* clucked to his horse and the carriage gave a sudden jerk. "Good-by, Ethel!" He waved his hand.

"Good-by!" Ethel shrieked.

"Poor child," Mr. Demming reflected. But he would not look her up in New York. He would never see her again. Never so long as he lived. It would not be fair!

AN ORIENTAL LOOKS AT CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

BY JOHN JESUDASON CORNELIUS

The author of this article, a distinguished native of India who holds degrees from four American universities and has been professor of philosophy for several years at Lucknow University in India, is a fourth-generation Christian.—*The Editors.*

IMPERIALISM in religion, as in politics, has been one of the prolific sources of friction among nations and peoples. The zeal to proselytize—an unfailing phase of religious imperialism—provokes hostility in those who practice religious hospitality. When the Mohammedans came into India they began their process of proselytizing with the sword. The result, as one would expect, was much bloodshed and hatred. Christianity on the other hand, it must be said to her credit, did not embark on her missionary career to the East with a sword in her hand. Though she was intolerant of other faiths, she made a place for herself by her loving ministry. Fired by unquenchable enthusiasm, the Christian missionary pushed his way through scorching deserts, over dangerous mountains and boisterous seas, to the uttermost parts of the world. Wherever he went he founded schools to dispel the darkness of ignorance and superstition, hospitals to heal the sick and the wounded, orphanages to provide homes for the homeless, asylums to minister to the deaf, the dumb, and the blind. Though at first people were somewhat suspicious of him, he soon came to be better understood and his religion, which made him leave his own home to minister to the fatherless and the widows, began to be better appreciated.

But as years went on, commercial and political interests began to influence the missionary's activities without his being very conscious of it. The accumulated experience of the East with many undesirable consequences of those influences, having been focussed by the new spirit of nationalism, has resulted for many in a genuine dislike of the missionary and a decided aversion to his religion. On hearing or reading about this anti-Christian attitude, the churchgoer of the West loses his interest in foreign missions and turns away in disgust without seeing behind the clouds the dawn of a better day. But if one is to understand the East and its present hostility to Christianity, one must familiarize oneself with those aspects of missionary enterprise which have progressively interfered with its national and cultural life. The purpose of this article is, therefore, to explain to some extent from the Oriental point of view the inner meaning of this changed attitude commonly characterized as the anti-Christian movement! This attempt at an interpretation is made by the writer in the hope that with the better understanding of what has happened in the past, East and West can co-operate more efficiently in the future for the service of humanity.

II

Rightly or wrongly, the East has come to think of Christianity as part of the political game of the West. In religion it talks of "going about doing good"; in politics this takes the form of "ruling others for their good." Has the East reasonable grounds for thinking so?

Let us look at China through Eastern eyes. She has been in continuous contact with organized Christianity for about three hundred and fifty years. Her early relations were most friendly; she undoubtedly found many of the missionaries to be sincere men, who had given up the comforts of "civilized" countries to dwell among "backward" peoples and to save their "heathen" souls from perdition. But the tragedy of the situation lies in the fact that foreign governments have frequently followed the path which the missionary had blazed. Where the missionary finds his field of activity, there the Chinese finds—not infrequently—the fixed bayonets of a foreign power.

The killing of a missionary, whether it be due to his own indiscretion, to the anti-foreign fury of some Chinese zealot, or to some other cause, has often been used by his government as an occasion for making demands for concessions from the Chinese Government. Chinese diplomatic history will furnish many examples of this kind. The Boxer war of 1900 was an evidence that the Chinese were weary of such frequent interference and were willing no longer to be oppressed by foreigners. And what was the result? The Chinese Government had to pay an indemnity amounting to $320,000,000; besides this she had also to yield the important right of tariff autonomy. Similarly she lost most of her valuable seaports. Studying the history of their ancient land, the young patriots see how closely the expansion of the "spheres of influence" of foreign powers has been connected not only with the intrigue and wire pulling of commercial and political interests, but also with the killing of foreign missionaries by would-not-be-saved Chinese rebels. Thus, indeed, the patriotic feeling to rid China of the missionary pestilence was aroused.

The anti-Christian movement, while it admits that to a large extent the incentive, both for the missionaries and for those who back them up financially, has been religious belief, seeks to show to the thinking public how frequently the presence of the missionaries and the effects of their work have been taken advantage of by governments and traders, just as the missionaries have too often profited by privileges which could be claimed by citizens of foreign powers. The whole history of the relations of the Western nations to China reveals a long series of encroachments on China's sovereign rights. So much so, that Mr. Dennett very aptly remarks, "These Chinese were free to abstain from Christianity, as from opium, but they were not free to prohibit them." Why? Simply because brute force and not the principle of right had given the Western powers the title to interfere with China's sovereign rights. If there were no treaties of Nanking, Tientsin, and Shimonoseki, if there were no Boxer protocols and demands and concessions, the attitude of young China toward Western Christianity would have been, if less friendly than it was in its early contacts, at least not as hostile as it is to-day.

The feeling in India is not very different; it is the common belief that the Bible comes first and then the gunpowder. Wherever the Christians go, says the Hindu, they somehow manage to meddle with the political rights of the people. Before the Christians went to Africa the Africans had lands but no Bibles; now they have Bibles but no lands. In Kenya, for instance, the poor helpless natives are being driven out of all their desirable and fertile lands. Under the Lands Act of 1913, eighty-eight per cent of the land of the South African Union was reserved for the white men, leaving twelve per cent for the five million black men, who are four times as numerous. Again in Kenya we find that of the good land available six thousand square miles have been allotted under a system of "Reserves" giving no permanent but only an indefinite tenure, so that it may be said that the Africans there have no legal rights whatever to their own native land. Hence the East concludes that the political method of the West is first to send missionaries,

then traders, and then gunboats to deprive the helpless peoples of their lands and to take possession of their natural resources.

Is it any wonder if, with such knowledge of Western penetration, the East becomes distrustful of the professed philanthropy of the Christian, turns hostile to a religion which has let itself be used by foreign powers for political expansion, and grows more and more suspicious of the real mission of the missionary?

Rightly or wrongly even to-day the missionaries are frequently thought of as the "political agents" of alien governments. Does the missionary allow himself to be so mistaken by the East? Let us look into his political relations.

Unfortunately an alien society, if it wishes to undertake missionary, educational, or other philanthropical work in a dependency, must first be recognized by the government concerned. Only on such recognition will permission to enter the country be given. Any American Society wishing to undertake work in India must be recommended, according to the present arrangement of the British Government, by the Foreign Missions Conference of North America. But before the Conference can recommend the society, it must obtain from that society a declaration recognizing "that all due obedience and respect should be given to the lawfully constituted Government, and that, while carefully abstaining from political affairs, it is its desire and purpose that its influence, in so far as it may be properly exerted, should be so exerted in loyal co-operation with the Government of the country concerned, and that it will only employ agents who will work in this spirit." (British Memorandum A, Article 5: iii.) The society or the board in turn requires every missionary who goes out under its auspices to sign a similar declaration.

The foreign missionary society which signs such a declaration for an imperial government may not realize the seriousness of the implications of this act, but to the East all these are so many evidences to confirm its lurking suspicion of the political mission of Christianity. The East sees two striking points in the declaration: First, the missionary should carefully abstain from politics; and second, whenever his influence can be properly exerted in such matters, it should be in loyal co-operation with the Government. Or, in other words, the missionary is to support the iron arm of imperialism—which, be it understood, is not politics!—and to refrain from helping the people to the realization of legitimate national aspirations—and this, beware, is politics!

To be more specific, let us take the case of an American missionary in India. Having signed the declaration and having been duly recommended by the Conference, he is sent out to India. There he is to consider himself the guest of the British Government. His schools are inspected by the Government agent; his work is visited in a most friendly way by the Governor of the state or province. He frequently receives Government aid for the maintenance of the mission school and for the erection of new buildings. In return for all these and in accordance with his declaration, he holds himself responsible for the behavior of the pupils and of the teachers in the schools of which he is in charge. He is expected, of course, to be careful to do or say nothing which would render the working of the British Government in India more difficult. These regulations and guest-relationships very seriously influence the work and attitude of the missionary, to an extent to which he himself is not fully aware. He believes he is neutral; but under the conditions of his declaration is real neutrality possible?

The missionary is thus placed in a false position and is subjected to very serious accusations. The British Government has a ruling that no student should take part in politics, though at present it is not quite so strict as it used to be. In a certain town a political meeting was held in the courtyard of a temple, and the missionary principal of

the school was expected to keep the boys from going to the meeting. Some of the young enthusiasts attended the meeting and the missionary securing their names reported them to the local Government School Inspector. Immediately the news spread that the missionary was a spy of the alien government and that instead of training patriotic citizens to live for the country and work for its emancipation, he was trying to develop "slavish mentality" in the pupils and to promote loyalty to the British Government. In such cases the missionary appears to the non-Christian as a political agent masquerading under a religious cloak.

Instead of being powerful forces for righteousness, the missionaries have too often become instruments in the hands of political forces and have allowed themselves to be tied hand and foot by imperial governments. Professor Edward Thompson of Oxford, who was for many years an official in India, writes thus, "If the Churches wish to draw into their communion the non-Christian races of the world, they must shed a lot that seems to make for efficiency. They had the chance of a thousand years in the War; it was lost—and everyone knows that it was lost—largely because of the very powerful recognition which the State then gave them. And now? There was a time when the missionaries were often the only channel of protest against injustice. That channel is largely blocked to-day. From being a heroic and lonely enterprise, foreign missions have become praised and petted by imperialisms that are both better and astuter than those that went before them. The races to which the British and American missionaries are sent might wonder, with some justification, whether the John R. Mott era has been a blessing or a curse to them. The mission field will always have its heroes. But missionary 'leaders' are now trusted and encouraged at Foreign Offices and Colonial Offices and 'missionary statesmanship' is a phrase that religious leaders delight in. The work of foreign missionaries has deserved all the recognition now accorded, and a thousandfold more. But a gilded collar is a poor thing to take in exchange for the greatest liberty in the whole world."

III

The fear is also widespread, and not without reason, that Western Christianity tends to suppress not only national aspirations but also national cultures. The normal thing for any country is to promote its national culture and preserve its race experience; but when it is interfered with by a foreign institution, either in the form of a government or a mission, then the national culture suffers. In India, for instance, the British Government introduced Western education but pledged itself not to interfere with the religions of the people and left that field of activity to the missionaries of the West. The Hindus attribute the decay of Indian national culture largely to the fact that, on the one hand, the British Government has refused to encourage it under the pretense of non-interference with religions and, on the other hand, the missionary enthusiasts by their fanatical intolerance have attempted, not simply to ignore it as has the Government, but positively to destroy it. Not being "Christian," it was "heathen," according to the missionary, and hence preordained to damnation!

The East is thankful for the introduction of Western education, but it resents its introduction at the expense of national cultures. Making English the medium of instruction results, as was the case in Ireland, in intellectual deterioration and social disintegration. The missionaries have not only despised our literature but have also condemned our music and art, because they are connected with "heathen" religions. Their intolerance of everything which in any way savored of heathenism has been so great that, in India for instance, they have not allowed their converts to retain

their Hindu names. This would explain how it happens that some Indians have such names as the author's, Joseph Gabriel, Mary McFarland, Henry Senecafalls, etc.

This sort of Christianizing process in India has succeeded so well in denationalizing the community that one of the leading weeklies—the *Indian Social Reformer*—expressed its opinion of the Indian Christian Community thus: "That the Indian Christian Community is politically apathetic, almost dead, is no news at all; and yet one finds no leader to bring home to the minds of the Christian people the fact deplored even among them. . . . The average Indian Christian is, as a rule, far from feeling and believing as an Indian. . . . Even as an Indian Christian he allows credal differences to remain keenly alive before his eyes; and thus Indian Christians have been starting and maintaining institutions duly marked and sealed. The bond of their common origin as Indians is systematically ignored. They find themselves in the situation of aliens in their own country ill-prepared to bear a part in the national tasks." In fairness to the Indian Christian Community it must be said that within the last decade it has shown marked leadership and active participation in national movements. The editor of the *Indian Social Reformer* sounded his note of warning at the proper time; and there is much yet to be done in the nationalizing of the community.

The Westernizing process is not confined to India. The anti-Christian movement of China similarly accuses Christianity of being a Westernizing force. The mission schools are accused of having grossly neglected to emphasize Chinese culture and literature. This charge is substantiated by the fact that as a rule graduates of mission schools are woefully lacking in a knowledge of Chinese literature and in an ability to express themselves in correct Chinese. Let us suppose that the children of some of the schools in the state of New Jersey were taught Confucianism as the best code of morals; the geography, not of New Jersey and the United States, but of Manchuria, Peking, Canton, etc.; the history, not of the United States, but of the Chinese Dynasties and the Republic; let us suppose that they were taught a little English but much of Chinese, that they were trained to write Chinese with ease and to speak it with fluency; and that the whole system of education was based not on the American philosophy of education and pedagogy but on the Chinese. Would you say that these schools were training the young to take their places as intelligent citizens of the American republic?

Even though such an education were financed by Chinese capital and carried on with a purely philanthropic motive, would not Americans revolt against such an un-American system of education? Would not the American Government be justified if it required the registration of all the schools for American children conducted by the Chinese, and if it legislated in such a way that in course of time these schools would become American in the personnel of their administrative staff, in their supporting constituencies and legal relationships, in the content of their curricula, and above all in their entire atmosphere? This is exactly what the anti-Christian movement wants to do with all the schools conducted by the missions for the Chinese children. It wants these schools, instead of being Westernizing and denationalizing centers, to become radiating centers for a higher nationalism fitting in with the whole educational structure. Not a wicked ambition, is it? Hence it is that the Chinese Government requires the registration of all mission schools.

The Chinese Christian Community, much like the Indian Christian Community referred to elsewhere, tends to become isolated from the rest of the people. In China the right to preach throughout the empire and the protec-

tion of law for their lives and property, were given to the missionaries as a result of concessions wrung from the Chinese Government by foreign powers. The American Treaty with China, Article 14, has a clause which reads thus: "Any person, whether citizen of the United States or Chinese convert, who according to these tenets peaceably teaches and practices principles of Christianity, shall in no case be interfered with or molested therefor."

Such agreements placed the Chinese Christians under the protection of foreign powers. Even some incorrigible criminals became Christian nominally in order to escape lawful punishment. It was only as the protector of the faith of the converts, to be sure, that a foreign power could intervene legally, but in practice the result was to separate the Chinese Christian from the mass of his fellow-countrymen and sometimes to help criminals to evade the law. Such treaties dealt a serious blow to the prestige and sovereignty of the Chinese State, as they resulted practically in removing the Chinese Christians from its jurisdiction.

The political complications of Christianity, much as we may regret it, have brought about the inevitable consequence—animosity. The political and commercial penetration of the West has engendered a new spirit in the East. The rising tide of nationalism, as it is called, is not a desire to be aggressive but a longing to be free to determine its own destiny and to live naturally and normally within its own boundary unhampered by foreign interference. Western Christianity, according to the present temper of the East, has been philanthropic in profession but political in action. It is compelled not to further the national aspirations of the people but to exert its influence in the interests of alien governments. The Eastern will to be free and its passionate desire to throw off all foreign domination have begun, therefore, to make themselves felt in the domain of religion also.

IV

Along with the political imperialism of the West, the religious imperialism of Christianity has added much to arouse the spirit of hostility in the East. The religious hospitality of the Orient is due to the recognition that while there is only one God, there are many approaches to him. The Hindu would say that just as the many rivers which swell by raindrops empty themselves into one mighty ocean, so also the devotees of all religions enriched by their various religious experiences, find their way to the bosom of the One Infinite Being. But a Christian does not seem to look at it that way, and the attempt of the missionary appears to be to make Christianity the Nordic among religions. Perhaps the Semitic background of Christianity is responsible to a large extent for its exclusiveness. "Thou shalt have no other gods before me . . . for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God," said the Semite. Coupled with the intemperate aggressiveness of the Western nations, the simple religion of the humble Nazarene has become the most aggressive, exclusive, and powerfully organized religion in the world. The Nordic-complex in religion shows itself clearly in all Christian literature. Take, for instance, the hymn "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" and go through verse after verse; it will surprise one that such hymns are found in Christian hymnals. Glance at some of the lines:

> The *heathen* in his blindness
> Bows down to wood and stone.
> Shall *we*, whose souls are *lighted*
> With *wisdom* from on high,
> Shall *we* to men *benighted*
> The lamp of life deny?

Notice the striking Christian modesty in this hymn, composed by a bishop! Another Christian, like Bishop Heber, is Kipling of immortal fame. He sings thus:

> Ship me somewheres east of Suez,
> Where the best is like the worst;
> Where there ain't no ten commandments
> And a man can raise a thirst.

It never occurred to him that the ten commandments were not the creation of his forefathers and that they really had their origin "east of Suez." In fact, it is the East which has given all the great religions of to-day, not excluding Christianity.

In order to establish the superiority of Christianity the missionaries had to write volumes on the differences between religions. No one will question the fact that all missionary literature is for definite ends. The object of such writers has been to show the superiority of Christianity by giving it a background of the horrors of the "heathen" religions, to arouse an interest in the missionary enterprise by portraying the "unspeakable" immorality and evils of non-Christian societies, and finally to make the reader an enthusiastic supporter for the enterprise, financially and otherwise.

Imagine for a moment what a picture India would have of America if most of what she knew of America were from the writings of workers in the slums, of the anti-saloonists, of the crime investigators, of the red-light-district workers, and of other such good people! If such literature flooded the markets of India for a half century, nay even for a quarter of a century, it would be as impossible for an American in India to convince the people brought up on such literature that Americans do not marry only to divorce, that killing one another is not the pastime of Americans, and that banks exist in spite of robbery, as it is for an Indian in America to convince those brought up on missionary literature that girl babies are not thrown into the Ganges, that the people of India are not savages, that social evils are not the monopoly of the East.

Just as I am writing these lines I see before me a recent number of the *Modern Review* of Calcutta. It contains a review by Agnes Smedly, an English lady, of a recent missionary book, *Among the Women of the Punjab*, written by Miriam Young. The English reviewer says: "Were it not for the fact that this book is a propaganda document against India, no person of intelligence would read more than ten pages of it without throwing it aside in disgust. In it the missionary mind stands stripped naked as not only an unfair primitive mind but a mind that tells deliberate falsehoods when necessary. If I knew nothing of India and read this book, I would finish by thinking that the Indians are a very low uncultured people, that all the men are foul-mouthed and the women sit about picking lice out of each other's hair."

How can such missionary literature fail to produce ill-feeling? It has been one of the potent causes of the "modest" assumption of the superiority of the West, especially as the unspeakable immorality of Western night life, the appalling social irregularities and the miseries and filth of Western slums, have not yet been sufficiently exposed in the Orient. If one can see to what an alarming extent the missionary literature is responsible for the deplorable one-sided information—and that the worse side—which the West possesses and to what an extent this literature is responsible for its superiority complex, in that alone one would find enough justification for the revolt of the East against the whole missionary enterprise!

V

Just as they paint the dark side of the East for the West, so they paint the brighter side of the West for the consumption of the East. But with the growth of cultural intercourse with the West, the East is discovering things for herself about the assumed superiority of the West. The present anti-Christian attitude is a challenge based on increasing first-hand knowledge of the failure of Christianity to influence the lives of Western peoples. In days of old it used to be said that the lives of Europeans who lived in the East were obstacles to the progress of Christianity out there. But to-day in the life of the West itself Christianity—to the Eastern observer—stands exposed and condemned.

The rapidly growing commercial intercourse and the opportunities for practical education bring a large number of Oriental sojourners to the West. Every year students are coming in ever-increasing numbers to American universities. There are now about two thousand students from China, about one thousand from Japan, two thousand from the Philippine Islands, and about three hundred from India. They come here to prepare themselves to be of some service and leadership in their homelands. They undoubtedly carry back impressions of the West. Are such impressions pro-Christian or anti-Christian? Some of the Oriental students have seen with their own eyes the ghastly sight of the negro being riddled with bullets by angry mobs under a "civilized" administration. They understand a caste system fostered by religion as in India, but they do not understand a caste system opposed by the teachings of Jesus but upheld by the churches of the South. These and like experiences of un-Christian practices are broadcasted in the East, and the non-Christian sees in them a wide gulf between the teachings of Jesus and the practice of his professed followers. The Mohammedan, therefore, speaks of his religion as being much more practical and democratic; so also the Chinese upholds Confucianism as a livable code of morality, and the Hindu says that Christianity being idealistic, the West is not prepared to pay the price for it, and hence that it is not of much use in daily life.

When Dr. C. W. Gilkey was in India last winter, as the Barrows Lecturer sent by the University of Chicago, he was told that the Hindus once thought of America as the land of Christian idealism and of opportunity, but that now they think of it as the land which insults the Hindus, excludes the Asiatics, and lynches the Negro. Now that the social evils of the West are being exposed in the Orient, the East is losing confidence in the religion of the West. How can an anti-Christian attitude be prevented if the Western Christians, in the face of such facts, claim exclusive superiority? "The Western peoples in spite of their Christianity, are just as bad as the Eastern 'heathens'; why should we allow the West to yoke us with a foreign religion which is so unrelated to our life?" asks the anti-Christian movement. The excellence of the life lived by the devotee of a religion is the best vindication of its superiority. Judged by this standard Christianity appears to the East as a failure. "But," says the missionary, "it has not yet been tried." "If it has not been tried in the West during its history of nearly two thousand years," the anti-Christian Oriental asks, "then why try it on us?"

The East has not only seen how the missionary's religion falls short of practice in its homelands, but the incoming of such large numbers of students has helped it to see also how money is raised to carry on the Christian propaganda. The East has seen itself misrepresented, has seen how the darkest side of Eastern life is presented and how money is raised by appeal to pity and condescension. With the awakening of national pride the Eastern peoples are no longer willing to see their countries sold for a mess of pottage. The Orientals naturally revolt against an organized religion which for the sake of money to propagate itself so humiliates them in the eyes of others. Such methods adopted for the express purpose of raising money and for the justification of the missionary enterprise, have not helped the West and the East to mutual respect. Only an interpretation of the higher idealism of both countries will bring about good will.

VI

Very few are conscious of the great contribution the Oriental students are making both to their own countries and to the Western countries in general and to America in particular. By their friendly criticism resulting from a different view of life, they have made some

Americans re-evaluate hitherto accepted standards of the West. By openly challenging in speech and in writing those who misrepresent the East and falsely interpret Oriental religions because of an erroneous familiarity with them, the Oriental students are rendering valuable service to the cause of better mutual understanding. This attitude of the Oriental students is characterized by some as "anti-Western" but it will be nearer the truth to say that it is "pro-Eastern." This attitude has helped toward a new appreciation of Oriental culture and a growing conviction that the East has something to give to the West. In fairness to the progressive minority in the missions it must also be said that changes are being effected by younger men with liberal ideas. It is extremely gratifying to see the changes now taking place in the policy of foreign missions. The missionary press is beginning to put forth more sensible literature. Though this change has taken place only within the last few years, yet it promises a brighter future of appreciation and co-operation between East and West.

Like the pain before birth, the anti-Christian attitude in the East and the pro-Eastern attitude in the West are causing great concern in certain quarters. The old tales do not sell, the old methods do not work, and money is not forthcoming for the saving of "heathen souls." It is neither the anti-Christian nor the pro-Eastern attitude which is solely responsible for the financial difficulties of Foreign Missions Boards. To some extent these are responsible, no doubt, but the throwing overboard of the old theology is also responsible. Modernism has knocked the bottom out of the old reward-morality and many of the Christians do not seem to be much interested now in the saving of souls. Nor is the East anxious to welcome missionaries on the old basis.

Says the anti-Christian movement, "If you are coming only to help your commercial and political interests, if you are coming only to destroy our national cultures, if you are interested only in making a Buddhist into a Baptist, a Mohammedan into a Methodist, and a Confucianist into a Catholic, then it would be better not to trouble yourself." The old economic theories, the old imperialism, the old ethics of international relations are all giving way, and modernism is disintegrating the old missionary motive. The present situation is certainly a challenge—a challenge to renounce our Christianity and follow Christ.

The inner meaning of the anti-Christian movement must now be clear. It is a call to Christianity to disentangle itself from all its political complications, to substitute disinterested service for proselytizing as its motive, to seek to supplement and not to supplant, to be domestic and not foreign, to be concerned more with life and less with dogma. Herein lies the challenge! To the extent that one sees its significance and strives to meet it, to that extent one will be able to perceive the dawn of a brighter day. God is one and truth is universal. There are several ways of realizing the Infinite to meet the individual needs and differences of people. One person may realize Him in social service, another in worship and meditation, and still another in ascetic practice. Each of these ways may be imperfect and unsatisfying, but it is the sharing of religious experiences which helps to perfect that which is imperfect.

The fundamental object of all religion is the same: the promotion of love, peace, good living, and the general welfare of all human beings. "Instead of hating and killing each other because of differences in faiths," says the East, "let us join hands to destroy vice and to promote virtue throughout the world." But such loyal co-operation in human service is not possible so long as there is religion in imperialism and imperialism in religion.



FEAR IN BUSINESS LIFE

BY ANNE W. ARMSTRONG

THE only person in the business world who is completely free from fear is the office boy. It is not the trifling, if necessary, services he performs, but the sense of unclipped freedom he conveys that makes him the darling of every business house. Still trailing clouds of glory, in his insouciant young person, he brings to the harnessed and harassed persons for whom he fetches and carries memories—at once comforting and tormenting—of the heaven from which they, too, have come. He bears on his slender inconsequent shoulders the huge portentous weight of some international banking house, for example, as lightly as a feather. Everybody else aspires to do the same, and nobody else succeeds.

I recall a young manual worker who, after years of satisfactory service, suddenly "quit." He came swaggering into my office a few days later, dressed in his best and with a more self-assured air than I had ever observed in him before.

"Landed another job?" I inquired.

"Nope! Oh, I'm just stretching myself a bit," he defended himself. "Can't lay off long. But I'll tell you," and he settled himself in the chair by my desk, "I've been punching the time-clock since I was fourteen. I guess I'm a fool, all right, but I wanted just once to know what it's like to walk by this place and not feel it owned me, body and soul. It's an awful good feeling, believe me! There's something about these big companies gets you when you start working for 'em, and you never get over your fear, or whatever it is."

I am inclined to believe, however, that "whatever it is" "gets" most people in the business world even before they enter business; it gets them when they first look for a job.

Under the most favorable circumstances hunting a job is an experience that leaves scars never obliterated. Many concerns add to its unavoidable pain a gratuitous wound in the sort of men and women they appoint to act as host or hostess. The man who received my own application for a position with a famous department store needed only a rawhide to complete his odious likeness to Simon Legree. Later in my life I had opportunity to observe at close range a man of similar manner in a similar position who was hotly defended when I protested to a high executive that Mr. Watson was not adding to the luster of the company's name.

"Watson is my ideal of an employment manager," declared the executive.

The ungracious, not to say churlish, reception which the business house usually—nay, almost universally—gives to applicants for a job implants an initial fear from which, it is probable, grows an endless succession of business inhibitions.

It is not only, however, from employment managers, with their still anomalous position and, broadly speaking, obscure rank in the business hierarchy, that one may expect in a business house something less than whole-hearted hospitality.

Perhaps banks, together with kindred institutions, whether metropolitan or small-town, have achieved the most inhospitable of all business atmospheres.

The type of structure is itself forbidding. Only money and the dead are housed so austerely. And it takes a tremendous amount of human warmth to offset the suggestion of a morgue or a mortuary chapel.

II

But all businesses, it must be admitted, when they reach great proportions and great importance breed an atmosphere in which fear flourishes. Granite walls, marble corridors, smart uniformed guides, hushed anterooms, luxurious suites (into which, to be sure, most dwellers in the business world secure only a furtive peep now and then) —the milieu conspires to awe what with all its bravado is the essentially timid human spirit. If it were wholly a matter of setting we might, what with color, homelike furnishings, and amiable attendants, contrive a cheerful enough dwelling-place for that vast proportion of the human race which spends most of its waking hours in business. But, to be candid, it is the business leader, far more than the business scene, that prevents business life from fulfilling more of the conditions of the good life.

One cannot judge the business leader, so far as the effect he produces upon his business associates and, more particularly, upon his business subordinates, by his behavior in the bosom of his indulged family, by his aspect on the golf links, by his throwing of streamers at a Chamber of Commerce jamboree. One must track him to his business lair. He may be only Mr. Eisman, to be alternately cajoled and neglected by some dazzling young creature of dubious repute. But you may be sure he is never anything but the Button King to his button-molders.

In India the caste system is weakening. In American business it daily assumes more rigid lines.

Many high executives are, no doubt, unaware of the paralysis they induce in their business subjects. Unbending only to their compeers, or outside business circles, they would hardly believe, even if the evidence could be presented to them in that one form in which they have faith—the graph or statistical chart—the extent to which their unapproachableness has destroyed initiative and hindered development in others.

The first time I was summoned to a business president's private office my co-workers surrounded me with trembling solicitude. I might have been Daniel about to be cast to the lions. And I question if Daniel's heart pounded more violently as he stepped into the den than mine as I ventured across the president's threshold.

But I have heard a vice-president own to a chill down his spine when suddenly sent for by the "big boss." "Well, damn it," he muttered, in self-disgust, as he started off, "he can't do anything worse than fire me!"

If there's such divinity doth hedge our business kings that even high executives find their knees knocking together as they approach the august tribunal, small wonder men in the ranks find it difficult to visualize these business leaders as beings in any degree akin to themselves. Nor does awe of business personages end with awe of the presidents of our great corporations. As we descend the executive line we find the same stultifying atmosphere projected in turn by each business leader at his level. Frequently the president's manner—whether frigid, highly impersonal, merely pompous, or of the genuinely formidable put-the-fear-of-God-in-them type—is understudied more or less consciously and often with no mean success by any number of associate executives.

Theoretically, in business, the cat may always do more than look at the king. The lowliest worker is always welcome, so the phrase goes, if he has any just complaint. It is not assumed that he would wish to call on his business betters for any other reason than to complain.

In actuality, workmen will seldom invade high quarters. However arrogant he may appear in print, in the flesh your

individual worker—whether an automatic-screw-operator or a ledger clerk—is a shy fellow, in business at any rate. His heart sickens within him as he feels his feet sink into the carpet outside the president's or the manager's door. The surroundings intimidate him. His clothes suddenly seem cheaper or more shabby than he had realized. How can he stand up to one of those men of whom he has caught glimpses alighting from their motors or in one of their rare strolls through the works? He is oppressed with the thought of how valuable their time is, of his own limitations in education and speech. Can he put his case convincingly during the brief interview that will be granted him? At most, can he hope for more than soft words from some suave assistant? Above all, when his immediate boss, from whom he has failed to get satisfaction, learns he has gone higher, will it not be the old story? He will be listed as "an agitator" and let out on the first excuse.

Fears crowd upon him. And he turns back, while the men at the top, having closed by their aloof behavior the avenues through which ordinary men should be able to approach them, having selected their high deputies through any other consideration than their human understanding, and their personnel managers from men too weak-kneed or too ruffianly to be trusted with anything in the organization but its human beings, remain ignorant, though they know the whole commercial world, of what is going on within their own business walls. It is well known that the man who mops floors in any of our immense modern concerns can tell you more of how things are really administered "inside" than can the president of the company. The fact that so few dare go to the top is one reason why we often have "labor trouble." There is no better indication of the toughness, in a virtuous sense, of our existing industrial system than its proven ability to withstand the constant weakening that comes from having its inner channels of communication habitually clogged, as they are.

But it is not alone the impression of taking themselves very seriously which our business leaders almost invariably create; not alone the quasi-royal state they maintain, the pomp and circumstance that attend their every movement and estrange the confidence of more humble men—it is something more than all this which saturates business life in general with fear.

Many factors contribute to this unhappy result. Some, at least, of the haunting uneasiness of business life is traceable, I believe, to the fact that here is a realm where castigation is more often administered than praise. Men are held back from their best efforts through nervous preoccupation with the picture of what will happen should they fail to deliver exactly the goods expected of them.

An executive once told me of a meeting called by the president of a national combine to which his own company belonged immediately after a convention had ended which he had helped engineer and brought, he felt, to a successful conclusion.

"Well, Mr. President, what did you think of our show, anyway?" he inquired.

"Rotten!" came devastatingly from the end of the board-room table. It was the president's sole comment.

I often have lunch at a restaurant in one of the wholesale districts of New York. It is not an elegant resort, but I am able to endure the crowd, clatter, and dense smoke in consideration of the educational advantages it offers. While I sip my soup I may hear a salesmanager according to type "bawl out" or heap sarcasm on one of his men just returned from an unsuccessful trip.

It is safe to say that far more men are undone in their business life than made by such tactics, common as they are.

On the other hand it is instructive to note the tremendous value, measured in strictly business terms, a man may

have who has never allowed himself to be affected by treatment of the sort and who, furthermore, stands up to his business superiors if he feels he is right, disdainful of any punishment they may see fit to mete out to his boldness. Such a man was young Heffelfinger, I may call him here, with whom I was at one time closely associated. Seldom a knotty problem arose that Heffelfinger could not, and did not—usually, it is true, uninvited—offer a solution. It was Heffelfinger who again and again found the way out of a company jam.

Not that Heffelfinger was thanked for his pains. He was, as a matter of fact, a source of acute irritation to most of the executives above him, who would have dammed—if caustic, though covert, comment could have done it—the fountain of ideas perpetually flowing for their benefit from Heffelfinger's active brain. They could never accustom themselves to the blithe freedom with which he bore himself in their presence. Besides, he was pestiferous in regard to his salary, which he frankly insisted was ridiculously small considering the services he rendered.

"Not a cent more shall he have!" one of his seniors threatened. "Always horning in—that fellow's an infernal nuisance!"

The nuisance, it may be mentioned, shortly afterwards took himself off to a rival concern, and now heads his own company, one of rising importance.

III

A great deal of the fear in business has to do with the question of pay.

There is the executives' fear, shown when business managers—themselves drawing from ten to thirty thousand a year—debate with the utmost gravity whether it may not "spoil" Miss Somebody-or-other to give her an increase of a dollar and a half a week, instead of a dollar. Beneath the surface of this comedy lies, of course, the old fear, notwithstanding evidence to the contrary, that a liberal wage policy must of necessity mean lowered profits.

So eminent an authority as Mr. J. L. Garvin states, "In America . . . high wages are accepted and welcomed as a vital principle of creative capacity." In theory, yes. In practice, to what extent, Mr. Garvin?

Mr. Garvin's view reflects the growing English conviction that in America we have attained business paradise—a very wholesome conviction for England to cherish; a dangerous one for America.

Recently I was making my way up Wall Street at the lunch hour as thousands of office workers were pouring into the street. Remarking some attractively dressed girls we passed, I said laughingly to my companion, a Wall Street executive, "You must pay them better than you used to when I was here!"

"Well," he came back, with a twinkle in his eye, "we pay them just as little as we dare, and they do just as little as they dare, so it's an even break."

This jest expresses perfectly the unproductive policy that still obtains in many American business quarters. We still have, not only our Wall Streets, but our Passaics and Pawtuckets, our Wilkesbarres and Bluefields. Our present Secretary of Labor, with the most sanguine view of our industrial future, nevertheless, admits "there are some ten million workers in this country still getting along on what might be called an existing wage."

The employees' fear in regard to pay arises in part from the mystery with which business enshrouds the subject. It is discussed in low tones, behind closed doors. Salaries are in code; wage-scales locked in the safe. The whole subject—granted it is by no means a simple one—needs to be dragged out into the open, where more light can penetrate it, fresh air blow through it. Its very complexity calls for aboveboard discussion by both management and men, the fearless contribution of their diverse views. As it is, an employee risks severe reprimand in many companies,

if not worse, when he even states, except to the constituted authorities, what he is receiving; while to ask for *more* pay still is, as it has always been, so perilous an adventure for the individual that men have been largely driven to combine in making such requests. One must be indulgent, however, in judging business on this score. Only yesterday, as we count days sociologically, standard practice was to throw workers who asked for more pay into jail.

In this connection, one of the most serious situations the business person has to face is when he no longer hopes for advancement with the house that employs him. There are broad-gauge executives willing to assist a subordinate to a better berth, wherever it may be, and regardless of the inconvenience to themselves. But they are almost as rare as white peacocks. Ordinarily the business person dares not let it be known he is "looking around." Such a charge entered against him on the company books may remain there for years and destroy whatever chances he may originally have had for promotion. In business houses where "loyalty to the company" approximates a fetish an employee discovered applying to another concern is summarily dismissed. Some concerns protect themselves from disturbances of the sort by blanket precautionary measures. I quote, if not verbatim, in substance from a letter I once received:

"Our business will be practically closed down on Friday afternoon to give employees an opportunity to attend the funeral of Mr. X, our founder. Some of them may take this occasion to shop around, and we will appreciate it greatly if you would refuse to hire them. We are prepared to reciprocate the courtesy."

This is the kind of reciprocal business courtesy, one of those gentlemen's agreements, that harks back to the darkest days for the worker in our industrial beginnings.

It is a business commonplace, I admit, that there is always a better job for a man with his own company. And it is one of the failures of business management that so inconsiderable a number get this vision or are pointed the way to its fulfillment.

There are the fears which business prejudice creates: those fears that lead so many persons eager to secure or hold a business position to falsify their ages, conceal some early mistake, hide (if they are women) the fact that they are married, hesitate to acknowledge trade affiliation, race, nationality, or religion.

Few of us acquainted with business are unacquainted with the factory manager who welcomes "our new citizens" at a Chamber of Commerce banquet in the evening, and next morning in his own plant shuts his eyes to the iron-clad rule: "No dagoes! No hunkies!"—or whatever it may be.

I cannot forget the officer in a company to which I had recently become attached who slyly interrogated me, "Are you a Catholic?" and who, to my, "I am not. Are you?" returned, "Oh, no! And I hope you won't think I was trying to pry into your private affairs, but—"

Even more vividly I recall the young man, as highly gifted and as dignified as he was winning, whose application for an important business position, for which he was preëminently fitted, was turned down on the sole ground of his being a Jew, while a distinctly inferior man was selected for the post.

It is possible that business itself suffers greater loss as the result of its combined prejudices than do those who harbor the fears such prejudices engender. At all events, there can be no question but that business pays dearly for that terror it has inspired in the rank and file—the terror of the periodic lay-off.

To quote Mr. Garvin again, "One broad remaining defect" (of our existing system) "is failure to recognize that where capital stakes money, labor, taken as a whole, stakes life."

Certainly no one who, in time of unemployment, has followed Joe Wood's or Bill Wilson's lay-off through the foreclosed mortgage, the empty coal-bin, the cutting off of credit by grocer, butcher, and milkman, the sickness from insufficient food and inadequate shelter —no one who has followed the long chain of sinister consequences can doubt that this terror is the root of more ill-will, sabotage, and general evil than any other in our industrial system.

Business has made some efforts to cope with this problem. Unhappily, these efforts are usually made during the period least productive of permanent results, when unemployment is upon us. It takes the sight of the bread line to sting our business leaders into more than sporadic action.

IV

In reckoning losses, the most serious loss to character—if character be rated a not unworthy by-product of the business life—comes, I am convinced, from the feeling among ambitious men that in order to succeed they must shape their personal opinions to conform with the personal opinions of those above them.

This state of affairs derives doubtless in part from what seems the inevitable tendency of business life to dwarf all our other interests. The views of Mr. Parmalee on the floor above or in the next office of Mr. Simmonds—if Mr. Parmalee and Mr. Simmonds are senior to us or otherwise advantageously placed—assume an importance out of all proportion to their intrinsic value. The microcosm in which the business person plays his daily apprehensive part soon becomes the cosmos. He may circle the globe on a holiday jaunt, indulge in such exotic experiences as a camel ride in Egypt, an elephant ride in India, a rickshaw drive in Japan, may disport himself indecorously at three in the morning at Montmartre, but if the "Company" fails temporarily to dominate his conduct, it still orients his thoughts.

Nor is this beyond comprehension. Despite the readiness of business to accept even the most revolutionary suggestions looking to mechanical improvement, there is no sphere in which antiquated social notions cling more tenaciously, nor in which an idea that runs counter to those prevailing in influential circles is fraught with greater risk to him who expresses it. I have heard scathing denunciation follow the mere mention of Henry Ford, Samuel Gompers, and—time was, before her *Life of Judge Gary*—Ida Tarbell.

In such highly sensitized surroundings, self-interest may well lead a man to suppress any of his own views open to suspicion.

From the most trifling matter to the most serious—from bobbing one's hair to backing a senatorial or a presidential candidate—the business person must watch his step.

The other day I rallied a hard-pressed young business woman on her unshorn hair. "Oh," she said wearily, "I'm still in slavery to hair-pins, nets—the whole paraphernalia. But you see Miss Hooker" (her employer) "doesn't approve of bobbed hair. I don't *dare* have mine cut!"

Years ago I read a sign: "If Bryan is elected, this factory closes." There are still factory walls papered with posters that leave no doubt of the political wishes of the owners.

It is a little sickening, nevertheless, to see, as we sometimes do, a man—or it may be a woman—work himself up step by step to real consideration in the business world; to remember him a spirited fellow ready to discuss any public question at the drop of the hat, and enlisted as often as not on the side of the less privileged; and then, when he reaches at last a position which he regards too good to jeopardize, to behold him suddenly turn cautious and subservient.

There comes to my mind a young man

with as splendid a heritage as any New England has had to give, with a name one of his forbears made illustrious through the part he took in the slavery struggle. The young man himself was a professor of economics. Marrying into a family of business importance, he deserted the classroom for more money, and found himself in an environment of completely different values, where, to his dismay, he was looked on as an outlander. At a great monetary disadvantage with his new associates, he set himself to win their approbation. He put all his scholarly resources at their command. He outdid them, after a short time, in specious reasoning to support whatever position their interests seemed to demand. To-day he is regarded one of its most serviceable members by the group with which he has become identified.

But I do not, as a matter of fact, for one moment believe that so high a price need be paid for business success. Without ever losing sight of forces that tend to coerce and intimidate, I maintain that if the business man stands his ground on any question that comes up—not bumptiously, not courting occasion, but refusing to run up the white flag when odds are against him—he will usually win. And men that stand forth here and there throughout the business world—if not exactly popular, yet men to be reckoned with—establish, to my own satisfaction at any rate, the validity of this belief. I might cite a banker of considerable renown, whose idealism has always been a thorn in the flesh of his distinguished business associates, yet he continues to flourish.

For the men that have made modern business are fighters. After all that may be said in qualification, nobody can deny them heroic fiber. They know a fighter, moreover, when they see one, and that even when he is out of alignment. And they pay him the respect, though it may be secret and somewhat grudging, that fighting men do pay one another.

V

But if the man at the top of the business world inspires fear, he himself is not exempt.

Here, ironically, in the bosom of management, resides the transcendent fear of business life—fear of the workers, one that far exceeds any fear the workers may have of the management. This is the fear implicit in words I heard from a business leader, referring to his wages' bill, during the War, "The workers have got us by the scruff of the neck now. But wait! We'll be ready for them!" This is the fear that betrays itself in the stubborn resistance of the average business executive to even the most innocuous form of employee representation; that betrayed itself in the war he once waged against workmen's compensation, and does so now in his present half-hearted endorsement of workers' education, which he "fears," he says, "may unsettle them." It is the fear that has bound him to other business leaders in protective associations of prodigious scope and vast resources; the fear that has made of him a "minute man"; that has spawned Bolshevism and all the kindred bugaboos which unsettle his days and plague his dreams.

In the last analysis these fears that the business leader has of the worker are but the old fear, the traditional attitude toward labor as a competing rather than a co-operating force, an attitude which—despite much fine talk to the opposite effect—is still prevalent, and which only awaits suitable opportunity to be openly revealed.

And if it is not fear (to note another bogey of his, his fear of public opinion) what is it that has made our business leader so sensitive to the least shadow of criticism? Whence this self-righteous assumption of his that it is *lèse majesté* to examine his business behavior? Why does big business, with its tendrils gripping the most remote regions of the globe, have to be treated as if it were a

delicate plant? as if it were one of those blossoms of the *Magnolia grandiflora*, even to breathe on whose petals is to stain their snow?

If it is not fear, what is the source of that savage abuse heaped upon one who presumes to point out even a single business blemish? In Roosevelt's day he was at worst a muck-raker. Now even the most friendly and good-humored critic of business has become the garbage-gatherer, if indeed he escapes the supreme sneer voiced in "uplifter." Quite recently, he is "the human jackal who smells out rotten spots." Only a few, very naturally, elect to enter the lists that lead to such titles.

But business must be rid somehow or other of the fears that at present beset it at every point—fears that damage and destroy in men what is humanly finest.

Much attention has been bestowed during the last decade on the psychology of the worker. Why not lay off the worker for a while and study more intensively, and at the same time less worshipfully than in the past, the psychology of the business leader?

The business leader, I am fully aware, has little relish for frank discussion by a woman of a realm he continues to look upon as distinctively his own. But a million women are in business in New York City alone, and there are millions more throughout the whole country. He may as well face the prospect, gloomy though it may be, that business women are going to discuss business subjects more and more. And he may be willing to acknowledge that women see these things with eyes not yet dulled by long submission to business rule.

In any case, whether man or woman, why should we look upon the business epoch as having reached its apogee? There have been, after all, but five generations of business in its contemporary aspect. Why may we not regard it, far from being sacred, simply as business in the making, susceptible to an infinity of changes, one of which may be the relegation of fear and the substitution of a more worthy business incentive?

FAME

BY LEONARD BACON

AS I came down into the Place of Spain,
Above the motors tooting in the streets
I heard a voice that asked, "Well, who was Keats?"
In the best accent of Nebraska's plain.
A thin but rigid female, who in vain
Perused her Baedeker's close-printed sheets,
Answered, "An Irish Poet," scattering sweets
Of information to the Vast Inane.

Who was he? A voice, forgotten in some quarters
Apparently. The mortal lyric cry
Stilled by the house where the man came to die;
A lost identity of long ago;
Music and love quenched by the many waters.
Who was he? Do the critics really know?

PORTRAIT OF A BENCH WARMER

BY HENRY F. PRINGLE

THE battle of Kenesaw Mountain, according to Rhodes' history of the Civil War period, is generally considered by military experts to have been the one blunder in the drive of General Sherman from Chattanooga to Atlanta. The engagement took place on the morning of June 27, 1864, and was a foolhardy and futile attempt to storm the mountain where the strongly entrenched Confederate forces were blocking the march through Georgia. Sherman was thrown back, lost three thousand men, and later explained that it had been a "moral victory." Eventually, of course, Kenesaw Mountain was taken by a flank movement and the Union commander continued on through Atlanta and to the sea.

The unfortunate battle of June 27th has been but lightly touched upon by many Northern historians. It might actually by now be entirely forgotten had not one of the participants been Dr. Abraham H. Landis, an assistant surgeon in the 35th Ohio Volunteer Infantry. Doctor Landis while performing an amputation on the battlefield was struck by a twelve-pound cannon ball, luckily almost spent. About two years later he limped out of a hospital and went to his home at Millville, Ohio. There, in due time, he became the father of a son—his sixth child, but entitled to distinction for being the first since the War. After a heated family debate the soldier-surgeon named him Kenesaw Mountain Landis. Thus was the blunder of General Sherman immortalized.

It is inconceivable—artistically, at least—that an infant christened to commemorate a battle should become anything but a singular, even fantastic, figure in American life. And it is one of the rare perfections of reality that now, after sixty years, the face of Kenesaw Mountain Landis is almost as familiar to the public as that of Charlie Chaplin. Its angular contours, topped by a shock of hair as white as the locks of David Belasco, are seldom absent for long from the rotogravure sections or the tabloids. For the last seven years Judge Landis has been High Commissioner of Baseball with autocratic powers over recalcitrant ball teams, managers, and players. He hands down decisions upon such matters as the ethics of the spitball, barnstorming trips by Babe Ruth, and the degree to which umpires are in peril if soda pop is sold to the sporting public in glass bottles.

Landis first put on the black robes of judicial office when, in 1905, he was appointed to the bench of the United States District Court at Chicago. Two years later he gained national and even international fame by fining the Standard Oil Company of Indiana $29,240,000 for accepting freight rebates. In all the seventeen years he was on the bench, although a few carping critics say he waited eagerly for the opportunity, Landis was never able to duplicate this magnificent judicial decision. It landed him on the front pages for days and formed a background for everything he was destined to do or say. Eventually, the higher courts found that he had made a number of reversible errors, and the Standard Oil never paid a nickel for its sins. The courts were destined, from

that time on, to reverse him with startling frequency; so much so that he once struck back at the Circuit Court of Appeals for the Northern District of Illinois by calling it the "Department of Chemistry and Microscopy." But now those unhappy days are over. As Tzar of Baseball at sixty-five thousand dollars a year, his word is final. Ball players shift their chewing tobacco nervously when Judge Landis casts his piercing eye in their direction. There is no appeal from what he says, and he can fine them any sum they happen to have, suspend them indefinitely from the joys and profits of the diamond, or hurl them into the oblivion of working for a living.

During the years of his judgeship in Chicago Landis became a symbol to the general public for all that was good and noble, honest and wise. It did not matter that his decisions were so often reversed; somehow the reversals were seldom given prominence in the newspapers. Few residents of the city that sprawls by Lake Michigan listened to grumbling by a few members of the Bar that Landis was not learned in the law, that he wasted time in court, often treated them with scant respect, and invariably played to the gallery. He grew gradually to be an object of local civic pride—like the stockyards. Visitors to the city were taken to see him in action on the bench, and rarely missed a performance long to be remembered. Somehow, when Landis turned the crank, the mill of justice never failed to produce some dazed unfortunate who had stolen a few postage stamps, a wealthy bootlegger, or a bankrupt whose wife, seated in the court room, was covered with jewelry. It was then that he blandly ignored the law in the interest of what he conceived to be justice. The postal thief quite likely would be set free or fined one cent. The bootlegger—for Landis was an ardent prohibitionist—went summarily to jail for the maximum term. The bankrupt's wife was stripped in court of her baubles in behalf of her husband's creditors.

"My, my! Such a very hard case for me to decide," the Judge drawled one morning as a youth, charged with having stolen a parcel post package, stood in front of him. Near the boy was a young woman carrying an infant.

"Here's a boy who admits stealing a package of jewelry out of the parcel post," the Court continued. "And here," looking at the young woman, "here's his little wife, just recently a mother and heartsick over the troubles of her husband! What is the right thing for me to do?"

Judge Landis leaned half over the bench and rested his white head on his hands in meditation. Profound silence held the court room, broken only by the ticking of a clock on the wall, an ancient timepiece brought from the Judge's boyhood home. The reporters waited expectantly, it was a typical Landis opportunity. Some minutes passed. Then the Judge straightened up and stuck out his jaw.

"Son!" he said. "You go on back home. Take your little wife and your baby and go home! In one month come back and tell me how you're getting along. I'll not have that child the child of a convict!"

It was while feminine visitors were drying their eyes after some such touching scene that Landis would relieve the tension with what he considered humor. Unfortunately, the judicial sense of humor was hardly subtle. When a prisoner had been sentenced to jail and was in the hands of a burly marshal, the Judge would order that official to "take him up to Mabel's room"—meaning the detention pen. He liked to sentence minor offenders to "sit in the back row of the court room for six hours and repent." He delighted in the exchange of heavy-handed jokes with attendants, attorneys, and reporters.

It was partly his love of practical joking, but also partly a hang-over from his furious war patriotism,that prompted Landis on many occasions to make inquiry regarding the war records of those

appearing before him. In 1919, on one of these quests for truth, he demanded the military histories of several attorneys who happened to be wearing wrist watches. These, it was his belief, should be reserved for men in uniform or ex-soldiers. The offending lawyers, upon being cross-examined, admitted that they had served their country from behind the lines.

Judge Landis looked stern. "Enter an order," he told the clerk, "requiring all attorneys wearing wrist watches to notify you what branch of the service they represent."

The newspaper men present grinned at the disconcerted legal lights and dashed out to their typewriters. But the Judge's quip, published all over the country, fell somewhat flat. A United States Senator even arose from his seat at the Capitol to denounce it as "a clumsy joke."

"Don't it beat the devil," mused Landis when he heard of the rebuke, "what some Senators will do to pass the time?"

As Booth could dominate a stage, so Landis for years dominated the stuffy court room in Chicago. For footlights, he had the desk lamp on his bench so placed that when he thrust forward his shaggy head the sharp angles of his face were cut in silhouette against the gleam. Men stopped to listen when his drawling, back-country voice broke in to question a witness, when he assumed the role—as fancy moved him—of prosecutor or defense counsel or technical expert. Sometimes he would lunge far out, shaking a gaunt finger and twisting his face into a fearful contortion. It was thus that he interrogated some evasive unfortunate whom he suspected of perjury and reduced the man to a nervous wreck.

When Landis presided as Judge of the Federal Court he was the star of his show. His name appeared in larger type than that of any other performer. A curtain seemed slowly to rise as court was convened. The district attorney, the expensive lawyer, and the prisoner at the bar all stepped hastily into the wings, for the star wished to tread the boards alone. An excellent actor of the old school, Judge Landis had one vast advantage over all other actors—every performance was for him a first night. The critics were always in their seats at the press table. Greatest blessing of all, delirious dream of the dramatic profession, they were invariably friendly critics, for otherwise they faced jail for contempt of court.

"His career," wrote Heywood Broun profoundly of Landis in the *World* some years ago, "typifies the heights to which dramatic talent may carry a man in America if only he has the foresight not to go on the stage."

II

Except for the shrewd wisdom assuring his subconscious of the publicity value of the histrionic, Kenesaw Mountain Landis has lived by emotion rather than reason in almost everything he has done. The distinction is important, for by any rule of reason his life has been a confused tangle of notions, prejudices, enthusiasms, and contradictions. In his early years he was a Democrat, because by being so he could serve a politician who had been his father's commanding officer in the Civil War. Having later joined the machine Republicans of Illinois, he eventually shifted his allegiance to the Bull Moose rebels—not because he was much of a Progressive, but because Roosevelt's furious protestations appealed to him. Emotion—a factor not recognized in law and therefore a leading cause of his frequent reversals by the higher courts—sat with him on the bench in Chicago.

After a decade or so, it would seem, the emotional outlook had become a habit beyond control. On the bench, for instance, Landis' salary was only $7,500 a year and, in common with the rest of the honest federal judges, he had constantly been worried by financial

problems. It is no secret that the offer in 1920 of $50,000 from organized baseball was alluring chiefly from a pecuniary point of view. If it had not been for the salary attached to the position of Supreme Umpire it is almost certain that he would have declined the proposal. In accepting it, however, he said little about this feature but rejoiced publicly that through his act the small boys of the nation would be able to keep steadfast their faith in the great national game.

While considering the proposition, he later explained, he attended a ball game with his son, Reed G. Landis. Together father and son grew sentimental. Reed pleaded with his father to accept so that "the old game" might not be taken away from "the millions of little kids made happy by baseball."

"I had been thinking about the game in that light for forty years," concluded the Judge, "and I expect to think of it in that light forty years more. The money means little when the spirit of the game is thought of."

III

Born on November 20, 1866, the boy named Kenesaw Mountain grew up according to the approved pattern for youths destined to greatness in America. His father, again a country doctor after the glories of war, was having difficulty collecting enough bills to feed and educate his large family. "Kennie" attended the public schools of Logansport, Indiana, where his family moved soon after he was born. Before school he delivered papers and after hours did odd jobs. In the summer he worked on nearby farms. For a time he was a reporter for the local newspaper and first came into contact with the legal process when he mastered the mysteries of shorthand and qualified as a court stenographer. The trade of lawyer appealed to him and in 1891 he was graduated from the Union College Law School of Chicago.

It was in those years that the United States was beginning to feel its oats as a world power. It was anxious to convince the rest of creation that it was no longer a frontier country, with Indians ready to swoop down on Manhattan from Yonkers, but almost civilized. It failed to appreciate Rudyard Kipling's fascinated enthusiasm for the new nation, as later expressed in his *American Notes*, because the English visitor had presumed to hold his breath and pray fervently when crossing some of the rickety railroad trestles in the West. The United States, then, was slightly arrogant toward its South American neighbors and was expressing its ego in a highly developed jingo streak. The youthful Landis lived in the official midst of all this, serving as personal aide to Secretary of State Walter Q. Gresham in the second administration of Grover Cleveland. Gresham had been Colonel of the regiment in which Landis *père* had fought and bled.

The Department of State, the young aide found, took itself very seriously. Its underlings referred to it as the "Foreign Office," wore cutaways when there was the slightest excuse, and talked down their noses to the clerks of the Post Office, the Army, and the Navy bureaucracies. Fresh from the Middle West, Landis typified an entirely opposite school of American thought—that which professed to believe that virtue lay in being poorly dressed, in near illiteracy, and honest poverty. He was given considerable authority by Secretary Gresham, and proceeded to make life miserable for the exquisites of the "Foreign Office" by shuffling around in baggy trousers and an ancient hat. He was a plain man whose very lack of ostentation was ostentatious. Sometime afterwards it was said of him that, "he tried to treat a rich man with all the respect that he did a poor one." The period marked the budding of the actor that Landis was destined to become, but he was not yet skilled in the art and he over-played the role. He even uttered homely bromides about the benefits of hard work.

"Necessity," he is said to have been fond of declaring, "is a great teacher."

A year or so later President Cleveland offered him the post of Minister to Venezuela; but Landis had no intention of playing to so obscure and distant an audience. He went back to Chicago and resumed the practice of law with moderate success. Meanwhile a young veteran of the Spanish-American war, Col. Theodore Roosevelt, had been making a name for himself by a liberalism that was little short of startling. Landis was building up his practice when Roosevelt, supposed to have been safely shelved in the Vice-Presidency, became President through the assassination of McKinley. The Chicago lawyer was soon a devoted follower of the man who had a gift for the dramatic greater even than his own. Soon after taking office, it is related, President Roosevelt went to Chicago and was accorded the usual enthusiastic reception in the streets. As the presidential carriage rolled down Michigan Avenue, the story goes on, a young man, whose hair was already beginning to whiten, rushed out from the crowd and waved an American flag in front of the Chief Executive. In 1905 this demonstrative spectator was appointed by the President to the federal bench in Chicago.

No one suggests, of course, that there is any connection between the two incidents. Landis was elevated to the office in the routine way, through the indorsement of the Illinois Republican organization. Certainly Roosevelt, when he signed the appointment, did not recall the excited pedestrian who had jumped up and down with a flag in the streets of Chicago. It was not long, however, before Judge Landis brought himself very forcibly to the attention of the White House. In April of 1907, acting under orders from Roosevelt, the Attorney General brought action against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana for accepting rebates from the Chicago and Alton Railway. The case was called for trial in the United States District Court in Chicago, and Landis, only forty-one years old and one of the youngest judges on the bench, presided. In a few days the New York newspapers were rushing their staff men to cover the sessions, for the Court had demanded the appearance of John D. Rockefeller and other notable oil men. The Rockefeller attorneys protested in vain that their client had no knowledge of the affairs of the Indiana company. In due time Rockefeller went on the stand, and the Government made every effort to prove that the company on trial was controlled in New York.

In August the jury found for conviction. Judge Landis took several days to deliberate on the size of the fine to be imposed and then staggered the financial world by announcing, while the crowds in the court room applauded, the sum of $29,240,000. It was the largest fine in history. The next day, known throughout the country, Landis was hailed as the judge without fear. The New York *World* called his decision "a great event in American political and financial history." He was stopped in the streets of Chicago to be congratulated and was praised as Roosevelt's greatest ally in the "Big Stick" campaign against the trusts. All this delighted him, but he expressed indignation when it was suggested that he run for President.

"To think that I would accept political preferment as a reward for what I have done on the bench," he said, "is to impeach my integrity as a judge and my honor as a man."

In July of 1908 the Circuit Court of Appeals, in a decision which took Landis severely to task, revoked the $29,240,000 penalty and ordered a new trial for the Standard Oil. It was never held. The nation had been rocked by the panic of the fall of 1907, and Roosevelt was soon to go out of office.

IV

During the decade that followed Judge Landis was comparatively quiet.

His hair grew snow-white and his reputation for wisdom increased accordingly. The Standard Oil fine was still remembered, but, for the most part, his flourishes in the court room were chiefly of local interest, and the press associations mentioned him less and less. With the entrance of the United States into the World War in 1917 he again flashed into national prominence, however. He began to typify a country mad with patriotism, and once again his reasoning powers were submerged by waves of emotion. Few men have been as zealous in the suppression of minorities, and his charges to juries were dangerously similar to patriotic addresses.

But in time of war almost anything is possible, and this fire-eater was permitted to sit in judgment upon men charged with disloyalty and conspiracy against the Government. Even if Judge Landis had been the essence of keen, cold intellect instead of a bundle of emotions, it is doubtful whether he could have been impartial. For one thing, his cherished son was flying with the A. E. F. in France, and he lived in constant dread of a telegram announcing that the boy had been killed.

The first wartime defendants to be tried before him were several score of stupid and confused members of the I. W. W. forces, gathered in by energetic agents of the Department of Justice. Even Landis felt sorry for some of them, admitted them to bail, and did what he could to make their lot easier. He felt that, at the worst, they were ineffectual and rather absurd. But he did not protest, in the name of justice, when a brass band that was whooping up the citizenry for the Liberty Loan blared unceasingly under the rotunda of the Post Office Building where his court room was located. Sometimes the patriotic music was so loud that witnesses could scarcely be heard. The chances of men on trial for sedition under such conditions were slim indeed. And upon the inevitable verdicts of guilty, Judge Landis sent the bewildered defendants to Leavenworth Prison for maximum terms. If he had a measure of contemptuous sympathy for the Wobblies, he hated and even feared the Socialists, more intelligent and, therefore, dangerous. When Congressman Victor L. Berger and four other leaders of the National Socialist party were so unfortunate as to be tried before him on similar charges Judge Landis found it difficult to maintain even a wartime semblance of justice in the proceedings. After these defendants, too, had been convicted he imposed ten to twenty year terms in prison—again the largest penalties possible under the law.

"It was my great disappointment," he said in an address before the American Legion some months afterward, "to give Berger only twenty years in Leavenworth. I believe the law should have enabled me to have had Berger lined up against a wall and shot."

Most of the I. W. W. defendants and all of the five Socialists were later liberated by the higher courts. In the latter trial Landis was specifically held to have been prejudiced against the accused men.

It should, perhaps, be said in his behalf that he was no worse than the majority of his fellow citizens and certainly not the only jurist in the United States who did his bit from the bench to help the boys in France. The people of Chicago approved heartily of his conduct, and by Armistice Day he had become a sort of Windy City Solomon. A kindly man, except when torn by patriotism, he could not refuse to listen in chambers to the private quarrels of citizens who came to him. And it is to his credit that by doing so he prevented many a long and expensive lawsuit. These activities as arbiter were, incidentally, excellent preparation for the work he was destined shortly to do in saving from destruction the game of baseball.

Judge Landis had first come into contact, officially, with baseball when the independent Federal League sought in 1916 to bring action under the Sherman

anti-trust law against the existing big leagues. Landis heard the case and dismissed the action, remarking in his opinion that the "Court's expert knowledge of baseball, obtained by more than thirty years of observation of the game," convinced him that the suit would have been "if not destructive, at least vitally injurious to the game."

Landis' claim that he had long been a student of baseball was no mere boast. For years, aside from fishing, it had been his favorite hobby. He had often been photographed attending crucial games. In 1920 the faith of the nation in the game was shattered when it developed that the World Series of the year before had been a fraud and that a half dozen players had been led astray by the gambling interests. There had been rumors, before, that all was not well, but this was the first irrefutable proof of dishonesty. The outcry was agonized and long. Editorial writers took cognizance of the gravity of the situation. Sporting writers throughout the country demanded that something be done.

Eventually even the baseball magnates were disturbed, since it seemed as though the gate receipts might fall off. Finally someone suggested that a Tzar of Baseball, with complete control over every department of the industry, be appointed. William Howard Taft was nominated and then "Big Bill" Edwards, famous as a Princeton sportsman. But the baseball owners reacted most favorably to the name of Kenesaw Mountain Landis. They had come into contact with him during the Federal League litigation. They recalled the Standard Oil fine and his talent for publicity. They knew of his great reputation for wisdom and honesty. So they offered him the job at fifty thousand dollars a year, promised to do without question whatever he ordered, and told him to re-establish the game.

It is an open secret that they wished him to remain on the bench, knowing Federal Judge Landis to be more impressive than Landis, former Judge. For two years he held both jobs, despite a flood of criticism from Congress, the press, and the American Bar Association. Two years later, after even impeachment had been discussed, he resigned from the bench with the explanation that he had not the time for his numerous duties.

V

In his private life Judge Landis has many of the characteristics of the small-town squire. As a judge he loved to be recognized in the street and congratulated for some decision. He still likes to be called upon to attend banquets, sit at the speakers' tables and make an address. He has recently taken up golf, another outlet for profanity—in which art he is said to be more profuse than original.

Judge Landis makes no secret of his eccentricities, nor does he object to being photographed in weird poses, such as eating "hot dogs" in the grand stand or yelping for home runs. He has always been enough of a publicist to know that a good story about him is worth columns of dignified editorial praise. One of the stories he enjoys telling upon himself, which may prove that the incident never happened, concerns a slippery night when he was bound for the opera with Mrs. Landis. The pavements outside of the opera house were very treacherous and the Judge was exceedingly apprehensive that his wife might fall. Just as she got out of the cab he warned her, but a second too late. He lunged for her arm and with difficulty held her up.

"Look out, darling!" he burst out in exasperation. "You'll break your goddam neck!"

He thoroughly relished his job as judge of the federal court; more, probably, than he does his present more lucrative one. Now he presides over meetings that are customarily held behind doors. Then he ruled in the open and gloried in the bowing and scraping of those sum-

moned to his court room. He liked to strut through the corridors in his robes of office, to march into the dingy restaurant and have the waitress scream, "Swiss on rye and milk the cow for the government!" while all the other lunchers stopped eating to watch.

When, in 1922, he resigned from the bench, his last day in court provided an outlet for a sentimental orgy unparalleled in the annals of the bench or the stage. He almost wept as the spectators stood for the last time while he pulled his gown about him and court was adjourned at the end of the day. Back in his chambers, he held a reception. Old attendants, clerks and stenographers who had served him for seventeen years came in to tell him what a great man he was. The newspaper men detailed to the court house called in a body and handed him a testimonial done on parchment. Most of them suspected that he was nine-tenths hokum. Many, having first seen him as cub reporters, had learned from him their first lesson in disillusionment. But all were fond of him and wished him well now that he was to devote all of his time to baseball. Judge Landis looked at them and then around his chambers. Workmen were carting out his personal possessions, among them the propellers of his son's wartime airplane. It was then that his mask dropped away.

"Oh, Hell!" he burst out. "What can I say to you fellows? These people come in and say I'm a great man. But I know you fellows made me. You printed stuff about me and that's the reason I've got a fifty thousand dollar job now. I don't kid myself."

On the whole he has been successful as the first of the American Romanoffs. Most of the sporting writers are his ardent supporters. He was reëlected for another seven-year term last December and his salary was boosted to sixty-five thousand dollars despite grumbling from some of the magnates that he had been more of an autocrat than anyone had intended. The Judge has been subjected to considerable unfavorable criticism since his pay was raised. This arose from his precipitate action in making public apparently uncorroborated charges against Cobb and Speaker, two revered figures of baseball who had retired from the game some months previous. Many fans said that Landis should have waited for proof; some went as far as to insinuate that he had been less than judicial. An editorial in the *World* remarked that—"the 'Czar' who is paid sixty-five thousand dollars a year to keep baseball 'clean' has only succeeded in smearing it up with muck." But all of this, it is likely, will be forgotten and the Judge will return to high favor when Babe Ruth starts hitting home runs in the spring.

COMMON LAW

A STORY

BY MARGARET EMERSON BAILEY

THE FARM calendars that Aaron kept—come to think of it, they were the choicest things that he had left. Not that they said much. All winter, save for notings of a blizzard or a loss of stock, there were mostly gaps. But take them day by day in spring. It wasn't only that they told her what to do, so that by studying and looking back she could work out the circle of the crops and farm life. They brought back days and hours—even little minutes that stood out.

"Sprayed for scale." If she closed her eyes she could see orchards with their branch tips running red, and him behind a shower that blew and fell and took the light. Or "Jenny calved." She'd gone with him to look. She must have gone to look. There had been something in the way he handled young. Or take this very day last year: "Fish hawks come. Frost out of the low meadows. Plowed." Nothing more than that for all the to and fro from dawn till dark; the team of horses sweating, shining, plodding slow, and Aaron coming towards her, scooping out a furrow straight and clean, his body braced as though to a high wind.

Yet those calendars—she'd used to tell him they were foolish things. If it was spring and time to plow you didn't need a date. You felt it was. How? he'd asked. By lots of ways. The way the sunlight traveled round the house, not slantwise—beating down. The way the cats would let the wind blow ridges in their fur so long as they were squatted in a patch of light. The way the pigeons took to strutting on the roof. The way the hoof marks in the barnyard churned to muck. So many ways. But mostly by the way you felt inside. And he'd admitted she was right. Pretty much, things happened so and so on such a date what with each season tending to its own. But he couldn't get warmed up for summer work, he'd said, not until the fish hawks had come back.

The fish hawks—curious she should be missing them for the first time to-day. Stepping from the kitchen door, she'd sought to find them settling on the buttonwood that they'd half killed. They ought to be there crying shrill. Not that there weren't sounds enough: sounds, no matter what, that it was good to hear—the shout of men sent back again to open fields, the plonking of the horses' hoofs, the squeak and jingle of the plowshare, and nearer by the whinny, new and small, of colts put out for the first time to pasture, the lowing of the bull, the hidden grunt of the old sow. But with the world all ready once again for things to happen and shine out, the warm sky needed wings. They should be coming from the river with the beat of time between each stroke. They should be cutting dark against the blue, circling, tilting white, and flashing through the air.

With all she had to do, she hadn't time to stop. But listening for them—that was why she hadn't heard the throbbing of a motor up the lane. A car was turning in her gate. A man, a

gentleman was getting out. She'd got to tell him he was miles from nowhere off of the main road. He must have thought to take a short cut at the turn.

But he'd shut his motor off, was walking up to her.

"Was she Amanda Slade?"

"No. Yes. She guessed she was."

The neighborhood had fallen all away and left just him. There was something in the way he spoke that made the blood come scorching to her skin.

All the same he must be one of those who once a year or so came nosing at the kitchen door—sleek young men who'd tell you if you listened all about a woman's lonely life upon a farm, of what new-fangled things would limber up her spirits by saving of her time, of easy terms, five dollars down. . . .

Short and firm—that was the way to make them go.

"She wasn't buying. Not a thing."

But he was smiling at her thinking that he'd come to sell. He was saying that he'd come to give her good advice. His smile was like the whet edge of a scythe.

"No more was she asking for advice."

As though it hadn't seemed, these weeks, that there'd be one who'd set her straight about the farm; who'd show her what to plant and where to get the biggest yield; which fields would stand the growing strength of fodder corn, and which were running poor and needed sweetening of red sorrel with a crop of rye.

Only such a man would look as though he knew the feel of earth between his hands. This man—he didn't seem to know it was a part of all you had to do. It wasn't earth to him—just dirt. He was stooping down by the back steps to flick it off his boots.

And now she got a look at him—what faces people sometimes had. He should be turning, twisting in the darkness after something fleeing, not sitting out here in the open. He was like a weazel, like a ferret. Mean little eyes that watched which way you meant to dodge or double. Mean little jaw that would know how to clamp and bite.

But if her heart would only stumble to her throat, why then the quick of her was still alive. . . . Save for holding back her work, this man could go or he could sit. She hadn't heard him really till he asked how much she'd take.

Take, indeed! So that, then, was his business. Buying up. Hunting out lone women left with likely land, coaxing from them acres that they feared to wield, cutting off for money down the meadows farthest out, then coming nearer to the farmhouse till, by lopping off green pastures, he had left it standing at the heart.

Not to tell him that it wasn't only faith you kept with people living; that you kept your faith as well with land they'd tilled; that as the farm had come to her, so would she pass it to her son and Aaron's son. Yes, field by field and every inch. . . .

Her voice could chip out words.

"She wasn't selling, either. Her stone walls weren't for looks."

But he was asking, "Now that Aaron Jencks had died?"

"Even so, that made no difference."

Not meaning to, she'd lied. She'd lied against the days and nights of these last weeks. No difference—what with always thinking she remembered, then glancing up—forgetting—at a shape, a shadow. Or looking out at noon across the wide sweep of the pastures, or at milking time to where the bars let down—sometimes the whole length of the lane. No difference—then what about the feeling which at a step, a shout, a call, could still come swinging through her? Or that other feeling when she had to make quite sure, when lying in her bed, she still put out a hand to touch.

Someone was trying hard to make her hear. He was telling her things weren't so simple. And his hard bright eyes were taking in the fields as though the clods had turned themselves for the spring planting. He had seen nothing

of the toil of mind and body, hands and feet that had gone into them.

"No, things," he said, "were not so simple as all that."

"On the whole he thought she'd better take his client's terms and not attempt to make a claim as common-law wife. Otherwise she'd have to take her case to court. And there with lawyer's fees and costs, with not a thing to go on, she'd be bound to lose out altogether. Wiser far to settle, to settle and clear out without a bit of fuss and trouble than to make a losing fight."

Client, lawyer's fees, and costs—court and common law. Say them over in her mind and they meant nothing. They were town words. It was different—something tightened, something sprang on guard when he'd said "fight."

But the things that she knew how to fight were acts of God: blizzards that could get their backs up in the north and sweep up drifts man-high between you and the cattle; hail storms that of a sudden, out of nowhere, ribbed the fresh, young green; drought that dried up sap and turned the stalks to wires; blights and pests and murrain. Not that they weren't bad enough what with the profits of past years drained out or wiped out in a twinkling. But she and Aaron, they had faced what they had had to face alone, taken it in silence. They hadn't had to harness up and drive ten miles to any law court. What's more, they'd faced what they had had to face with everything they knew about them. At least they'd had their feet on their own earth.

And now that earth itself—when she looked out at it, it hadn't changed. How brown it was, how smooth, and curved, and clean. How still. It lay there waiting to be filled, to yield as it had always yielded. Yet since she'd looked at it a threat had come upon it—worse than any blight because she couldn't see it. She only felt it by the way the man was watching. His eyes were secret, cunning, like a ferret's when the thing it means to catch, it holds at bay.

"Settle and clear out," he'd said. With that her mind went turning round and round in a black circle. What claim had he? What right? Still it was through her he meant to hurt the farm. So long as she was there he couldn't touch it. Her voice was steady.

"She was staying where she was. She'd like to see the one who'd put her off the place with Aaron's men about her."

He knew, he must have known that she had but to call; and yet his sureness of her hadn't slackened. Between his words his jaw shut with a bite.

"All right. She could try it if she liked. The law had ways of taking things in its own hands."

Then of a sudden he was going slow and careful, almost friendly.

"Look here; he'd show her how things were. If Mr. Jencks had made no will . . ."

A will? Aaron ever thinking of a time when he'd be dead; Aaron ever thinking of a time when he'd be old, ever thinking farther than to-morrow? And to-morrow—what was it to him but just a day to use upon the land? She could see him still a hundred ways, but always with his body braced against the wind, and always in the open. Not hunting out the pen and ink, not planning out on paper, not sitting down and keeping quiet long enough to make a will.

"All the same he meant the place for her. Until the boy was grown he'd meant the place for her. . . ."

She heard herself shout and claim it.

And she knew that there was that in proof that she could tell: Aaron brought in from the stockyard with his body trampled, giving way and slack; lying with her arm beneath his head as he had never lain, not in the daylight; getting her to listen, getting her to promise what no longer'd seemed to matter. "Oats this year and clover next. After wheat, then swedes." Those were the words he'd kept on saying. "After swedes, then vetch." Like a command which she was never to forget.

Her lips had opened and then closed. If she told this man he'd never understand. Besides, she must have told him what he wanted. He wasn't hesitating now.

"Since Aaron Jencks had left no will . . ."

His voice was coming from a long way off, yet sounding sure, and loud, and dreadful.

"Since Aaron Jencks had left no will, what rights he might have given her were forfeited."

So that was what she hadn't understood—Aaron turning to her at the last, not scared of dying—but the tight, drawn look about his face. He'd been worried over something that he hadn't time to say or do, troubled over something that he hadn't said or done.

She must rid him of all blame.

"A will was only words, only feelings you set down."

The man had snapped her up:

"Just so. Then when they weren't set down, who knew—? That being so, the law stepped in and passed things to the next of kin."

Why, then, she wasn't beaten yet. The voice rising in her now—it was the voice that she had always had to hear in spring, that part of spring that she had always had to shut her ears against.

"Next of kin. Then what about a son?"

Her voice, she knew, was like a creature's fending for its young.

However, in a court, it seemed, it wasn't as it was upon a farm. A foal was just its mare's. Stock wasn't valued by a likeness to the sire. Son and father, you could set them each by each and not a soul would take the truth of his own eyes. Her son was only hers. The man had made it clear by putting it in her own tongue.

That was the reason she was answering questions now—they hadn't any sense or point to them.

"No, the boy was called young Aaron —that was all. Whoever'd call a baby but by his first name?"

And she was answering questions all about herself, before she was herself, before she had been Aaron's.

"Yes, she had come when Aaron's mother was alive. Yes, come as the hired girl. And no, when Mrs. Jencks had died, she hadn't thought of leaving—less than ever then. A man left by himself—why, let alone the cooking, he didn't even know when it was time to eat. What good was he at tending to himself?"

"And why they hadn't gone to town, got married right and proper—that she couldn't say. Only that it wasn't easy turning matters over to the hands, locking up, and driving off, the two of them, both going off for the whole day, not caring what should happen on the place."

Yet, looking out across the fields that lay there bare and honest in the sun, she knew that wasn't why. Those fields made up of squares and bands and piepiece cuts were real. Every hedge and every thicket, every gap in the stone walls, every path that skirted or ran crosswise—each of them was real. Every tree was real by being where it was, its shine and shadow thus and thus at such a time of day. But real life ended where the willows bristled and the water meadows widened out. Ten miles beyond was town, known, needed only for the things that Aaron had brought home. But as for going down herself—some day maybe, not to-day. Aaron had pestered her at first, but later he had understood. "Rooted like a tree she was," that's what he'd used to say, "save that her roots went reaching out beyond her spread and stopped where her own pastures stopped."

Town and its marriage laws to bind and hold. A farm had its own ways—right and proper who should say? Those ways—they had to do with giving, not with promises and holdings back. They had to do with seasons, with summer in full leaf, with long cut swaths all smelling sweet and hot and glistening in the sun, with fish hawks

wheeling overhead, with hay that rose on either side and shut the world off by two stiff, straight walls. And more, they'd had to do with Aaron and herself meeting there between the walls at noon. Mating you could call it, but that didn't make it shameful. Once knowing how things were between you, what was the use of laws to bind and hold? Not when you knew that what must come to one must always come to both.

And taking good or ill and sharing it alike—what was that if it wasn't marriage? The pride they'd had not only in their child, but in their bins filled up, hay in before the rain, crops swelling in the ground or filling out the sheaves had been a part of something that was binding. So had the drag and silence when the cows went dry from drought or smut came black upon the wheat. And the record of all that . . . Maybe Aaron hadn't left a will. But day by day he'd set the record of the life they'd lived upon his calendars. This year bad, and better next—or worse. You could look back and see how they had stuck it out together, the seasons that they'd shared.

To get the calendars . . . But even when she'd put them in his hands, this man would scarcely look at them. "Frost out of the low meadows. Plowed." How different he could make them read. And "Farm doings only," that was all that he could see to them. As for her, he couldn't find a reference. No reference when no matter what had been set down, she knew in Aaron's mind she'd been a part of it—there in every little square on every page.

Instead, it seemed that she had got to know that Aaron meant to put some slight upon her.

"Witnesses?" the man was asking. "The neighbors for example . . . ? Had she and Mr. Jencks admitted to anyone their intention? No, of course they hadn't. Nor could she say that Mr. Jencks had once acknowledged her to anyone—not as his wife."

"They had no neighbors, no one but the hands."

"Well, then, the hands. Come, now, what title had he used when he had had to speak of her?"

Aaron had to speak of her? Put that way, she couldn't answer. But time and again as she had gone about her work, how she had smiled to hear him booming out there in the barnyard. "Ask her. Fetch her," he was always shouting. And Manuel or Jean—straight to the kitchen door it sent them scurrying. They hadn't stopped to question whom he'd meant. Or other times when setting off for the whole day, he'd turned to give them their last orders. "She'll tend to it if anything comes up." There had been pride in hearing that, and thankfulness. "She" and "her." Just "she" and "her," as though there was no other woman in the world.

But thinking back about those days, her ear had caught a strange, a different stillness. Surely it wasn't noontime yet. A little to the east the sun was sloping. All the same the farm had lost the noisy sounds that were its heartbeat. Why was it that she couldn't hear the squeak and jingle of the plowshare, the calls of men, the soft, slow plodding? Nothing but the lowing of the bull, the whinny of the colts, the grunting of the sow?

The man was saying that he couldn't wait all day. "What did she mean to do? He'd got to have an answer."

"He could wait or not, she'd got to know the trouble."

Silly for her to feel like this when everything had happened that could happen. No concern of hers if, standing up, she saw the horses with their heads hung. What did it matter now to her, if, instead of working back and forth across the sun, the men were idling in a patch of shadow? What did it matter now to her if, instead of idling, they were shouting for her, running for her up the lane?

The soft, dark eyes of Aaron's Portuguese—if they would only speak and make things clear, not look at her and beg so, trusting her to help whatever

was the trouble. Why, it was she who needed help in such a way they couldn't help her. Yet there was pleading like a dog's that made you know that you had got to follow. There was leaping gladness like a dog's that ran ahead so certain things would come out right if you were following behind.

The men had dropped below the hill, were cutting down to the low meadow. This path—how many times she'd taken it in spring, letting her work go to watch the start of plowing. How many times along the flank of that brown earth below she'd stood beneath the buttonwood, wasting time—and yet not wasting it, while watching. Her way of getting winter over in her mind. And this morning wasn't different from those other mornings. Real life hadn't stopped. The soil, gnawed free of frost, was clinging to her feet. The breeze was going down her throat as mild as milk. The sun had found a way again to warm as well as shine. Only Aaron, looking down on the ribbed field, the first he'd turned to in the spring, she couldn't leave him out of it. This very day last year. . . . "Frost out of the low meadows. Plowed." Almost she thought to see him coming towards her with his share held steady, its nose deep burrowing along the warm, moist soil.

No time to think of that. The men had taken down the bars, were waiting eagerly to let her go ahead of them. Whatever it might be, it must be something that she had to face alone.

A sense of quiet first—and peace. The sense of everything she knew about her. There in the center of the pasture stood the buttonwood. On such a day its bark was blinding white in sunlight. Its boughs were crooked and leafless, reaching up and swaying stiffly in the breeze. It couldn't be that from its crotch the nest . . . No, there it was spilling out along the brace that Aaron had once nailed beneath it. And there above it were the fish hawks circling. But why were they so still? They were curving to the right and left. They were skimming the whole field in a low flight and wheeling back again. From who knows where they had come homing and now, with heads stretched out between their pinions, they were searching all about in silence. Before they dropped their wings, why there was something, someone whom they'd got to find.

So that was why the men had stopped their work and run for her. They'd been afraid because of all that Aaron used to tell to scare them: how every year the birds came back; and how their eggs weren't laid for climbing up and stealing; how if he caught the man who dared to scramble up, he'd settle him. And more than that, he'd known the way to deal with Portuguese, to reach the foreign frightened souls of them. These, he had made clear, weren't ordinary birds that roosted here and there on any crotch. They stood for what was safe and friendly, what was lasting. Let them be scared away, a pest would come upon the field. Not only on the field—on every man who worked in it.

How he'd laughed to her, saying that he'd liked to watch the fellows' eyes grow big. All the same—though silly like it was—he'd said that he had come himself to mean it. Yes, honest, when he thought about those birds, keeping somewhere in their heads, his field, his buttonwood, her standing underneath and him about his work below—holding to the thought all winter—he knew that if they ever felt the need of flying off there would be something wrong about his place.

Aaron had said that. And back the birds had come, as sure of finding him as they had been of finding their own nest in their own buttonwood. Not finding him they would fly off unless . . . Never mind the soil that clung at every step, she'd got to reach them, hadn't she? She'd got to get up close and make them understand that she was there instead of Aaron; there as he had been to watch and fend.

But, as though she wasn't hurrying with every breath, the birds had given

up their search. Call out to them, they didn't heed. They were beating out one circle, then another higher. They were rising, hanging for a moment with the wind beneath spread wings, then catching it with a great clap that sent them soaring. Up and up and up they rose. Braced at last against the tree she could just see them through its branches. And now she'd lost them in the core of light.

From way up there, they'd never see her. Never. Not her standing as she'd used to stand beneath the buttonwood. Or maybe they had seen her and had sensed the fact she couldn't guard them. With Aaron gone, she couldn't. She couldn't even stay to plant the swedes, the vetch that she had promised. She hadn't any right there on the place.

Suddenly, so suddenly that it had made her heart leap, she heard a call all mixed with whistling wind and thin with distance. Shrill and sure and nearer now there came another call that answered it. The sky was ringing out with cries.

Pin points dropping to blurred shapes —the fall of them could turn you giddy. Spread black, they cut the sun; they drifted with the wind, struck back against it lower. From overhead they were already casting shadows that grew longer and more pointed. The sweep of them across the field. The steady beat, the rustle, and the whir as they came close above her. And now as she looked up, the sheen, the gloss of plumes laid one so close upon another. A great awkward flapping in the boughs. The quiet droop and fold of wings.

And the strange thing was that, with the fold of wings, something, something fierce and reckless, had come back to her. Witnesses! She had them at this very moment. Aaron's fish hawks—no matter what had been set down or hadn't, they showed that habit, custom, being there year in, year out could make as deep a right. And more than that, they'd proved it wasn't only faith you kept with people living. You kept your faith with land, with all that was a part of it. Those birds, they'd known her. From clear above they'd seen her and come back for her. They trusted her as they had trusted Aaron. Then she would have to try and guard them just the same.

"Settle and clear out." That man up on the porch—if he was waiting there, well he could have his answer. Only that it wouldn't do to leave at once. Manuel or Jean would have to take it up to him. She was staying where she was until the birds had made themselves at home.

The happy voices of the Portuguese as they came soft to her across the meadow. And now as they stole up their eyes were shining clear; between wide smiles their teeth were gleaming. And yet they didn't seem to sense that what they'd seen was wonderful. It was no less than they'd expected when they ran to fetch her. So much she could make clear from words that ran together.

"Meester Jencks, he say those birds they know him, know him like one tree. Same way he always say those birds, they know his wife."

"His wife." It was only now that they had left, that she remembered what they'd called her. But what she had already said to them, she kept on calling after them. "That man up on the porch . . ." The wind took off her voice. Mixed with the fish hawks' cries, she heard it flying after them. "They were to tell him that she'd fight. They were to tell him that she'd fight."

WHY MUST WE BE CONSTRUCTIVE?

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

THE gentleman was plainly not a rabid one-hundred-per-center. His voice, suggestive rather than authoritative, the way he wore his nose and spectacles placed him as one who tried to weigh things judiciously and be tactful. I knew, too, how proud he was of the sort of intellectuality he had managed, through no little ambition and sacrifice, to graft upon his heredity and his aboriginal nature—the kind which serious-minded farm boys, the sons of impoverished and sometimes dissolute parents, get by listening with uncritical reverence to the lecturers at the small Middle-Western colleges, and repeat with parrotlike persuasiveness forever afterward. With such the summit of cultivated discourse is reached by the quotation route: "Now on that point, you know, William James says," . . . or, "I've just been reading up on that idea in a book by Bruce Barton."

If there is little courage or originality in him, he is not altogether to be blamed. He must make a living, and likes a good one. He is earning it just now as the fairly liberal pastor of a church acridly divided between fundamentalists and modernists. As he sees it, both his comfort and his pastoral usefulness are facilitated by a benevolent side-stepping which attacks nothing and hurts no feelings; and by resorting, in the pinches of controversy, to nobly inspirational generalities which all sides can indorse, but which, if the indorsement ever fails to be forthcoming, can be laid to the responsibility of the original authors.

So quite naturally, when the Ku Klux Klan swept down upon his community, capitalizing racial and religious prejudices in the interests of the hitherto unsuccessful office-seekers, he passed weeks in benevolent evasions. But finally they heckled him into a public declaration, and it was this: That while men might differ as to the means of realizing their loftiest purposes, no group cherishing a "white hot" ideal of a purer Americanism was rightly subject to contempt and abuse. Any enthusiast, he swellingly quoted a minor newspaper inspirationalist, was better than any cynic; any builder better than any destroyer.

His good nature and up-to-date pastoral technic lead him to encourage a teasing persiflage in his acquaintances; so a few months later I sat in his study, expressing righteous horror at so craven an effort to terminate Armageddon with a diplomatic formula. And as I suspected, another formula was ready—for his answer.

"I'm not a klansman now, and I never could be," the good man insisted disarmingly. "But I didn't have a right to jump on the Klan unless I could make my criticism constructive. The Klan is trying to build a good thing the wrong way. Then how could I help them by tearing it down?"

Thus encouraged, I resorted to constructive innuendo myself. "This means," I suggested, "that the last harsh word has been spoken from your pulpit about those builders of bigger and better recreational facilities, the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment?"

"The Association Against the Prohibition Amendment is purely destructive in aim and methods, and must be fought with its own weapons," replied the reverend philosopher a little snappishly. After all, when you have used a benevolent generality that ought to justify your conduct against criticism, and have led your critic to a higher and better wisdom, it is irritating to be carped at.

II

In common with various millions of his fellow-citizens, my clerical adversary suffers, I suspect, from a residual pioneer complex. Indeed, from certain reasonably detached viewpoints, the whole nation appears at the moment to be suffering from this psychological malady rather badly; and to be laying up, through the writhings and the physical and emotional by-product of the confusion, equally painful sufferings to come.

The name seems justified because the obsession arose out of the pioneer's legitimate necessities. The pioneer had a continent to conquer and exploit to his profit. Whether he landed in Plymouth in 1620, or in California in 1850, or in some Texas "oil strike" town in the 1920's, his function was to build, to build quickly, and if possible to build big.

He had to build his city earlier and bigger than its rival, so what difference did it make if at first it was drab and hideous, and predestined, in its later handsomeness, to a depressing standardization? What if the politics of his state and local government were melodramatically sophomoric and crooked? He had to have government, didn't he, and have it in a hurry? When the railroads came, what difference did it make if they were built in corruption and often with dangerously flimsy roadbeds and rolling stock so long as they were built through his town?

And religion? He had to build a faith, too—or thought he had—as quickly and effectively as he planted his crops. So if the "great revival" of the early nineteenth century in the pioneer states plunged him into hysteria and maudlin superstitions, and produced perhaps the largest crop of ugly temples of worship ever known to pagan or Christian history, at least it built faith almost universally, and built it fast.

With the ingenuous egoism common to all of us, the pioneer sanctified all these feverish constructive activities. In this his was simply the spirit of the technical specialist who naïvely regards his calling as the noblest work of human service, or of the manufacturer who regards a lowering of the protective tariff on his product as a hand on the ark of the covenant. But because the pioneers' labors were not specialized and were being carried on, and participated in by the bulk of the population, this sacrosanct standing of his physical building processes came to have broadly national consequences.

We set up, for example, such a taboo against criticism of the quality and result of our constructive operations as orthodox prelates set up against blasphemy of their gods. By Jackson's time we were the greatest, the most virile, the most moral, the most politically capable nation on earth; and, native or foreigner, no man spoke against this article of faith but at his peril. Half-wit political ranters, coarse and sharp-trading captains of local industry, corrupt railroad magnates were demi-deified and, save by a few mad and bewhiskered eccentrics, evil could not be spoken of them, or even imagined. They were the high priests of the building cult of which the whole nation were the fervent lay worshippers.

To all of us doubt was a crime and a fit cause of damnation, satire a Satanic abomination. A Dickens ridiculing the mannerisms, the pretenses, and the ugliness of the raw civilization we had built was replied to, not as a man who had stated a debatable opinion ungraciously, but as an iconoclast who had defiled the Holy Ghost.

During those years almost the only physical thing of their creation which the American people permitted to be destroyed was the United States Bank. But first they let their maudlin politics persuade them that the bank was a check on the unrestricted flow of their constructive energies in the local fields. True also, the Southerners once made an effort to destroy the Union. But they did so in the conviction that the constructive labors they were engaged in could not be successfully finished without state rights and slavery, whereas the Northerners, who defeated them, were equally convinced that the building work they had undertaken could be finished only with freedom and intensive nationalism. The Civil War itself was, in this aspect, a clash of creeds between two fervent sects who regarded building as the holy purpose of their lives.

But inevitably, without entirely vanishing, the emphasis on mere physical construction declined. The continent was occupied, its political institutions, local and national, were stabilized. It was networked with railroads, it bristled with cities, industries, schools, and churches. With such needs we caught up so well that by the dawn of the twentieth century we had begun to regard some of our achievements in material growth critically.

Sometimes we were fairly mild about it. We altered our standards of architecture and interior decorating away from the horrors of the Tyler-to-Cleveland periods by the genteel pressure of a rising and more standardized public taste. We "improved" education, public and private, by extending to it the blessings of a more rigid and autocratic organization.

But again we were ferocious. We muckraked our politics and our industries almost into the rogues' gallery of popular mental imagery. We regulated our railroads with a semi-penal espionage and discipline which practically prevented further expansion for the better part of a generation. Thus in a measure, the pioneers' old obsession that all physical growth, good or bad, was sacrosanct, blew up. With numerous inconsistencies and lapses, with numerous applications in hot blood and bad judgment, we began to cherish the principle that physical growth had better be of fair quality and in the right direction.

But just here the pioneer complex left its hangover. Into the realm of ideas and morals, of reform and organization we transferred the building cult bodily, with its fetish worship of achievement and "positive" programs and its taboos on criticism intact. It had become good form to muckrake Wall Street, the trusts and the railroads as sinister powers of corruption and oppression. It was almost fashionable to lament with Hebrew prophet's ire that Boosterburg's city hall was an æsthetic offense to civilization and to call its council a bunch of grafters.

But if we became vaguely critical of the pioneer's building processes, the new processes which we devised for improving upon his work became instantly sacred to ourselves, and we protected them against taste, honesty, and common sense with the same blasphemy statutes. We scorned the sprawling jerry-built ugliness of the pioneer's cities. Yet when we enlarged them by the ballyhoo and cheaply standardized prettiness of fervent realtors, by the misrepresenting blurb of Chambers of Commerce, and by seducing new industries to them that would have done better to stay where they were, we called our labor holy and all detached commentators by the anathematizing epithet of knockers. We glanced with pious horror on the moral corruption and the sloppy inefficiency of the pioneers' institutions. But when two or three of us, or as more often happened, two or three million of us gathered together and organized a "movement" to reform their sad deficiencies, we outfitted our effort in the panoply of a celestially inspired crusade and assumed to ourselves and

our good intentions a priestly infallibility.

We who united in such activities and daily invented new ones were the only doers, the sole positive and constructive forces in the civilization of the republic. It was so because we admitted it. Furthermore, ours was the sole orthodox form of behavior in American society, and all other activities were destroying heresies. The critic, whether rational or eccentric, honest or dishonest, even the innocently reflective but non-participating spectator, was a drone, a negation, an iconoclast, and a foe to the civilization's divinely appointed progress —and, doubtless, secretly a designing bolshevik.

The worst constructive work, as my pastoral adversary instructed me, was superior to the sanest criticism; the maddest project for bigness and betterness was of God, whereas the most rational obstruction was out of hell via Moscow. The sole objections which the constructive evangels tolerated were those which proposed to substitute even more fanatic building and remodelling labors for those already undertaken. The conventionally minded worshipper was licensed only to make the delusions more frantic.

In the first two decades of the century the multitudes were proselyted into this revised faith of the fathers. It was easy. One rarely flicked a cigaret ash on Main Street without a flake landing on someone actively and organizedly building or reforming something. It was agreeable for such to persuade themselves that their aspirations and labors partook of divinity, while opposition suggested the subtle serpent out of Sheol. It was natural for those not constructively or reformatorily minded by nature, but congenitally allured by herd slogans and superstitions, to rush after baptism. So, in spite of the late Mr. Bryan's insistence that it cherished Yahveh of Eden and the Exodus, the nation really united in worship of the Constructive Fetish.

III

Such a cult has inevitably produced disastrous consequences, foremost among which was the vast stimulus it gave to the nation's already flourishing organization mania.

We have been, of course, more or less aboriginally a nation of "joiners." But hitherto our joinings had been mainly a matter of personal predilection. We united with the Methodists for our private spiritual edification, with the Elks or the Old Settlers' Whist Club for our social pleasures, or with the Bricklayers' Union for what we could get out of it. But, except with the unions in times of taut economic struggle we were equally at liberty to stay out. Joining or not joining was a good deal like choosing or not choosing meat for breakfast. In those years of valiant gastronomy most of us did, but we did not regard the matutinal steak and onions as a religious means of building ourselves into better go-getters. Neither was there a religious stigma on refraining.

But with the adoption of the constructive fetish as the national idol all this was changed. Once the joining act became holy, all sought consecration. To refrain from memberships in half a dozen of the more obvious improving organizations that lay athwart one's path became the hallmark of the social infidel, not to say the religious heretic. Certain organizations were recognized as working at cross-purposes, but the main thing was to be organized. Masons themselves came to look with suspicion upon the Catholic neighbor who did not belong to the Knights of Columbus.

And the joining act became doubly sacrosanct when coupled with some noble and flamboyantly expressed constructive purpose. Hence, the organizations that one joined ceased to be interested solely and naturally in procuring the pleasure and profit of their members, but set out, each in its peculiar way, to confer self-

defined constructive benefits upon society at large. The Methodists—to recur to one of our random examples—began to push, along with the old program of private salvation for the initiate, prohibition, and the gorgeous array of reform projects of their Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. Between wage conflicts the unions began lecturing the government on its duty to Mexico and the League of Nations.

Even those former organizations of mere sociability, the clubs and the lodges, instituted programs for extending the blessings of good cheer and sentimentalized Americanism to the whole republic; marshalled their tightly organized and more and more constructive-purposed bodies behind a thousand and one local projects for the home town's holy enlargement and sacred improvement in virtue. Those which found no room in their titles or traditions for constructive purposes were placed in an awkward position. The Old Settlers' Whist Club was lucky if it did not find itself merged some sorry evening with the Good Government League or the Chamber of Commerce. Even the Country Clubs barely managed to escape helping those outside their membership onward and upward, and frequently did lend themselves cautiously to the constructive raptures of town boosting.

And in spite of their occasional mergers and the efficiency clauses in the constructive creed, there were always more, bigger, and more appalling organizations. People of like ideas and interests were evangelized into banding together because they had common objects to advance. People of vividly diverse, even clashing ideas and interests were evangelized into banding together because in their variety they had so much to "give" one another, and might, by straining hard enough after it, discover a common objective.

It became virtually impossible for two pickle manufacturers, or two men of light and leading who agreed about the smoke nuisance, to meet each other on a train leaving Chicago, without drafting in the next three hours plans for a national alliance of true believers which would only too quickly be made good. Then next year, after wild flurries of correspondence and one or two strategic regional rallies, there would be a national convention, to deluge some fair metropolis with war whoops for bigger pickle helpings or more smoke nuisance abatement, as the case might be. The year later there would be a large publicity staff coaxing one hundred and fifteen million people to believe in the nation-building efficiency of pickles, or smoke elimination; and a formidable legislative committee in Washington and the more important state capitals to see that statesmen were kept informed as to how government could be helpful.

And when government had done its bit by outlawing smoke, or taxing foreign-born pickles into the discard, would these vast associations of achievement retire from the field with their laurels, and disband? Not exactly! Now was just the time to begin seriously worshipping the constructive fetish. So, with the wheels of propaganda and lobbyism whirling more ostentatiously than ever, behold the pickle association establishing a public diet foundation to improve the calorie ratios of New Yorkers, the Mid-West peasantry, and the Filipinos; or the Smoke Abatement League joining with three million federated feminine orders to bring better houses to the Shoshone Indians. In time they might come to dictating Japanese policy to the President or prescribing federal departments of education to Congress. But meanwhile one could be sure that great cities would wrangle for the honor of entertaining their conventions and executive conferences, and that great newspapers would wrangle for reports of their purposes and their goings-on. One who undertook to inform them that as pickle purveyors or smoke limiters they were sadly out of their province, and that their province was

of doubtful importance anyway, must expect to be informed more in anger than in sorrow that he was an alien to the true American spirit.

But, reflects the critical reader, pickle manufacturers and smoke-abatement enthusiasts do not invariably meet their kind on trains emerging from Chicago. The world is such a large place after all that the Pullman section-mate of the pickle manufacturer may be the professor of Homiletics in a Pacific Coast theological seminary, and the foe of smoke nuisances may breakfast in the dining car with the torch-bearer of some new scheme for co-operative farm marketing. Alas, such diversity no longer affords security. Bitten sufficiently by the constructive impulse, pickles and homiletics are predestined to form a new luncheon club with the slogan "Every high school boy a military bugler." Smoke abatement and co-operative salesmanship are celestially appointed to form the World League for Compulsory Adult Sunday School Attendance. Or it may be that the whole foursome is fused by the melting influence of the popular divinity into a cult for improving and standardizing the melodies of hog-callers.

In any case, whatever they attempt is sanctified by its constructive intentions. Let the detached spectator laugh at its whimsicalities, or yawn over its tiresomeness; let the critic proclaim the noble work to be poppycock and nobody's business, and he is listened to, not as a reasonable objector, but howled down as a criminal committing sacrilege. What right has he to criticize if he isn't "constructive" himself?

IV

As a result we have in the land what may be described as the Constructive Babel. The Constructive Babel is an orgy of organized pulling and hauling in contradictory directions, a comedy of waste effort and idealism, a sentimental romance of mutual indorsements and log-rollings, an acrobatic farce of bootstrap levitation, and an extravaganza of exploitation—the whole signifying chiefly confusion and nonsense.

Each and every organization automatically creates a more or less equal and opposite anti-body, itself professing the noblest of constructive purposes. The Anti-Saloon League creates the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment. The Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals inspires the flow of a caustic life fluid in the veins of the Friends of the Saloon. Constructive prohibition enforcement creates the constructively organized bootleg traffic and the most systematic regime of domestic drinking known in the republic since the passing of the sainted Revolutionary generation. A rational prophet must expect that if our four protagonists of the Chicago Pullman united for the improvement of hog-calling technic under federal experts, the inevitable result would be the formation of a league for the legal suppression of hog-calling by federal policemen in the interests of the countryside's constructive quiet.

A vast amount of useful constructive achievement which might be accomplished quietly through the common sense of individuals is negatived by these conflicts. Either the contending organizations become locked in permanent stalemates so that nothing is done, or specious accomplishment is nullified by the awakened resistance. Anti-evolution laws which safeguard the constructive yeasting of orthodox Christian theology make confirmed evolutionists of the *intelligentzia* in rural Southern high schools who might otherwise have fancied that the subject had something to do with chemistry. The Lord's Day Alliance stimulates the constructive activities of organized Sabbath athletics.

Furthermore, a vast amount of self-admittedly constructive labor is essentially destructive. Grasping industrial associations in the eastern manu-

facturing states do not care how many agricultural customers they ruin in the corn belt so long as they protect their own beneficent operations for progress with prohibitive tariffs. Agrarians have no scruples about building a bigger and better prosperity for themselves by taxing industry near to bankruptcy in order to pay for their own reckless improvidence in production. To reconstruct the racial purity, the religious prejudices, and the surly provincial patriotism which it fancifully associated with the nation's founders, the Ku Klux Klan was cheerfully ready to ruin the nation's peace with scandal-mongering and billingsgate, the nation's business with boycotts. In many cases "constructive" is simply a trick adjective applied to a cantankerous and short-sighted selfishness to make it holy and place it above deserved reproach and rational criticism.

Even the noble and peculiarly sacrosanct process of city-boosting often merits this harsh description. The community which honors me by permitting my residence is, for example, situated in the middle of a vast desert on a remote border of the republic. For 250,000 square miles of this sparsely populated region it is a natural trading metropolis. Irrigation affords it certain profitable, but definitely limited, suburban opportunities for cotton, alfalfa, and melon culture. It is the logical headquarters for division and repair work on some trans-continental railroads and for some regional trade back and forth across international boundaries. It has a fair-sized military post. With such assets it might support 50,000 people in abundant prosperity and aided by its remoteness, create for itself a community life of piquant individuality.

Actually it has lured more than 100,000 souls to its bosom in the name of constructive progress. That these 50,000-odd "extras" might do us more good buying our melons, our alfalfa, and our cotton back in Iowa, Massachusetts, and Georgia never occurs to us. Instead, we strain our energies, our bank accounts, and our list of seductive advertising adjectives trying to lift ourselves by our hard-worked bootstraps to 200,000; toward, if we may believe our more fervent "builders," half a million. To attain either end we should, if it were possible, depopulate Kansas overnight, even though a prosperous and populous Kansas were our choicest market.

The result of it all is, of course, a vaguely discontented and rather indigent population whose chief means of self-support is swapping the quarters we make by repairing one another's secondhand Fords at heavily mortgaged service stations. In spite of the population increase, property will rarely rent for what it costs to maintain it. Hence the pressure of the "own-your-own-home" movement—another of the "constructive" cults—is almost irresistible. Every few years we all swap houses again, usually to the tune of considerable losses. Meanwhile the newcomers, the readier to reform things because of their economic disappointment, spend most of their left-over constructive energies seeking to alter the town's ancient free and easy customs, its once tolerant morals, and mildly distinctive architecture into the patterns held sacred by every standardized ten-county metropolis of the corn belt.

With hardly a doubt, we should be a happier, a wealthier, and a more interesting community if some violent cataclysm of nature would deflate us to 50,000 population, or if we had never, with our go-getting organizations and our city-building literature, pushed ourselves to a point of fallacious growth where deflation became desirable. But mention these possibilities to even the milder worshippers of our local constructive fetish, and the answer will be that if you feel that way about it you either ought to shut up or move out. Unfortunately, some of us who happen to like the climate, or to have a frivolous critical interest in the course of the

experiment, insist on staying to see the finish.

For on to their logical—and illogical—conclusions such ventures must go. Being from beginning to end in the nature of a religious infatuation, our worship of the constructive fetish is without a rationalism to tell it when to stop. Its sacred taboos have deprived it of the wholesome benefits of destructive criticism.

It is building with the brakes off. And, most fatal of all the cult's destiny signs, gentlemen—not to mention ladies—are committed. Are not the woman's clubs, formed originally for the appropriate and highly needful purpose of improving the private culture of their members, now enlisted by indorsements and special-committee labors in half the projects for social and moral reform, biggerness, and betterness with which the contemporary republic is afflicted? Are not scores of special-aims organizations allied with one another and the woman's clubs, and a host of equally pervasive national bodies of the masculine gender, in binding agreements to log-roll mutually?

Thus even when the sacred symbols of constructive labor—Results—have been captured, the noble work hardly slackens. Once having taken on the dignity of priests and priestesses of the popular worship, it is painful to renounce such pomps. Prohibition has been achieved by law on the national scale? Very well, constructive prohibitionists must prove their everlasting "constructiveness" by proceeding to demand and work for more and more ardent means of enforcement, while ex-Congressman Volstead lavishes constructive reproaches on the alcoholic content of buttermilk.

Prohibition is successfully nullified by the bootlegger's customers? Nevertheless, the Association Against the Prohibition Amendment must proceed to the constructive labors of perfecting an organization which, to at least one of its leaders of my acquaintance, seems just now more important than destroying the prohibition amendment. Woman suffrage wins, but does victory produce the disbandment of the little group of able bloc-politics players who served the vote on silver platters to the hosts of the indifferent? They must proceed with their constructive labors of everywhere removing statute differentiations, advantageous or otherwise, between women and men. When the union for better hog-calling has triumphed, doubtless the still nobler work lies before it of drafting and enforcing a code of ethics for hog-callers. And after that the adventurous uphill task of seating a secretary of hog-calling in the President's cabinet.

For, once the mediocre citizen has clothed himself in the sanctity of constructive endeavors, he—or she—will never forsake the holy office's prerogatives and perquisites. Once he has held a job as the well-paid and universally admired secretary or organizer of a constructive movement, honest farm work or newspaper reporting will never make him happy again.

V

The cult of the constructive fetish is so rooted by tradition and historic habit in our bones and nerve centers, so many of its high priests and vowed laity have an interest, financial or emotional, in proselyting it farther and more fervidly, so many of the conforming herd are terrorized, like my pastoral friend, by its dogmas and anathemas that the hour of our sane deliverance still seems infinitely remote. Nevertheless, iconoclasts cannot yet be imprisoned or burned at the stake, and an intelligent—or must one say "constructive"?—iconoclasm can hope to accomplish something.

It can begin with the uphill task of debunking the holy adjective "constructive" of its sanctity. It can insist that the mere act of construction, even when desirable and ably executed, is

not a mystic rite, but a practical application of every-day horse sense.

It can, moreover, flaunt with heretical malice before a shocked society the fact that simply by calling itself "constructive" no enterprise becomes so; that, far from acquiring a divine immunity from criticism and ridicule, it actually may be a fallacy as ludicrously subject to correction as the insane patient's fancy that he is Noah building his ark. Every small fetish-worshipping city in the republic would enjoy greater economic and social stability if it encouraged its minority of quick-on-the-trigger mockers to point out that the *quality* of constructive achievement is more important than the noise of hammers and the shouts of foremen building industrial card-houses, and that fallacious construction brings satirical joy to the destroying angels. With the help of their sane ridicule, we might hear less of these frenetic projects for luring factories thousands of miles from their raw materials and markets to enjoy the doubtful benefits of site donations from the Boosterburg Chamber of Commerce and of increasingly expensive power from the impounded waters of Lost Creek.

It might then become a more natural and less lonely process to take uncompromising issue and do gay destructive battle with the day's innumerable "movements" for effecting constructive social progress, not through the slow, solid building up of the individual's self-control and intelligence, but through organization, resolution, regulation, law, and primitive taboos of ballyhooed prejudice. The laughter of alert intelligence might, in time, even explode the most convenient taboo of them all, the dogma that the only tolerable criticism of foolish construction is a proposal for more foolishness. Thus sane but timid observers like my pastoral friend might be led by sufficient observation to glimpse the truth that the only satisfactory substitute for Ku Klux Klan patriotism is its destruction by a satirical sense of proportion; that the only substitute for a fundamentalist theocracy in the school board is to let educators alone.

No doubt the dervishes of the constructive cult are beyond suppression. But a generation of courageous and articulate mockery can with due diligence shear them of their priestly immunities. Two or three generations of it might even force them to their last unsanctified joining act—their union, wild-eyed and still protesting, with the hordes of detected impostors in the limbo of history's vanished medicine shows.

As their passing approached, we might, as a people, shake ourselves free from the pioneer complex, and overthrow its last residual fetish. Some intimation might even dawn on us of what valid construction means: that better nations are built of the tolerance, the self-reliance, and the sense of proportion of the individual citizens. That better cities are built on the quality of the community life and on the adjustment of population and enterprise to rational opportunities for self-support. That better business is built, not on shoddy ballyhoo and organized exploitation of opportunities to destroy competing interests, but through scientific apprehension of intricate resources and a gentleman's love for the honor of fair dealing. That better morals and a better society are built, not by the legal enactment of taboos, prejudices, and hypocrisies, or the strutting parade of our organized ethics, but, like culture and ripe judgment, within ourselves.

If, then, our chastened construction industry still insists on maintaining a religious motive, its new leaders might be induced to hark back to the cathedral builders; who, after their humble medieval fashion, got Results even if they did follow the plans, take time enough to use their artistic judgment, and quit when they were through.

THE SON OF LEHSEN

A TIMBUCTOO PORTRAIT

BY LELAND HALL

ONE afternoon, coming out from the store into the blinding sunlight of Timbuctoo, I stumbled on a group of Arabs. So far as my dazzled eyes could see, all were strangers to me; but hearing an urchin near by address me in Arabic, the men took an interest and, gathering round, tested me with one phrase after another till we were all laughing together. The confusion would have been hopeless but for the aid of one man, who, I gradually became aware, had taken a stand close to me and who, by speaking slowly and clearly, could make me understand.

He was a young man, still beardless, somewhat fairer of skin than most of the Arabs of the region, without turban, though his hair was clipped close and the sun was blazing down. His gaze, very steady, was undarkened by the slightest shadow of suspicion or distrust. On the contrary, there was a light in his eyes which the Arabs call golden, and which I had seen before only in the eyes of men drugged with *keef*, who are dreamers and great story tellers. His animation denied any possibility of his being drugged; and I do not know whether that luster was owing to the way the sunlight fell on his eyes or to their color, which, in keeping with his complexion, was lighter than the deep, somber brown of those of his companions. I did not recall at the moment, when I was trying to talk Arabic with real Arabs, the topaz glints in the eyes of the Berber Touaregs. Well, this was Mohamed ould Lehsen, that is, Mohamed son of Lehsen. Of who Lehsen was I had not the remotest idea, or of the story of Lehsen's father, or of the pleasant relationship which was in store for me with Mohamed his son.

There was one sentence I could say in Arabic with the certainty of its being understood; so I pointed to my house near by and said, "Come to my house when you will, all of you, and we'll drink tea."

Mohamed came that very afternoon, bringing with him another young man, also Mohamed, who brewed tea excellently well, which we three drank, sitting round the pot on the floor. After that we sat in chairs at the table, where they taught me, laughing heartily, to say many words of the kind most of us the world over learn very young and never speak in drawing-rooms. At least, I suspect they were of that vigorous kind, though unhappily I could never find out the meaning of them.

When Mohamed caught sight of the typewriter his mood changed suddenly. He fingered it timidly, startled when a type-bar moved. After a while he said with the utmost earnestness, "I want to learn to read and write French. Will you teach me?" Of course I said yes, and quite lightly, for I never dreamed but that it was a momentary curiosity about the machine which had created the ambition in him, and that the first struggle, even with the letters of our alphabet, would exhaust his patience. But he insisted on having the alphabet typed then and there; and while the

other Mohamed, having taken to the floor, leaned dozing against the wall, the son of Lehsen mastered the mystery of shift keys and copied many times the alphabet which had been typed for him.

However I doubted his patience, I soon ceased to have the slightest doubt of his intelligence. I do not remember even having told him that the typed capital letters corresponded to the letters on the keys of the machine; yet this relationship is far less self-evident than you might think, unless you bore in mind that the machine itself was not stranger or more complex to that young man than the lines and curves in the twenty-six combinations which are the letters of our alphabet. For Mohamed knew not the sound of one single French word, much less the look of any of the letters which spell it. Later I suspected, and later still was given good reason to believe, that he had not only never been in the house of a European before, but had never willingly spoken with one.

Unerringly, his eye discovered the key which fitted the letter. Never did his finger hover. He kept his hands tight between his knees and looked from the copy to the keyboard and back until he had found the proper correspondence; then only, and without hesitation, tapped the key. If I tried to help him he waved me aside. As he learned to recognize the form of the letters he learned the order in which they had been written for him; and in a short time, that very afternoon, put the copy aside and began typing the alphabet unaided.

Meanwhile, I was so fascinated by the intensity of his study as not to notice that the light reflected in from the terrace had softened through amber to violet and to clear gray. The sun had set. As I watched him, wondering if he would now remember the N which must follow the M, abruptly, without a word or look to me, he stood up and, going swiftly to the dozing Mohamed, took his hand, and they went together from the room. It seemed strange that he should so rise out of his work without warning and silently. I wondered if they had stayed later than they had meant to stay, what sort of engagement they might have forgotten. But when in a minute or two I went on the terrace, I discovered that they had not left the house. Facing the east, where the first stars shone, unconscious of me, they were standing side by side, erect with uplifted heads; and I did not wait to see them kneel on the turban spread before their feet or strain my ears to catch the low sound of their voices in prayer, but stole back to light the lantern in the darkened and spiritless room.

Presently Mohamed returned to the typewriter, swift and silent as he had gone from it, and, as if there had been no interruption, typed the alphabet to the end. In this final essay he had made but the small error of putting the T before the S, and with a smile he promised that that should not occur again. He then took a pencil and over each letter wrote down the name and sound of it in Arabic letters. So the first step was taken in his firm and never once weakened determination to learn to read and write French in a few days, a determination which, it may be fairly said, was not defeated.

No difficulty put him off, not even perhaps the most serious one of my own ignorance of the language in which perplexities could have been explained to him. He came every day and sometimes twice and sometimes three times a day; and little by little the list of words grew. It began with "camel," how well I remember; but soon twisted into the household and picked up "tea" and "sugar" and "milk" and "water," "yours" and "mine," "there is" and "there is not"; until, before a week was gone, he could read such sentences as, "I am very hungry." "Is there bread in your house to give me to eat?" "Yes; there is bread in my house, and if you are thirsty, I will give you tea to drink with lots of sugar in it." And he could write such phrases at dictation.

Had I been able to speak Arabic fluently with Mohamed, I should have argued to dissuade him from his purpose, not wholly to convince him, perhaps, but to open his eyes. So long as he was unable to speak a Western language he was in that measure protected from Western influences and the corruption which everywhere follows them: not such lamentably simple failings as drunkenness and debauchery, which our civilization merely aggravates, but more subtle contaminations of mind and spirit—in a phrase, from all the sophistry by which we convince ourselves (for convinced we seem to be) that we are nobler than other races, while we are surely only more grasping. As for his broadening his understanding by a look into Western history and Western literature—we have taught foreign languages in our schools and universities for generations, yet recent catastrophes seem to prove that we are unable to arrive at a comprehension of a point of view so little different from our own as the Teutonic or the Latin through any study yet defined. By learning French or English or German Mohamed could perhaps do business more directly with Europeans who were developing his country commercially and make, or lose, more money; but this was not worth risking the freedom of his spirit for. At any rate, we are constantly warned against dabbling in the East, against subjecting ourselves to its manifold seductions, and is the warning all to be on one side? Is there nothing in the West against which to warn the East?

Mohamed's spirit was dauntless and free, and his will could not have easily been changed. If I regret my inability to have talked with him thus, it is because I missed thereby the answers his keen intelligence would have found.

The gestures and pantomimes we had to devise to make ourselves clear to each other meanwhile were a greater tax on our minds than the purely linguistic efforts; yet such a jolly one that, but for Mohamed's steadfast determination, we might have lost more time in laughter than ever we did in being truly balked. My triumph was with the word "donkey," for I startled myself with the verisimilitude of my hee-haw, and Mohamed laughed aloud a moment, and Boujma rocked back and forth on the floor, and even the sulky Abdullah smiled.

Boujma and Abdullah were men whom Mohamed had brought to the house, and who came frequently. The former, older than the others, was stranded in Timbuctoo; for on the way here across the desert, with two other merchants and a small caravan of dates, he had been attacked by a *rezzou* and robbed of every thing. I have never been clear as to what happened to his companions, though I think they were not killed; but Boujma himself had wandered two days afoot without water and three without food before being rescued. He would come often for tea, and after we had drunk it, would eat all the tea leaves; but rather, I fancy, because he liked the taste of them than because he was still starving. He would sit hours against the wall while Mohamed worked at his French.

II

Strangely enough, I learned more about Boujma and Abdullah than I ever learned about Mohamed, though he was the closest and surest friend I ever made in Timbuctoo. We never happened to speak of the caravan, but I know he came in with it. After he had gone and it became certain I should not see him again, Abdullah, who, though a native of Arrouan, spent several months of the year in Timbuctoo, said, "You may leave any messages for Mohamed with me. When he returns, he will come at once to see me, for he has left his salt in my house."

Where he lived and whence he had come in with the caravan I do not know. His white robe though full was simple; and there was in his dress no suggestion of even such elegance as marked that of the more urban Boujma and Abdullah.

In the slender sheath wallet he wore hung from his neck on a fine leather cord he carried, besides his money and a small knife, a flint and steel. He found the drinking water in my carafe, cooled only by evaporation, too chill to drink fast.

I tried to ask him about his family. He told me that his father was dead, that he had been shot by raiders; and the gesture of his arm, which summoned up vividly the scene of a man encircled by his attackers, gave me the impression that the tragedy had occurred at some place far off in the desert, where no man could hope for aid. His mother was still living, together with three of his brothers and himself. Where? In the desert.

Once, looking at me intently, he said something about a relative of his and Christians. If his manner altered a little on that occasion, I felt it only as vaguely as I had understood what he had said—which was vague as idiocy. Thus his disclosure of a terrible event met with the fatuous smile of a person who has hardly an idea of what has been said and who babbles, "Ah, yes, is that so?" —which is no response at all.

It is curious, considering how little I really knew of Mohamed and how difficult it was for us to communicate, that he stands more sharply defined as a personality than any other Moslem or Christian I met in Timbuctoo. Everything about him was clear cut, his features, his conduct, his purposes, in so far as I was informed of them. Those of my own color who chanced to call when Mohamed was there invariably took notice of him and kept of him the same impressions as I had, which is the more remarkable in view of the fact that with his close-clipped hair and his perfectly simple garments, he had not the striking picturesqueness of other Arabs.

How he regarded me I can scarcely know, save that it was without distrust; but by his confidence alone, so often implied though he had reason to withhold it from any Christian, I felt from the first honored.

III

On the second or third morning of his visits he showed me an ugly wound just below his knee, the wide gash from a stone on which he had fallen in some rocky part of the desert, already grievously inflamed. In his keen eyes I read clearly: Your people are full of hatred toward my people; you and I are friends. I trust you to do what you can for this. . . . We bathed it in a solution of permanganate freshly prepared and bandaged it; and every day up to the time of his departure we repeated the treatment. No detail escaped his notice, either in the condition of the wound, which was slow to heal, or in the steps taken to cure it. Every day there was the same sharp question in his eyes: Do you agree with me that it is better? But I never saw in them any sign that his confidence, once placed, no matter how ignorantly, was withdrawn.

Late one afternoon he brought a man to the house, whom he introduced as his brother Hassim, just arrived from the desert. Hassim was taller than Mohamed, who was himself tall, older, swarthier, lightly bearded, but with the same close-clipped hair and something of the same steady look in his eyes. He was dressed in a short blue tunic, very dusty, as well it might be after his long ride in over the sands. One of his cheeks was slightly swollen and he was evidently, for all his stoicism, in pain. Without any loss of time Mohamed made his brother kneel and pointed out to me three deep gashes in his scalp. Hassim, he explained, had been thrown from his camel in a stony place. Mohamed now knew well that my judgment in such things was no more authoritative than his own; that I merely happened to have bandages and disinfectants. And so he himself prepared everything, supervised the treatment with the watchfulness of a modern surgeon, and put in a

touch here and there with a hand lighter and more skillful than mine.

He, and Hassim likewise, were far less worried over the ugly gashes in the scalp than they were over the slight scratch round which the cheek was swollen. I knew that terrible infections may follow the bite of a camel; but as both men insisted that this scratch was not from the camel's teeth, but from a thorn or a sharp pebble in the sand, I conceded only another daub of iodine.

On the next morning they came early, and the whole side of Hassim's face was shockingly swollen, hard, and hot as fire. The only thing for a layman to do, with a modern dispensary not a mile away, was to keep his hands off such a wound and take the man to the doctor. But there was as little chance of leading Hassim to the Christian doctor as there was of prevailing upon him to eat pig. Mohamed and he, therefore, found me sadly wanting.

Now, Hassim, seeing the small steel mirror on the wall, went and took it down; and seating himself on the floor again beside his brother, studied his grotesque cheek. The sight struck both him and Mohamed as laughable. The object of his scrutiny then seemed to change, for he took to pulling his light beard and his mustache and eyeing himself from various angles. The two brothers said a few things rapidly to each other, and Mohamed, without a word to me, fetched a small pair of scissors, which had cut thread and paper and films and Alfa's fingernails and Ibrahim's mustache and were proportionately dull and dirty. With these and the mirror, Hassim retired to the terrace, ostensibly to trim his whiskers.

To my every plea that Mohamed should take his brother to the doctor, he answered, "To-morrow, to-morrow." Then Hassim returned, and it was plain at a glance that he had not trimmed his beard, but had gouged a hole in his cheek, from which matter was still oozing. It was a small hole, but it had opened up a pocket in the cheek as extensive as a silver dollar. The swelling was much reduced and he seemed relieved of pain.

Mohamed instantly asked for hot water in the basin, and broke a bit of the permanganate tablet into it. He took matches and, with the small knife he carried in his wallet, whittled down the ends, round which he wound bits of gauze, making perfect swabs. Then, when he had sat himself cross-legged on the floor, with the basin and swabs at hand, he called to his brother to lie down, which Hassim did, his whole great length along the floor and his head on Mohamed's knee; and Mohamed bent over that dark head with the same intensity of purpose with which he had set to learning the alphabet, and with a swift unfaltering hand washed out the wound and left in it a small wick. During this time nobody spoke and nobody heeded, perhaps, the clear colorless light which came from over their desert through the north window of my room and fell upon a scene so profoundly human and so strange. And I remember wondering if, despite all the modern science of medicine and surgery on which we Westerners so fearfully depend, one of us wounded in the desert might not trust himself without reserve to Mohamed. Hassim never came again, unwilling, perhaps, to risk being taken to the doctor; but Abdullah reported that the cheek had healed in a day and that Hassim, his business done, had returned to the desert.

Somewhat later, Mohamed brought his two older brothers to see me. They were tall dark men, with masses of black curls which set off the beauty of their brows and eyes, and silken beards which did not hide their lips; and they were humbly dressed in dark-blue tunics. One was called Ismaïl and the other, Ibrahim, and they sat down by the wall just where the light would fall upon them, immovable and reserved, yet responsive. On that same afternoon two white men came to call while these two men from the desert were there with

their brother Mohamed, and one of them, who said he would have been an artist had he not failed at everything he put his hand to, looked hard at Ibrahim and said, "That is one of the noblest heads I have ever seen." And the other, after he had been silent a long while, cried out, "But you must tell about this. These are things to be told." Yet it was merely two men of the Sahara, who had never read a novel or ever been to the cinema or ever had their pictures taken, sitting on the mats against the wall, with their tea before them.

"Ask that big fellow there if he knows his way across the desert."

A little proud of my Arabic on this occasion, I asked Ibrahim if he knew his way from Timbuctoo to Colombe-Bechar. Ibrahim answered, simply, "*N'aarfhu.*" (I know it.)

"Then, for God's sake, ask him how he knows it."

And when the question had been put to him Ibrahim answered with a smile, "The sun by day, and by night the stars."

IV

Not long after that an Arab named Bouka stopped me in the street.

"They have signalled a *rezzou* to the northwest. The government is sending out seventy-five partisans. Mohamed ould Lehsen has got to go."

"When do they go?" I asked.

"Fifty this afternoon, the rest in the night."

He then told me that if I should like to see them off, he would let me know the hour in time for me to watch them go out from the city and across the sands.

On returning to the house I found Mohamed seated at the table, more serious than usual. Of course, I greeted him with a bluff cheerfulness intended to hide my true feelings, after the best Anglo-Saxon tradition, to which I have fallen heir. Mohamed remained serious.

"I am going away to-day," he said.

"Yes, yes, my boy"—in a ringing voice—"Bouka told me."

He looked at me with curious earnestness.

"I am going away to-day. And when I return you will be gone."

"Yes, I know." But the silence which fell upon my lusty tones was a bit heavy; so, bustling round for bandages, I said, "Let's have a look at the knee."

The wound was now healing fast, and we were painting it each morning with iodine. He took a hand in the dressing, but seemed uninterested, preoccupied, very likely, with wondering whether I had again failed to understand him or if I were really as indifferent to his departure as I seemed. When we were done he picked up the bottle of iodine and asked if he might take it away with him into the desert. This was the only thing he ever asked me for.

On the previous day we had tackled writing in script. One or two sheets on the table were already covered with his efforts at writing by hand, which looked grotesquely childish by comparison with the neat and accurate typing he had done. He showed me a few words, but with a lack of interest; and before we could set to work he pushed the papers from him. They were ended, our studies together.

For a long time I had wished to take some snapshots of him, but foreseeing vague difficulties in the way of it, had put it off from day to day. Now, however, it could be put off no longer. A devout Mohamedan will not consent to make an image of man; and I am sure Mohamed had never seen before an instrument by which we do just that. I approached the matter as slowly and as carefully as I could. First I showed him snapshots of sailors, taken aboard the French cargo boat on which I had come to Africa. He studied them, but since he held them as often upside down as right side up, it is fair to say he made neither head nor tail of them. I then tried him with one or two of the room where we were sitting. I had developed these films myself, but so imperfectly

that I had decided not to develop any more. Nevertheless, the prints were recognizably of aspects and furnishings of the room; and when he discovered this, putting his finger on some image in the picture and then pointing to the object itself in the room, we had made a definite advance.

I now delivered the camera to him, a very small one, which he handled cautiously as if it were some strange little firearm; and then by gestures persuaded him to believe in a harmless relationship between the instrument and the photographs. He overcame his suspicion to the extent of holding the camera pointed at his middle and only a few inches off and repeatedly pressing the "trigger," and then peering through the back of it to see if he had caught a picture of himself. But for all this, it was not easy to lead him into the light of the terrace, and once there, it had all to be done over again; and he must catch me in the finder and snap the deadly little thing at me several times before he would run the risk of letting me do the same to him. This timidity, rooted in a deep distrust, was not at all to be laughed at. On the contrary, I was not sure but it might change in a flash to hostility; and he was hardly more afraid of—than I was for—my camera, though he was trembling and I dancing round.

When we returned to the room he demanded to see the pictures at once. I was very uneasy. Desperately as I forced my Arabic, it would not serve to explain the processes of development and printing; yet Mohamed insisted more and more impatiently on seeing the photographs. I finally made him understand, by showing him films and bottles of chemicals, that the roll in the camera had to be worked with a long while before pictures could be drawn from it; and then, as I thought, prudently, explained that I meant to take the films to Dakar for development; which was what I truly intended, since I could not do the work myself. During the moment's thoughtfulness which this produced in him I slipped the camera into its stout leather case and put it out of sight.

I had failed to reckon on Mohamed's extraordinary keenness. He picked up the pictures of the sailors.

"These," he asked, "were done in Dakar?"

"Yes," I answered.

"But this," he said, angrily, picking up a photograph of my room, "was done here and not in Dakar. And you have the waters to do the work."

Suddenly in my despair I felt that he was angry, not for want of the photographs, but because he thought I was tricking him. I asked him to have faith in me. His anger vanished.

He told me he should go either that afternoon or in the night, he did not yet know which; and that he would try to come to see me again before he left, but that he could not be sure. It was all quiet enough. He tore off a small strip of paper and, after a moment's thought, wrote on it something in Arabic; and though I did not understand when he read it, or understand what he said about it, I knew by his closing it up in my hand that it was to keep by me, not till we should meet again, which was a doubtful event, but always. His giving me the pencil was the hint for me to write a talisman for him, which I did, not unwilling to hope that it might stand him in stead as I believe his may stand me. For these things are simple and natural and may have some force.

His mind, so seldom unalert, seemed to wander a moment, but was brought back by the sight of several typewritten sheets, which, on his asking, I told him were a letter to my brother. Under the signature he wrote in Arabic a message to him, doubtless wishing him well. So it is with the Arabs: in greeting you they greet your kin. Whether it is more than a formality I do not know; but ties of blood are strong among them. Then, with the swift decision which was characteristic of him, he bade me good-by and went off about his preparations.

V

At five in the afternoon there was a pounding on my street door. It was Bouka, out of breath.

"Quick," he cried, "they have left the barracks, and if you wish to see them we must run for it."

We ran together westerly through the streets and debouched on the stretch of sand which lies between the city and the pool. Save for a water carrier or two, there was no sign of life.

"We are too late," Bouka panted, "they are gone."

But in a few minutes a small band of Arabs came walking out from the city, not far from us; and they were followed by a file of camels, each topped with the typical saddle, shaped not unlike certain stools found in Tut Ankhamen's tomb, and lightly laden with accouterments of one sort or another. We expected them to turn and pass by us on their way into the desert to the north; but instead of doing this, they crossed the stretch of sand straight west into the almost intolerable brilliance of the descending sun. Seeing which, Bouka led on after them and I followed, with no idea of where we were bound, but wishing a last look at Mohamed if he should be among them.

They did not go fast, and we were soon at the tail of the hindmost camel, and twisting up and over a low dune among the huts and thorny hedges of one of the many villages which encircle the town. And the way over the soft sand led down by the margin of the pool, a little arm of the pool which makes in there, the water in which looked vivid blue against the tawny sands, strikingly so in this land where the blue of the sky, except opposite the sunset in the east, is flattened with gray. Here the men paused, and while the camels went on beyond them, they washed their hands and faces in the water. The sight of them thus at their ablutions reminded one of how dusty and waterless a journey they were about to undertake.

Presently, in groups of two or three and hand in hand, they proceeded. We came up with the camels, waiting by some thorn trees. Near by stood a small building of beaten earth, inconspicuous but in a state of perfect repair. The Arabs, Bouka then informed me, do not go into the vast ancient mosques of the town; but, when they are setting forth on some expedition, come to this little place, their own and not the blacks', as to a shrine, here to pray and to invoke the protection of the saint who watches over travelers in the desert. There it stood, low among the dunes, hot and shadeless amid the desolate thorn shrubs, somehow sacred.

When the men had gone in, Bouka, being restless, returned to town. I knew by now that Mohamed was not in this group. Whether he had gone with an earlier group or not, Bouka had been unable to tell me, and I lingered near the camels, whose retching groans were the only sound in the sun-baked, lonely place. Their light loads fascinated me. Here was a blanket roll, there a bundle of garments, here a curious box, there a sack of rice; but from every saddle hung a short rifle, the butt of yellowish wood, the barrel of bright steel, and a smoked kettle.

Coming out from their devotions, the men did not delay. Hardly did they cast a glance at the camels. One of them, only, took the bridle rope of the foremost beast and so conducted the leisurely file. But the others went on afoot, swiftly through the sand, as they always walk, abreast and hand in hand, with never a look back. They went through the village and down to the level, then to the left and along the margin of the pool and on and on. Low over the city hung the full moon, just risen, like a translucent disk of ice, faintly mottled as if the blue shone through it from the heavens beyond.

Sometimes, if you lie on the beach at sunset time near the level of the water, especially if the tide is out and many shallow waves are running in, you will

see a faint, delicately tinted luminousness over the whole shore. A spray too fine to show of itself, pervaded by the level rays of the sun, has, as it were, absorbed light and faintly glows as if it were light-giving. So it is with the sand dust of the desert, the dust of a sand so fine that it runs through your fingers like water; only the dust is more refulgent than the invisible mist of the sea and more like flame. As these men walked off by the margin of the pool in the sunset, the dust of their bare feet rose high as their knees like flame; and half-blinded by the splendor of light and no longer seeing how their feet trod the sand, you would have thought their shoulders invisibly winged. When the sun had set they had disappeared; before me the last of the camels went by, its flat feet raising no dust, clear in all its long and undulating movement, and even the chill rifle barrel clear by the saddle.

I returned to my house. The terrace was flooded with moonlight, save for the deep shadow of the wall. Out of this Mohamed stood up silently, startling me. His face was indistinct, but against the clarity of the moonlight his head and his shoulders in their white robe were clearly defined. Taking my hand, he led me into the unlighted room and there pressed upon me a little packet.

"Do you like them?" he asked, eagerly.

I could feel with my fingers that they were small circular mats of open straw work common in the town. Mohamed was not satisfied with my saying that I should be pleased with anything he gave me for the reason that he had given it. He insisted upon knowing if I liked the mats; and I said, "Yes, I do."

I desired him to give me an address to which I could send him a line some day; but the words for letter and sending and post and all that would not come. In the end he read my mind.

"A letter," he questioned, "and where to send it to me?"

Easy enough when he said it. Yes; what should I write on the letter so that it would be brought to him? After a moment's silence, he said:

"Write Mohamed ould Lehsen, and then—and then—why, then Sahara."

Boujma and Abdullah, who had remained seated in the shadow, now called out that time was passing. As no ray of moonlight penetrated the narrow stairway, we had the lighted lantern to go down by.

The three men stepped over the high threshold into the street; but Mohamed turned back and with an inarticulate cry, flung his arm round my neck. It did not need this sharp burst of feeling from him, however, to prove to me that between human beings whom historic prejudice might make almost incomprehensible to each other there can exist a tie which is not sundered without pain.

The three Arabs hastened away. In the moonlight the dust of their feet was like a white fog, which veiled them from sight, I think, even before they took the turning.

VI

When, two months later, I was again in Timbuctoo, I learned that Mohamed had returned safely from the pursuit and had gone back to his home in the desert. Monsieur Abd El-Kadir, though Mohamed had been unknown to him, had been kind enough to get hold of him and deliver into his hands a small parcel of tea and sugar I had left for him. The so courteous merchant was curious to discover how I had come to know Mohamed.

"He is not an Arab, truly," he said, "but largely of Berber stock." He added, with a searching look, "You know, perhaps, that he has had little to do with Christians. [A term he applied not contemptuously, but apologetically.] I am surprised that he went into your house." He repeated that Mohamed was not Arab but Berber; which, by the way, explains the light I had noticed in

his eyes on the occasion of our first meeting.

A few days afterward Monsieur Abd El-Kadir had us to dinner; and seeing that he was in an amiable and expansive mood, we got him to talk to us about the country and tell us stories about the men in it, the blacks, and the Arabs. We asked him about the Touaregs, of whom we were desirous of seeing more than we had seen, and whether they were so untrustworthy as they were said to be. We brought up the tale we had often heard of the Touareg chief who, in the Government buildings in Timbuctoo, had treacherously turned upon a French officer and killed him. For a moment Monsieur Abd El-Kadir was silent, looking from one to the other of us.

"I knew that man well. He was a man of proud bearing and tremendous physical strength, noble, and honest of heart. He was thoroughly a man of the desert, the head of his family, highly respected among his own people. Of the life of the city he knew almost nothing, and nothing of the Europeans. He spoke no language but his own, and on the rare occasions when he came into Timbuctoo, was dependent on an interpreter. At the time of his last visit he fell into the hands of an interpreter who was unscrupulous, and who tricked him into buying many things he had no intention of buying and did not know he had bought till a bill was presented to him, together with a summons to pay. This bill he paid, though having no idea of how he had incurred the indebtedness. Knowing him to be rich, the interpreter tried again to bleed him; other and bigger bills were presented to him, but these he refused to pay. Thereupon, the interpreter contrived to get him put into prison pending a trial for non-payment of debts.

"One of the military commanders of the town at that time happened, unfortunately, to be tactless. Never doubting that the Touareg was guilty, and wishing, perhaps, to prevent the delay and trouble of a trial, he sent for the prisoner, and through an official interpreter, gave him a stiff talking to. The Touareg made no reply, except to state that he would not pay money for things he had not bought. Threats brought from him the statement that no one could ever force him to pay money he did not owe.

"'Very well,' said the commander, 'we shall seize your flocks and your camels and sell them.'

"'You have no right to do that,' the Touareg declared; 'and if you do that, I will kill you.'

"Goaded too far by the man's imperturbability and his defiance, the officer said, 'It is already done.'

"Instantly the Touareg tore loose a bolt of wood and killed him. Hearing the interpreter's cries for help, the black soldiery rushed in and clubbed the Touareg to death."

"It is a terrible story," we said.

"Yes. And that man was the grandfather of your friend, Mohamed ould Lehsen."

THE MACHINE AND THE MINER

BY CARTER GOODRICH

"THE colliers are greatly impatient of controul." So wrote an English traveler in 1768. "The miners have been independent since the Year One, and I suppose they always will be." So a mine superintendent told me a short time ago in the non-union coal-field that the union president speaks of as "Darkest West Virginia." That same week, however, and in that same region, another mining man made an exultant prediction of the end of that tradition. "The machines are coming fast," he declared. "It won't be long before we get the mines mechanized. And when we do, the man won't be a miner any more, coming to work when he pleases, he'll be a mechanic"—or an unskilled laborer—"and he'll do what he's told." Even as he spoke, the loading machines and other devices of the new technology were at work in a number of mines digging into the coal and digging away the foundations of the unusual freedom of the miners.

Last of all the great industries to mechanize its basic operations, even bituminous-coal mining cannot resist the onward sweep of the machine process. The isolated mining camps out at the ends of their branch railways are beginning to feel the stir and change of a powerful movement which threatens —or promises—to replace their easy-going ways with something of the rigor and exactness of factory discipline. Of this process new machines are the center and symbol: the face conveyor, bringing into the mines the familiar factory principle of the moving belt; the electric drill, replacing the miner's breast auger; above all, the loading machines that are replacing the miner himself.

It is the conveyor that makes one of the most dramatic changes in the ways of the mines. With it the narrow "room" of the miner often gives way to a great v-shaped opening, along the sides of which men shovel coal all day long onto a knee-high moving belt, and from which the conveyor bumps and jigs the coal along out to mine cars in the main haulageway, or all the way to the railroad cars under the tipple outside. But even this innovation—for all its sudden transplanting into the mines of a bit of the life at Ford's—is only a part-way measure in the mechanization of the mines. Its inventors hoped that machines and not men might finally pour the coal on to the conveyors, and in a few cases this has already been accomplished. More wonderful still, there is now one conveyor which jiggles back and forth and picks up its own coal with the "duckbill" for which it is named.

Meanwhile a number of other loading machines are in successful operation. The steam shovel has abandoned steam for compressed air or electricity and gone underground to load coal in the high seams of the Western mines. An ingenious device that breaks the shovel's motion in half puts the same principle at work in a smaller loader fit for the ordinary seam. Other machines drag the coal along the floor with a snow-shovel scoop. Another teases it on to a moving belt by the circular motion of a

set of blades like those of a child's sand-machine, and the most common of all the machines fights it on with a pair of clawlike revolving arms. All of them slide the coal into the mine cars behind them with a speed no gang of miners could possibly equal. Nor is even this the extreme. One group of machines, the cutters-and-loaders—great battering rams armed with pick points and cutting chains—tear and smash their way without aid of powder into the solid seam itself. The latest of these giants has recently taken unto itself a sort of inverted pile-driver to attend it and to hold up the roof. Here, then, almost the whole job of coal-getting is concentrated in one compact mechanical process.

II

These are the machines; what is their human significance? For the consumer —cheaper coal. For the operator who adopts them neither too soon nor too late—big profits. For many others—bankruptcy. For the disordered industry—in the first instance a threatened aggravation of its worst malady of overcapacity; perhaps in the longer run, a hope of greater stability. What do they mean for the miners? For thousands, the loss of jobs; for some, skilled work driving the new monsters; for others, unskilled work tending them and feeding them with cars to load; but, in any case, an end to the unique and traditional freedom of the mines.

What is this independence that the machines threaten? What are the elements in the customary organization of the industry that make the coming of factory technic appear so startling an innovation? The first characteristic feature of mining methods has been the sheer lack of bossing on the job.

"Why did you come back to the mines from the factory?" I asked a colored loader in his place in a West Virginia mine. "In the mines," he said, "they don't *bother* you none." "Why did you come back from the machine-shop?" I asked a Scotch-Irish miner in Illinois. "There was a boss there," he answered, "that had a most despisable way of looking at you. If there's anything that gives me the willies, it's the boss standin' and lookin' down my shirt collar!"

But what is it that keeps the mine boss from looking down the shirt collars of his men? No unusual tact, no theory of democracy, but rather plain physical impossibility. The traditional lay-out of the coal mine scatters most of a boss's hundred or so workers by ones and twos over many acres of territory. The rounds between them mean miles of tramping over rough footing, in semi-darkness, and often with body bent from the waist in the low coal. As a matter of safety, the mining law usually stipulates that every working place shall be visited at least once a day, but even this brief visit is often omitted; and in any case it is about as reasonable to expect one man to give detailed supervision on rounds like these as it would be to ask the postman to oversee the housekeeping in all the homes on his route. The result is a set of working arrangements that places a very old-fashioned reliance on the "skill, dexterity, and judgment of the individual workman."

Each "place," each narrow tunnel cut into the solid coal, belongs as a jealously guarded possession to a single miner or to a pair of buddies; and to the miners themselves fall most of the countless small decisions of the work as month after month they push these tunnels slowly forward. It is the miner who decides where to place the shots that blast down the coal, how deep to drill the holes and at what angle, and how much powder to use. It is the miner's responsibility to clean the coal by sorting out the slate and "clod" and "boney" that are mixed with it. Sometimes, also, it is the miner who acts upon the theory that a good dosing with tobacco juice would get a light-colored band of impurity past the

inspection of the docking boss above ground. And, on the graver matters of safety, it is still the miner who taps the roof to judge its soundness or decides whether the cracking noises that he hears are signs of imminent danger or just the ordinary "working" of the upper strata. It is he, also, who decides where to place the timbers that support the roof—and "a miner's life depends on where he plants his props." But the most important of all the miner's decisions is a simpler one than these—the decision to quit work. Throughout the greater part of the industry, union and non-union alike, the miner has the privilege of going home when he pleases. When the cars into which he loads the coal begin "running slow" in the early afternoon and waiting grows tedious in the cool dampness underground, or when the older man's muscles begin protesting against the strain of shoveling, he picks up his coat and walks out the drift-mouth or rides the cage out into the open air. It was a typical miner who met an attempt to regularize the working day with the mild question, "That's taking a little freedom away from a man, hain't it? I think a man ought to know when he is tired."

Even this is only part of the story. The miner's freedom is not merely a matter of how rarely he sees the boss but also of how he acts when he *does* see him.

"What is it?" I asked a union official, "that makes miners more independent than other workers?" "It's the gob pile oration," he replied promptly. I was mystified and he explained: "A miner hears the boss bawling out the man in the next place. Pretty soon there's a delay or something and the men get together out on the piles of slate in the haulageways and talk it over." "The bolder ones," he added, "teach the others."

Apparently the subject of the "oration" is properly independent behavior toward the boss; and as I walked the rounds with a number of foremen and their assistants, the actual relations seemed remarkably democratic. The miner in his position as piece worker finds fully as much occasion to kick to the boss over the failure of cars and supplies as the foreman does to warn him on matters of safety or workmanship; and the most controversial business of their interviews, the discussion of payment for "deadwork"—extra labor not covered by the rate per ton—goes on in a manner of considerable equality. Perhaps the miner starts by asking a day's pay for a certain job. "Well, I haven't been working for some time myself," I have heard a foreman retort, "but if I couldn't do it in two hours I'd pay you ten dollars." And so till the bargain is struck. From one non-union mine comes the story of a more dramatic controversy. The miner was demanding pay for bailing out a pool of water which had collected in his place. The foreman declared there wasn't enough water to bother about. "God damn you, there's six feet," said the miner, and proved his point by throwing the boss into the pool. Stranger still, he kept his job.

Coal mining is the sort of industry in which an incident like that can occur. To be sure, many other disputes in the same mine must have ended differently with an "If-you-don't-like-it-you-can-take-your-tools-out" from the boss. Yet in many coal fields, the ordinary miner receives from his union somewhat the same protection that this exceptional one received from his own insolence. If there is an argument over deadwork, or if he is in danger of losing his job, an elected committee of his fellows stands ready to plead his case before the superintendent and, if necessary, to take it up with the arbitration courts provided by the agreement. Sometimes, moreover, the committees push on to questions even closer to the actual running of the mines. The men demand better supplies or a fairer sharing of mine cars. These issues may lead the union into an indictment of the efficiency of operation

or into a sharing of the control of underground transportation. The committees enforce the safety provisions of law and contract. Occasionally this duty turns to the dramatic assumption of authority in time of danger. "The men go to the committees for everything." Their activities not only strengthen the individualistic independence of the miner but add to it the significant beginnings of a collective control.

III

These are the elements of the miner's freedom. What will the machines do to them? There can be no doubt of their effect on the individual's independence. The coming of the new technic means the end of the institution of the "place" and of the curious bundle of rights and privileges that have grown up with it. It means a great increase in the closeness and exactness of supervision. The face conveyor brought gang-work to its first mine in the place of isolation, day work instead of piece work, and the constant supervision of a straw boss in place of the old independence. Machine loading also, as the Coal Commission says, "means that the foreman, instead of making an occasional visit to the miner, is in constant touch with all of the men." And of course it means an end to the coming and going at the miners' will. The machine costs money, and the machine doesn't lay off. The man of the mines, like the factory hand, must begin to imitate its regularity. Some of the proponents of the change, moreover, are laying plans far beyond the present beginnings; and ideals of the "standardization of every operation down to the minutest detail so that no responsibility of any kind will fall upon the worker" and of "Ford methods all the way from the face of the coal" are finding their way into the thought of the industry. Already, reports *Coal Age*, "the last link in the machine-run mine is being forged; henceforth factory methods will rule.

"The loss of individual independence at work is an inevitable price of a mechanized mining industry. If individual freedom is to go, the work of the mine committee assumes even greater importance, for it becomes the one agency by which the worker exercises day to day control over his working life."

But a second revolution in the industry, hardly less striking than the first, intervenes to make it doubly difficult for the mine committee to provide this newer type of freedom. For as the machines are moving into the mines, the mines themselves are moving steadily toward the South away from the union strongholds and into a country very hard to organize. Nor is the difficulty merely a matter of "company towns" and the denial of civil liberties. Certainly there *have* been drastic restrictions of the right to organize, against which the United Mine Workers have fought in vain, in a border warfare brutal on both sides and occasionally flaring up into dramatic incidents like the Armed March of 1921 and that amazing series of crimes and counter-crimes that ended with a union man's widow standing over a body at the top of the grim flight of steps leading up to McDowell County Courthouse and shouting, "You ——, you've killed my husband," to the gunmen who had shot him down on his way to trial. But behind these obstacles lies the fact that the southward migration is a way of tapping for the industry two great new streams of cheap labor, the negroes from the cotton fields and the white mountaineers from the coves and cabins of the Southern Appalachians.

Of the greater docility of this new labor supply there can be no doubt. "They are simple, God-fearing folk, well contented with their way of life." So one writer describes the mountaineers who have begun to work for wages. If there is sentiment in his account, surely there is none in a Kentuckian's picture of the miners in a certain high valley where the sudden coming of the mines had disturbed the eighteenth-century life of the mountain people: "They only know

what the coal company teaches them. The majority of the men is just the men the company made them out of the timber that was here when a mine was an unheard-of thing." Or consider the following announcement of a celebration of a church of colored miners. It is taken from a company camp well provided with company store, its own token money, and its own deputy sheriff on the company payroll; but fear alone could not account for its naïve eloquence:

> 8 P.M. The Hon. Mr. A——, the owner of this beautiful plant and the greatest Negro friend in West Virginia, will address the audience. 8.30 P.M. Mr. B——, the second man in the kingdom, the honored and highly respected superintendent of this town, the man we hope when the mantle falls from Elijah it will fall upon him as it did upon Elisha, will also address us.

Surely the author and his parishioners are spiritual descendants of the darkies who were weeping in the cornfield because Massa was in the cold, cold ground. Surely they are much readier for a sort of plantation loyalty than for unionism and industrial conflict.

The allegiance of these two groups to their employers, moreover, has its roots not merely in their industrial simplicity, but also in genuine economic advantage. The Southern Highlands are a starved frontier as well as a belated and a picturesque one. Coal-mining wages, even at the lowest non-union rates, mean real money for people who rarely handled cash from one month to the other, and a more varied diet than the corn pone of the mountains. So also for the negroes who have come up from the fields. One of them put the case in a single phrase. "What did you use to work for down there?" "For nothin', boss." His grin explained the migration.

IV

The old-time miner, then, is giving way to the greenhorn from the South as well as to the loading machine. What is the relation between the two movements? What effect will the new personnel have on the adoption of the modern technic? And how will it affect the chances of the retention of the miner's freedom under the newer methods? The answer to the first question is doubtful. The greenhorns have little of the stubborn prejudice and pride of craft that makes old-timers reluctant to accept the machine and little power to resist it if they had. On the other hand, their very cheapness acts as a check on its adoption. If you can lower costs by cutting wages, why bother with newfangled machinery? "It's no use trying to sell a machine to a man who can get coal loaded by hand for fifty cents." So far non-union Pocahontas has been the great experimental laboratory of the new methods, but union Wyoming stands at the head of the states in the percentage of tonnage loaded by machine.

There can be no doubt, however, of the effect of the migration on the independence of the miners. Where the machine comes in beyond the union border there is no group-tradition of freedom to mitigate its discipline. And where it comes in the union fields the organization stands at a desperate disadvantage in any attempts to bargain for the preservation of the miner's freedom. Already the United Mine Workers have lost much of their control over the industry. At the peak of its power seventy per cent of the country's soft coal was mined under union contract. A year ago only a third was union. And even the recent British strike has probably contributed less to the tonnage of the American union than it has to its confidence and morale. It is under the cloud of this danger, then, that the organization must make its terms with the new technic. Consider its alternatives. If it delays the acceptance of the machines or sets too high a price for their use, still more union mines will close and their business will go to the South. But if, in order to prevent this, the union offers liberal terms, it means the abandonment of all hope of gain through the increased

efficiency and very likely the sacrifice of standards won by long years of effort. Even in the second case, moreover, and still more in the former, thousands of union miners must lose their jobs. In this emergency, then, the organization's main concern is more likely to be to keep any jobs at all for its members than to determine too narrowly their degree of freedom.

Yet this is not quite the whole story. Something of the freedom described in this article will remain characteristic of the industry wherever the union and the mine committee survive; and certain local unions have already been fertile with suggestions—group-piecework, for example, to get rid of the straw boss on the conveyor—to preserve a part of the miner's freedom under the new technic. Possibly, also, the mine workers may learn from their fellow unionists in the Baltimore and Ohio shops how to offer efficiency to their employers through the very medium of increased group freedom and responsibility. Nor is it quite certain that the union will fail to organize the newcomers on its southern frontier. The task looks almost hopeless, but the United Mine Workers have successfully met similar invasions in the past. The Cumberland mountains have been hardly more remote from the currents of industrialism than the Carpathians or the hills of Calabria. The immigrants that came to the mines from the farms of Poland knew as little of industry as the present-day immigrants from the fields of Alabama. Yet by a sympathetic approach to these foreign groups, by a putting aside of prejudice and the shrewd cultivation of their racial leaders, John Mitchell and the other officials of the union succeeded in "Americanizing" them, and taught them the traditions of organization and the miner's freedom. It is possible that an equally skilled campaign would "Americanize" these hundred-per-cent Americans of the South as well.

Certainly the United Mine Workers cannot go down without making one more desperate and concerted effort to win the Southern territory. The campaign may come this April when the much-debated Jacksonville Agreement runs out in the union fields. Whenever it does come, it will bring a conflict far more bitter than the anthracite strike and far more vital to the very existence of the organization. The quality of the working life will not be among its battle cries, yet on its outcome will rest much of the future of the miner's freedom. It may be that the union will win, as it has won other crucial struggles in the past. Yet it has never before had to face the problem of teaching its tradition to newcomers at a time when its own stability even in the oldest fields was jeopardized by so complete a revolution in the technic of the industry. Perhaps much of the freedom of the miners may be retained or new forms of freedom devised. But never before has the old-fashioned independence of the miner been threatened both by the recoil of a still more primitive frontier and by the confident advance of the modern machine process.

The Lion's Mouth



CONCERNING CEMETERIES

BY HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON

I SEEM to have been born that I might live among graveyards.

I don't say this merely because it sounds funny, for it is the gospel truth.

My humble cradle was rocked in a building that stood upon a plot of land which five centuries before had contained the hallowed bones of dead Franciscan monks. (They may have been Benedictines, now that I come to think of it. But anyway they had been monks and most assuredly they were all of them dead before they were moved to that distant part of the ancient city of Rotterdam.)

As soon as I was old enough to be moved with a certain degree of comfort, I was taken to a brand-new house situated on the street which was the shortest main route to the two biggest cemeteries of the Hague. One of these was patronized by the Catholics and the other was reserved exclusively for the benefit of Protestants. At first my childish mind did not understand why those good people were not buried together. It would have made for a greater variety among those pretty monuments behind which we played our delightful game of hide and seek. I was told that I must not ask too many questions and that all this would be explained to me as soon as I should be a little older. Meanwhile I had better just be happy that papa and mamma had moved to such a nice street.

And I was happy, for it was a most wondrous thoroughfare.

The Kingdom of the Netherlands, as anyone who possesses a *World Almanac* may learn for himself, is a great colonial power. Great colonial powers have occasion for a large number of military funerals. Thirty years ago a military funeral was a military funeral. Brass bands, and—if the deceased had been a brigadier-general or better—a scarlet coach with a representative of Her Majesty and most of the officers of the garrison. But best of all, after the doleful strains of the funeral march (either that of Chopin or Beethoven) and the equally doleful speeches of the officiating clergy and the lugubrious salvos over the little mound of earth, the entire congregation returned to town at a double trot, and the band, awakening to the glorious prospect of another day among the living, struck up a merry tune and gave us a concert which made us familiar with all the most recent compositions of Mr. John Philip Sousa.

A few years afterwards I went to boarding school and once more lived next to a churchyard.

Still later I crossed the ocean and landed in a college which was not only built far above Cayuga's waters, but also far above a couple of cemeteries which offered the most convenient short-cut between the library and the late Mr. Zinckie's well-known beer-saloon.

That was in the year 1902. Ever since, with the exception of six weeks spent in Moscow, I seem to have dwelled within shouting distance of a cemetery. Even in Moscow, I did not quite escape my fate, for I resided in a pleasant hos-

telry which overlooked the Kremlin and, although no longer used as a burial ground, that ancient shrine contained enough relics of departed saints to qualify as a full-fledged necropolis.

As for my final retirement into the peaceful wilderness of New England, of course I was foredoomed to erect my shanty between a couple of mausoleums and a sepulcher. Something has to be done with the natives.

I mention these cheerful matters in order that the reader may understand my point of view. From earliest childhood on I have been familiar with charnel-houses, and until I was twelve years old I believed that an ossuary was a place where kids went to play marbles.

Such familiarity in the case of churchyards does not breed contempt (the brutal reality of those plots of ground is forever with all of us. Amen!) but it makes one accept God's Acre as one has come to accept God's hurricane and God's plague and a good many other manifestations of God's rather abrupt exercise of power.

The cemetery, we finally learn from experience, is all in the day's work and, therefore, why be so tragic about something that can't be helped?

Some months ago a very wise and charming woman celebrated her ninetieth birthday. She was the widow of Björnstjerne Björnson, the great Norwegian poet and dramatist. She had been everywhere. She had met everyone. She had seen and heard everything worth seeing and hearing.

The inevitable interviewer presented himself in the form of an intelligent Danish journalist.

"Madame," he said, "you have lived a very full life and you must know an awful lot. Now is there anything you have learned during the ninety years you have spent on this planet which stands out foremost among your observations and which might conceivably be of some use to those who still have their future before them?"

The old lady answered yes, there was something which she had learned during those many years of a very rich and variegated existence. It was this: that every generation must make its own mistakes. That the experience of other people teaches us nothing. That every new crop of boys and girls must go through the same process of suffering and agony as their fathers and mothers before them, and that on the whole this seemed to her a very intelligent and decent arrangement and that she would not have it changed for anything under the sun.

I still have some fifty years to go before I score ninety. All the same, forty is forty, and even at that tender age one begins to take stock of certain changes that are rapidly coming over a world which only a short while before seemed definitely "set" for the rest of eternity.

There is this little matter of one's own infants. Those children who chased hoops day before yesterday and howled for lollipops only a few hours ago have suddenly taken to long and ample pantaloons and they return from boarding-school with an assorted collection of ideas and principles which make papa's well-known radicalism look a pale pink.

When asked where they picked up these strange notions, they answer with a vague gesture of the right hand, "Oh, anywhere. Just everybody is talking about it." This makes us think. Not so long ago we, too, knew what "everybody was talking about." Can it be that the procession has left us behind? . . . That is exactly what has happened. We are stragglers.

The main body of pilgrims is still well within sight. But occasionally we pause to contemplate the landscape, to say to one another, "Do you remember when Clark Fay got his first radio? Do you recollect the day when Bill McFee bought his first flivver?"

Old stuff all of this, and of no earthly interest to a generation that has come to accept radios and flivvers as necessities of life, but of tremendous importance to

those who have their future behind them.

And when we have reminisced to our heart's content, we casually remark, "Well, it is about time we caught up with the rest of the procession," and we jog along as best we can; but the others are fleet of foot and by and by they have disappeared behind a turn of the road and we are getting all out of breath and so we sit down by the side of the road and soon we are fast asleep.

Now and then some enthusiastic youngster will vaguely wonder what has become of the old people and he will drop in on us to ask, "Everything all right here?" Then we hasten to assure him that everything is fine and dandy and that early in the morning we expect to catch up with the others, but we know that we never shall be able to do it and he knows it, too, and because we are both kindly people and have some regard for each other's feelings, we don't shout it from the hill-tops, but our day is slowly coming to an end. The sun is still shining, but in the distance we see the first faint shadow of our last home.

There was a time when I firmly believed in the idea of progress. I felt that on the first day the Good Lord had set this world a-spinning, had bestowed upon Adam the gift of knowing right from wrong and had left our little planet to its own fate, fully convinced that Man, created after so sublime an image, would make the best of his opportunities and would ceaselessly strive after an ultimate ideal of absolute perfection.

To-day that noble belief lies underneath five feet of sticky clay in Flanders' fields, where the poppies are supposed to be so very red.

Man, as I have since had occasion to learn, is built along the lines of Mr. Ford's well-known product.

Provided he is allowed to go somewhere, he will as lief go backward as forward.

The final direction does not interest him particularly. He wants motion. He craves activity. But while he is on the way he wants the companionship of those whom he recognizes as his contemporaries. Occasionally he may like to take the old folks for an airing, but as a good steady diet, give him the kids with whom he grew up, with whom he played marbles, whom he tried to kiss and actually did kiss—in short, the strange creatures who speak his own language, share his own ideas, whom he respects as members of his own gang.

I don't think that we older men and women ought to be relegated to the cemetery because we fail to understand the profound lucubrations of the younger generation and because we stand between our children and the future progress of the world. Just as often we really protect them from a severe spell of backsliding.

No, we ought to be removed because we stand between our children and their fun. I am not using the word in that horrible modern sense bestowed upon it by our professional uplifters as indicating an exaggerated love for booze, jazz, and petting parties. As far as I can understand the strange creatures who are clamoring to be my successors, they are just as good or as bad as we were thirty years ago, only they are good and bad (and sometimes indifferent) after a slightly modified pattern.

But this much I know for certain: that they are entitled to their own idiocies without being reminded by my mere presence of the fool things I did when I was their age; that they have a right to dance the Charleston as I danced the one-step; and that, if perchance they feel the need of a quiet little howl, they should be allowed to bite their fingers in silence and without the well-meant but futile consolations proffered by a man with grayish hair who only yesterday vowed that no such grief as this had ever wrung the heart of mortal man.

I have listened all my life to the glowing tales of my neighbors who profess to have private information upon the subject of life everlasting. They are some-

what vague about the details, but even if they could give me the exact address, I would only note it down that I might avoid so ghastly a place of abode.

I accept life as I find it, but I know when I have had enough. And I am willing to give the other fellow a chance.

Ten or fifteen, or at most twenty, years more and I shall be of as little use to anyone as grandmother's old shawl or grandpa's potted palm. Then take me quietly and unobtrusively to the cemetery and bid me farewell. If perchance you feel that that is not quite enough, I will tell you what you can do.

Wait for some fine and glorious afternoon in May. Gather your own brood of urchins and take them for a walk. Don't tell them about skulls and skeletons. Let them catch butterflies and let them roll down the grassy slopes with the funny little square stones until the drowsy air is full of their laughter.

Then I shall truly know that I have done the decent thing. I shall have made room for others with a better claim to life than mine, those possessed of the brief but inalienable privilege of youth.



MEDITATIONS OF AN OLD HOUSE

BY PHILIP CURTISS

WHEN I was built, just after the first war with England, I was an average, self-respecting farmhouse, suitable to the climate and the building facilities of our region. The only things that were plentiful at that time were trees, common stone, and the willingness to work. All metal, brick, white lead, and finished hardware had to be brought forty miles through the woods by ox-cart. Thus I was given a chimney of hewn stone and timber in alternate layers with just enough brick to build in the fireplaces. My outer walls were clapboard, and my inner walls were hemlock boards matched and planed by hand. Some day my owner hoped to plaster my best rooms and even cover my outside walls with real paint, but in the meantime the best he could do was dress down my inner walls with a red-powder sizing, put on like whitewash.

On the whole, those were pleasant days, those thirty years when I sheltered my first owner, his wife, and his boys. They were all so happy at having a house of their own that they didn't trifle with me much, which gave me a chance to settle down into my bones. But when the oldest son was married and brought home his bride they began to feel that I was getting a little out of date. You see, there were now some five or six people living inside me, the widow of the first owner, her son and his wife, two brothers, and one or two maiden aunts. This meant that they needed more rooms, so a little chamber was partitioned off at one end of the kitchen. Then the long, unfinished space in my second story was divided into three more little rooms, set at odd angles to follow the chimney and the stairs.

As long as the old lady lived she grew more and more set against further changes, but as soon as she died young master and mistress began to clean up all the things they had had in mind since they married. My front rooms and bedrooms were lathed and plastered and my rough-hewn beams, which still showed the marks of the adze, were covered up in neat carpentered boxes. I was painted red on the outside with real lead and oil, but the biggest improvement came after another ten years when a cookstove was carted all the way from Troy. This meant that the kitchen fireplace had to be closed and a fireboard put in its place, but after the board had caught fire two or three times the village mason came and bricked up the whole opening.

In twenty years more the family was still more prosperous. They were not

merely farmers now but cattle traders as well, and when they saw a demand they set up a little water-power mill for making cheese boxes. My next young mistress came from the countyseat and she was quite citified in her ideas. Most of the houses in town were now painted white with green shutters, and so of course she must have the same.

For another thing she was a great hand for wallpaper. In my front, plastered rooms she put on a fresh layer every two years, all roses and pinks, until in some places I had an inside lining of paper nearly half an inch thick, but the back rooms, which had still the old match-boarding, troubled her a good deal until she got the idea of gluing cloth over the joints. Then she could paper them also, even the beams. After that they were always papered as a matter of course. When master had a good year with his stock be bought a fine parlor stove with raised figures of hunters and daisies and tombstones. The man who sold it showed also a nice ornamental iron fireback to match, so the mason came and sealed it in over another fireplace. In fact as the years went on people seemed to forget that my fireplaces had ever been there. By this time I had also white-china knobs on all my best doors, but I forget just who put them there.

The son of this mistress grew up and went to New York and he must have done well, for each time he came home to see his old mother he was fatter and jollier and had finer clothes. In the summer he would bring his beautiful city wife, all dressed in silks and bustles with feathers in her hat, just like the pictures in gilt frames that now adorned by best rooms. When his mother died he did not come back any more and for several years I was cold and empty. My shutters began to droop off and my sills to sag, but towards the end of his life this city son decided to come back for part of each year and be a gentleman farmer. He had a regular builder come up from Portland, but when they looked me over they both shook their heads. The builder said that it would be cheaper to tear me right down and put up a new fine house like one he had seen at a place he called Saratoga, but my new owner sounded my beams and found them still solid. So between them they laid hardwood floors in marquetry patterns over my old ones. They put in a furnace and a carbide-gas plant with handsome gilt chandeliers, a bathroom, and marble washbowls with running water in all of my bedrooms. On the outside they threw out a big piazza with ornamental scroll work and built one entirely new wing with everything right up to date, just as it was in New York.

But with all his money this owner of mine had no children, and when he died the place went to a niece who lived in Paris where she was learning to be an artist. She had not seen me since she had been a little girl visiting her great aunt, and I thought she would be delighted to find me so new and so modern. On the contrary she gave me one look and exclaimed, "This is criminal! Positively criminal! The first thing that's got to come off is that horrible modern wing."

So down it came, and then the piazza, and on went a little doorway in front. She ripped up the marquetry floors, tore out the partitions, pulled down the chandeliers, opened all the fireplaces, and covered my inside walls with green burlap divided into panels by narrow white strips. I confess it did make me feel more light and airy, getting back to my old-time shape, with big rooms, but still my new mistress did not seem quite satisfied. She would wander around the outside and keep looking up at me as if something were wrong. Finally she asked an architect, a very young man, to come up and tell her what it was. He said at once, "Look at those green blinds and the big window panes. They're all wrong—not true Colonial. Furthermore, you ought to paint the house red."

So off came my blinds, in popped the

little window lights, twelve to a sash, and back I went to red, my first color, except, of course, weatherbeaten gray. Next they took the knobs off my doors and put on old latches. The young architect stayed up to see his improvements completed, and the job seemed to please him so much that he decided to stay right along. They had one child, a boy, and like his mother he wanted to be an artist; but instead of going to Paris to paint statues and battles, he liked to stay around home and paint woods and streams. So when he was married his mother and father decided to go to a place called the Riviera and leave him with me.

One evening this son and his wife were sitting by candlelight in the long room that once had been my kitchen but was now their main living room, when suddenly a strange, wild light came into young master's eyes. Leaping from his chair he seized a penknife and jabbed it straight into my walls. He scratched and dug for a moment, then turned to his wife. "Look!" he called, "just as I thought! Under that terrible burlap and all this other muck are those magnificent old-time rough boards!" His wife came with a bound and they then called in all their friends. Inside of an hour half a dozen of them were tearing and scraping away with putty knives, chisels, meat cleavers, sandpaper, and broken glass. First came the burlap, then plasterboard, then about eighty layers of green and pink paper, then linen cloth, and then the first boards. They even took off the original red wash that my first owner had given me, rubbed down the boards with hot linseed oil and polished them with wax. In the meantime carpenters had been called to tear off the false beams and uncover the early rough joists with the marks of the adze. They burned off the second red paint, the white paint, and then the first red paint from my outside clapboards and rubbed and soiled them until they were gray. Then they rested, took photographs of me and sent them to a magazine.

So now I stand, as simple and naked as when my first builder drove his last nail. It might seem that henceforth I might have a little peace, but I doubt it. For out on the lawn is playing a little youngster and sooner or later he will grow up and marry. Then I feel in my bones that he and his wife will begin to say to their friends, "Just look at these awful, barnlike spaces. Do you know, before some idiot took hold of it, this house was divided into the most delightful, quaint little rooms, with those priceless china doorknobs and those adorable curlicue parlor stoves."

And then, some morning—but, oh well, I've still got my roof and my cellar and if they can stand it, I guess I can.

TERRESTRIAL TROUBLES, MEN, AND TABLOIDS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

ON THE 20th of January the lady Araminta, going west in a taxicab through Central Park, came up with a crowd around a disabled motor car. She stopped to take notice, then got out to see about it. It seems that some negroes with a negro driver, hilariously zigzagging through the park after refreshments in Harlem, had jumped the sidewalk, crashed into three men who were putting up an electric light on a bridge, and crushed the legs of two of them against the bridge. A man with his leg torn off was lying on the ground. The other, both legs gone, had fallen back from the bridge into the ravine below.

Araminta found nothing but discussion proceeding except that camera men, in the interest of news, were photographing the scene and the mangled men. It was rumored that a policeman had put in a call for an ambulance, but this was a hurry case, for the men were bleeding to death. No one had had the gumption to improvise tourniquets for them. But now Somebody had Arrived! Araminta and her taxi man got to work, took the belt off the damaged man, and made a rough tourniquet for his leg. Nearest to him was a fine car that had stopped in passing. "Come," said Araminta, to its chauffeur; "take him to the hospital!" "Me? No! he'll get my car dirty!" "Out of the way, then, please!" Then the taxi man moved up his cab. He was game. "Come, some of you, and help me put this fellow in," he said to the crowd. Not a man budged, but Araminta being able-bodied, she and the taxi man picked up the man and put him in. "Any man here that will ride over with him?" No man offered. Araminta got in and held him and off they went to a hospital which happened, as she knew, to be only a few blocks away. They got him there in time to save him, whereas the man who had lost both legs and fallen into the ravine, was picked up by another car and, having lost too much blood, died. When last seen Araminta was waiting by her cab at the hospital, pale but perpendicular, while the driver, also blanched a little, was wiping the blood out of it.

That is an interesting example of how and by whom this world is conducted. The great mass of people are incapable of initiative. When something needs doing they wait for someone to tell them to do it. But a few people there are who have always in their ears the sound of the trumpet. When they find a situation they tackle it instinctively with both hands. As they stand on their feet they are not a mere weight but a force and, if they are intelligent and good, a force for order, for righteousness, for every kind of help.

It is on people of that sort that our world relies to get it out of holes and keep it going. Private concerns ordinarily occupy most of these people as being more profitable and important than

public concerns, but in emergencies they flash out into public service, as the dollar-a-year men did in the recent war.

WHO is going to get our world out of the various scrapes that it seems to be drifting into? Will it drift along into salvation by the more or less incoherent efforts of people who live for the day's work, or must it have more impassioned leadership to save it from catastrophe? It has improved in some particulars, but hardly anybody thinks it is out of the woods yet. All countries are still interested in weapons: airplanes, guns, and warships. No one looks forward with any enthusiasm to any more fighting, but no nation wants to be caught barehanded if fighting should come; and there is no assurance that it won't come. The most promising sign is the strong aversion to all attempts to cure by violence. When the Senate voted unanimously for arbitration in Mexico, that was impressive. At this writing the extremely cautious behavior of the British in China, where they have great commercial interests and many settlers, is also impressive. They wish to protect their interests, to protect Shanghai, but they are not at all willing to get into war in China. Neither is the United States. When it comes to fighting, the responsible nations insist on finding another way out.

That is good, but we cannot tell yet whether it is good enough. Certainly it is bad times for jingoes, and that is something. Nobody in these parts is yelling very loud for a strong hand in Mexico or Nicaragua. The prevalent feeling is that we simply cannot fight any more in Mexico, and that difficult questions there must be settled some other way. It is a good deal the same in Europe. Mussolini says that war may come any moment like a flash out of the sky, but even Mussolini, emergency man as he is, does not invite it and probably does not want it. He wants to spend Italian money on other things—architecture, agriculture, industrial development; yet of course he does want expansion.

CHINA is extremely interesting, so much so as to have attracted the attention of Mr. H. G. Wells, who at this writing is putting out discourse about her and the world in general in the newspapers. Mr. Wells thinks he has discovered a new kind of government, operating with very notable results in two very notable countries—Russia and China—and more or less in Italy. It is government not by brilliant and heroic individuals, but by small compact revolutionary organizations which have contrived to appropriate the power to govern. The Soviets in Russia are such an organization, and Mr. Wells finds another in the managers of the Cantonese in China. So in Italy the Fascists were such an organization when they grabbed the government. Whether they have now merged into the would-be Napoleonic figure of Mussolini is under discussion but not fully determined. Perhaps in due time, if these investigations continue to enlist the intelligence of the observing, it will be discovered who governs the United States.

Just now that is a question to which one does not readily get an answer. It might be suggested that our country is governed at present by the Republican Party. Apparently it is. The President is a Republican, and Republicans of a sort have a majority in Congress. The power of filling federal offices is Republican. The power of negotiating with foreign countries and of sending soldiers and warships on the various errands belongs to the Executive, and the Executive is Republican. But who actually thinks out and compels the policies of this country is another matter. Who says how much alcohol there may be in beer? Is that the Republican Party? Who fabricates and puts in motion our various moves on the Central American checkerboard? Somebody that works with Mr. Coolidge. But are those moves Republican? When the Senate voted for arbitration of difficult questions with Mexico, the vote was unanimous. In what degree are we

governed by the Methodist Board of Morals? In what degree by the Woman's Christian Temperance Union? In what degree are our foreign policies plotted out for us by subordinate officers of the State Department? The mass of people cannot rule; there are too many of them. Their authority must be delegated. That is a truism. Most of the concerns of life are home ruled. We get up in the morning and usually proceed all day with details of existence which we attain to without any visible assistance from the government. The police try to see that nobody interferes with us if we are orderly. Our government in Washington practices to save us from pirates and invaders, and our city governments clean the streets, light them at night, sell us water, and do a lot of other things for us; but still in most matters we take care of ourselves and lose no sleep about who is shipping marines out of the country and where they are going, and what they will do when they get there. As long as business is good we are interested in making our hay while the sun shines, and anyone can do government who happens to be on the job. But if our personal concerns do not work out to our taste, then we shall want to know who is in charge of us and what they have been doing.

TIMES being as described in the great world, the lookout is unusually keen for new men. We are not used yet to government by self-appointed boards of managers as described by Mr. Wells. By force of habit we still look for Aramintas who will come along in the nick of time when a crisis is on and movement lags, and operate as the pulse of the machine. To be sure we have not got so far yet as to visualize a woman as a great director of world affairs. In spite of Joan of Arc, we look for a man; but just now there is no superman visible either in England or the United States. Mr. Baldwin is a man of ability and a first-rate character. But nobody thinks of him as a superman. Then there is our Mr. Coolidge. We think of him as an excellent character, with a good deal of sense about important matters, a strong indisposition to circus features, and a conscientious objection to avoidable expenditures, but we do not think of Mr. Coolidge as a superman. If we have a superman loose anywhere it may be Mr. McAdoo, and the appetite for Mr. McAdoo as man in charge, at no time ravenous, has seemed to lose what edge it had since his Toledo speech, in which he came out so strong for government by police.

It is a curious thing that with the earth in the state that it is in and the sun-spot theorists predicting a couple of years of great excitability, the foremost political interest in the United States should be, not in foreign affairs, but in the domestic issue of Prohibition. Practically that condition makes strongly for the continuance of political power in the Republican Party, which is less distracted by the rum issue than the Democrats are. For all that one can foresee, the country is likely to go along in charge of its present managers or their successors from the same group for another six years at least, and those six years are likely to prove extremely important; and if our matters seem to be reasonably well managed in them, it may not be easy even then to turn the managers out. Apparently it will take a crisis to bring in a new political control in this country, or perhaps a lull, in which people may say, "Now it is safe to change, and this crowd has been in long enough."

IT is a long time since there has been a violent newspaper competition in New York. The last one that one recalls was in the early eighties when Joseph Pulitzer bought the *World* and came from St. Louis to publish it. Mr. Pulitzer made no secret that he had arrived in New York to bring a newspaper to life. He imparted life to the *World* with both hands and all the help he could get, mentioning his exploits

generously as he went along. Mr. Dana's *Sun* disapproved of him very heartily. So did most of the papers then existing in New York. They had attained to a position in which they could afford to have manners. Mr. Pulitzer's *World* had no manners at all. It bragged unconscionably; it bawled and yelled. It was willing to do anything with headlines that headlines could do. It had little or no respect for private life. It hunted for sensations, and put them on its front page in big type. Nobody was left ignorant that the *World* had fallen into new hands.

The remonstrances of the *Sun* did not avail much to abate the performance of the new monster, but presently there transpired William Randolph Hearst, fresh from college with lots of money and no hesitations. Mr. Pulitzer's early appeal was to the inconsiderate mass. Mr. Hearst, quite lively even then, saw him and went him one better. The competition was so keen that neither Mr. Pulitzer's *World* nor Mr. Hearst's *Morning Journal* was allowed in most of the clubs in New York. Nevertheless, both of them survived. By methods something like these Mr. Bennett had made the *Herald*, and Mr. Dana when he bought the *Sun* made a strong but nothing like so disorderly a bid for readers. But the next paper that took on new life was the *Times*, and in that remarkable case a great advance was accomplished without a whisper of disorder, but by a successful application of conservative ideas of newspaper management. When Mr. Munsey came along and bought an armful of papers and burked as many as he thought there was not room for, what were left were all journals of propriety with established positions. That was too good to last. Mr. Munsey's surgeries left vacancies, and then appeared the Tabloids shouting their wares to the mass of readers, crowding one another, yelling all the time, and producing a visible effect on the older papers. All news values seemed to have been a little demoralized by the demonstration made by the Tabloids of what millions of people found most interesting in newspapers. Their mainstay seemed to be the domestic relations, divorce cases, murder cases in which the marital complication was involved, and such matters. The Hall case, in which apparently a trial was brought on primarily because of the prospect that it would make good tabloid copy, was a very serious scandal and perversion of justice. The activity of these newspapers is both a symptom and a cause. It reflects a condition of the public mind which it stimulates in every way it can. One fruit of that condition is considered in the February Number of the *Ladies Home Journal*, in which it is set forth that if divorces continue to increase at the present rate, in another ten years (or, to be accurate, in 1938) there will be one marriage dissolved for every marriage made in the United States. Unless, says that periodical, the rising tide is checked by some moral, religious, or legal agency not yet discovered, the annual matings and unmatings will equalize each other.

This assertion is not lightly made and is supported by a good many figures, and indicates that a vast disturbance is penetrating the domestic life of the American people. Probably something will come along to check it. There seems to be an urgent call for new light on the problems of life. Religion is undergoing great changes. Moralities of all kinds are under revision, and immorality of every sort is active. One consequence of this condition is to make the clergy and serious-minded people generally more open minded about possibilities of help which they have not heretofore seriously considered. As long as the churches felt that they had everything that was coming to them and that nobody else had anything better, new light had hard work to get its messages across. But with things moral, religious, political going the gait they are, doors are opening that have been closed and minds that have stood pat begin to see.

Personal and Otherwise

WHAT shall we think about Sin? Shall we continue to emphasize it as do the traditional teachings of many churches? Shall we continue to believe that a Sense of Sin is essential or even valuable to a right conduct of life? ***Elton Mayo*** thinks not; and because he is one of the ablest psychologists in the country and bases his opinion on evidence from the psychological laboratory, we are giving him an opportunity to speak his mind frankly to the HARPER public. We ask readers who disagree with him to remember that he is no less intent upon the maintenance of fine standards of behavior than they. Professor Mayo is an Australian who came to this country a few years ago after having made an unusual reputation as a psychological investigator; he joined the staff of Wharton School of Commerce and Finance at the University of Pennsylvania, engaged in important research upon the psychological problems encountered in modern industry, and last spring was appointed associate professor of industrial research at Harvard. He has contributed several articles to HARPER'S, of which the most recent was "Should Marriage Be Monotonous?" (September, 1925).

Ford Madox Ford, the English novelist, is best known perhaps to the American public for his remarkable war trilogy, *Some Do Not*, *No More Parades*, and *A Man Could Stand Up*. He has been spending the winter in New York. Mr. Ford is not only an engaging teller of traveler's tales but an engaging proof reader. To a query on his galley proofs as to the geographical accuracy of his amazing account of a journey from Gloucester to Salem, he replied with the characteristic footnote printed on page 548, to the effect that he was trying to show how travelers' tales get themselves written and how memory exaggerates. Puzzled by Mr. Ford's use of the word *constatations*, our proof reader commented, "Not in Webster's or Century," whereupon Mr. Ford replied in pencil on the margin of his proof, "It ought to be." In the passage about the loquacious conductor, the proof reader three times in succession indicated his grim doubts as to Mr. Ford's use of the word *myself*. Each time the word appeared the proof reader encircled it with green pencil and wrote in the margin "O.K.?." Opposite the first query, Mr. Ford wrote, "I think so"; opposite the second, "I still think so"; opposite the third, "I cannot help continuing to think so." Accordingly the word *myself* stands, along with Mr. Ford's references to Salem, Gloucester, Kingston-on-Thames, and the amusing incidents on the way to Coney Island; if you question them, as did the worried proof reader, glance once more at Mr. Ford's footnote.

The leading story of the month is the work of a new contributor, ***Roark Bradford*** of the staff of the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*.

H. G. Dwight, author of *Stamboul Nights*, *Persian Miniatures*, and *Constantinople, Settings and Traits*, is now living in Washington and contributing regularly to HARPER'S. Two months ago we published his article on "The Cut of the Jib."

"The Miracle of the Franc" comes to us from a first-rate authority on French affairs. ***Sisley Huddleston*** was formerly chief correspondent of the London *Times* in Paris, where he now represents the *Christian Science Monitor*, the *New Statesman*, and the *New Republic*. He is the author of several books on French and international politics, including a biography of Poincaré, and of a novel to be published this spring entitled *Mr. Paname: A Paris Fantasia*.

The last time ***R. Le Clerc Phillips*** contributed to HARPER'S, her article ("The Problem of the Educated Woman") led—if news reports may be believed—to the founding of

a new college. What Miss Phillips's remarks on "Keeping Ahead of the Joneses" will lead to we do not venture to predict. But that they will cause discussion is certain. Miss Phillips is English-born but now lives in New York.

Sandra Alexander (Mrs. Frank C. Lewis) of Washington, D. C., is a frequent contributor of fiction to HARPER'S and other magazines.

The headnote of the article by ***John Jesudason Cornelius*** gives certain facts about him which it is well to bear in mind in reading his interpretation of the anti-Christian movement in the East. Certain other facts may well be added here. The American institutions whose degrees he holds are Ohio Wesleyan, Boston University, Harvard, and Columbia. Doctor Cornelius was a delegate to the General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church at Springfield, Massachusetts, in May, 1924, and to the nineteenth World Conference of the Y. M. C. A. at Helsingfors last summer. He was also a special lecturer at the Williamstown Institute of Politics in 1925, and a member of the Institute of International Politics at Geneva in 1926.

The observations of ***Anne W. Armstrong*** (Mrs. Robert F. Armstrong) on "Fear in Business Life" are based on exceptional experience. She has held important executive positions with the National City Company in New York and the Eastman Kodak Company in Rochester. She was the first woman invited to speak before the Tuck School of Business at Dartmouth and the Harvard Business School. HARPER readers will recall her paper on "The Seven Deadly Sins of Women in Business." Mrs. Armstrong is now living in Emmett, Tennessee, and dividing her time between writing and acting as business consultant on special problems.

Henry F. Pringle, of the New York *World*, a new contributor, sketches the man who put on such a good show as judge of the Federal Court in Chicago that he was made chief ringmaster of the big show of American baseball—a job which has recently kept his hands rather full.

The final story of the month comes to us from ***Margaret Emerson Bailey,*** of New York and New Canaan, Connecticut, whose first HARPER contribution, a story about a diver entitled "The Breathing Space," appeared last September.

One of the ablest newspaper men in the Southwest, ***Duncan Aikman,*** of the El Paso *Morning Times*, is well known to the HARPER audience as a frequent contributor to the Magazine. A collection of his essays was published last year under a title taken from one of his HARPER papers, *The Home-Town Mind*.

A little over two years ago ***Leland Hall,*** who had been teaching at the University of Wisconsin, Columbia, Harvard, and Smith since his graduation from Harvard, set out on a journey which brought him to Timbuctoo at the southern edge of the Sahara Desert. There he settled down to live a while and to make friends with the people of the city. A chapter of his observations, "Salt Comes to Timbuctoo," appeared in our February issue; now he follows it with a native portrait. At present Mr. Hall is teaching music at Smith College and putting the finishing touches on a book dealing with his African adventures.

With coal miners and mine operators once more discussing terms and trying to avoid another strike, there is a special timeliness in ***Carter Goodrich's*** study of the new conditions in the industry which form a background to the discussion. Doctor Goodrich, who was Amherst Memorial Fellow in Economics in 1921–22 and 1923–24, is now assistant professor of economics at the University of Michigan. He is the author of *The Frontier of Control* and *The Miner's Freedom*.

One evening last December a dinner was held in New York in honor of ***Lizette Woodworth Reese,*** a HARPER contributor of long standing, who once more appears in our columns this month. If we could reproduce here a fraction of the tribute rendered that evening by many of the outstanding American poets, every reader would realize afresh how real a force Miss Reese has been and is in American letters. The other poet of the month, ***Leonard Bacon,*** is the author of *Ulug Beg, Ph.D.'s*, and *Animula Vagula;* he has now, after many years' resi-

dence in California, returned to Peacedale, Rhode Island.

The Lion receives this month the offerings of ***Hendrik Van Loon,*** author of *The Story of Mankind, Tolerance,* etc., and ***Philip Curtiss*** (of Norfolk, Connecticut), who contributes to HARPER'S not only amusing essays but an occasional short story.

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The portrait of Schuyler Hollingsworth by ***Lilian Westcott Hale,*** reproduced as our frontispiece, belongs to Mrs. Amor Hollingsworth; we are indebted to her as well as to the Grand Central Galleries for permission to publish this reproduction. Mrs. Hale, whose husband, Philip L. Hale, is also a well-known artist, has won many awards in recent years, including a gold medal and a medal of honor at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915, the Potter Palmer gold medal at the Art Institute of Chicago in 1920, the Carol H. Beck gold medal at the Pennsylvania Academy in 1923, and the Shaw memorial prize of the National Academy in 1924. She lives in Dedham, Massachusetts.

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We wish to correct an error in the "Personal and Otherwise" for March. Of J. B. S. Haldane, who wrote "The Last Judgment," we stated that he was "formerly reader in biological chemistry at the University of Cambridge." Mr. Haldane is at present reader in biological chemistry at the University of Cambridge.

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Now that plans for Sarah Lawrence College in Bronxville, New York, are under way (following Miss Phillips's recent article on "The Problem of the Educated Woman"), we can hardly do less than give publicity to the following impassioned plea from California, in the hope that it will commend itself to some philanthropist as amenable to suggestion as Mr. Lawrence:

To the Editor of Harper's Magazine:

Your news that Mr. William Van D. Lawrence is going to found a college to educate girls for "their real career, marriage," is appalling. Why must he add cruelty to misery? Since your editorial choice is responsible for his decision, won't you do all you can to make him see what is really needed and divert his funds to meet the need?

There are plenty of women highly educated to be wives and mothers, and wanting nothing better; but they refuse to do the job alone. They positively require the co-operation of husbands and fathers. Of this commodity, the world has a short supply. Of course college women of superior intellect don't marry. In this day, such women are being offered every variety of sex function except the honor of motherhood. To marry what offers would be to accept indignity. What the world really needs is a flourishing crop of young men, educated to know what would be good for them.

And so, before Mr. Lawrence has the boudoirs decorated and the curriculum outlined, do try to persuade him to take an honest-to-goodness survey of the situation, change his color schemes, and make a pioneer attempt at *balancing* the education of the sexes for their inevitably *joint* social function.

Very truly yours,

ALICE ANDERSON.

A basketful of replies to HARPER articles is before us. Many of them take issue with Mrs. Carlson's "Wanted: A Substitute for Righteousness"; many more with Mr. Levy's remarks on legal ethics, Doctor Collins's observations on doctors, and Mrs. Banning's strictures upon the Lazy Thirties. With only limited space at our disposal, we may as well begin with a shout of applause uttered by one of our most esteemed contributors, Elmer Davis, which Doctor Collins was kind enough to show us:

Dear Dr. Collins:

I suppose you'd have been unfrocked long ago if your professional colleagues could have managed it, so probably they'll do nothing to you about your remarks in the current HARPER'S. But it gave intense joy to the profane reader, or at least to one of him who has also suffered from the medical habit of treating disease as an entity and the patient as a nullity.

Yes, to be sure—I've had some personal experience. I had an obscure malady some years ago which was diagnosed all the way from epilepsy to tonsil infection. Finally I consulted an eminent gentleman who, having had five operations on his own stomach, was sure that my stomach was at fault. Maybe it was, but the regimen he prescribed prohibited practically all human functions except breathing and all pleasure except contem-

platoon of the eternal verities. He meant to cure me, of course, but for six weeks he was simultaneously starving me to death, boring me to death, and boring me to death. Then frail human nature revolted, and I was saved by beer and black cigars, two commodities that had been prohibited, if possible, more stringently than anything else.

Looking back I suspect (if the lay opinion be of any value) that my disease was overwork and overworry. Hence my hope that diagnosticians will lay your argument to heart.

Cordially,

ELMER DAVIS.

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The Thirties, whom Mrs. Banning calls lazy, are clamoring to be heard. Some of them claim that she has utterly misrepresented them; that they and their friends should rather be called the Absorbed Thirties. We wish there were space to set forth their detailed evidence. Space being lacking, we shall merely quote a few paragraphs from an "associate member of that new criminal class, the Lazy Thirties," who defends her contemporaries as active rather than lazy and then turns and rends them as lacking in intellectual curiosity:

Concerning our lack of enthusiasm for the women's departmental club, there is more wrong with it than the thin quality of its programs, the pseudo-culture of its pabulum on art and literature. It lends itself generally to exploitation by professional culture mongers, who are the modern medicine show. The club membership is the field where third-rate art classes, music clubs and voice schools are planted in our prosperous suburban communities. Actually the necessity for women's clubs passed with the church sewing society and the missionary barrel. The need existed only in the transition period between the quilting bee and the afternoon bridge club.

The appetite for social intercourse is satisfied to-day by the city clubs and country clubs, where men and women together enjoy such definite activities as tennis, golf, dancing, bridge, swimming, etc. Young women are more their husbands' companions than ever before, sharing not only these play activities, but working harmoniously with them for objects of civic betterment. Could this improved relationship between the sexes be a possible contributing cause for the apparent inertia of the maligned Thirties?

Most of the young mothers that I know well expend several thousand dollars' worth of executive ability planning and consulting with their offspring on matters pertaining to school, camp, clothes, clubs, doctors, dentists, dancing lessons, manners, morals and extraterritorial agenda. If this be inertia, show me energy. Can they be expected also to go in for good works?

Our correspondent goes on to argue that much charitable work had better be done by professionals than by volunteers, that "a large part of the so-called social welfare activity is so much lost motion," and that the Thirties are better off on their present hard bed of reality than on the cushions of sentiment. Then she delivers her wallop:

It is not the refusal of the Lazy Thirties to be drawn into the maelstrom of club programs and politics, nor their hesitation to penetrate the dense forest of social welfare committees, that irritates me. It is their apparent lack of intellectual curiosity that gives me pause. Sometimes it almost gives me claws! The Lazy Thirties and their intellectually dormant husbands seem to have checked their brains when they received their college diplomas. When I leave the more inspiring society of the fifties and sixties and go to play with my contemporaries, the contact frequently fails to raise a spark. What are their interests? If the conversation happens to wander (or is pushed) off the reservation of children and material possessions, everyone assumes an addled expression of slight pain that is associated with an unaccustomed effort at concentration. Does it really hurt our friends to think of matters other than homes, motors, vacations, and radios? There are certain adult circles where a simple question such as "How do you feel about the foreign debt cancellation?" would be greeted with all the cordiality usually shown a wood-pussy. It might then occur to you that you had affronted their hundred-per-cent Americanism, and you might try a home-grown problem on them: "Do you think Al Smith is right about this water-power business?" No — the falling temperature goes below zero — and nothing but a return to babies, bridge, and blondes will resuscitate the evening. How have they achieved this shut-mindedness?



GLORY OF THE DANCE

By Warren Davis

Courtesy of Francis H. Robertson

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THE MARKET VALUE OF A PARIS DIVORCE

BY DOROTHY DUNBAR BROMLEY

"THESE droll Americans!" the French people must say to themselves as they behold hundreds of our countrymen milling through the Paris divorce courts, claiming fake residences, bribing petty officials and *concierges*, paying high prices for "dummy" co-respondents, expending two, three, four, sometimes twenty-five thousand dollars to secure divorces quietly on grounds which do not obtain in "the land of the free."

So thriving has the divorce business become in Paris that to-day one can see in certain quarters of the city such street signs as "Divorce in two weeks—strictly confidential." Many Americans are so naïve about legal matters that they follow where these signs lead and become the dupes of shyster agents or *entrepreneurs*, men both of French and of American nationality who have no standing in the French courts but who succeed in charging their clients huge sums for worthless paper divorces. On the other hand, those Americans who are wise enough to put their cases in the hands of reputable lawyers do secure divorces which comply with the French law; but even so their attorneys cannot assure them that their decrees will be valid for all time in America. Prominent lawyers on this side of the water are still more skeptical about the future status of the divorces obtained by certain of their clients in Paris. The fact that there has been but one test case—the Frank J. and Edith K. Gould case—which has involved the validity of a Paris decree, and the fact that their divorce was not at all typical of the many which are being granted to-day leaves the ultimate issue still very much in doubt, especially since the New York Court of Appeals in handing down the Gould decision uttered a sharp warning on the whole subject of foreign divorces.

Most people who have obtained divorces marked "Paris" and have subsequently remarried are wont to ignore the anomaly of their position. But as a matter of fact they stand in some danger of having their lives seriously disrupted in the future. Let us assume, for instance, that a woman had married a man who had been divorced

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by a French court and that he had had children by both marriages. Let us assume also that he died suddenly without leaving a will. Given these circumstances, the children of the first marriage might sue for all of his property, on the ground that he had not been validly divorced under the laws of his state of domicile, and that he could not, therefore, have contracted a second marriage. If the court should sustain this claim the second wife would automatically be deprived of any part of the man's property, while the legitimacy of her children would be likewise open to question. And even if they were adjudged legitimate they might be given no property, at least in New York State, since Section 1135, Subdivision 8 of the Civil Practice Act says: "If the court be authorized to decide that a child of a marriage is the legitimate child of either or both of its parents, the judgment may limit the effect of the legitimization, to rights other than succession to real and personal property of a deceased parent." A somewhat similar case, involving the claim of each of two wives to be a man's lawful widow, came before the United States Supreme Court some years ago, and will be described later on in this article.

Let us assume again that a woman who had a Paris decree married a man who tired of her in a short time. Might he not try to cast her off by attempting to prove that their marriage was void *ab initio*, since under the laws of her state of domicile she actually had a husband when she married him?

It was the fear of just such an eventuality which led a conservative lawyer of the writer's acquaintance to dissuade one young woman from going to Paris to secure her divorce; for he happened to know the man whom she was planning to marry and privately judged him to be the kind who would seize upon any pretext to rid himself of a current wife whenever he was ready for a new inamorata.

Lawyers differ widely in their opinions as to how such cases as those outlined above would be adjudicated by the highest courts of the land. Most of them agree, however, that the contesting of a Paris divorce would place in serious jeopardy a second wife's claim on her husband's property and on his duty to support her; and that in some states it would jeopardize the legitimacy and inheritance rights of the children by the second marriage. Such possibilities may appear to be purely theoretical, but it must be remembered that there has hardly been time for them to arise, since the Paris divorce mill has been running full tilt for not much more than five years. Conservative lawyers look forward to at least one such case within the not distant future, and they agree that that case, if it is decided negatively, will precipitate other suits and thus unsettle a great many homes.

When such a test case does arise the decision will rest, it is said, on three considerations: first, the circumstances under which the divorce was obtained in Paris; second, the Gould decision; and third, the opinions which the United States Supreme Court has enunciated on the subject of interstate divorces. Therefore, in reviewing the problem it will be of interest to sketch the situation in the Paris divorce courts yesterday and to-day before we consider the possible validity of the average Paris divorce in the light of the Gould case and the interstate cases.

II

Now, the French themselves have a far greater respect for the institution of the family than we have, as evidenced by their ante-nuptial contract. Yet they have a much more liberal divorce law, which does not require any fixed period of residence within the country or department, and which includes, besides the grounds of desertion, adultery, and mental or physical violence, that of *injure grave*. The latter phrase, if translated literally, means grave moral injury, but in effect it is tantamount to

incompatibility, since it is construed to cover practically any form of insult or marital dispute. The French divorce law is based on the theory that if a husband and wife can no longer live together peaceably they have a right to a divorce, since every individual's private life belongs exclusively to himself. This attitude prevails, despite the fact that France is traditionally a Roman Catholic nation. The French government furthermore recognizes the individual's right to privacy by prohibiting the publication of divorce news, except for the statement that a decree has been granted to Mr. and Mrs. So-and-So on such-and-such grounds. Even in the secret session of the court there is little washing of dirty linen, since written evidence is considered sufficient in the average case, and witnesses are seldom called. The good taste of the French extends even to the court records, in which a co-respondent's name is often designated by initials only.

Given these easy circumstances, one might expect divorce to be rampant among the French people. It is true that divorce in France has increased since before the War, but the percentage is still much lower there than here. In 1925 there was in France only one divorce to every seventeen marriages, while in the United States there was one to every seven marriages. One might ascribe several reasons for the lower percentage in France. In the first place, the French enjoy more liberty within the limits of marriage than Americans do, since their social system admits of extra-marital liaisons if only they are conducted discreetly. In the second place, the financial stability of the average French marriage rests upon the union of the husband's and wife's property; and in the event of a divorce the guilty party is generally allotted a smaller share of the community property. It must follow, therefore, that French couples are none too anxious to have their marriages reach the breaking-point. But if a husband or wife does come to the point of suing for a divorce, it is the duty of the judge to impress upon both of them the gravity of the step they are taking and the effect it will have upon their property holdings and their children's future. Not so in the case of the numerous Americans who flock into the Tribunal of the Seine, where it would appear that the French judges wash their hands of any social responsibility so long as these divorce-seekers remain within the technical limits of the law.

Ever since the present French divorce law was passed in 1886 there have been occasional Americans who have availed themselves of its benefits; but they were persons who had been living in France for a number of years, so that they could not well have resorted to an American court. It was in 1913, rumor has it, that Mr. and Mrs. X, a well-known New York society couple, discovered how easy it is to get a divorce in Paris, even though one is in actuality a resident of New York State. As it happened, Mr. and Mrs. X were Roman Catholics, but they were agreed that they wanted to divorce each other—although they could not and would not procure the decree on grounds of adultery; nor did they wish to submit to the newspaper publicity which would have attended their divorce if they had secured it in Nevada or in any other state of the union; for Mr. X was and still is the head of one of the largest corporations in the country. Neither could they be sure of avoiding publicity by taking their case before a referee, since newspaper men often get at the facts when the referee makes his report to the court.

Mr. and Mrs. X's lawyers, confronted with this *impasse*, were ingenious enough to suggest that it would be entirely possible to secure a divorce in Paris, since the French law does not require the litigants actually to reside in France for any fixed period of time. It was anticipated, however, that some proof of residence might be required; and on that account each was advised to lease an apartment in Paris for a year or more.

They did so, but made no use of the apartments since they were in America most of the time. In December of 1913 Mrs. X sailed for Paris and started proceedings for a divorce on the ground that her husband had deserted her. When she appeared in court to enter her plea she was relieved to find that the question of her residence was accepted as a matter of fact and that she was required to give no sworn testimony of any kind. So far it looked unbelievably simple, she told herself.

The court next appointed a day for the "reconciliation meeting." Shortly thereafter Mr. X arrived in France, just in time to be served with the summons and to enter a cross-suit for desertion. At the "reconciliation" session no one but the judge and Mr. and Mrs. X were present. The judge spoke gravely and at length, urging the pair to reconsider their action; for he had not yet tried so many American cases as to be convinced of the futility of his efforts. Mr. X answered his plea with an emphatic assertion that he intended to live his own life, while Mrs. X declared that under no circumstances would she return to her husband. Whereupon the French judge, with a shrug of dismissal, ordered the case to be tried in due course.

The trial itself required the presence of neither plaintiff or defendant. Each was represented by his or her *avocat*, and the only evidence called for consisted of two letters exchanged between Mr. and Mrs. X, in which they both curtly refused to return to the conjugal roof. There was no testifying by witnesses, no distasteful villification of husband by wife, and vice versa, as is so frequently the case in an American divorce court. Furthermore, no reporters or outsiders of any kind were allowed to be present at the hearing. So when both Mr. and Mrs. X won their suits, and a decree of divorce was issued on February 11th, just two months after her arrival in France, Mrs. X congratulated herself on having secured—with the minimum of effort and embarrassment—a divorce which reflected no discredit on either of them. And when she remarried several years later it was undoubtedly with the conviction that she was perfectly free to do so, since the New York Court of Appeals had not yet uttered its warning in regard to the validity of Paris divorces in general.

The X's set the style, and it was not long before other New Yorkers began to follow suit, for it was obvious that a Paris divorce was much simpler and quicker than a Reno divorce. There was one disadvantage, however, from the woman's point of view, *i.e.*—she stood no chance of feathering her nest with a large award of alimony, since it was apparent that no court in this country would force a husband to pay alimony which had been awarded by a French court. But this drawback was easily overcome by a wife's obtaining from her husband a pre-divorce settlement—which he was ready enough to give her if he too wanted to be free.

However, it was not until 1922 or thereabouts that the Paris divorce mill started operating at full tilt. In that year a certain opera singer obtained a phenomenally rapid divorce from an American millionaire. Her lawyer was a well-known American who maintains an office both here and in Paris, and who through his familiarity with the French judicial system was able to procure a preliminary decree for his client in approximately thirty days. He furthermore obtained a settlement from the husband of a house in Paris and a string of pearls; and to cap the climax he arranged for a special dispensation which enabled the lady to marry another well-known and wealthy American only four days after her formal decree of divorce had been issued. There is a French law which says that a woman may not marry within ten months of having obtained a divorce so as to obviate any doubt as to the paternity of possible offspring.

Following this famous case, there was a great exodus to Paris of New York society people seeking divorce, and in

the past four years any number of prominent New Yorkers have secured their divorces in Paris. In fact it would be hard to mention a recently divorced society woman who does not possess one of that brand. Not only prominent New Yorkers, but couples from all strata of society and all parts of the country have of recent years made their way to Paris if they could afford the expense involved.

It is said that a Paris divorce can never be obtained for less than two or three thousand dollars, whereas it may cost much more than that. First of all a couple must employ four French lawyers, two for each side, consisting of an *avoué*, who directs the proceedings, and an *avocat*, who appears in court. In addition, most Americans employ an American lawyer who gives advice and makes the connections with the French lawyers—although he himself cannot appear in court since he is not a member of the French bar. Some of these American advisory lawyers are men of high standing and excellent ability; but others, it is said, are mere go-betweens, or runners, who collect a big fee from the client and pocket the greater part of it themselves. There are also French agents, discredited lawyers, who mulct their clients. All of these lawyers, however—the good as well as the bad—charge their clients according to their ability to pay and also according to the speed with which the case must be despatched. A client may furthermore have to stand the expense of leasing an apartment for a year, or of bribing the *concierge* to make out a false certificate of residence—although an experienced lawyer asserts that no reputable member of the French or American bar would resort to the latter practice. He also claims that it is not often necessary, since the French officials do not as a rule investigate the matter of residence thoroughly.

Yet an acquaintance of the writer's admits that she paid out a great deal for bribes when she secured her decree. Having a comfortable income of her own, she decided that she was tired of supporting her ne'er-do-well husband, and so set out for Paris, ordering him to follow her. There she put the case in the hands of a clever *entrepreneur* who arranged to have it heard by a judge noted for the celerity with which he grants divorces to Americans. Soon after she had filed her complaint in court—which constituted her one and only appearance—her husband, who had just arrived in France, was apprehended in a taxicab at a time and place that had been previously agreed upon, and served with a summons by a process server, who conveniently forgot that he was supposed to find the defendant at his place of residence. The lawyers took care of all the rest, so that the couple were not even called before the judge for the "reconciliation" meeting. The divorce was granted at the end of four weeks, at a total cost to the girl of three thousand dollars. She could not remember how that money had been apportioned, but she was under the impression that it had been used to pay a number of bribes as well as the fees of the five lawyers in the case.

When it was suggested that the legality of her divorce might be questioned in this country some day she was most indignant and declared that there was no doubt as to its validity. "International law takes care of that point," she asserted sweepingly!

From 1922 to 1924 the Paris mill turned out approximately three hundred American divorces per annum, many of them in record-breaking time. One of these summary decrees was granted late in 1923 to the wife of the son of a prominent ex-cabinet member, and the news resounded in Washington, causing much unfavorable comment in high quarters. At the same time the clergy in this country took up the cry against Paris divorces in general, and were echoed by such newspapers as the New York *Times*, which expressed itself editorially as follows: "What has been going on is in

reality an abuse of the French courts. To put a stop to it is obviously a duty on the part of those jealous for the purity of the administration of justice in France."

The hue and cry in America became so pronounced that ex-Ambassador Jusserand is said to have protested to his government, with the result that Premier Poincaré wrote a note to the public prosecutor directing him to look into the case that had aroused so much indignation in Washington. Next the Paris newspapers began to criticize caustically the wholesale fashion in which Americans were taking advantage of the French divorce law. Finally the general agitation resulted in the Minister of Justice's sending an unofficial communication to the presidents of the different tribunals in Paris, urging them in the cases of American citizens seeking divorce to make certain of two points:

1. That the parties had a genuine domicile in France with a genuine *animus manendi* (intention to remain).

2. That a *certificat de coutume* had been filed showing that the cause for which the divorce was asked was one recognized in the home state.

In the light of this dictum our newspapers came out with front-page stories announcing that it would no longer be possible for Americans to secure easy divorces in Paris; while French lawyers in this country wrote "letters to the editor" extolling the quality of French justice.

But what actually happened? The unofficial memorandum of 1924 did no more than slow up the operation of the mill a little, so that now it may take three months rather than two to obtain a final decree—although an outstanding American lawyer who has sent a good many clients to Paris says that even to-day a plaintiff does not need to spend more than two weeks in Paris if the right judge has been picked and the plans carefully laid. The decree, however, will not become effective until several months later when it has been inscribed in the Book of Vital Statistics.

As for the two requirements unofficially laid down by the Minister of Justice, we are told by a French lawyer who is thoroughly familiar with the practice of the Paris courts that neither one has been enforced. The *certificat de coutume* has never been made compulsory, although certain lawyers have deemed it wise to proceed on that basis. In regard to the question of bona fide residence, the courts are said to be a little more industrious in making inquiries now than they were before, with the result that the lawyer and his client must take a few more precautions. But as a rule the *police judiciare*, who are the ones charged with investigating the matter of residence, content themselves with calling at the defendant's alleged place of residence, asking if he lives there, and leaving the summons with the *concierge*. As a general thing he does not call at the residence of the plaintiff. However, in some few cases the courts have made a more careful inquiry, and it is for this reason that the most cautious lawyers are now urging their clients to establish *soi-disant* residences in apartment houses rather than in hotels, and also to remain in Paris several months at least. One man who returned to this country immediately after starting his suit in Paris received a cablegram from his lawyer a few weeks later advising him to return immediately.

The reason for the continued laxity of the French courts is a matter of interesting discussion among lawyers and jurists in this country, especially in view of the statement made by the Civil Tribunal of Versailles at the time of the Gould decision, to the effect that "the competence of French courts as between foreigners is optional, the parties having a right to decline their jurisdiction, and *the courts having the right to refuse to adjudicate.* (The italics are the writer's.)

It cannot be held in the present instance that the French are after American gold, for the bribery hardly extends to the judges themselves; nor does anyone claim that the French lawyers are

getting rich from their divorce practice—except for the shysters, who are American as well as French. Certainly the government could have no interest in protecting these men who practice outside the pale. Why, then, does the Minister of Justice allow the divorce mill to keep on running? As a matter of fact it operates effectively only in Paris and Nice, where the numbers are so great that the officials do not attempt to examine cases individually. In the provinces the situation is quite different, a French lawyer explained, citing the case of an American couple who were admonished by the judge to think over their differences for six months and then come back to him.

It would appear that the judges in Paris have too full a calendar to give much attention to the numerous American divorces. One must remember, too, that the French believe in a laissez-faire attitude toward other people's personal life. . . . "If these Americans cannot get divorces under the barbaric laws of their own states—then we, a civilized nation, will take care of them," the judges may conceivably say to themselves.

III

The only Paris divorce that has so far been contested in the courts of this country is that of Edith K. Gould and Frank J. Gould. The following are the facts in the case, as reported by the New York Court of Appeals, in their decision of January 21, 1923:

After living in New York for about three years, the couple moved to France, where they lived as husband and wife for more than five years. In 1919 Mrs. Gould sued for divorce in the Civil Tribunal of Versailles on grounds of infidelity, but dropped the suit for lack of sufficient evidence. Several months later Mr. Gould commenced a similar action in the same court and obtained a judgment in his favor, on the proof of his wife's adultery—which she herself admitted. But a few months later she sought to have the decision revoked, claiming that the French courts could have no jurisdiction over herself and her husband since they were American subjects. The court, however, held that the couple were bona fide residents of Paris, and that, furthermore, Mrs. Gould had placed herself under its jurisdiction by having first instituted a suit for divorce on her own account. This opinion was affirmed by the Court of Cassation, the highest court of France.

Mrs. Gould next sought to have the decree set aside in the Supreme Court of New York, and eventually carried her case to the Court of Appeals, which handed down a decision recognizing the French decree, on the ground that the Goulds were bona fide residents of France at the time the decree was granted, and that the divorce had been obtained on undeniable proof of adultery, the one ground recognized by New York State. But in concluding its opinion the New York Court of Appeals took occasion to utter this warning:

"If in the instant case the judgments of the courts of France disclosed that the parties were merely sojourning in France at the time their decree of divorce was granted, or that a residence in France was of such limited duration as to lead the Court of Appeals to believe that the decree was the result of collusion or the judgment was rendered for a cause not recognized as sufficient cause for absolute divorce by the law of this State, it may be that the justice presiding would be justified in holding that the decree was contrary to the policy of this State, and in a refusal to give effect to the evidence sought to be established thereby. We leave these questions open."

This pronouncement seriously alarms lawyers, for if it were strictly applied, it might rule out at least ninety per cent of the divorces obtained by New Yorkers in Paris.

New York lawyers, however, differ as to the relative importance of the clauses in the paragraph just quoted. One very conservative firm which maintains an

office in Paris insists that their clients who are seeking French divorces reside in Paris at least six months before even commencing action, since that is the length of time a Frenchman must live in a department before he can vote. Furthermore, they strongly advise their clients to buy property so as to establish themselves more irrefutably as residents of Paris.

Other attorneys are alarmed by the clause referring to collusion, since it would not be difficult to prove that most of the American couples who have obtained divorces in Paris left this country for the purpose of evading its divorce laws.

Still other lawyers attach great importance to the clause which reads "if the judgment was rendered for a cause not recognized as sufficient cause for absolute divorce by the law of this State." For this reason some lawyers advise their clients to secure their Paris divorces on grounds of adultery—by fair means or foul. Take the case of a reputable propertied citizen of New York State who was anxious to obtain a Paris divorce that would presumably be held valid in New York, since he wished to marry again and felt that he must offer his new wife nothing but a bona fide marriage. So with the advice of a resourceful French lawyer he secured a year's lease on a certain apartment in Paris owned by a Frenchwoman who makes it a business to appear on paper as co-respondent in divorce suits. A few letters from her were sufficient to justify the suit for adultery which the first wife was willing to institute. The latter remained in Paris three months, and the husband only one month, the affair costing him, all told, eight thousand dollars. To-day he feels confident that he has secured a divorce which would be held valid in any court in the state. But as a matter of fact his divorce would stand a much better chance of recognition if it had been obtained on trumped-up charges of adultery in New York State—inasmuch as his motive in resorting to the French courts after so short a stay in Paris, might very likely be questioned.

IV

There is, it is true, an international understanding which obliges every civilized nation to recognize the judicial proceedings of another nation—unless such recognition would serve "to contravene the public policy" of the state or country concerned. But the latter question is "exclusively for the courts of a state to determine," the New York Court of Appeals asserted in the Gould case.

Indeed, the law of comity between nations is nowhere nearly so binding a force as is the clause in the Federal Constitution which obliges each state "to give full faith and credit to the laws, public acts and judicial proceedings" of a sister state.

Yet even this clause leaves each state the right to determine whether a sister state was entitled to extend its jurisdiction over the parties concerned. Indeed, the Supreme Court of the United States has handed down several noteworthy decisions establishing the fact that a divorce granted by the courts of one state may be declared null and void by those of another state if the plaintiff shall not have acquired a bona fide domicile or if the defendant—in case he or she lives in another state—shall not have been properly notified of the action. In the first instance the Supreme Court draws a sharp line of distinction between domicile and temporary residence. A person may, for example, have resided in a state for six months or a year, but if he has done nothing to show that he intends to remain there he has failed to establish a domicile.

One of the most interesting cases in which the validity of a divorce, as well as the question of inheritance rights, hinged upon the proof of domicile was that of Kate H. Andrews versus Annie Andrews, argued before the United States Supreme Court in 1902. Each

litigant claimed to be the lawful widow of Charles S. Andrews, and each petitioned to be appointed administratrix of his estate. The Supreme Court decided that the husband had not been free to contract a second marriage in Massachusetts since he had failed to establish a legal domicile in South Dakota at the time of obtaining his divorce. The fact that the first wife had made herself a party to the divorce by accepting a money settlement, did not alter the Supreme Court in its decision that she was Charles Andrews' lawful widow in Massachusetts, and that Annie Andrews who had lived with him as a wife for sixteen years had no rights as a widow.

This case, however, cannot be considered a wholly representative one, since Massachusetts has on its statute books a specific law which reads: "If an inhabitant of this Commonwealth goes into another state or country to obtain a divorce for a cause which occurred here, while the parties resided here, or for a cause which would not authorize a divorce by the laws of this Commonwealth, a divorce so obtained shall be of no force or effect in this Commonwealth."

Despite this law it is said that a number of Bostonians have of recent years obtained their divorces in Paris, apparently unconcerned for the moment over a possible legal aftermath.

The Andrews case is, nevertheless, of national significance, since the Supreme Court included in its opinion the following clear-cut statement which would apply to all the states of the union:

"A state may forbid the enforcement within its borders of a decree of divorce procured by its own citizens who, whilst retaining their domicile in the prohibiting state, have gone into another state to procure a divorce in fraud of the law of this domicile."

In the light of this opinion, coming from the highest court in the land, the different state courts might well refuse to recognize many of the divorces obtained by their citizens in Nevada, California, and similar states were those decrees to be contested. And it is even more likely that this same principle would operate against the validity of the average Paris divorce, since international law leaves each state quite free to decide whether it is consonant with its public policy to recognize a foreign judgment.

Our Supreme Court has consistently held that a state of the union has exclusive jurisdiction over the marriage status of two citizens if they have lived together as man and wife within its borders for any length of time. Take the frequently quoted case of Atherton versus Atherton which came before the Supreme Court in 1899. The couple had lived together in Kentucky and had had children born to them there; after some years the wife left and took up her residence in New York, where she sued for a limited divorce, alleging cruelty on the part of her husband. In the meantime he had obtained a decree in Kentucky on grounds of desertion, which the New York courts refused to recognize. The Supreme Court of the United States ruled, however, that the State of New York was obliged to give "full faith and credit" to the Kentucky divorce, since the couple had had their matrimonial domicile in the latter state.

Neither will the Supreme Court countenance the practice of a husband's deserting his wife and obtaining a divorce in another state, for it ruled in the case of Haddock versus Haddock that:

"Where the domicile of matrimony is in a particular state and the husband abandons his wife and goes into another state in order to avoid his marriage obligations, such other state does not become a new domicile of matrimony."

In view of the foregoing Supreme Court decisions it would appear that if a couple wanted to obtain a Paris divorce which would stand any chance at all of being recognized in this country, they had better live together in Paris—at least so far as appearances go—for several years.

In addition to the question of domicile there is a second important factor which determines a court's jurisdiction over both parties: *i.e.*, the manner in which the defendant has been "served" or notified of the complaint. The general rule is that if the party can be found within the state he or she must be personally served; but that if he cannot be found, he may be notified by publication, registered mail, or whatever method the law of the particular state requires. The latter procedure, known as "constructive service," is often necessary when the defendant goes into hiding or purposely leaves the state; and it has, therefore, been adjudged by the United States Supreme Court (Bell vs. Bell) to be a valid basis for a divorce *if resorted to in the state of matrimonial domicile.* But if this method of service is followed by the court of another state the decree will not necessarily be binding elsewhere. In other words, no state will allow another state to determine the married status of one of its citizens who has not voluntarily submitted himself or herself to that jurisdiction.

There have been a number of Paris divorces granted to Americans on the basis of "constructive service," inasmuch as the French law allows the summons to be served by the office of the French consul if the defendant resides in a foreign country. However, in such a case the wife must prove to the French court that she has a right to live apart from her husband. And since the French courts have been looking a little more carefully into the question of residence, cautious lawyers are now insisting that the defendant come to France to receive the summons personally. In any event "constructive service" would only add another weak spoke to the wheel of a Paris divorce.

In the several instances quoted above the validity of a given divorce rested upon the question of jurisdiction. If a divorce were to be attacked on grounds of fraud, the former defendant would have to prove conclusively that he or she had not been a party to, and had had no knowledge of the fraud. Furthermore, a defendant could not move to have the decree set aside if he or she had remarried or in any other way recognized its validity. Nor would the original plaintiff be allowed to question the validity of a divorce which he or she had procured at any time or at any place.

This same principle might prevent the descendants of a plaintiff from having a decree set aside at some time in the future. On the other hand, the children of a *defendant* would be privileged to contest the validity of a decree which had deprived their mother and themselves of due property rights.

Presumably the only other interested party who might question the status of a divorce would be the second husband or wife. There have been a few such cases tried in the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York. In one instance a man by the name of Kaufman sued to have his marriage annulled on the ground that his wife's previous divorce, obtained on "constructive service" in Nevada, was null and void in New York. The court conceded that her divorce was technically invalid, but it refused to relieve the husband of his marital obligations, inasmuch as he himself had persuaded her to obtain the divorce and had furthermore aided her in the suit.

In still another case, that of Schenker versus Schenker, involving "constructive service," the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York refused to annul a man's marriage, for the reason that he was not, at the time he contracted it, a citizen of New York State and was, therefore, not entitled to the protection of its courts.

In the light of these two New York decisions we may draw several general conclusions: first, that a man who had persuaded a woman to leave her state of domicile and obtain a divorce in another state or country would not be allowed to forswear that marriage. Second, that a

man could not successfully sue for annulment of a marriage except in the state in which he had married and lived with his wife. On the other hand, if a second husband had been in no way responsible for a woman's action in securing her first divorce, and if he later sued for annulment in their state of matrimonial domicile on the ground that he had been defrauded into thinking she had a valid decree, the courts might or might not relieve him, depending upon their conception of public policy. That is one of the vital questions which has not yet been settled.

V

The strongest argument in defense of a typical Paris divorce would be that *both* parties had voluntarily submitted themselves to the jurisdiction of the court. In this connection it is not true that an American man or woman can secure a divorce that would be held valid in France, without the knowledge of the other party, for the French courts stipulate that the defendant must be represented by attorney. There are, it is true, shyster lawyers who undertake to obtain decrees for their clients without the presence or knowledge of the other person by the trick of hiring a "dummy" husband or wife to receive the summons and appear at the "reconciliation" meeting. Mrs. A obtained such a divorce and took it home to wave triumphantly in her husband's face, declaring that she was free of him. But he rudely tore it up and declared it wasn't worth a nickel since he could prove before either a Paris or a New York judge that it had been obtained by fraud. So she had nothing to show for her trip but a deficit of some three thousand dollars in her check book.

In fact, most civilized countries have looked upon marriage as a contract which cannot be broken at the behest of one of the parties without the other's being given a fair chance to defend himself or herself. This conception of marriage is quite different from that of the ancient Mohammedan law which allowed a man to divorce his wife merely by saying to her thrice, "I divorce thee." Yet certain provinces of Mexico to-day permit a somewhat similar procedure, with the exception that the other spouse is literally not informed of the divorce until it is a *fait accompli*. As a result many Americans have gone to Mexico to profit from these liberal divorce laws, but the decrees thus obtained, if and when they have been contested, have been consistently pronounced invalid by the courts of this country. Furthermore, society at large has withheld its approval: one hears, for instance, that women who have secured their divorces in Mexico, and who have subsequently remarried are *personæ non gratæ* in the best New York circles, while the reputation of Paris divorcées has not suffered one jot.

Paris, therefore, is still the happy hunting-ground, especially since Nevada now requires the actual physical presence of the plaintiff for six months. And Reno, they say, is a deadly dull place. Small wonder that Paris is more alluring —Paris with its gay nights, its sleek gigolos, its secret courts, its discreet lawyers.

So the mill in Paris keeps on grinding, and there are few who care at the moment what a judge in this country would say about their decrees. Indeed, this insouciant attitude is encouraged by certain lawyers who assure their clients that no court would rule against the validity of a typical Paris divorce because such a decision would create a social cataclysm. As opposed to this dubious kind of logic is the opinion of one of the country's outstanding authorities, Professor Joseph H. Beale of the Law School of Harvard University. In commenting on the New York Gould decision, he first bursts a bombshell by saying that he does not believe any other state, with the possible exception of New Jersey, would recognize a Paris divorce obtained by a man who had admitted that his *legal* domicile was in this coun-

try—as did Frank J. Gould, despite the fact that he had been a resident of Paris for five years.

In regard to citizens of New York State Professor Beale expresses his opinion as follows:

"No person domiciled in New York can obtain a divorce in a country in which neither spouse is domiciled, unless:

"a. Both parties have been long resident in the country.

"b. The cause for divorce occurred during that residence.

"c. The cause for divorce was a sufficient cause for divorce in New York.

"d. Both spouses consented to the jurisdiction of the court."

It will be seen at a glance that practically none of the couples who have secured divorces in Paris of recent years could satisfy the above four conditions, all of which Professor Beale considers necessary to establish the validity of a foreign decree.

It must be remembered also that the United States Supreme Court has said, in Andrews versus Andrews: "The marriage relation is so interwoven with public policy that the consent of the parties is impotent to dissolve it contrary to the law of the domicile." Since, then, every state has absolute jurisdiction over the marriage status of its citizens, is it likely to forego that jurisdiction and recognize decrees which have been patently obtained by collusion in foreign countries?

VI

"But your day of judgment holds no horrors for me," remarked the wife of a man who was divorced in Paris. And she went on to say, "I care nothing about the technical legality of our marriage; we only went through the procedure as a matter of social form, and we consider marriage, anyway, to be more a matter of the spirit than of law. As for property rights, I am not concerned with them. If my husband should want to leave me anything—assuming that I should outlive him—he would put it in his will; if he failed to do so I should certainly not fight for his property."

Another woman of an independent stamp, who had herself procured a divorce in Paris, remarked that if her present husband should want to cast her off for any flimsy excuse she would be the first to let him go.

Still other couples whose marriages depend upon Paris divorces make their anomalous status a subject of half-humorous, half-serious discussion at house-parties. *Are* they married, or *aren't* they married, under the laws of New York State?

There is another type of woman who is neither frank nor indifferent on the subject, but who will let a mask fall over her face as soon as the question of Paris divorces comes up. Whether she considers the matter very much her own business, or whether she actually fears the legal consequences of her action, it is hard to say.

On one occasion the writer asked several unmarried young women whether they would be perturbed if they were married to men who had divorces not technically valid in the state in which they lived. One of them shrugged her shoulders with indifference, but two of them cannily said that they wouldn't want to be mixed up in anything like that: they would rather know just where they stood, and where their children were going to stand.

Property rights are the crux of the whole matter. Therefore, so long as the will to possess riches lies close to the hearts of most of God's creatures men and women will continue to fret themselves over the relation between divorce and property. For it is a self-evident fact that this great crisscross puzzle of marriage and divorce and children and property rights is becoming more and more complex, as one eminent lawyer points out. In his opinion, the stringent divorce law of New York State and the inelastic laws of a number of other states are no more enforceable in this twentieth century than is the Volstead

Law. People, he holds, are bound to evade these divorce laws, either by going to Paris or Mexico or by falsifying evidence in their own states; for it is human nature to consider that one's personal affairs are one's own business and not that of the state. Therefore, he argues, why do we not enact as civilized a law as that of the French? Or better still, let us have some such law as that of Norway which allows two people to obtain a divorce on grounds of incompatibility after one year of voluntary separation. He believes that this law would be especially good for Americans, since it is our temperament to act too hastily and impulsively. He would also like to see us take a leaf out of the book of the French and forbid all publicity concerning divorces. How much better it would be, he concluded, to provide civilized means for decrees in this country than to force our citizens to seek questionable foreign decrees which in years to come will greatly complicate our legal and social machinery.

DESTINY

BY GRANVILLE PAUL SMITH

O MAN, what mask upon Life's rostrum bears
Your features for remembrance, and what tongue
In Time's eternal forum tells your worth
Within the Universe? What caravan
Across the crumbling desert bears your soul
For ware in Heaven's mart? What dream is this
Of fountains flinging rainbows at a sun
That never sets? Of streets where music flows
As flows the air through cities of the Earth?
Yea, what mirage of palaces and towers,
Of harps and haloes, and contented wings?
You are a wayfarer. Never may you hope
For more than one night's lodging in the sky;
Nor should you ever ask that Heaven might be
More than a wayside inn, with candlelight
Upon the face of God, the welcoming host
Who points the way to some far destiny.
Guard well your pack, cast not your staff away.
Rest deeply on your cloud-engirdled couch,
But wake to reveille's dew-glittering notes
Blown by the trumpets of the steel-clad stars.

MEN ARE BAD HOUSEKEEPERS

BY RUTH PRATT

Member of the Board of Aldermen, New York City

ONCE a week, in a large room on the second floor of the beautiful colonial City Hall in New York City, I take my seat at meetings of the Board of Aldermen. By the time this article has passed through the, to me, mysterious steps that will make it part of this magazine I shall have been a member of that theoretically important law-making body for about a year and a half. There are sixty-five of us in all (sixty-four men and one woman) in the Board and each of us receives five thousand a year for our services. The cost of the New York Aldermanic Board to the taxpayers is, including salaries for the members and clerks and incidental expenses, about five hundred thousand dollars a year. In my opinion it is a half million dollars thrown away, for the Board is utterly extravagant, is entirely subservient to political leaders, and does, so far as I can see, no constructive work. When each month I receive my pay-check for $416.66 I have all of the sensations of the unhappy creatures in the "guilty feeling" cartoons.

At the outset I want to make it just as clear as I am able that I do not disparage the value of the Board of Aldermen because there are sixty-two Democrats as compared with three Republicans and because I am one-third of the microscopic minority. The situation would, I suspect, be just as bad if for decades the Republican Party had maintained a strangle-hold on New York's municipal government in the way in which Tammany Hall has been able to do. And I certainly am not becoming critical because I am the solitary woman member. In the months that I have been attending meetings and making myself, perhaps, a good deal of a nuisance, I have been treated with the utmost courtesy. More important, I have been permitted to grasp the hand of fellowship. At committee meetings, where informality rules, the members have paid me the compliment of smoking and the greater one of swearing in a restrained and gentlemanly manner if the necessity for profanity arises. Occasionally I am tempted to join them in both these sedatives for frayed nerves. But my fellow aldermen are not yet, it is to be feared, advanced enough to view any such action except with alarm.

The first "woman alderman" in New York, I was the freak of the Board during my novitiate as part of the municipal machine. But the novelty soon wore off. The male members, two of whom were forced to like me because we were of the same political faith, found that although I was something new I was not, after all, much of a menace. They quickly and graciously accepted me as an established alderman, told me an occasional private or political secret with confidence, I hope, that I should never betray them, and permitted me to subscribe when they passed the hat in some worthy cause.

I had been in the Board for six months when it was brought home to me forcibly that I had arrived. It was a warm June afternoon, one of the first really hot days of the year. Outside, the urchins were splashing in the waters of the City Hall

fountain, and their squeals of delight drifted in through the open windows in a highly irritating way. My colleagues, being men, sweltered in their heavy coats. They told me frankly that they envied my cool, thin dress, and one grizzled Tammany veteran remarked sincerely, if a little patronizingly, that "as far as dress is concerned women are a damned sight more sensible than men!"

It is curious how intimately one can get acquainted with a group of more than sixty men seen, except for infrequent committee meetings, only once a week. Aldermen, at least in New York, may be divided into two broad classes. Many are young and ambitious. The job is the first on the path to political greatness—the first public office, I mean. Of course there are district captaincies and a host of jobs that must be done in the various districts. The second group are scarred veterans. They have served their parties well and faithfully. The fact that they have not been promoted may be due to their efficiency as aldermen as much as to any lack of ability for higher things. Being an alderman, even at five thousand dollars a year, is a part-time job. Most of the members have other occupations. Many are lawyers, several undertakers, and some are former saloon-keepers. The great majority are very close to the people who have elected them and have lived for years in the districts they represent. I am sure that with few exceptions they are really able men. My complaint is that they use none of their ability either in efforts toward economy or in constructive legislation.

II

Like many women of this age, in which women are getting more of the breaks than ever before, I resent being always and eternally viewed as a woman. I happened to be allied with the Republican Party. It is my belief that the two-party system, now consisting of Democrats and Republicans, is sound. It is my contention that there is no valid political issue between Men, as such, and Women, as such. That is why I have never had much sympathy for the National Woman's Party, the feminist organization. It is, I think, in error. It is bringing back sex into politics—the very thing that Woman Suffrage was supposed to remove. Following my election to the Board of Aldermen many editors were kind enough to send writers to interview me. Some of these were women and almost invariably they asked me questions such as "What is the Woman's Viewpoint in Politics?" I always avoided answering if I could. For I really have no idea what Woman's Viewpoint is.

And now, having stated my hostility toward the "woman's angle" in life and affairs, I shall resort to the supposedly womanly prerogative of shifting my position to remark that men are pretty bad at the business of keeping house for the City of New York, and that it would be well for them to adopt a few so-called feminine virtues. Municipal government in the United States is notoriously bad—hardly a student of political science has failed to comment on this fact. And few cities, I am certain, can be worse than New York. More than $1,350,000 a day is spent, and it is sanctioned by men who have, in some cases, not the slightest conception of what $1,000,000 means. I say that in all seriousness. The Board of Aldermen of the City of New York has formally approved a budget for this year of $474,893,300. My feeling when it did so was that ninety per cent of the members had not the remotest idea of what it was all about. Many of them seem to have little respect for a million and much less for a billion dollars. To most of them $1,000,000,000 is as fantastic a figure as the total debt of the Allies. Yet they continue merrily to vote it away.

During the year and a half that I have been an alderman I have worked a good many hours in an effort to understand the city's financial machinery. I

don't pretend to have fathomed all of it. But I should have to be pretty stupid to know as little about it as, apparently, do some of the other members of the Board. And I certainly have made a nuisance of myself by my persistence in asking "Why?" about a thousand different matters. No one else bothers to do so. In justice to some of the members with whom I have talked, I must say here that I think they are quite as appalled as I by the manner and method of appropriation. Some would like to protest. But I can easily understand that their mouths are closed. They must submit, or get out.

Perhaps before going farther I should give a rough idea of how the financial system in New York operates. Each summer the various department heads send in itemized statements of the sums they will need for the coming year. The Comptroller, who is the city's financial officer and second in importance to the Mayor alone, specifies the sums that will be needed for interest and amortization of the city debt. All these figures are lumped together and make up what is called the "tentative budget." The massive compilation goes to the Board of Estimate and Apportionment and also to the Board of Aldermen. Each board is supposed to study it. Actually, only the Estimate Board does. This body, I should have explained, consists of the Mayor, the Presidents of the five boroughs, and the President of the Board of Aldermen. It is legislative as well as executive in its functions, a dual role that I believe fundamentally wrong.

By November each year the final budget is ready. For 1927, as I have said, the total is almost $475,000,000—about $100,000,000 higher than the budget for 1914. It is almost $42,000,000 larger than the 1926 budget (and in a time of decreasing costs). All this, however, meant nothing in the lives of my fellow-members of the Aldermanic Board. Should it? I, at least, think so. The city charter, which is the fundamental law of New York, provides that the Board of Aldermen may "reduce the said several amounts fixed by the Board of Estimate and Apportionment except such amounts as are now or may hereafter be fixed by law." But the revered body which costs New York $500,000 a year *did not reduce a single item.* It seldom does as far as I know. It is a rubber stamp for Tammany Hall. It might have saved the city, I am convinced, at least $50,000,000 by cutting out absurd, ridiculous, and extravagant items. But the motto of the Board, as repeated to me again and again by my friendly and often frank co-workers, is: "Why worry?"

III

I hold no particular brief for the feminine sex. If women were really as bright as some of the leaders of the woman movement make out they would, I think, have gone farther in their theoretical struggle with men and by now have set up a matriarchal state. I do think, though, that men are far behind in matters of economy. Women are often accused of being extravagant, but my experience leads me to believe that extravagance is a dominant characteristic of the male. Personally, I have come into contact with few men who make any pretense of economy. One of the worst insults that one man can fling at another is that he is inclined to be close, that he scrutinizes carefully the bills incurred by his family. Perhaps public opinion, over a long stretch of years, has been enough to discourage economy on the part of the American man. Extravagance is universal—a charming personal characteristic, if a dangerous national one.

The spendthrift nature of the male is apparent in a hundred different ways. Every boy or girl knows that a theater party given by father is vastly to be preferred to one in which mother pays the bills. For mother is almost certain to get seats for some moderately inter-

esting and informative matinee. At the end of the performance she feels that she has done her duty, and everyone is bundled off for the 5:15 or the subway. What a contrast are father's parties! Father gets from a speculator a block of seats for the zippiest musical show. He starts the evening with a dinner party and very probably polishes it off with a visit to the night clubs. Every waiter, taxicab driver, Pullman porter, and doorman knows that men are more generous with tips than are women. Every clothing salesman knows that men will not "shop around" for value but will, unless they bring their wives along, purchase the first garment offered. I frequently hear, from my husband and others, praise of the efficiency of the American business man. Does this efficiency include economy? I wonder. I have seen a good many Oriental rugs, real ones, in private offices where not a single soul has the remotest notion of their value or appreciation of their beauty. I have a sneaking hunch that many of our most hard-boiled captains of industry have secretarial staffs which are too large for their needs. But I hasten to dismiss these treasonable doubts. After all, I know little about business men. Within the last year though I have learned a good deal about politicians. And I do know that if they have any tendencies toward economy they suppress them.

Last October there was dumped on my desk a horrible document setting forth the sums of money that would be needed to run the City of New York during 1927. Similar documents were placed in the hands of all the other members of the Board of Aldermen. I remember the day quite clearly, because I had the sensation that I used to have in college when some instructor gave us a particularly heavy dose of outside reading to do. I looked around at my fellow aldermen to see what their reaction was. They had only a few weeks to study these complicated financial matters. How did they propose to find the time? To my surprise, as I glanced around the chamber, I found the gentlemen of the Board entirely unconcerned. Several of them as soon as the budget reached them tossed it into a rack underneath their desks. Most of them were leaning back in their swivel chairs, not even bothering to inspect the totals.

After the meeting was over I asked several about it. I wanted to know how many public hearings were held and to what extent the taxpayers were given an opportunity to protest. How did one digest so vast a matter? Most of my colleagues grinned at me.

"Now don't you bother much," they advised. "Don't fret about it. You're one of the three Republicans so, as a matter of form, you'll have to file a minority report. They had a lot of experts go over this budget. We needn't bother with it. Why worry?"

Why worry? It all seemed—this lack of interest—pretty disgraceful to me. The budget is about the only excuse for the existence of the Board. We *have* the power to slash it. But if we accept the Board of Estimate as an "inspired body" that can do no wrong, we ought to support a bill legislating ourselves out of office. We're pretty expensive when we do nothing except draw five hundred thousand dollars a year from the city.

Foolishly, perhaps, for in the end I accomplished nothing, I lugged the budget home with me that night. The next day I got in touch with accountants and other experts. I asked them to make a report on what they found; and they found many things. The 1927 budget is, for instance, larger by many millions than any compiled during the administration of the widely criticized Mayor Hylan. Is it justified by the increase in costs—by the depreciation of the dollar? Some of it is, of course. But the total of $475,000,000 cannot be explained away in so simple a fashion. The budget for 1914 was, for instance, about $190,000,000. This was about $37 per capita. The 1927 budget calls for approximately $81 for every man,

woman, and child in New York. Since 1914, the experts tell me, the cost of living has increased by about two-thirds. In terms of the present-day lowered value of the dollar, it would have required about $61 per head to run the city in 1914. The difference, then, is between $81 and $61. With 6,000,000 people this gives a total of $120,000,000 as a mathematical estimate of the 1927 extravagance.

Nor does the published budget total of $475,000,000 constitute all of the expenditures that will be made this year. Various departments are permitted to use receipts from licenses and concessions instead of turning them into the general fund to reduce taxation. The city's finance department has said that about $530,000,000 will be the actual total for 1927. Chicago, Philadelphia, and Detroit have a combined population greater than that of New York. Yet their budgets, lumped together, are smaller. Since 1900 New York's budget has quadrupled while the population has merely doubled. All of which causes the gentlemen of the Aldermanic Board not a single headache.

I admit that some of the increases are justified in a large and prosperous city forced to solve the baffling problems of education, transit, and street traffic. I firmly believe, though, that $100,000,000 of the present budget should have been subjected to the most minute scrutiny. I think it is probable that at least $50,000,000 could have been saved without in any way handicapping the progress of the municipality. Two or three weeks after the budget was handed to me I made a speech to this effect. I used the word "appalling" with reference to the budget. It was my suggestion that the Board of Aldermen justify its cost of $500,000 a year and question the city officials who were making the increase necessary. My fellow members smiled. Then they swiftly voted in favor of the appropriations as they stood and joked with me in comradely fashion as the meeting adjourned.

IV

For years the Board of Aldermen has been an object for ridicule. Formerly the members were paid only $2,000 a year, and the job was taken seriously by no one. When recently, however, the state constitution was amended to give the city greater control over its affairs, the Board became a branch of the City's Municipal Assembly. Everyone said this meant new life for the aldermen. But in legislation, as in its function of curbing extravagance, the members are invariably "yes men" for higher politicians. Even though they are now well paid they are insignificant figures. The newspaper reporters assigned to the City Hall pay very little attention to what they do or say.

Due to my peculiar position as first woman member, I have, like the first Channel swimmer, the first female bandit, or the first woman policeman, received a good deal of attention in the newspapers. Already, to my sorrow, I am becoming a commonplace (if not a common scold). The newspaper men pay less and less attention to what I have to say. But my shock at the casual endorsement of the $475,000,000 budget, expressed in a speech which I made with considerable nervousness, seemed to interest the reporters. The news association wires, to my surprise, carried brief extracts from it. Friends in various parts of the country began to mail me clippings containing flattering editorial comment. Women began to write in saying I had discovered "woman's place in politics." It was the duty of women, they said, to "curb extravagance." They asked me for details of my budget investigation so that they might prepare papers to be read before their clubs. Men, said the ladies who wrote to me, have shown themselves inefficient at the business of keeping down the costs of running the municipal house. They were bad housekeepers. It was time for the ladies to step in!

I read all these well-meant communi-

cations with mixed emotions. For, I repeat, I dislike the theory that women have a different role to play in public life than have men. But I could not dismiss the thought that there was much in what they said. I have known, at various times and in various places, a good many housewives; most of them good ones. I run a house myself and I think that I do it with some efficiency. Supposing I were to increase my budget year after year—and never investigate to see whether I was getting value for the money? Supposing I were annually to increase the salaries of my cook and housemaid without regard to their eligibility for more money?

I can easily imagine an alderman patting himself on the back and beaming with pleasure because he had been able to create a job for a friend; possibly a janitor's job when there was no need for additional janitorial service. But suppose I were to hire another maid every time I wanted to do a friend of mine a favor, what would happen to my own small budget? What would my husband, as taxpayer-in-chief, remark at a hastily arranged hearing? There are many parallels between running a house and running a city government. It is just possible that it *is* a woman's job to pull the purse strings a little tighter.

I am well aware that political machines operate on patronage. I know, too, that Tammany Hall is strong because it is a great social-welfare organization. If a poor man in the district needs coal or food or a doctor the district leader attends to his plight. If the rent is overdue the leader does what he can to raise the money or to persuade the landlord to be reasonable. It *pays* to be loyal to Tammany Hall.

Just as an experiment, when I first became an alderman, I investigated two "voters" who appealed to me for assistance. They were not, as a matter of fact, in my district—which made the matter slightly laughable. But I sent each small sums of money, so that their rent bills could be met. I'm utterly amazed at their loyalty to me. Constantly I get letters from them telling me of a hint of graft in one department, of inefficiency in another. Both, apparently, are close to the civic machine.

I have made the statement—the newspapers called it a "charge" that $50,000,000 could have been saved during the current year without in any way slowing up the civic machine. Most of it, incidentally, would have been in small amounts. The New York Board of Aldermen opened their mouths, closed their eyes, and swallowed what the "higher-ups" handed them. What did they swallow? Perhaps, because in other cities the situation may be very similar, it will be of value to enumerate some of the items. I make no claim, as I say, to have mastered all the ramifications of the budget. I don't pretend to have done anything but scratch the surface. But even the most superficial study reveals waste and extravagance on an unheard-of scale. The city fathers have been taking their political children to a theater party and have been throwing in all the delightful features of dinner, best seats, and a visit to the night clubs. I am inclined to suspect that the fathers of other municipalities are just as extravagant.

Details are a bore. I shall give only a few. I found in going over the budget that many new jobs had been created for which there seemed to be no need. Salaries had been raised, in some instances, beyond the prevailing rates paid in private business circles. Ridiculous extravagances abounded. The secretary to the Board of Estimate, for example, was given $6,500 more for contingencies than he requested. Why? The city bill drafting expert was awarded a salary of $10,000 a year when the official who does similar but more arduous work for the state legislature receives but $6,500. He was handed three assistants for the light duties that fall upon his shoulders. Why? Two employees were added to the staff of the City Chamberlain, an office costing

$100,000 a year and which, according to at least one former incumbent, might be abolished entirely without inconvenience. Chauffeurs in one city department were scheduled to be paid $1,620 a year to drive $600 Fords! Why cannot the officials using these Fords learn to drive themselves? Why does the Sheriff of the smallest county have two automobiles and two chauffeurs when the Sheriffs in the other four counties stagger along with one car and chauffeur each?

The "motorization" of New York's officialdom would be ludicrous if it were not so serious. The city's chief financial officer has estimated that $1,175,161 has been spent for 1,129 automobiles and that it costs $3,000,000 and more a year to operate them. Every department head has, if I am not mistaken, at least one car for his personal use. He also has a chauffeur. Why he needs a car I can't imagine. With few exceptions, city officials are supposed to work at their desks. Why should they have big, shiny motors to bring them to work and take them home while the taxpayers, who meet the bills, pack themselves into the subway? It is common knowledge that most of the officials permit their wives and children (perhaps in the latter cases for the often discussed jazz parties) to use these machines. Even the Captain of Industry does not provide motors to take his subordinates to and from work.

Probably the biggest joke of all is the municipal taxicab service. Just which city officials deign to use these taxis is a mystery. They must be very obscure and unimportant, for all the rest have their private motors. They are not attractive, the city cabs. Most of them are ancient Fords that rattle and squeak. Yet they cost fifty cents a mile to operate! Anyone can get a superlatively better cab on the streets, smooth running and swift, for twenty cents a mile. Why the excessive cost of the city taxis?

So it goes. A new telephone operator is installed in the Mayor's office at $1,800 a year, a new assistant Corporation Counsel created at $7,500. A raft of new clerks are provided for the Law Department and five new caretakers for the city morgue at $1,128 each. Are these jobs for the faithful—for "Deserving Democrats"? The 1927 budget provides $100,000 for vacuum cleaners for the Department of Street Cleaning. No request was made for them. They were rejected by city examiners in preliminary tests. Who is selling them to the city? There is a new job in the Department of Education for which a $7,500 salary has been fixed. The mysterious powers behind the budget have not even given it a title. Who is to get this plum?

It is clearly the duty of the Board of Aldermen to delve into all these matters, to scrutinize the budget to the minutest detail. It can summon department heads and demand that they justify some of the fantastic items. It can reduce, cut, and slash right and left. It can save millions of dollars a year. I am making no accusations of graft or dishonesty. All I am saying is that the City of New York is run on a slipshod basis and that my friends on the Aldermanic Board are worthless as far as economy, at least, is concerned. The general public has no way of knowing what is going on; it has not the time to make effective protest even if it did know. This is, theoretically, the duty of the aldermen. Instead, they think constantly of creating new positions, of raising salaries, of spending more money. As housekeepers they are simply terrible.

Would women be better than men? I don't know. I am inclined to think that they would, at least at first and before they saw the value of building a political machine and keeping it moving with patronage. Possibly the solution lies in a new form of check and balance. Perhaps municipalities should be managed by two bodies, one feminine and the other masculine. Maybe each would act to prevent extravagance on the part of the other. I doubt it, however. And I am pretty certain that the idea will please no one.

SINGING-WOMAN

A STORY

BY ADA JACK CARVER

LITTLE by little the Joyous Coast was changing.

The old rutted dirt road that fringed the Cane had been abandoned. The highway cut through the swamps and marshy lands and fields full of corn and refused to follow the whim of the river. It seemed to old Henriette relentless and terrible. It even plowed its way through people's dooryards, rooting up ancient landmarks: oaks and chinas and gnarled crepe-myrtles, their branches bowed to the earth with bloom —trees under which Henriette in her day had been courted and won.

Isle Brevelle, where the French mulattoes live, is not lonely and strange as is an island lost in the sea. With the river curving about it, it is like a maid in the arms of a lover who woos her forever: "*Lie still, Adored One. Are my arms not around you? Do you not feel the beat of my heart? Behold the gifts I have brought, the fruit and the flowers I lay at your feet. You are round and shining like the sun, more beautiful than the day—*"

The young people on Isle Brevelle liked the changing order, the feeling of unrest and impatience. Now, in the long summer evenings they could get in cars and go to town, to see the sights; or take in the colored picture-show up on the hill. "*Mais non*, we don't speak to them niggers," they assured old Henriette. "We don't have nothing to do with them black folks."

But all this saddened Henriette. For generations now her people had guarded the blood in their veins. Ignored by the whites, ignoring and scorning the blacks, they had kept themselves to themselves. But now there was change all about them. Something was in the air. . . . In her black spreading skirts, with her black kerchief about her head, Henriette sat on the gallery and watched the gravelled road that was straight and white and went on and on, taking the young folks with it. . . . People didn't die, either, like they used to do, properly in their beds, with time to receive the sacrament and be shrived for their sins. They died just any and everywhere, bumped off by trains or the automobiles that plowed by on the highway. No wonder the buryings were often hurried, unworthy affairs, without bell or book; to say nothing of singing-woman!

Henriette and her crony, fat old Josephine Remon, were the only singing-women left on Isle Brevelle. Time was when a singing-woman was as necessary as a priest, when no one who was anything could be buried without a professional mourner. In those days Henriette and Josephine were looked up to and respected: the place of honor at table, the best seat by the fireside, the most desirable pew in the church. Finally, instead of being sought after, a wailing-woman had to offer her services. Nowadays people seemed to have lost the fear, the dignity of death.

It was the same way with midwifery. Young women nowadays engaged trained nurses, or went to town to the hospitals to have their babies. Nowadays people didn't care *how* they died or were born.

They just came in and went out of the world, any old way. . . . All this troubled Henriette, and she sat in her corner and mumbled and grumbled to God about it, "Look like nothing ain't right, not what it used to be—"

It had been nearly ten years now since Henriette had wailed for a funeral. Josephine had had the last one, when old Madame Rivet died, six years ago. That made ninety-eight for Josephine and ninety-nine for herself. She was one funeral ahead. How proud she was of her record! She, Henriette, had sung for more buryings than any singing-woman in the parish. Of course old Josephine ran her a mighty close second. Henriette kept an account of her own and Josephine's funerals, in a little black memorandum-book locked up in her armoire. On one page was her own name, Henriette; and underneath it ninety-nine crosses in neat little rows of five. On the opposite page was Josephine's name, and beneath it ninety-eight crosses, in neat little rows of five. Well, they had served Death long and faithfully, she and Josephine; where Death had gone they had followed. . . . Time was, when, as a special treat, Henriette would take out her funeral-book and name the crosses: "This one was Marie Lombard, and this one Celeste, her daughter. Here was Henri, what died the time the cholera come, in 1860."

Now no one ever thought of Henriette's funeral-book. Six years, since Madame Rivet died, it had lain in her armoire. Sometimes she wondered sadly if she would ever wail again. For on Isle Brevelle there was but one person left who, when he died, would want a wailing-woman. This person was Toni Philbert, the only soul on Isle Brevelle older than Henriette. Toni and Henriette and Josephine had been young folks together. Now it had got to be a sort of game between the two women as to who would get Toni when Toni died. "If I get Toni," Henriette would say, "me, I'll have two more crosses than you. I'll have a hundred—" And Josephine, sitting fat in her chair, would chuckle, "*Mais non*, and if I get him, we'll be even, Etta, my friend."

Toni himself, an old, old man, sans teeth, sans everything, was pleased with the fuss they made over him. Sometimes he would joke with them when he met them at church. "Well, well, old uns. I'm here yet. Hee! Hee! I'll outlive both you girls. Just wait—me, I show you!"

The days on Isle Brevelle were long and filled with the drowsy chatter of ducks and fat red hens. Henriette's prayers for those in purgatory took up part of the time. But a person can't pray forever! Nothing to do but sit and think of the past, and of death and dying. Henriette had always, even when a child, known something lovely and secret about death. What it was she could not have told; but her knowledge made her a good wailing-woman. She minded the time, long ago, when the husband of Rose, Toni's daughter, died and left Rose a widow. Such a pretty slip of a thing and so white in her sorrow! Henriette had of course done her duty to the dead; she had wailed and sung and beat the earth: "*Under a tree by the river I saw them digging a young grave. Stricken one, desired of Heaven, your eyes that will not look at me—what do they see? How long before I can go to you, as I used to go? . . . down by the water where the reeds are singing. . . .*" But after the funeral (Mother forgive her!), she had gone back to comfort Rose, and unsay all she had said. "Look, Rose, honey, don't take on so. A girl as fresh and sweet as you! Look, he is happy. And the world is full of lovers—" At Rose's door grew the lily called "widow's tear"—"widow's tear" because the drop of dew in its heart dries so quickly when the broad, warm sun comes out. . . .

Well, who should know more about death than she, Henriette . . . she who had buried three husbands?

Sometimes when the weather was fine, and the sun not too hot or too

bright, old Henriette would put on a clean "josie," and take her stick and hobble down to Josephine's house to sit and talk of old times. She would get one of her grandchildren to help her down in the ditch, beside the highroad, where she insisted on walking to avoid the automobiles. When there had been rain Henriette got her feet all wet and muddy, down in the ditch that way. When the weather was dry the automobiles, shrieking by, sprayed her from head to foot with a fine white dust. Sometimes she got into nettles, or cockle-burs, or ants. And once a rattlesnake had glided across her path. Her grandchildren, who loved her, were dismayed and indignant. "Ain't you 'shame, gran'mama, walking down in the ditch! How come you don't let us take you to Josephine's in the car?" But Henriette was afraid of cars. "It ain't far. I ruther walk."

Josephine was always glad to see her. She would grunt and grumble and fetch out another shuck-bottomed chair. Then Josephine would make coffee. Josephine was rich. She owned her house and a little store that her son-in-law managed; and her married children lived with her, not she with them. She was very, very fat, what with easy living. How the two old women would gossip, the pleasant air stirred with their palmetto fans. Now in "American," now in French; talk, talk, talk, talk. "Ain't your tongues ever run down?" Josephine's daughters-in-law would ask, laughing but respectful.

What grand living and dying there used to be, back in steamboat days! It was like recalling a wedding festival or a Mardi Gras to look back to the yellow-fever scare of 1890. A funeral every day, and sometimes two. She and Josephine had had their hands full. . . . Shucks! the land was too healthy now, what with draining the swamps and such. The people were getting too uppity, outwitting death like that. Good thing after all that the automobiles bumped some of them off, else they never would quit the earth. What if some day folks should rise up and simply refuse to die! Well, what would God the Father have to say about that?

Sometimes Henriette and Josephine would crack mild little jokes, slapping at the flies with their untiring fans. "I seen Toni last week, at the church. He's looking feeble." "*Mais non!*" (a cackle) "He ain't here for long." Sometimes a shrill and sudden chorus of locusts swelled out of Josephine's trees, and was gone. A sure sign of death. And the two old women would cross themselves. "I wonder who it is *this* time!"

But after all, what did it matter? Some young fool or other run down by an automobile. Some boy shot at the dance-hall, over some girl. Whoever it was wouldn't want *them*. The only person on Isle Brevelle who would want a singing-woman was Toni, old Toni Philbert, who for nearly twenty years had had one foot in the grave. Looked like he meant to hang on to the earth forever and ever, amen. He had always been like that, a lover of life and living. Hey-law! What a lad old Toni used to be! . . . What a way with the girls!

It was on a sultry August day that Toni Philbert had a stroke. Henriette's grandson came in and told her about it. "I hear tell down at the store that Toni is mighty low. He can't last very long, they tell me."

Henriette was excited. So Toni was sick, very low! She gulped down some coffee and got her stick, and set out for Josephine's house, walking down in the ditch. She was so heavy with news she could scarcely breathe. So Toni was on his deathbed. . . . Thoughts of Toni came to her from the long-ago years. . . . The August sun was veiled in a mist from the river. Already the cottonwoods were changing color, and the goldenrod was in bloom. Henriette crowded close, into the dusty bushes, as an automobile flashed past above her on the highroad. So Toni was dying! Well, sometimes she might forget how many grandchildren she had; sometimes she

forgot her age, or what year it was, this and that. But she would never forget the time that Toni had kissed her, nor the dress she had worn when he did it, long, long ago. Little enough she had thought of death or singing for death in those days, sitting under the trees by the river in a pink-sprigged challis. What a gallant, insolent lad he had been, old Toni! Of course he had kissed every girl on the island. But hers was a sort of a special kiss, she had always felt. She was a slim, pretty, green-eyed thing, just turned seventeen. . . . Old Henriette groped along, catching against the bushes and the tumble-weeds at her feet. That was in 1852, long 'fore the war. . . . Old Henriette had warts on her cheeks. "Frogs put 'em there," she sometimes croaked to curious children. "Toadfrogs, out in the swamp." But in those days, when Toni had kissed her, her cheeks were yellow and smooth. Toni had led her down to the river to look at herself. "A minute ago, Henriette, your face was a yellow lily. And now—look!—it's a rose!"

Ah, well, poor Toni was dying! Which one would he want to sing for him, herself or old Josephine? Henriette wondered if Josephine had had any "news." . . . She stopped, heavy with fear. Suppose Josephine had been "asked"? She began to hurry a little. . . . Heylaw! Who was that a-coming, a-coming through the weeds? She screwed up her eyes and peered. It was Josephine, hobbling along down in the ditch, so fat she could scarcely wobble.

The two old women began screeching at each other when they were yet a great way off, and waving their palmetto fans. "Toni, he's very sick! They say that this is the end!" They found a nice spot by the roadside, among the weeds and overgrown summer flowers. It took them a minute or two to get settled. How Josephine grunted and took on, trying to sit! How her hips spread all over the place! Well, Henriette was glad she was thin, and could get about some. . . . Butter-and-eggs and jimpson weed grew all around them, giving off rank summer odors. A giant cottonwood reached its arms between them and the sun. . . . "Is you heard from Toni yet?" Henriette asked, all a-tremble. And Josephine said, "No. Is you?"

Just so, when they were young, they had sat and talked of Toni. "Is you heard from Toni yet?" What a boy he had been for love! . . . Love? Death, the enchantress, was after him now. "If *I* get him," Henriette cackled, "I'll have two more than you." And Josephine laughed, sitting fat in the weeds till their purple juice squashed on her clothes. "*Mais non!* And if *I* get him, we'll be even, Etta, my friend."

A week went by, and another; and it began to look as if old Toni didn't mean to die after all. It was just like Toni to keep death waiting, to flirt with death like that. He always was a tease: "*Well, my beauty, my proud one—all in good time. Don't chafe and paw at the bit.* . . ." And not a word had Toni said about getting a wailing-woman! That was just like Toni, too, keeping everyone guessing up to the last.

Every night now Henriette got out her funeral-book: ninety-nine crosses for herself. A record any singing-woman might be proud of! If only she could get one more, to round out her final five! If only she could get Toni. How she would crow over Josephine then: "Me, I got one hundred crosses. One hundred funerals I've sung for—"

One night in early September Henriette, sleepless, lay in her bed. Against her window the trees, uneasy with autumn, pushed and drew away, sighing a little. The moon was up, looking drunken and sodden. It was very warm—good funeral-weather, Henriette thought; a fine night for death, with cape-jessamine still in bloom and baby owls in the trees. Henriette loved hoot-owls. She felt they were kin to her, sisters under the skin. They plied the same trade, she and they. She loved owls and bats and all web-footed creatures, things that live in a green underworld. There were sounds on the

highway, the chugging of cars; and into her window flashed the light from an automobile; it sought out the Virgin Mary, wheeled through the room and was gone. Up and down the roads they went, the automobiles full of young folks—clatter-chug, clatter-chug!— past the unnoticed glory of river and moon and swamp. How little they considered death, the boys and girls on the highway!

The sickly moon went out; and there was lightning in the south. That meant the rain was 'way off, hiding in week after next. . . . Henriette arose very stealthily and crept outdoors to sit on the gallery, where it was cooler. Maybe right now old Toni was dying. . . . Once while she was sitting there her grandson came and poked his head out the door. "You better come to bed, gran'mammy. You'll catch cold out there in your nightclothes." But she shook her head and mumbled, "Let me be." She began to sing, very low, "*He will die, my beloved, my friend, when the good round fruit is ripe; when the time of courting is at an end; when the fields are bare, and the sky is black with the low, long cry of the heron*—"

Two weeks later old Toni passed away. And Toni's son came to bid Henriette to the funeral: "Papa, he told us to get you. The funeral's to-morrow at ten."

Henriette, who had moped long ago whenever Toni went off to town, could not shed a tear now he was dead. She was so excited she could scarcely speak; she could scarcely put on her clothes. "Come help me fasten my josie!" she called to her children. . . . So he had wanted *her* after all, poor old Toni. She had her grandson help her down in the ditch. "Granny!" her grandchildren cried, shocked. "It rained cats and dogs last night. For shame, a old lady like you, walking down in the ditches."

But they couldn't do anything with her. She couldn't rest, she said, until she had seen Josephine. "I must go tell Josie," she said. "Poor old Josie—"

When Henriette neared Josephine's house she began to cackle, her voice like a reed. But Josephine, sitting in her chair, cut her short. "I done heard a'ready. You needn't bother to tell me. . . . Well, me, I'm glad for you, Etta."

Old Josephine sat heavily in her chair, sagging over. How fat and sloppy she looked! And Henriette wondered what memories passed behind her lidless old eyes. . . . Presently Josephine got up and went and made some coffee. "One hundred for you," she muttered, "and ninety-eight for me. Well—" To-day old Josephine laced the coffee with anisette, peering at Henriette disapprovingly. "You'll need your strength," she said, gruffly, deep in her throat. "Getting your feet all wet that-a-way. You ought to be 'shame, at your age."

But Henriette smiled. She knew Josephine was trying to dull her own disappointment; she knew that Josephine was low in her mind. Henriette drank of the hot, fragrant coffee. On either side of Josephine's steps the bunched-up rosettes of the altheas were very pink in the sunshine; and the red yucca shook out its pretty, globular, rain-filled bells. . . . Henriette didn't stay very long. "I got lots to do. I got to be up bright and early," she said.

But in the morning when Henriette awakened she found that something terrible had happened to her voice. It was gone; she could not speak. Her grandchildren crowded about her bed, concerned and anxious—an old woman is frail as glass! "You see what we told you, gran'mammy! You got no call yesterday, getting het up and excited just because old Toni is dead and they want you to sing for his funeral. And didn't we tell you stay out that ditch? Walking around in water, just like a duck, at your age."

They scolded and fussed and fumed and put warm flannels on her throat. They gave her a toddy. But it did no good. Her throat hurt, and when she opened her mouth she croaked like a frog—she who in her wailing had had as

many stops to her voice as a sounding organ. . . . "Poor gran'mammy," her children said. "Now she can't sing. And Josephine'll have to go and wail for old Toni's funeral." Henriette lay and moaned a little. If she could only cry as children cry, in her disappointment. But the tears wouldn't come. They had all dried up long ago.

At dusk the family returned from the burying. But out of respect for her feelings, as Henriette knew, they forbore to talk of the funeral and of how nice Josephine had sung and "carried on." They merely said, "Josephine was so fat they had to hold her, to keep her from tumbling down in the grave." But when she thought no one was looking Henriette took her funeral-book from under her pillow and made a cross-mark under Josephine's name. Now they were even. Her old hands shook and one yellow tear rolled out of one eye. "Poor gran'mama," her children said, in whispers. "Poor old granny—"

Sleep did not come to Henriette until nearly daybreak. It began to rain about midnight, a steady rain, long and full of the secrets of autumn. And Henriette lay in her bed and thought about death, and dying. She thought about her grandchildren, how good they were. Somehow she always felt sorriest for young people when anyone died. Not for little children, or the very old; but the ones in between. The ones between eighteen and forty, say. They took it hardest. How terrible death was to them, how *everlasting!* If only they could know what *she* knew, she and the little children. . . . Of course she wailed and carried on; that was her business, her calling. But how often, right in the midst of a funeral, even as she stood and gazed in the grave, she had longed to go and whisper to youth's white, impassioned grief, "There, there, *chère*. . . don't sorrow so hard. Me, I know. I tell you, I *know*." But what she knew she could not have said. . . . Henriette stirred in her bed, sought a new place for her pillow. How often she had longed to say to some bereft mother, she who had buried six, "Do not grieve overmuch, little mammy. He is not here. See! He is dragging a little tin can for a train, across the white courts of Heaven."

Henriette slept, and after a time a bell tolled in her dreaming. It awakened her. A gray light had come into the room, and the rain was gone. Well, and who could be dead? Somebody old and rich was dead, the bell had been tolling so long. The light about her bed grew brighter, and the ceiling shone with rose. She dozed again; but when she again awakened the bell was still tolling. . . . It must be an old person dead.

Suddenly Henriette became aware of a flow, a movement in the house. The windows rattled; a door was opened somewhere and shut. And then there was a swishing of skirts, a running of feet. Her grandchildren! They crowded about her bed, three-deep, tense and excited. The cheeks of the littlest ones glowed, the way they did when there was bad news to be broken; when the sugar was out, or the cat had fallen down in the cistern. "Granny, what you think is happen? Old lady Josephine's gone!" . . . They crowded closer, to see how Henriette "took it." "Poor Josephine, she got sick in the night and she passed away early this morning."

Henriette sat up against her pillow, blinking. She looked like the kind of old woman children make out of their knuckles, with black-headed pins for eyes. And now the older ones, her daughters, stole into the room on their tiptoes. They took her hands. "How you feel gran'mammy? Is your throat all right? Well, they've done sent for you, honey. They said Josephine asked for you in the night, to come and sing for her funeral. . . . Well, *le bon Dieu* is love you, sho', mammy."

All day her children were busy, getting Henriette ready: her best alpaca cleaned and pressed; her mourning-veil laid out, her gloves and her shoes. Shiny and speckless they must be, to

follow the honored dead. "Mammy," her daughters said, "you stay in bed and rest, so your voice will be good to-morrow." They were nice daughters; they were trying to make her feel prideful again. . . . All day long Henriette lay and gazed out at the white gravelled road, stretching away, on past Josephine's house. Looked like she could see Josephine, sitting there on her gallery, the fat running over!

Well, she would miss Josephine, her old crony. Toni and Josie both gone. It would be queer, a sort of joke, wailing for Josephine's funeral. It would be like singing beside her own grave.

The next morning, at the first peep of day, her children came in to help her. "How you feel, gran'mammy?" They looked at her and shook their heads. She was so thin and so old. With her friends all gone she seemed like something from some other life. . . . "Well, we won't have mammy much longer," they said. They crowded about her, solicitous.

Old Henriette sat up in bed. "Fetch me my specs," she grumbled.

They brought her specs, her false teeth, her rosary, and her snake-oil. They washed her feet and rubbed them, and helped her to dress. With her mourning-veil on she looked like a little black bride. And when she was dressed and ready they brought her the funeral-book. "Now, mammy, look! Mark it down—one hundred funerals. You've sung for more buryings than anyone else in the parish."

But Henriette stared at the funeral-book; she seemed mad about something, offended. "Don't meddle so much," she cackled. "You wait till I come home from Josephine's funeral."

She set out in the ditch, holding tight to her little black bag and her glasses. The grandchildren, who were to go on in the car, stood and watched her sorrowfully. Once she turned back and waved. . . . She was so little, so little and thin, so *perverse!* She hobbled along in the ditch. Her funeral shoes felt stiff and heavy, and caught in the Queen Anne's lace; and whenever an automobile thundered by on the highway, Henriette, terrified, put her hands to her ears. . . . Once, half fainting, she stopped and clutched at the branch of a cottonwood tree. And a loneliness passed over her, a loneliness and a heartache. . . . "Josie," she called, hopelessly, "Josie . . . I'm a-coming—"

But when she got to the turn of the road where the willows grew, she faltered, distressed and alarmed. She could go no farther down in the ditch. A freshet poured from a hole in the side of the road, and the ditch in front of her was flooded with water. The black water boiled and licked at her feet, treacherous and angry; and Henriette shrank and backed away. For a moment she stood, trembling, uncertain; and she stared at the road above her that stretched away in the sunlight, on past Josephine's house. Then, tottering and dizzy and sick with fright, she pulled herself up the embankment, and with her face turned toward Josephine's house, began to hobble along on the highway.

"Josie—" she whispered; and a numbness, a darkness took hold of her, "Josie . . . I mind as how after all, my friend, you and me ull quit even—"

THE CATFISH AMONG THE COD

ONCE MORE MR. LLOYD GEORGE PUZZLES ENGLAND

BY H. N. BRAILSFORD

BRITISH politics are passing through a phase which tempts the spectator to guess. The game is the more enthralling because it is played round two personalities who make, in different ways, their appeal to our craving for romance. Neither of these two is an Englishman, but in the impact of their Celtic temperaments upon the stolid mass of English human nature they reveal our peculiarities as surely as their own. Under a typically English Prime Minister like Mr. Baldwin we live at home with ourselves. We shall do nothing unusual while his reign lasts. He does not thrill our nerves. He does not touch our emotions. His friends would use of him a word from the schoolboy's vocabulary. He is that rare but by no means exciting figure, a "decent" politician. His opponents would damn him with no adjective more disparaging than "well-meaning." English he is in the habitual under-emphasis of his language, English in the tolerance which avoids even the customary banter of platform oratory, and English above all in his persevering, but pedestrian idealism. It in no way disturbs us. And why should it? It ranges no higher than "industrial peace." This kindly and familiar figure is liked and trusted, largely because he permits us to be ourselves. Under his leadership we lounge through our politics in Anglo-Saxon attitudes.

English politics are apt to become interesting and incalculable when some alien temperament, preferably a Celt, enlivens the scene. What "Dizzy" was in our fathers' day, Mr. Lloyd George is in ours. He amuses us; we feel in his presence the exhilaration of watching a finished artist; he may excite us to the point of taking or, at least, of contemplating action which far outpaces our habitual moderation. But for this gift of disturbing our nerves and rousing us to an unwonted exercise of the imagination he pays more than the usual penalty. His versatility arouses in duller natures first distrust, then irritation, and finally an unyielding and obstinate hostility, which may become an imperious passion. The mass of men is more tolerant. It cannot be angry with a performer who never fails to amuse it. It continues to applaud the grace and daring of the gymnastic display. But it has been inoculated against the more ruinous consequences of Celtic charm: it no longer abandons itself to the early intoxication; the witchcraft can still please, but the spell no longer binds. In the long run a nation will be itself. It may leap, in the first years of perilous enthusiasm, to welcome a leader who is by blood and tradition and even by speech, a strange and un-English apparition, but it cannot forever sustain the fatigue which his inspirations cause it. Accusing Mr. Lloyd George of inconstancy, it is itself the fickle follower, and turns from its idol that it may resume its own pedestrian course on the familiar turnpike road.

The other Celt who plays a leading part in this English scene is a more com-

plex personality. Mr. Ramsay MacDonald is a Highlander who has been formed by a Lowland tradition. Nature made him a Celt; education has labored with partial success to undo her own work. To nature he owes the rich gifts which have made his personality so unusual that he has no possible competitor in the task of leading the Labor Party. She gave him the handsome features, the well-made frame, and the capacity for enduring both physical and mental fatigue. Above all, she gave him the powerful yet musical voice which can command the biggest, and delight the most critical audience. But she gave him more than this: she gave him the artist's temperament which reveals itself in his oratory by its skilful use of verbal color, and still more by its management of the flexible voice to heighten its appeal. Nature, in short, made him a commanding figure, and to this first gift she added a discreet suggestion of romance. When he rises in the House of Commons, his physical distinction compels attention. On a public platform the effect is bigger and more moving. He may lack the grace and humor of Mr. Lloyd George; his power is something more than the slight thing one calls charm, but in its impetus, as in its capacity to touch sudden depths of feeling, it is an emotional endowment: it works like romance; it is Celtic fire. But the Scottish Celt, unless he comes from the inaccessible islands, has been schooled for centuries in a religious and social discipline dictated by a Germanic race. His is not the emotional religion of Welsh Nonconformity; it is a reasoned system of firm morality and rigid belief. It has subjected the wayward impulses of the Celtic temperament to a training in caution which has taught it to stand perpetually on the defensive.

Both these leaders are by instinct and experience tacticians. But tactics mean for Mr. Lloyd George the art of advance; for Mr. MacDonald they mean the patience which waits for the enemy's mistake, and plans the stroke which turns it to advantage. At the head of the Middle Party, Mr. Lloyd George has the daring and invention which would make him a great captain of cavalry on the revolutionary Left Wing. At the head of the Left in British politics, Mr. MacDonald has developed a patience and an opportunism which would make him an ideal leader for the trenches of a somewhat conservative Center.

II

There are in this misfit between temperament and environment the makings of an intriguing comedy. Neither of these Celtic leaders was cast by nature for the part which he has to play. Mr. George, nervous and alert, finds himself at the head of a fatigued and dwindling Party. Mr. MacDonald, on the other hand, trudges, not too happily, behind a Party which moves rather faster than his own ambitions. It is an unstable position, and before it is adjusted the two men must be brought into conjunctions that make drama. Mr. George is the artist with a personality to dispose of. It is his asset and at the same time his handicap. Every group and every party knows him for the unique force that he is. While he speaks nothing lives in men's minds but his quips and his purple passages, his stinging thrusts and his imaginative audacities. He may lose his party; it may seem that he can never again hold office; and yet if two men start discussing in a club "What will L.G. do next?" they will soon have a crowd round them. This expectation of the unexpected makes him at once the most interesting and, for his gifts, the least effective force in politics. For always, sooner or later, his dazzling improvisations end by driving most of those who have worked closely with him into a resolve that they will never trust him again. It is not easy to understand why his sedate colleagues of the Liberal "Shadow Cabinet" decided last autumn to cast him off forever. He had argued for peace by negotiation during the

General Strike. He had even rebuked Mr. Churchill for suppressing the Archbishop of Canterbury's plea for peace. There spoke the authentic Liberal of his early days; but the tone frightened Lord Oxford and Lord Grey.

Was it that these elderly men, living at leisure in a closed world of wealth, had totally forgotten the impulses of their own Liberal youth and the feelings of the rank and file who used to follow them? Or was it, perhaps, that they perceived the tactical direction of Mr. George's moves? They could not ignore the symptoms which indicate that Mr. George is moving very rapidly to the Left. He had produced a land program based, in its first and more logical draft, on the bold proposal to acquire, at one swoop, the whole of the agricultural land of our island as national property. He then resisted during the General Strike the temptation to make common cause with the Government, and hung upon its flank with disturbing proposals and sharp attacks. He intervened again and again in the coal dispute, and when he spoke, he was the most formidable of the Government's critics. He went out of his way to court the gratitude of the miners, by backing their appeal for funds in the United States. The rumor (which happens to be well founded) circulated that he was considering an invitation to visit Russia. And, finally, in language much hotter and more spontaneous than any which the leaders of the Labor Party had used, he assailed British Imperialism in China and pleaded the cause of the Cantonese Nationalists.

In all these moves he seemed to be announcing that the young man had come to life again who used to pursue our landed class with furious and contemptuous invective—the knight errant who braved our patriotic mobs, a quarter of a century ago, in his unbending opposition to the Boer War. If he had staged a public funeral to bury the middle-aged and Right Honorable gentleman who had allied himself with the Tories for the purpose of hanging the Kaiser, he could hardly have advertised his moral rejuvenescence more plainly. Here certainly was a difficult problem for the elderly Whigs. With infinite pain they had first of all managed to forgive the infidelities of his long association with the Tory Party in the detested Coalition. And now they must forgive the resurrection of the insurgent of the Left, who in the old days used to force their hands in domestic policy, and oppose their conception of a "Liberal" Imperialism. It was too much for them. But it can hardly have escaped their notice that all of these activities implied a certain discreet rivalry with the Labor Leader. Mr. MacDonald had been embarrassed and ineffective during the General Strike, of which in his own mind he strongly disapproved. He was on bad terms with the miners' leaders, and had hesitated to appeal to America, until Mr. George forced his hand. And again, though Labor had long had a very interesting unofficial policy for agriculture, it was only after Mr. George led the way that the Party and its leader openly espoused it. Was it Mr. George's impish purpose to suggest that he leads and others follow, and to awaken wistful comparisons in the breasts of Mr. MacDonald's followers?

The result of Mr. George's forward policy was startling. Lord Oxford resigned the leadership, while Lord Grey, at a public dinner which most of the former Liberal Ministers attended, withdrew from any co-operation with Mr. George. An amusing interlude was going on meanwhile within the official organization of the Liberal Party. His personality was not Mr. George's only asset. When he withdrew from the Coalition he carried off with him a private war-chest of a million pounds, which by prudent investment, so gossip declares, has since been doubled. There is little mystery about the origin of this money; Mr. George presumably used his opportunities as Prime Minister to sell "honors" with a jolly cynicism which no Anglo Saxon could ever equal. For years

"the honors" descended in a kindly rain upon the just and the unjust, and a recognized tariff fixed the prices which dubious persons must pay for a peerage or a knighthood. The accumulation of this fund has been the occasion of much malicious wit among Liberals. But on the whole, when Mr. George offered to make over this money "without conditions" to their party, few of them were disposed to recollect the smell which their nostrils had formerly detected. There were, however, important exceptions, including several of the more influential officials of the party organization. They must now withdraw; and subtle persons do not fail to point out that their enforced departure is in effect a "condition." The capital of the fund remains in Mr. George's control; the interest he hands over, until the next General Election is fought out, to an organization from which his more steadfast opponents have departed.

As usual in such affairs, Mr. George has played his cards with skill. He has seemed to the outer world generous and good natured, while the grounds of his opponents' hostility have been barely comprehensible. As a result, his rivals in the leadership have effaced themselves; their satellites have vanished; he has bought the party machine and, on the whole, the rank and file applaud initiative and success. He has purged his party and, though he may never be in a position to sell an "honor" again, its financial future is amply, even lavishly, secured. What, then, does the rejuvenated Liberal propose to do with this well-endowed party?

Mr. George is much too shrewd to imagine that it can ever again attain a majority, or become a governing party. It holds its few urban seats only with the aid of Tory votes. In the towns, indeed, it has lost its hold over the working class so completely that the history of the first decade of this century has become almost unintelligible to the younger generation. It is still shedding, to the advantage of each of the other parties, some of its more vigorous personalities—first a Churchill and a MacKenna and then a Mond or a Kenworthy; and what has happened in Parliament is constantly repeated amongst the local leaders in the constituencies. At elections the point has arrived at which the calculating voter hesitates to back a Liberal candidate lest he should "throw his vote away." The Party retains something like its old vitality only in the Celtic fringe, in Wales, in the Highlands of Scotland, and in Cornwall, while of other old-world rural districts, the green oases of industrial England, one can only say that the decay proceeds more slowly than in the bustling towns. Mr. George's calculation quite plainly is, that if he can retain the Celtic fringe and win back some seats in the other rural areas, he will be the captain of a compact little group in the House of Commons. Hence his deep interest in agricultural policy. His group will contain some able professional men. It has at call the services of a few brilliant thinkers like Mr. Keynes and the *Nation* group. It can afford to do valuable research work in promoting progressive policies. It is peculiarly fortunate in its press, for the *Manchester Guardian* is the best daily paper in Europe, while the *Daily News* and the *Daily Chronicle* have large circulations. With the most brilliant and eloquent leader in British politics, a capable staff of intellectuals, a strong press and a bulging war-chest, this little Party, Mr. George reckons, may have a great future if it comes back to the next Parliament with forty votes for auction.

The calculation is characteristic, both in its ingenuity and its short-range vision. What Mr. George proposes is that Liberalism shall become the balancing power in British politics. It seems a poor ambition for a once great party, and, with its suggestion of a perpetual see-saw in policy, it implies small faith in principles. But unquestionably it would mean for the leader immense and lasting influence and a controlling hand over the destinies of the nation. He

might never be in office, but he would always be in power. It is highly probable that the next General Election will result in a narrow balance between Tories and Labor. Neither is likely to attain an absolute majority in the Commons; and in that event with forty, or even fewer votes, Mr. George will be a king-maker who can place either Mr. Baldwin or Mr. MacDonald in office. His marked swing to the Left is meant to indicate his preference. He does not on this occasion desire to place the Tories in power, for the obvious reason that their detestation of the former Coalition is not yet dead within them. But, theoretically at least, that possibility must remain open: it is essential to his bargaining power. He must retain it also for the reason that his ability to dictate policy to Labor will depend on his freedom at any moment to withdraw his support and restore the Tories to office.

This clever tactical conception breaks down when one confronts it with human nature. It breaks down, first of all, because the simple mind of the average elector will reject it with disgust. He understands an alternation in office of two great parties; he will not tolerate a system which must make one party—and that the smallest of the three—the permanent arbiter of the nation's life. He looks on politics as a phase of sport, and this ingenious plan is not "playing the game." The simple man would feel this vaguely in any circumstances; he will feel it acutely when the system works for the advantage of this alien and incalculable invader. It is often said that the Irish won their freedom by the application of these balancing tactics. That is a profound delusion. The balancing device roused such resentment in the breast of the stupider type of English elector that (save for one short interval) it kept the Liberals in the wilderness for twenty years and delayed the liberation of Ireland for more than a generation. Nor was it in fact an easy tactic to apply, for when once the Irish had given their backing to the Liberals they were forced to continue it, and dared not insist on the prompt fulfilment of the tacit bargain.

III

But for other and subtler reasons, the plan is unworkable. It ignores the personal equation of the two Celtic leaders. A very kindly and modest leader, like the late Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman might have worked easily with an ally more brilliant than himself. Mr. MacDonald suffers from a needless form of jealousy which renders him intolerant of any marked capacity, or of any show of independence, within the circle of his supporters. To critics he replies with querulous roughness; but he resents even more bitterly than criticism the promptings of a friend who ventures to suggest any new departure in policy. Mr. George drinks in suggestions at every pore, pillages every mind that he encounters, plays with a new idea each week, and in the end selects those which suit his temperament and his gifts. Mr. MacDonald lacks this genial acquisitiveness. He seems in his personal contacts, above all with his abler colleagues in the Party, to be forever on his guard, fending off the intruder and resisting the bare possibility that he should stoop to receive. He expands only in public or in his dealings with foreigners or with men and women who have neither pretensions nor political ambitions. This unreceptive mind is at the same time by no means fertile in positive and creative initiative. His caution has, indeed, hardened into a dogmatic rejection of any bold attempt to construct. He is a quietist who believes in the inevitable march of history, and feels little impulse to assist the process by deliberate action. He is by temperament a governing man, deeply interested in running the machine, but slow to devise or accept any changes in its structure. Unlike Mr. George, he is a reader and a man of the study. He works with incessant application, but

he cannot delegate, and no one, save the genial Mr. Thomas, has ever discovered how to help him. It is impossible to imagine his working happily, even in loose harness, with Mr. George for as much as one brief month. He would be forever shading his eyes against his brilliance: forever wrapping himself in an impenetrable mantle of pride to resist his charm; perpetually pushing aside the schemes and combinations which this restless colleague would improvise at every consultation. But the odds are that the consultations would be extremely infrequent. It is said of the late Lord Salisbury that in crossing St. James' Park one day he met one of the leading members of his Cabinet, Mr. Walter Long. "Who is that fresh-looking man who seemed to know me?" was his question to his secretary. Mr. MacDonald is a little less Olympian in his aloofness, but I have heard one of the leading members of his Ministry say that during their whole period of office they never once met save at sittings of the Cabinet. An alliance with the Liberal group could not be worked in this way.

But the comedy becomes as complicated as an Elizabethan farce when one considers Mr. George's relations with the Labor Party as a whole. For personal reasons Mr. MacDonald will incline to reject the advances of a too brilliant ally or colleague: what happened to Mr. Asquith is a warning. But on impersonal grounds one supposes that he might incline to welcome Liberal collaboration, if it came in a tactful form. His is a moderate brand of Socialism. He has never acted or spoken on the assumption that class war is inevitable. Not only does he desire a gradual advance to Socialism: he disbelieves in any attempt to plan or hasten the advance. Pacifism is the deepest of his convictions, and his opposition to the Great War is the bravest thing in his record, but he can compromise with Imperialism. His views on India or on Egypt, on China or the Navy do not differ from those of the more enlightened members of the other parties, and he is, on the whole, a believer in "continuity" in foreign policy. Yet with his notable moderation, and his detestation of extremists, the personal factor all but forbids his collaboration with Mr. George.

But if that collaboration were possible, are those leaders of Labor's Right, who would welcome it, reckoning wisely? It is easy to understand why Mr. Philip Snowden, for example, would welcome it. The most disinterested of men, no personal jealousy deflects him. A moderate of the Right, in spite of his consistency and courage, he imagines, I suppose, that Mr. George is fixed in his present views. For the practical purposes of day-to-day policy there may be no insuperable cleavage between Mr. George's present views and those of Labor's Right Wing. And so this section imagines him coming in as a powerful and brilliant reinforcement.

One smiles at this static view of Mr. George. If he remained aloof, in his balancing attitude, associating only with the Liberal middle-class, and addressing only Liberal audiences, the reckoning might not be gravely in error. But that attitude could not endure for long. If the partnership can ever be cemented, it must be an alliance as close as that of Mr. Joseph Chamberlain and the Liberal Unionists with the Conservative Party at the end of last century—an alliance, that is to say, which must end in fusion. Given such an alliance, with a common public platform, and I should risk the prediction that within six months Mr. Lloyd George would be bidding for the leadership of the Socialist Left. Face to face with an audience he develops a sixth sense. Locate it where you will, in his eyelashes or his finger tips, there is in him some nervous structure which enables him to sense what the men on the benches before him expect and desire him to say. I have known him (on an occasion in which I was myself disastrously involved), change his whole policy in the twinkling of an eye, fling

away a completed treaty without a word of warning, and launch out in a wholly new direction because this sixth sense suddenly warned him that his prepared speech would fail with the particular audience which he was addressing. Let him but begin to speak, even as a mere ally, from a Labor Platform, and this uncanny gift would carry him away. He might enter the hall a Liberal, but some electric current generated between his audience and himself would soon be wagging his tongue like a Morse instrument, and he would end with an ardent Socialist peroration. He cannot be easy in a tepid temperature. If he goes in for war it must be to "the knock-out blow"; if he decides for a hard peace he must "hang the Kaiser." And equally, if he marches with Labor, he will not be easy till he leads the van. He chooses his policies as a prima donna selects her roles. Some will bring out his top notes and his richest register: others do not suit his voice. It is not a voice that lingers happily in moderation. One can see him in any part save that of heavy father. He prefers to be the Rupert of debate, and poses gladly as Knight Errant to the under-dogs. That he would do anything very extreme one need not assert; but assuredly he would talk of doing it.

But now comes another complication. Just as Mr. MacDonald (though he belongs to the Right) is bound to reject the overtures of the Liberal Mr. George, so will the Socialist Left repudiate with fury an ally who is bound to gravitate towards them. There are too many albatrosses round this Ancient Mariner's neck—"the knock-out blow," the peace of Versailles, intervention in Russia, the deeds of the Black-and-Tans in Ireland, his dealings when in office with the miners, and his narrow escape from a war with Turkey. Rather than accept his alliance the Left would split the Labor Party. Even if it were to dawn upon them that he would one day join them, they would refuse his aid, from a fear lest he should betray them. And there are some of the older members of the Right who would take the same view of an alliance. Their young manhood was spent in emancipating themselves from the control of Liberalism: even in its decadence they fear it.

I will risk no prediction save that Mr. George's tactic of a detached and balancing alliance must fail. His only chance lies in an association so close as to amount to fusion. Even that seems to me an adventure so difficult that it might daunt even his ingenuity. But he will make the attempt, changing the details of his moves a dozen times, until by skilful and devious ways he nears his goal. If his ambition be to wreck two parties in succession he has a fair chance of succeeding. One thing one may safely prophesy. He will not be dull. He will not be unenterprising. He will end as he began, the catfish among the cod, the Celt among the Saxons, the *perpetuum mobile* in our stagnant and respectable world. He is destined forever to upset the calculations and disturb the equilibrium of sedate men, true only to one purpose—his settled resolve to prevent Englishmen from being calmly themselves.

MODERN COMFORT

BY KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD

A WELL-KNOWN woman novelist published recently an article dealing with the general problem of American domestic extravagance. She drew her analogies very prettily from France. In the end she came, as we all must, to moral issues: she alluded to the familiar fact that "home" is nowadays a place to get away from, and reverted with praise and longing to the abandoned clan life, the regime under which there were always three generations and several casual collaterals inhabiting any given household. She saw, in retrospect, all the sisters, the cousins, and the aunts gathered of an evening round the argand burner. She appealed, in fine, to the ideal of family, of clan interests as opposed to the modern selfish preoccupation, on the part of the individual, with his sole affairs.

We lost, no doubt, a valuable moral asset when little Susie ceased to be interested in Aunt Clara's embroidery, and young Jack became bored with grandfather's reminiscences of the Civil War. When we decided to judge our relatives as we judged our friends, to differentiate between uncles, to accept some of our kin and reject others, we abandoned something: a sort of spiritual refuge, a communal support. I do not know that loyalty has declined, but certainly no young person of to-day is going to find his relatives charming simply because they are kin to him, or to spend his leisure with them (since usually he does not find them charming) if he can avoid it. The novelist was right in saying that the family forces are no longer centripetal. Whether we shall come, in our isolation, to wiser human valuations, or whether the clan idea was worth keeping at any private cost, I do not know. At all events, we are not likely to go back to that wide, inclusive rooftree beneath which the members of the household bore one another's burdens. The whole economic drift, one would say, is away from that rooftree. We are intensely individual; more, we are intensely separatist; we loathe the idea of pooling anything—whether our material resources or our scanty funds of sentiment.

If we lost, in rejecting that regime, a solidarity at once comforting and protective, we lost also large opportunities of wisdom. No lesson is more valuable to the youth than the one which teaches him just why he is the heir of all the ages. To see the continuity of human tradition illustrated daily before his eyes induces to sanity, to sense of proportion. If he is conscious of his place, his succession, in the family, he is less likely to believe himself a unique portent, a soul immaculately conceived. If he could once appreciate, in all its bearings, the fact that grandfather, who is still alive, did fight at Bull Run—that grandfather was once young, husky, and fired with recognizable emotions—it would, perhaps, help to save him from the rootlessness, as of a swaying sea-flower, which is one of the curses of our time. No man who is emancipated from all the natural pieties will ever be able to understand history.

My own point, however, is rather physical than moral. One may not regret the argand burner, yet one may legitimately wonder if we have not, on the whole, thrown away comfort for lux-

ury. I shall not, by your leave, go to a dictionary to define comfort. I mean, by the word, to denote an absence of mental and physical friction as nearly as possible total; a physical state of things which makes for nervous equilibrium, for peace. It is only when one is very young that one can experience æsthetic or intellectual delight while one is chilled to the bone or has a sharp pain in any part of one's body. Comfort is that state of things which, by satisfying bodily claims, releases the mind and heart from preoccupation with them.

I do not know at what date the argand burner cheered the American home; it was before my time. In my earliest childhood most houses that I knew were heated by hot-air furnaces, lighted by gas and kerosene lamps, and furnished with one bathroom; they were unprovided with telephones, vacuum cleaners, gas ranges, garbage incinerators, and servants' sitting rooms. I was well acquainted with houses in the deeper country that had no gas and no fixed plumbing. No one would wish (no one would have wished when I was a child) to go back to the hardships of pioneer life. Certainly the pioneers lacked comfort—almost every comfort except that of strong waters in abundance. But I think the average household was more comfortable (not luxurious) thirty years ago than it is now.

II

If we count up our comforts—apart from the achievements of medical science in preventing and succoring illness; I am definitely not speaking of those—I fancy we shall find that while some are positive gains, others are doubtful, and still others are annoyances in disguise. No one would deny that trains are pleasanter to travel in than they used to be, that both roadbeds and rolling stock have improved. No one will deny the value of the telegraph—though we had that, thirty years ago. No one will deny that the modern tiled bath is more—what shall I say, appetizing?—than the wood-encased tin tub installed in earlier bathrooms. The modern tub, to be sure, is far more dangerous; yet in the interests of taste and cleanliness we may as well accept the deaths and injuries that result from those chaste and slippery surfaces, and declare that plumbing improvements are all to the good. Our houses are better heated; hot-air systems have been generously replaced by steam or hot water. No one resents radiators in a cold wave, and, if you have plenty of money to spend, you can disguise them. Experts admit that these systems dry the air, and that no way has yet been found to import into a room anything like the necessary amount of moisture to offset the dryness. Our noses, our throats, our complexions, our books, our furniture must suffer. But we have got used to being overheated, as any European will tell you, and have grown tender. Suppose we do have colds and headaches. Were we not saying that no one can be happy when he is chilly? We have learned to be chilly at a ridiculously high temperature; we must be overheated in order not to shiver. The whole nation has become senile in this particular. As for the headaches, they may be neuralgic or nervous—perhaps they do not all come from stuffiness or electric light.

Electric light is so established in the heart of the American people that one cannot offend even Mr. Edison or the oculists by criticizing it. I use it, of course, like everyone else, constantly; my eyes have been brought to such a pass that I cannot do, at night, with anything less strong. But that it has ever become comfortable or pleasant like the old student lamps I vigorously deny. Safer? Oh, yes, if the wiring is not defective, though, somehow, those houses stood, with their lamps, for generations. Less work? Certainly; and in a nearly servantless world that is important. Filling and cleaning the lamps must have been a great burden to that happy clan we were referring to. But our eyes, our heads, and our nerves have paid the price, I fancy. I wish to arouse no en-

mities, and I am not going to quote statistics, which are of the devil, anyhow.

Electric devices for lessening household labor? I daresay. The vacuum cleaner, for example, is an unmixed blessing. The dish-washers and clothes-washers and egg-beaters I have never experimented with. They are exhaustively dealt with in the "household" columns of all the women's magazines. I conceived long ago a profound distrust of everything that calls itself "domestic science," because on the one matter of which I knew something, the experts were almost invariably wrong—namely, food. When it comes to the anatomy of a kitchen cabinet or the height of a sink I keep my ignorant voice stilled; when I read their menus I cry out in protest. It has often been said that trained dietitians give you the worst food to be found in any civilized country; and I have acquired indigestion, myself, at their hands. Hospital food is notoriously poor, and where should the trained dietitian rule if not in hospital kitchens? We are all hygiene-mad, in these days—the medicine men have put it over on us—and we will eat, apparently, any distasteful mess if we are assured that it has enough vitamines or proteids, or whatever the things are.

In the matter of food, the average American household, I believe, is doing less well all the time. It has been pointed out to me that once all Americans were dyspeptic, and that now all Americans are not. With due respect to my informants, I should say that the earlier dyspepsia was a relic of our much earlier uneducated past, a past that was linked, in turn, to the old days of isolation, the modified hardships of the wilderness. Days of too much salt pork, too few vegetables, no salads, and heavy breadstuffs. Grant, if you please, that Americans did not know how to eat until they learned from foreign—chiefly Latin—nations. Grant that Washington Irving's gluttonous list—"the doughty doughnut, the tenderer oly koek, and the crisp and crumbling cruller; sweet cakes and short cakes, ginger cakes and honey cakes . . . apple pies, peach pies and pumpkin pies . . . delectable dishes of preserved plums, and peaches, and pears, and quinces . . . all mingled higgledy-piggledy"—meant dyspepsia in the end. We came honestly by our culinary crassness, being, in early days, largely British in descent and habit. Average British food is very bad. But the English climate, the English leisure, and the English outdoor life do miracles of assimilation. Even my expert on the subject of American dyspepsia admits that the modern American habit of exercise has much to do with the improved state of American stomachs.

Food depends so much on latitude and longitude, on physical opportunity and on group tradition, that one can hardly speak of this or that item of diet as typically American. The North never ate like the South—does not, to this day. The maritime states never ate like the states a thousand miles from the sea. Tamales were never on speaking terms with crullers. What can be said is—what has been said before—that, east, west, north, and south, we eat out of cans and cartons, and console ourselves for the imitative poverty of the contents with the knowledge that no human hand has touched them. Sanitary, yes; but "the hungry sheep look up and are not fed." The fact is that, in the matter of food we have been standardized and simplified out of all quality. How many million Americans, I wonder, eat dry cereals out of cartons? How many million Americans have forgotten the taste of a perfectly fresh egg or a chicken that was not "cold-storage"? How many million Americans never eat a fish that came from the sea without the intervention of a cannery?

But "they have all been prepared for consumption by machinery, and no human hand has touched them."

That, itself, gives the whole show away. For there never was any first-rate food set on a table that did not

need either a very long time, or a remarkable deftness, for its preparation, that did not require the intervention of a personal skill and intelligence. You cannot flavor accurately for a thousand people at once; nor can you flavor, even at the most inspired moment, for next year. The housewife's five-foot shelf of tins (see any domestic-science article) is like some other people's five-foot shelf of books—only a make-shift and a negation of quality. Much was said, during the War, of the horrors of *Ersatz* food consumed by the German people. A great deal of our food, in the most prosperous country in the world, is *Ersatz*. Every housekeeper knows the "comfort" of that shelf of cans (until it comes to opening them, always a torture). Meat you did not have to roast, soup you did not have to hover over, fish you did not have to clean, vegetables you did not have to steam, fruit you did not have to boil. Oh, a very miracle of convenience! But to make it really appetizing the ladies in the diet kitchens resort to strange devices. I read a menu a few days ago, in one of those articles that lauds the "comfortable" can-opener. The *pièce de résistance* (even the purists cannot object to discussing food in French) was creamed shrimps garnished with sautéd pineapple. To those unnatural alliances we are brought in our endeavor to surprise the palate when we cannot please it. The whole case of American cookery is given away, I think, by the prevalence of the fruit salad—so far as I know, a purely American offense. The woman who serves, to her family or her friends, an honest fruit garnished with either mayonnaise or French or any other oil-supported dressing, has made the Great Refusal. She has insulted all the kitchen-gods, and admitted that we eat only to live. "You can now go to the movies," say the articles. Yes, we can go to the movies—and suppress our tastes, while we eat, like pigs or anchorites.

Good food is perhaps not very important, and I shall not dwell on it longer. Yet the pleasures of the palate are legitimate enough if not overstressed, and one has heard it said that a delicately satisfied appetite is important both for stomach and nerves. "Eating to live" is, I imagine, one of the easiest roads to dyspepsia. There is no temptation to eat slowly if the palate is not pleased, and we can save our digestions only by substituting a mechanical Fletcherism for what should be an enjoyable and instinctive delay. Good food is still a part of comfort, in the judgment of most peoples. So long as your chief object is to save time and labor you will not have good food. You lose one comfort while you gain another. Do they precisely counterbalance? I fancy not. Are the ghosts of all overworked housewives going to rise up and curse me? Perhaps. Yet I think even those burdened women would have admitted that cooking is an art, and that it is, therefore, possible (if you have not too many other things to do) to take both pleasure and pride in its pursuit. The reason why no American woman is willing to cook nowadays is to be found in the mere spirit of the time. We are all, men and women alike, enslaved to mechanical devices (which we call comforts) because we want to save time for something else. For what? If we could answer that, we could expound the whole American theory of life. Most people, I suspect, do not know for what purpose they want their time and labor saved; and one has only to see the drifting crowds of women in any city to realize that they could be more creative in their own kitchens; that they are not filling with anything valuable, or very delightful, the leisure that can and carton have given them.

III

While I am still speaking of purely feminine preoccupations, let me mention dress. The wasp-waisted corset and the long dragging skirt have gone—unquestionable gains in comfort. No

woman wants the long skirt or the restricted waistline back. It seems, however, to be indelibly written in some Epistle to the Amazons that *il faut souffrir pour être belle*. Even if, thirty years ago, we did not draw in our waists so very much, and were allowed to wear "golf skirts" for country walking, our hats did have to be skewered to our hair with hat-pins; they did blow off in a wind; we did wear high tight collars; and the weight of our skirts was heavy on the hand that kept them lifted. We did not, however, wear three-inch heels, even for dancing—much less for walking. Our feet were far more comfortable; and while so much is said in derision of the old-fashioned corset, why is nothing said in derision of the new-fashioned shoe? When people praise the convenience of bobbed hair why do they not confess the servitude of bobbed hair—the fact that most women are "uglified" (as they say in *Alice*) by it except on the days when they have just visited the hairdresser?

It is not my business to say if, or why, we have more grippe, more colds, more sinus pains than we used to—let the doctors declare it. But that an unnecessary amount of vitality is expended in resisting the climate, would seem to be clear. Chiffon stockings, chiffon underwear, perpetual décolletage leave our bodies pretty well exposed to capricious weather. The rejected corset was at least a rampart against the cold. It is the fashion at present to deny one's sex as vigorously as possible to the eye. (I speak not of evening clothes, which deny nothing—even the ugly curve of upper arm and armpit, beautiful in absolutely no one.) The physical ideal for women has become the young girl's figure before sex declares itself; the stage of almost perfect flatness, the ephemeral, epicene beauty of the girl's litheness when it is hardly to be distinguished from her brother's. Echoes from outdated reformers still haunt my ears—when, from Harriet Beecher Stowe to Louisa M. Alcott, they proclaimed the peril, the discomfort, the natural ugliness of the tiny waist, and spouted in periods about the Venus of Milo. They have their wish, now—even Dr. Mary Walker prevailed after her death. But much has come that they did not foresee. In pleading for natural curves, they did not mean to plead for no curves at all, and never meant women to torture their hips, and flatten their bosoms, out of existence. They really wanted women to be comfortable, and they were—pardonably enough, in that marrying age—concerned with the business of child-bearing. Most obstetricians will tell you that too much indulgence in athletics is fatal to successful maternity. One wonders what they think of the curved and drooping shoulders, the general bodily limpness of these young figures, induced primarily by lack of bodily support, and accentuated, without doubt, by deliberate starvation. All of which is perhaps a digression, since it means only that fashion will always find some way to interfere with comfort. But let no one believe that the short skirt is the whole story.

Our whole conception of comfort has been vitiated perhaps by misapprehension of the real use of these manifold modern devices. Even President Eliot, one supposes, did not envisage his five-foot shelf as anything but an aid to the man who had no time to attain real culture. It was an emergency proposition. The housewife's shelf of tins is theoretically an emergency aid. It is part, perhaps, of our general lack of thoroughness, our unscholarliness in life, to let anything that will serve an emergency serve also the normal day. We live, mentally, on a sort of first-aid kit. What "does" for the unexpected guest will "do" for the family. It is often the abuse of our comforts that turns them into discomforts.

Take our familiar companion, the telephone. Most people will tell you frankly that it is not a comfort but a necessity. It is significant, surely, that

the greatest telephone-luxury is not to be listed in the telephone book; to be able to put in a call if you wish to, but to be inaccessible by telephone to everyone else. That, in itself, is a confession that the telephone is a nuisance. So many of our boasted comforts merely push us into a terrific and unnecessary publicity, a terrific and unnecessary haste! A measure of solitude, of privacy, of deliberateness even, is essential to mental if not to physical health; yet what our modern improvements do—so strangely—is to increase our accessibility, multiply our vulnerable points, hurry us intolerably. There can be no real peace in any house furnished with a telephone unless the house is provided also with intelligent servants who can prevent, save in emergencies, your ever knowing that the telephone has rung. We cannot live without telephones; they have become part of the normal machinery of life. It is a duty to your colleagues and your friends to keep one installed. Without one you clog the wheels of business. And yet . . . It means that your house is no longer your castle, not even your refuge. The thing that should be a present help in time of trouble has become the servant of importunacy and laziness. How few of our telephone calls respond to a crisis in our lives—a supreme need of quick access to some individual or institution! Is it all laziness that obliges us to receive social invitations, telegrams, idle gossip, over the telephone? Are these things done because people do not want the trouble of writing civil notes, or of going to see you, or of sending out a messenger? Not wholly, probably, though the telephone and telegraph have nearly destroyed the art of polite correspondence, and to some extent that of considered conversation—the habit of deliberate decision, I might add. Which one of us has not been pushed into accepting situations, expressing judgments, committing himself, contrary to his sober opinion and real desire, because some inconsiderate being has demanded that he make up his mind over the telephone? Is it better to decide quickly than to decide rightly? Few people are themselves with either a pistol or a transmitter at their heads.

IV

I shall not speak, in any detail, of the motor car, though it is perhaps one of the profoundest influences that American character has, in our own time, been submitted to. I do not like motor cars, myself, and never use one except for a definite purpose of speed or convenience. Therefore, I am not the person to weigh the cultural advantages of the automobile. That I believe them to be in the main non-existent may be owing to prejudice. The motor car enables us to visit places with ease that once were visited only with difficulty. Above all, it enables us to move faster, to keep a dozen engagements where we kept one before. Like the telegraph and telephone, it is invaluable in speeding up first aid—the fire engine, the physician, the policeman. Certainly it permits us all to follow Nietzsche's precept: "Live dangerously." Yet one is dogged and haunted, in spite of oneself, by the old question: *What for?* The rhythm of community life is a matter of period and fashion. You have no right to delay the game by using slower means of locomotion than the rest of your world. The motor car has come to stay, and we must all fall into line and use it. When the community rhythm was slower we were equally well adjusted to the pace of a horse or even of our own feet. We could pack fewer social activities into a day, and those activities had to be carried on nearer home. Did we enjoy them less, I wonder? Creatures of memory and prevision that we are, looking always "before and after," did we not, in retrospect and prospect, savor more deeply the moment which stood clear in time, unjostled by its mates? Did not events keep their luster better when we could both look

forward to them and remember them? For that, one needs time, one needs leisure, and an unsurfeited heart.

"Therefore are feasts so solemn and so rare,
Since, seldom coming, in the long year set
Like stones of worth they thinly placed are,
Or captain jewels in the carcanet."

As the epicure despises a multiplicity of courses, so the man of taste and feeling must object to too crowded a list of engagements, however delightful. That the rhythm of our community life has been speeded up too much for true comfort, I think no sober person will deny.

Whatever the device, the improvement, the invention, all seem destined to push us into a life not only standardized but public. Who shall say that the nerves do not suffer? Except for the very rich, who can surround themselves with parked and guarded acres, thick zones of quiet, which of us is not compelled to live noisily? We all know what towns are; and what has become (if one lives among one's kind at all) of country peace? Unless you are literally isolated, opening your windows to the fresh evening air means letting in your neighbor's radio. Some people's nerves are better than others', but no normal person, I think, enjoys a noise—even a nice noise—over which he has no control. We are doing our unconscious best to live publicly, to standardize ourselves, to suppress individuality, yet that in us which is separate and identifying still knows moods and still struggles for its own expression of them.

The clan lived in a house, and necessarily a large one. The component parts of it, no longer component, now live in apartments or in much smaller houses. In large cities it is usually, and in smaller places increasingly, an apartment. An apartment is another emergency proposition which, thanks to the high cost of living, and the determination of the women of all classes to free themselves from domestic tasks, has become not a comfort but a necessity. You can hardly blame apartment dwellers for abandoning themselves to the public glare and for losing control over their own lives. Moralists cry out that the home has ceased to be a home and is only a place to sleep. How could it be otherwise? Home, in the old sense, meant something fixed, a place that you could count on, and, after wandering, come back to and find unchanged—the *foyer*, in the beautiful French word, so untranslatable by "hearth" alone. It was the altar of natural pieties; and even at the worst, you could say, in Robert Frost's words,

"Home is the place where, when you have to go,
They have to take you in."

It is difficult to feel piously about an apartment. The four outer walls of your own house are as necessary to that sentiment as the four inner walls of your own room. The apartment dweller, the frequenter of restaurants and consumer of ready-cooked foods, however fortunate, knows the bitterness Dante spoke of—the bitterness of eating bread, and climbing stairs, not your own. No apartment ever constructed has the true spaciousness or the real privacy of even a modest house . . . your own entrance, your own stairs, your own bit of ground, though it be no larger than a card-table. Your own. Children feel that need and this lack even more than adults.

In the curious new-fangled perplexities of our own time there is, I think, everything to say for apartments, and very little to say against them. Yet we should face the famous fact that they are destructive of family sentiment. The very impulse to keep as much of that restricted space as possible undefiled by sordidness drives people out to public places to eat, to enjoy themselves, to entertain their friends, to do everything but rest. The intimacy enforced by the exiguous space of most apartments must be relieved, and can be escaped from, only outside. Once, you could withdraw to your own room—or the

attic, or the garden, if necessary. Bedrooms are now too small, and walls too thin, for comfort; there is no attic, there is no garden. To get privacy, you must go forth and lose yourself in a crowd, find, if you can, peace at the heart of tumult. For the comfort of having heat and light and food without our personal labor we have given up the comforts of space and solitude. The family is always on top of you—of course, if you are old enough, sore from so much contact, such constant impinging, you go out to be as solitary as you can among strangers. To be solitary among strangers is lonely work. You join your equally escaping friends, and find them more tolerable than your own kin because you can always leave them if you will. Is not that the procedure of the modern young? Aunt Clara in the ancestral house often got on your nerves (in spite of the sentimentalists); Aunt Clara in an apartment may well come to seem—through no fault of her own—a very fiend. Nothing but romantic love can make the constant presence of another human being delightful, even tolerable. We have no romantic love for Aunt Clara.

By a subtle and scornful twisting of sequences, fate has arranged that our desperate intent to be ourselves, to stand clear of the maddening group, to be free of communal duties, should result in our subjecting ourselves to the vaster crowd, in our abdicating to a large extent our personal tastes. We actually choose our pleasures less than we did in the old restricted days, because we no longer in the same degree create them. Even Aunt Clara at the tinkly piano, one supposes, sang her relatives' favorite songs. If one gave a party one gave, within the limits of possibility, the sort of party one liked. We more or less invented our own distractions. Now that gayety is pursued in public one takes whatever gayety is going. Our very pleasures are under the control of strangers. Avid as modern youth is of self-expression, it must—rather pitifully—fall back on whatever expression is most fashionable and accessible: it must eat the delicacies, rub shoulders with the people, dance to the music, acquiesce in the mood, listen to the dialogue, that it finds. I remember how "caterers' food" used to be mentioned, with lifted eyebrows and pursed lips. It seems to me that nowadays our minds as well as our stomachs are in the hands of caterers. When the saving of time or of toil is your great object, it must needs be so. For a fee, some specialist will select, and furnish you with, recreation. For a fee, no doubt, you can be made to girdle the very planet in an airplane. But it is not, somehow, Puck's journey.

So many practical miracles have been wrought for us by modern ingenuity that we have perhaps drawn false conclusions, falling into the ancient error of argument from analogy. What electricity can do for the body it can do, we are led to think, for the soul. Our physical existence has been made easier, and an easier spiritual life, we assume, follows. More and more we employ experts or machines to perform our tasks for us. Our hands grow soft, our feet stay quiet. *What for?* Does not our very ease destroy pleasure? Ennui that follows pampering is an old, old story. Apparently man can value supremely only those rewards he has explicitly desired, arduously worked for. Some dim constructive sense in him cries out for a pattern. The fortuitous, the unintended, the carelessly come by have not the same luster. The first principle of taste is the principle of choice, and choice is creative, active, volitional. For all our famous energy and "hustle" we are passive creatures compared with an earlier generation. We have so multiplied opportunities, smoothed out approaches, annihilated obstacles that there is no mystery left, no leisure—only bewilderment, and haste.

V

How were we more comfortable, when the dominant generation was our parents',

not our own? We were more comfortable chiefly in that we were freer: we had more time, more peace, more chance to be ourselves. Our nerves were not constantly assailed by noise and crowds and glare. We were not the standardized victims of mass-production. We were not obliged to eat only the food, to see only the plays, to journey only in the vehicles to only those destinations, which some trust ordains. The social amenities were statelier and more gracious. A finer hospitality was given and received; human relations were more spontaneous and natural, more cunningly fostered; books could be discussed as well as read because there were not so many; our lives were more private, more within our own control. Friendship did not mean mere joint participation in some public activity. That there were painful inhibitions, unfortunate hypocrisies, we cannot deny; but one sees only other inhibitions, other hypocrisies, replacing them. Physically? Ah, well, the chairs were comfortable, the lamps were kind, the night was quiet, one could take country walks, to be snowbound was no tragedy, and a closed door was a closed door. We were not painfully, perpetually accessible, and if a household was sometimes a prison, it was also an enduring fortress. No one, I think, in that generation would have borne—unless invalided—a radio. No one would have consented to listen, for hours daily, to whatever some unknown group of individuals chose to fill his ears with. Those were not the days of the Rotary clubs that Mr. Mencken so deplores—nor yet the days of prohibition. We were moving towards the herd life of the present day, but we had not yet reached it.

We were not only freer, but safer; and the sense of safety is a large part of comfort. Mails were not guarded by marines, or bank messengers by armored cars. Children, in most towns, could wander freely without dread of Juggernaut. We did not have to wear ourselves out, when we shopped, in the search for honest goods; we were not beset by synthetic products. The whole world was not out to cheat us—and to prate of "service" while it did so. A migratory people we have always been; but we were not obliged then—as now—to migrate every day.

This determination to be oneself, to fling off the fetters of the clan, to express one's individuality, this latter-day ideal, has been oddly and ironically frustrated. The freer we are to do what we choose, the fewer choices we seem to be allowed. Is it better to be the slaves of legislation than the slaves of tradition? Aunt Clara may have supervised none too kindly our adventures in the pantry, but a bill is pending in the Kansas legislature (so the morning newspaper says) forbidding "the manufacture, sale, gift, or mastication of pie." The law is proposed, I understand, in the hope of shocking the people of Kansas into realizing that a lot of their existing laws are precisely as ridiculous as that. Better have Aunt Clara taking pie away from us than a policeman.

Yet even worse than official interference with our freedom are the universal standardizing of life, and the enforced publicity of existence. The standardizing has come, I suspect, from our "comforts." These manifold devices are forced upon everyone in order that someone may make a fortune, since for a fortune mass-marketing is necessary. The publicity is perhaps a by-product. Most of our modern "comforts" increase, either directly or indirectly, our accessibility. It is the effect of them, if not the purpose, to draw us into a crowd. Their most eloquent advertisements emphasize the desirability of getting away from home, or of bringing into the home something that will make you forget that you *are* at home. "Come out of the cave" is what, in one form or another, they all say. As if the cave were not the only place where man has ever been truly comfortable!

WHEN IT HAPPENS

A STORY

BY JAMES HOPPER

AS I came across Sam Nolan the other day he pounced upon me eagerly. "Just the man I want to see!" he cried. "I've been looking for you, I've got something for you. Something you can use, something good this time. I've had my appendix cut out!"

"Yes?" I said, a bit guardedly. Out of an unbounded admiration for my craft and a touching wishfulness to help, he is ever coming to me with subjects for my pen. "Oh, I've got a story for you," he'll say. "You know the Grand Central Station? Lots of people swirling around—some arriving, some departing—trains tooting. Why don't you write a story about that?" No, he is not quite that bad. But almost.

"Come to lunch with me," he said heartily. "I have an hour. I'll tell you all about it. All about my appendix and the hospital and everything."

So we sat at a small table in a quiet corner of the club's dining room, and he began to tell me about his appendix and the hospital and everything. And after a while I found myself waking to the fact that he was really giving me something this time. A bit in spite of himself, as it were. Giving me more than he knew. Because, as he talked, weighing every detail in his painstaking desire to be of service to me, I was seeing what he did not see: I was seeing his wife, his terrible wife.

He never sees her, of course (not as she is); but we, his friends, ever do. And we call her "terrible," using the word not in the classical sense, but rather in the colloquial—which holds less meaning—and yet so much more. His terrible wife.

She rides poor Sam; she sits upon his head; she weighs upon him, a mountain of unrelenting purpose. She it is who is responsible for all these rows and rows of ugly houses with which assiduously he warts the plains, while plaintive somewhere within him still dwells the ghost of the dream of the House Beautiful. She it is who holds him to an undeviating pursuit of the dollar, in a welter of affairs, in a deafening boiler-factory of ignoble complications, while he, poor man, now and then still wistfully thinks that, with the children almost grown, the pressure relaxing, he might gradually reduce his business a little, and have leisure once in a while to read a book (he had a wistful respect for books), or once more to play the flute (he played it very well before marriage, and would like to play it again).

Of course, we all know he will never, never play the flute again; that he is in for life.

That is what I was seeing all the while as he conscientiously told me all about the cutting-out of his appendix; and that is what he was not seeing at all.

On the morning preceding the day set by his surgeon for the operation he had slipped over to the hospital all alone, "without a soul knowing of it." His family, his wife, were at the seaside for the summer; he did not wish to

worry them. Once in his room in the hospital, however, he had felt very lonely. "Everyone seemed so far away," he said. He had almost revolted, walked out. But by this time he was no longer owning himself. He was in a huge machine, things were being done to him as though he did not own himself. At regular intervals he was made to swallow an unexplained pill. Lunch was brought and he was commanded to eat. He was ordered to bed. A barber came and shaved him. A steward scrubbed him with antiseptics. He was caught in a machine, in a funnel, sliding down toward the thing awaiting him in the morning.

He felt far, far from everybody, far, far from the mild sunshine of what had been his life, but he made no move; it did not even occur to him it was possible to get out of the funnel.

Then in the morning they had placed him in a little low chair with casters and had swiftly rolled him along long halls to the white operating room. The feeling of being in the funnel had increased; he was now in the last little narrow part of the funnel. His loneliness had become a desolation; he felt like raising a shout, anything, toward the outside. Instead, he had carefully adopted an attitude of brisk jollity. Inside the operating room everyone was sheeted in white, with white turbans and looked like fantastic giants. He was lifted to the table, the mask was placed over his face.

"And then," he said, "I took a back-flip into eternity. That's just what it felt like—a prodigious back-flip down and through eternity."

When he returned from this interesting voyage he was a dryad petrified in a tree. He was all of stone, and the only part of him he could move was the lid of one of his eyes which he could just barely raise. And across this slit of vision something was passing to and fro like the wing of a gull. White, light, flitting, like the wing of a gull.

It became a cap. The cap passed to and fro. It vanished, returned, vanished. Suddenly it re-appeared, very large now, quite near, and a voice "sweet as a chime of low bells" (that is the expression he used, Mr. Sam Nolan) sounded a phrase, "Are you in pain?"

Immediately he tried to reassume the pose which had been his last effort. "Is it out?" he asked, in a manner jolly and brisk—and was shocked to hear only a sort of dismal murmuring.

"Yes," said the voice sweet as chimes. "It's all over. But are you in pain?"

A gentle solicitude was about him like a haze; he did not want to show off at all now; he wished to answer with faith and with truth. Was he in pain? Was this pain he was feeling? One fact was evident: he was stretched out like the four points of the compass in the exact center of a clearing, under a broiling sun, pinned there by a stake driven through his body. A long moment of fixed thinking rid him at length of the clearing and the sun. He was not in a clearing, beneath the sun; he was in the hospital, beneath a roof. Back in his bed. But to that bed he was pinned like a butterfly; nailed by a spike that went through him, the mattress, and down into the floor.

"Not so much pain," he answered, "as some sort of very certain discomfort."

He immediately became very proud of that phrase. He had pronounced it just right; with an English accent.

When Sam Nolan had reached this point in the recital of his adventure (men get their adventure as they may) he abruptly stopped and looked at me with his good, honest, slightly bulging eyes. We had begun lunch late, so that by now we were nearly alone in the big darkish room. "Is all this any good to you?" he asked anxiously. "Are you getting anything you can use? Shall I go on?"

And I saw that what he had told me so far was not what he had been eager to tell me. He had thrown it in for

good measure, out of a desire that I should miss nothing—perhaps, also, as a delay. What he really had been eager to tell me he had come to now. But he had fallen into the throes of a doubt, of an embarrassment. His honest face was flushed, he smiled in a forced way.

"Why, you are giving me a lot," I cried encouragingly. "Please go on!"

It was hard, I could see that. But finally he had leaped the hurdle. "Well," he said, "I found out something else which might be of use to you. It's—you know, how in the papers, every now and then, you read about a man falling in love—in love with his nurse. Well, that's it. I think I know pretty well how it happens, when it *does* happen—"

I was looking at him steadily, and he made a sudden little gesture of denial, half frightened, half violent. "Not that I did, of course!" he cried stoutly. "I didn't fall in love with my nurse. No! I'm an old married man. *You* know, John, how close Clare and I are. But you understand that I mean —you see it in the paper every once in a while—how some man falls in love with his nurse. Well, while I was in the hospital a little thing occurred which gave me somewhat of an idea as to how that sort of thing might happen!

"It's partly the dope," he went on hurriedly. "The dope, of course, has a lot to do with it. You see, you're pretty well full of morphine after an operation. And it's also the temperature: you nearly always have a temperature. You're sort of out of your head, you're not normal—*that's* how it happens! Oh, I've got a pretty good idea of how it happens, when it does happen!"

"Go on," I said.

He went on. That first day after the operation had been a hard one. He had suffered discomfort and pain and semi-delirium.

"I kept making a rule in my head, over and over again. A rule for future guidance. Do you know what it was? 'No operation, however successful, is worth the trouble.' I kept saying that to myself over and over again.

"I kept doing something else, too. My watch was on the stand at my side. I'd look at it, then lie back. Then when I thought two hours had gone by, I'd look at the watch again—and only two minutes would have passed. Two *minutes*, not hours!

"Then I'd say to myself, 'I won't stand it. Each minute is just like an hour, and there are so many minutes! I'm going to throw myself out of the window!'

"But then I wouldn't throw myself out of the window, but just lie there. And after a while I'd think, 'Now, surely two hours have gone by,' and I'd look, and again it would be two minutes. 'I won't stand it,' I'd say. 'I'm going to throw myself out of the window.' But I wouldn't."

It was during the interminable stretching of this burning, tossing, enfevered misery that her coolness slowly established itself about him and filtered into him. Her coolness. The coolness of her voice "sweet as chimes." Of her white starched garments, of her light hands. Of her efficiency.

Her efficiency! He waxed quite lyric over that. I wish I could remember all he said; but I was so stupefied by this spectacle of my business man suddenly run poetically amuck that I sat there staring, marvelling at the miracle without registering. One of his phrases I still recall—"The beauty of efficiency."

It seems that she had that to an extraordinary degree. It had never occurred to him before that simple efficiency had beauty; now he knew it. He assured me that it did. A beauty cool, pure and white, which aroused in the beholder a tenderness!

Throughout the length of that long, hot, miserable day this had sifted to him, cooling his fever, smoothing his tortured nerves, but it was when evening came, he said, that something peculiarly charming had occurred.

"A little thing," he said, "something, I understand, quite customary to nursing routine—rather to be expected—but which somehow took on with me that night the most unreasonable emphasis. The most unreasonable!"

It had been announced by a series of small preparations, but even at that he had not believed it possible. A cot had been brought in and set up. Later blankets, sheets, a pillow.

Then, suddenly, she had vanished.

"And when she returned," he said, "she had been transformed, she was another being. You see, all day she had gone about in her uniform, white, starched, gleaming, like a light armor. But now she had on soft garments. And on her head, instead of the stiff white cap, was one all soft and smoky-blue, with just one little rose. I can't tell you how enchanting the change seemed to me, all doped up as I was. It was as if while she had been gone she had stepped into fairyland."

Even then, he had not really believed possible what was about to take place. She went about the room in a last ordering of things already well ordered, then bent over him. "Now, is there anything more I can do for you?" she asked.

He answered there wasn't, that he was all right.

"You are sure there is nothing you want?" she repeated, with gentle insistence.

"You know," he said to me now, "with all her efficiency, there was something a little childish about her. Childish and innocent. It—well, it drew the heart.

"'If there *is* anything,' she said very earnestly—and she seemed such a little girl!—'you won't be afraid to call me, will you? You'll call me?'

"Then I saw that it was true, really true. That the couch, the blankets, the pillows had been brought for her; that she was going to sleep here, in my room.

"Looking back now, I don't see why I should have felt that way about it. It's done regularly in hospitals. I suppose I was light in the head. But I can't tell you what a wonder and a delight filled me now at the thought. This seemed to me the most incredibly charming thing—that little Efficiency should sleep in the same room with me—the *prettiest* thing!

"She slipped about and put out all the lights, all but one; she shaded this low. Then she slid herself out on the couch, and composed herself for sleep. There was a big white pillow at the head; she took it into her arms and drew it to herself, against her breast; she curled up like a little kitten, and in a jiffy was asleep. Sleeping very quietly, without a sound—*just* like a little kitten!"

He halted, he was searching in his head for a better expression than the one he had used. But he came back to it. "It was the *prettiest* thing, John," he said penetratingly.

"I couldn't believe it," he went on. "Every now and then I'd raise myself on my elbow to make sure. 'She really is there,' I'd whisper to myself. But as soon as I'd get tired and fall back out of sight I'd begin to doubt again; I'd have to get up on my elbow again. I'd stay up that way as long as I could, looking at her over there, curled up on the couch *so* cutely, hugging that pillow. Even as I looked I would not quite believe. 'Incredible,' I kept saying to myself. It was *too* wonderful; I couldn't realize such a beautiful thing could be given to me, an old drab like me. I'd keep raising up to make sure. It wasn't a very good exercise for a man who's just lost his appendix, was it?"

I murmured that it very probably was not.

"All the same," he said, with something like a defiant exultation in his tone, "that is how I spent the night! Getting up on my elbow to look, falling back when too tired, getting up on my elbow again. And I remember it as the most delicious night! The moon came up outside after a while and shone

in through the window; it touched her, it made her little corner of the room a little cave filled with fairy light. And she was so pretty and so cute in there, little Efficiency at her rest! So sweet! She was so sweet there, in that light, sleeping so quietly, curled up like a little cat, and hugging that pillow to her heart—I'll never see anything like it again—never!

"The moon moved very slowly, the light remained upon her a long time. I kept getting up to look, getting up to look, and each time a new marvelling at my heart. John, she was so sweet, sleeping there in that little luminous cave made by the moon. I couldn't believe it; I couldn't believe something so beautiful could be happening to me. And thus I spent the night, John!

"But is all this of any use to you? Am I giving you anything at all?"

I came in from far away; I sat there, blinking. "Yes," I said after a moment. "You are giving me something."

"It seems—so strange now," he apologized. "Almost—foolish."

"Go on and tell me more," I said.

But he had come to some sort of block, I could see that. He was studying me furtively, appraisingly. "You really want me to go on? You're not bored?"

"No, I'm not bored!" I said.

"What I wanted to tell you about next," he started doubtfully, "is something that occurred three days later. But—well—I don't know—

"You see, I was still a bit out of my head—I want you to remember that. And they were still giving me morphine—don't forget that."

It seemed that a well-intentioned friend, learning by chance that Sam was in the hospital, had written to Mrs. Sam about it. And she had come down post-haste on the first train.

It was the third day after the operation and a sultry afternoon. In the afternoon, he explained to me, he would be feeling worse than any other time. He was told that his wife was downstairs, waiting to come up to see him.

"It was then something terrible happened," he said to me now.

He choked a little, reddened, but looked me straight in the eye. "I found," he said, "that I did not want to see her at all.

"My wife, John! I did not want to see her at all!

"I didn't want to see her, I didn't want to see anyone at all! I wanted to remain just as I was up there in my little room. Alone in that small, clean, white, quiet world built about me by Marjorie Downe.

"It wasn't only that, John; but there was a sort of despair about it. I tell you truly: I did not want to see her. Wasn't it queer? And terrible?"

She was told to come up; there was a perfunctory knock at the door; she came in and took her place at his bedside.

"I was altogether desperate, John—it was the *queerest* thing! I was trying to hide it from her, of course. I was trying to talk to her in our regular, accustomed manner. But, do you know, I couldn't! I couldn't remember what had been my usual, my familiar manner; I couldn't remember the *tone*. It would come out all wrong, all the inflections wrong. Just as when you miss the right note. What I said kept sounding as if I were talking to a stranger. I'd listen and I'd know I was talking as if to a stranger, and I wouldn't be able to change it, I wouldn't be able to remember the right tone. Everything I tried would twist around into that wrong way, of speaking to a stranger. It was terrible.

"After a time, John, she began to speak of a project close to her heart—that of our building a new house. The old place, you know, has become insufficient. The children entertain now, and they are a bit ashamed of the old place. Perfectly reasonable, all that; we do need a new house. But, do you know, when she began to speak about it I suddenly went quite wild! I felt as if a hole were being punched in my circle—the enchanted circle which had been drawn about me here, which kept all

such things out. Everything began to pour in now—all the mix-ups, the complications—just the idea of moving all that furniture, all those books . . .

"John, suddenly I found myself tearing at my hair. Violently, with both hands. In the most melodramatic manner. Such as you used to see in cheap plays. Tearing away at my hair with both hands. In the most *foolish* manner!"

He came to a stop, looking at me with his flat, honest face twisted with a rueful smile. He seemed to have stopped for good. "What happened then?" I urged.

"Well—she—Mrs. Sam—was surprised, of course. Sat there looking at me in amazement. And a little disgust, I dare say—naturally! But she saw I was not up to par, was not quite right. She cut her visit short."

The big dining room in which we were sitting was now empty. Curtains had been drawn; even the waiter who had been hovering about our corner was now gone.

"And that was my wife, John," he said, "my own wife! Isn't it strange what a little illness, a little pain, a few grains of some strange drug can do to one? How utterly, for the time being, they can change one? Alter and twist the real and fundamental nature? My own wife, John! Isn't it queer?

"Anyhow, I've told you all. I'm a bit ashamed to have told you so much. But I've done that because you are a writer, John. I feel that we poor dubs who go about, busy as anything, creating nothing, owe it to you fellows to tell you anything that may help you. Help you to get things right. And now you have an idea of how it must happen when a man falls in love with his nurse—as you read in the papers often. If ever you have to get that into a story, you'll know pretty well how it may happen—"

He was fumbling along the bench behind him, he had half risen. "Yes," I interrupted, "but *you* didn't, did you? You didn't fall in love with your—with —what is it you called her? With Marjorie Downe?"

"Oh, no, not I!" he said hastily. "Why, I am married, John! Happily married—you know how close we are, Clare and I! No question of anything like that for me. But I did get a pretty good idea as to how it happens when it *does* happen, and that's what I've been trying to get over to you. About the morphine and everything."

We had risen, ready to go, cramped with our long stay; we were facing each other in the large darkish place. "How did it end?" I asked brutally.

He made a vague gesture. "It ended —well—just naturally. You see, in a few days the doctor told me I no longer needed a private nurse; the regular staff service would do. Well, the thing was clear, then. A private nurse costs something; I had no right spending a lot of money that way—when it was so much needed elsewhere—besides the cost of the operation and everything, and my lying idle, my business probably going to pots. I let her go."

He looked at me fixedly. "I gave her a pair of gloves," he said.

His eyes were remaining fixed on me, he did not seem to be able to let go. Then suddenly his face screwed up in a quick spasm, and two tears squeezed out of his eyes. He was appalled; I could see he was appalled at this which was taking place in him. His hands reached out and clutched me. He held on to me like a man choking, who wants his collar loosened, like a man with a heart attack who blindly wants to be held up—and as, helpless, I stood still, looking out over his head, pretending not to see, the movement of his body, transmitted to mine, shook me as if with short hard sobs.

There—it was over—he had mastered himself; he let me go. And catching up our hats we walked out together, I and the man who thought he had some sort of an idea as to how it happens when it does happen.

THE PENDULUM OF POLITICS

BY WILLIAM BENNETT MUNRO

"BEFORE the sea of human opinion," wrote Sainte-Beuve, "as on the shore of the ocean, I admire the ebb and flow. Who shall discover its law?" Now the fact is that we have done astonishingly little to discover the forces which control the ebb and flow of political opinion, although it is obvious that there must be fundamental laws at work here as in every other domain of human action. The tendency has been to explain these periodic shifts in the political inclinations of the people by seeking, in each case, some new impelling factor. Hence, we have had interpretations of political history in terms of dynastic ambition, class antagonisms, and economic rivalry; likewise in terms of sea power, man power, and money power. Too seldom have historians been ready to accept the events of one age as the natural and inevitable reaction from those of an era preceding.

The fickleness of man is proverbial. It has been a matter of observation and comment for at least twenty centuries. There are exceptions, of course, but the human being is not by nature capable of a strong, sustained loyalty to any new cause. His urge is to overdo things, both in his likes and his dislikes. Hence, at any given moment, he tends to be an extremist in his political attitudes; and extremes always generate their opposites. That is the psychological fact upon which the law of the pendulum rests.

Take as an illustration the popular attitude towards political leadership. At one moment we see the whole people crying aloud for it, demanding strong and forceful guidance, and apparently willing to tolerate a virtual dictatorship to gain the desired end. But give them their Moses, and even before he has had time to pilot them out of the wilderness they become strangely intolerant of his leadership; they call it bossism and other hard names and they insist on getting back to normalcy. Everybody who is not himself a leader begins scolding about it. Presently, with sighs of relief, the voters restore their allegiance to checks and balances, division of powers, deals and bargains, government by compromise. We have seen that cycle completed in American politics a great many times, and there is nothing mysterious about it. It is a perfectly normal phenomenon. People do not naturally crave leadership. But they clamor for it at times because they want something irksome or uncongenial removed, some reform accomplished. When this immediate aim has been achieved there is nothing to keep their zeal for leadership stimulated, and it quickly subsides.

The decade 1910–1920 will serve as an illustration. It began with an outburst of widespread and violent grumbling over the policy of inaction and drift in national government. On the issue of drift versus mastery the Republican party split itself in twain. Then ensued, by way of the Democratic triumph, an era of strong executive domination. Mr. Wilson determined to be prime minister as well as president. He brushed aside all considerations of constitutional theory and assumed the leadership of Congress without reticence or apology. And his resolute leadership was productive of unprecedented results on the statute

book. During the first five years of his presidency Mr. Wilson obtained, in the way of legislation, practically everything that he asked. The legislative record of these years, 1913–1918, is virtually without parallel in American political history.

Never did this country obtain in greater amplitude exactly what it had been clamoring for. It obtained action, and plenty of it. The outcome is obvious to everyone now, but it was predictable even before the event. It was as inevitable as the thunder clap that follows a zigzag in the darkened heavens. Murmurs of resentment against executive dictatorship began to be heard even before the War came to a close, and after the armistice the chorus of resentment swelled in volume. By 1920 it had assumed the proportions of nation-wide insurgency, and at the presidential election of that year the voters avowed themselves weary of personal government. By an impressive majority they declared for a return to normalcy.

It has always been so. The cycle represented by a popular demand for leadership and a popular reaction against it runs with almost clocklike precision. Just glance for a moment at the list of American presidents during the past forty years. I give the list without particularizing and without comment, but anyone whose memory is good can determine whether it does not sound like the regular alternations of a loud and a soft pedal in the symphony of national politics. Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison; Grover Cleveland and William McKinley; Theodore Roosevelt and William H. Taft; Woodrow Wilson and Warren G. Harding. I am not a prophet, so I leave to prophets the task of continuing the series.

II

Equally observable is the lurch of the public temper from conservatism to radicalism and back again. Its inclination to chronological regularity is far greater than most people suspect. No prediction, indeed, can be safer than that momentum in either direction will automatically check itself and produce a revulsion—and one which is directly proportioned to the strength of the preceding swing. This is a law of mechanics and politics alike. The excesses of the French and Russian revolutions, as every student of history knows, were traceable to the superoppressions of the old regime in both countries. And the highly centralized despotism which Napoleon Bonaparte established in France under the name of the First Empire would not have been possible but for the excesses of the Revolution. Nor would the pseudo-consitutionalism of the Restoration ever have gained a footing in France had it not been for the extinction of free political life under Napoleon. Bearing in mind the repetitive proclivities of historical evolution, one, therefore, takes but little chance of error in predicting that out of the present situation in Russia there will ultimately come a form of government just as highly centralized as was that of the Tzars, and perhaps more so. It will be an autocracy disguised by a new nomenclature.

Neither democracy nor liberalism ever proceeds in a steady evolution, for both are reactions against the normal order of affairs in government. What we call a "wave of democracy" is merely a protest against the inevitable tendency of political power to drift into the hands of the few. I call it an inevitable tendency because the principle that all men vested with power will strive to enlarge their authority is no more open to challenge than is the principle that nature abhors a vacuum. Liberalism in politics is an outburst of impatience at the inevitable inclination of government to become stagnant and unprogressive. Both democracy and liberalism are disintegrating in their immediate effects upon government and must necessarily be followed by periods of integration. War is the greatest of all political

disintegrators, hence is likely to produce the strongest repercussion.

Now it is a noteworthy fact, borne out by the whole course of political history, that great wars are invariably followed by a swing to the Right; that is, by a world-wide sweep to conservatism. We have had a striking exemplification of this law during the past half-dozen years. Look at Italy, Spain, Poland, Germany, Hungary—or even at France and England. Fascism, militarism, conservatism, and reaction have taken the helm in nearly all European countries. They embody the demand of the Old Continent for tranquillity, economy, and order. Their triumph has been variously explained, but fundamentally it is nothing more than a natural rebound from the democratic idealism and political disintegrations of a war era. The world is in a very conservative frame of mind just now, which means nothing more than that political history is running true to form. Not for a hundred years has it had so much reason to be reactionary.

There are the best of reasons why a wave of conservatism should always follow in the wake of a war. One of them is to be found in mass psychology. A war era is an interlude of moral exaltation, a period in which the ideals of the people are keyed high by artificial stimulation. But men and women cannot stand this over-stimulation very long. War-weariness, as we call it, is not so much a matter of physical suffering and deprivation as of inability to stand up under the moral strain. Statesmen are aware of this, hence their herculean efforts to bolster the morale of warring nations. But when the fighting comes to an end and the pressure is taken off, the whole nation casts its idealism aside, undergoes a spiritual slump, reverts to materialism, and the tide recedes so strongly that you can feel the undertow.

In America we had this experience after the Civil War. Emerson wrote in his *Journal* (November 5, 1865): "We had hoped that in the peace, after such a war, a great expansion would follow in the mind of the country; grand views in every direction, with true freedom in politics, in religion, in social science, in thought. But the energy of the nation seems to have expended itself in the war and every interest is found as sectional and as timorous as before." This might just as well have been written in 1920 as in 1865. In the nature of things, some such disillusionment is bound to follow every great war.

There is also a practical reason. War is a great unsettler of the social, political, and economic organization. Nothing else so rudely interferes with routine. For war involves the participants in huge outlays, wastes their capital, raises taxes to the peak, piles up great national debts, and inspires an orgy of extravagance in public expenditures. It results in conditions which call for drastic retrenchment and economy—which is another way of saying that it creates conditions which call for a firm government, a strong executive, a government pledged to oppose all new public undertakings, a government that is ready to sacrifice democracy for the sake of efficiency and thrift. To bring their government back to the old plane of order and economy, after an era of war chaos the people of great nations seem ready to tolerate almost any sacrifice of democratic principles and to rally around any form of government that will assure stability. War destroys and paves the way for rebuilding, but of itself it never rebuilds. It is the heyday of the *démolisseurs*. Then, when the armies are demobilized, comes the task of political reconstruction, which calls for architects. One follows the other as the night the day. There is nothing accidental about post-war autocracies.

III

And after the autocracies, what then? Will there be a recoil to the Left, a reaction to liberalism—and if so, how

soon may we expect it to come? There is only one way of shedding light upon this interesting question, which is to find the last occasion when world conditions were somewhat similar to those of to-day and see what happened at that time. World conditions have never been exactly similar to those of the present day, but by going back a hundred years one can find a situation which is roughly comparable in most of the main essentials. Recall the decade 1820–1830. The Napoleonic wars, in their later stages, had expanded into a great world conflict, for during the years 1812–1815 almost the whole of Europe, with the United States as well, were drawn in. Ultimately, the vaunting ambitions of an emperor were brought to collapse in 1815, as they were in 1918, and the world in solemn conclave proceeded to assure itself against any repetition of what had happened. The Congress of Vienna, which took this mission in hand, left Europe in a situation relatively similar to that which materialized from the Peace Conference at Versailles—with all manner of shattered illusions, disputed boundaries, economic depressions, high taxes, and monumental debts.

During these Napoleonic wars there was the same talk of making the world safe for liberalism by preserving the best fruits of the French Revolution. There was more than talk, as the Stein reforms in Prussia demonstrated. In England the Tories were much alarmed by the extremism of Tom Paine's *Rights of Man*, and by the hold which his radical doctrines seemed to be gaining upon the minds of the industrial workers. Many Federalists in America looked upon Paine and the French Jacobins with the same intolerance that their descendants of a later day have bestowed upon Lenin and his fellow Bolsheviks. Men of property trembled lest orderly government might be everywhere overthrown and replaced by ragged republics of the great unwashed.

But the danger-point was passed even before the war came to an end, and with the consummation of peace in 1815 the reaction against liberalism and democracy began to gain momentum. The Bourbons were restored in France under a constitution which they had no mind to observe. Metternich, the arch-reactionary, was firmly installed at Vienna. In England this was the age of Liverpool and Wellington and Castlereagh, the era of Toryism triumphant. In the United States the drift away from Jeffersonian democracy became apparent in the later part of Madison's term and reached its climax with the accession of John Quincy Adams in 1825. A hundred years ago we had a Massachusetts President in the White House, and then, as now, the administration was commonly alleged to be dominated by the conservative business interests of the East. Then, as now, the Western farmer was chafing under the inaction of a government which he thought was interested in everybody but himself. The world marched in a solid column to the Right, to extreme conservatism, autocracy, law and order, *laissez-faire* and normalcy during the dozen years which followed Napoleon's collapse at Waterloo.

Then in due course the backwash came, and it synchronized on the two continents. Every student of American history is familiar with the new era which the triumph of Andrew Jackson inaugurated in the United States, with its violent outburst against the aristocratic and conservative policy of the preceding administration. Jacksonian democracy, as a generic term in American political history, is associated with the extension of the suffrage, the rise of the spoils system, the awakening of labor, the war on vested interests as represented by the bank, and a reaction against the spending of large sums for internal improvements. In a word, it was a recoil from all the works and doctrines of the Adams-Clay regime. Property qualifications for voting and for holding office were abandoned in one state after another. Many state and local offices, including judgeships, which had been filled by

appointment were made elective. The common man came into his own.

All this has usually been attributed to the influence of the frontier. Jackson was a son of the West, as the West existed in 1828; he prefigured the spirit of the frontier, and his election has been generally interpreted as indicating that the West had become a dominant factor in American national politics. "If Jackson had not been elected president in 1828," writes one of my colleagues, "it is almost certain that the choice would have fallen on someone like him." That is doubtless true. The people were looking to the Left, and a century ago the Left was the West.

This is not a distinction without a difference. To say that the "influence of the frontier" put Adams out and Jackson in; that it ended the seaboard dynasty and proceeded to make the United States safe for democracy; to explain the whole Jacksonian upheaval in this way is misleading. It disregards the essential unity of American and European history. Most of the great dynamic currents have been alike on both continents; alike in volume, direction, and strength of flow. Strong revulsions against aristocratic and conservative government took place in Great Britain and on the Continent of Europe during the years covered by the Jacksonian era. Yet there was no such thing as frontier influence on the other side of the Atlantic.

The decade between 1830 and 1840 was marked by a great advance in English democracy. The Tory rulership, which had continued since 1815, came to an abrupt end. With the advent of the Whigs, parliament enacted the Great Reform Act of 1832, followed quickly by the municipal reforms of 1835. The Act of 1832 nearly doubled the British electorate—an expansion relatively greater than that which took place in the American suffrage during Andrew Jackson's reign. The rotten boroughs were abolished; civil and political disabilities were removed, and England became a political democracy in fact as in form. In those hectic thirties of the nineteenth century, the common man took the control of government into his own hands. Lord John Russell and Sir Robert Peel were the Sam Adams and Andrew Jackson of British politics, although in somewhat more chaste editions. They bore no more resemblance to Wellington and Castlereagh than Jackson bore to John Quincy Adams.

In France, again, the incoming of the thirties saw the expulsion of the Bourbons and the establishment in France of the citizen kingship under Louis Philippe. Here also the suffrage was extended and the most reverent gestures were made to the dogmas of popular sovereignty. The citizen king affected to be a democrat in ideas and demeanor. The voice of Andrew Jackson could have wished no truer echo beyond the seas. Yet it was not "frontier influence" that inspired the July Revolution in 1830. Neither was there any such inspiration in Germany, in Italy, or in Poland, where waves of militant liberalism were set in motion, but through various mishaps failed to gain adequate momentum. Even in Canada, just to the north of us, there was a tidal wave of radicalism at this time, culminating in the rebellions of 1836–1837; but the frontier had nothing to do with it.

The frontier interpretation of American history has been overworked. It is time for someone to point out that what happened in the United States during this Jacksonian decade was just what was happening everywhere. The pendulum was taking one of its periodic, world-wide swings. In America the frontier may have given it some peculiarities, but not momentum. There would have been a Jacksonian interlude without a frontier. Indeed, the eruption would probably have been more violent but for the fact that much Eastern radicalism had been drawn westward during the years preceding 1828 and had been considerably sobered by the influence of land ownership.

The triumph of Toryism, which assumed international proportions during the dozen years that followed the close of the Napoleonic wars, was bound to induce a reaction. It came during the early thirties in Europe and America alike. The law of the pendulum, rather than influence of the frontier, would seem to furnish the right clue. It has the merit of recognizing, moreover, the essential unity of European and American history. When the world swings to the Right America goes with it—and to the Left also.

Nor is this at all surprising, for we are a people of the same flesh and blood as Europeans, inspired by the same general motives, subject to the same political shortcomings, similarly intolerant of the *status quo*, and obedient to the same promptings of mass psychology. Let us not be hoodwinked by terminology. Americans during the nineteenth century "civilized a half continent" while Britishers, Frenchmen, and Russians "built up great empires." They, of course, were imperialistic while we were merely humanitarian! But the expansion in both cases was prompted by the same motives and carried through by the same methods in so far as such methods needed to be used. It was all a part of the world-wide quest for wealth and power, the response of civilized mankind to a law of human nature. Human actions, as Kant once said, are as much under the control of law as any other physical phenomena.

Hence, every great movement in American politics is likely to have its counterpart abroad, although its outward manifestations may be different, and differences in terminology may obscure the essential identity. With greater intimacy of contact between the two continents, and with the more complex interlocking of their economic interests, it seems probable that the swings of the pendulum will synchronize even more closely and more visibly in the future than they have done in the past.

IV

I have used the period 1815–1840 as an illustration, but other eras would serve as well. The political history of Great Britain during the whole of the past century is a panorama of upheaval and integration, reform and reaction, liberalism and conservatism. During the years following the close of the Napoleonic wars we have the Tory domination of Liverpool, Wellington, and Castlereagh; from 1830 to 1841, the epoch of the great reforms under Whig leadership; from 1840 to the middle fifties another period of Conservative ascendancy, followed by the great duel between Disraeli and Gladstone; then, in the closing quarter of the nineteenth century, came the almost systematic alternation of Unionists and Liberals which continued down to the outbreak of the War. These alternations did not come with exact chronological regularity, to be sure; in some cases the span of party triumph lasted longer than in others. But the longest term during which either of the two great political elements held office during the century—1815 to 1915—was about a dozen years.

Cycles in politics cannot be chronologically exact for the reason that various factors intervene to modify the inclination to regularity, just as the operation of natural laws can be forestalled, delayed, or speeded up by the actions of man. A war, for example, always constitutes a serious interference with the normal evolution of domestic politics. In war all the usual currents are deviated from their course. The Civil War in the United States gave the Republicans a grip upon power which it took two decades to release. In England, where the date of an appeal to the country can be determined by the party in power, it has more than once happened that a "khaki election" could be utilized, and was utilized, to secure the perpetuation of a government in office. And Continental govern-

ments with autocratic leanings have more than once welcomed war as a means of deflecting the current of home politics from its normal course.

Likewise, the regularity of the cycle is broken, from time to time, by a well-advised or fortunate political stroke on the one side, or a serious mistake on the other. It can hardly be doubted that the acceptance of bimetallism by the Democratic Party in 1896 was a grave strategic error and one that stalled an incipient drift which might well have brought this party into power long before 1913. Good leadership or the lack of it has also had something to do with the acceleration or slackening of the swing. The accession of Colonel Roosevelt to the presidency in 1901 is an instance in point. His aggressive personality served to halt the exodus from the ranks of his party and gave the Republicans an accession of strength which lasted beyond the close of his second term. Other instances could be given; yet we should not overstress the personal equation. There are vagaries of nature, yet all nature is governed by law. The social structure is subject to conscious manipulation in no greater degree.

It is the irregularities in political evolution that draw our attention, yet the fundamental inclination to a cyclic course is always there. The great simplicities are merely clouded from the unpracticed eye. When every allowance is made for the vicissitudes of fortune and misfortune, the truth remains, and it is elemental, that a party in power inclines to grow weaker from the day that it takes office; while the opposing party, barring mishaps, inclines to become stronger. The party in power must choose between the practical alternatives and, by so doing, it inevitably creates antagonisms. Even by the exercise of the most adroit statesmanship these antagonisms are not to be avoided. The party in power must distribute patronage, and every seasoned politician knows that this is a channel through which no ultimate strength is generated. The distribution of patronage in the form of offices and contracts creates more resentment than gratitude; it inures to the advantage of the immediate beneficiaries, but never to that of the party as a whole. The party which is in opposition can gather into its fold all who demand impracticable measures, the discontented, the disappointed, and the disillusioned; it can rub salt into their wounds and breathe soothing promises into their ears. Thus it tends to become a Cave of Adullam, sheltering malcontents of every stripe. All are welcome provided they are willing to join the array against the common enemy.

But when victory at the polls is achieved through these accessions of strength from various irreconcilable quarters, the process of weakening at once begins—begins from the moment that the victors take office, or even before it. The new administration cannot hope to satisfy the expectations of its variegated following, but must shoulder the heritage of disappointment. It is now the turn of the other party to take advantage of the ebbing tide. Let it be repeated, however, that this cycle of strength and weakness does not run its round with a precision that can be forecast. Politics is an art, and a true art is never completely enslaved to formal rules.

V

There is one phase of the matter to which, in a final word, I beg to invite attention. I have used the pendulum as an analogy, but it is by no means an altogether suitable one. The base of a mechanical pendulum—the point from which it swings—is fixed and immovable, but the base of the pendulum in politics is not. On the contrary, it is continually in motion. In other words, the "point of rest" from which public sentiment gravitates in one direction or the other—this point of rest is not, paradoxically, a fixed point at all. And this for the reason that during the interval between the action and the

reaction, the base of the pendulum—that is, the political consensus of the people—has been moving either to the Right or to the Left; so that the return swing carries farther, or not so far, as would otherwise be the case. If it has moved to the Right, the conservative reaction will be the more intense, and vice versa.

During the years from 1850 to the beginning of the World War, the base of the pendulum in all countries kept moving towards the Left, virtually without interruption. The world as a whole became more liberally minded. Political leaders, both radical and reactionary, had to keep stepping leftwards to avoid being dropped out of the procession. Some of them did not manage to do it. Mr. Bryan, for example, was perhaps the most radical of all the outstanding political leaders in the United States thirty years ago. Not a few people looked upon him at that time as a menace to the very foundations of the Republic. But Mr. Bryan at the time of his death was regarded by the radicals as a straggler from the ranks. He was our premier fundamentalist in religion and had become a good deal of a fundamentalist in politics. It was not that Mr. Bryan recanted any of his earlier political beliefs during this interim, but merely that the leftward march of the national consensus had left him stranded on the Right.

The leader in politics who desires to be successful must, therefore, keep his eye on the pendulum, both its tip and its base. Much has been written autobiographically about qualities which successful statesmen must possess, but none is more important than this. We speak of the vicissitudes of politics, and as Dr. Samuel Johnson once remarked, "A man used to vicissitudes is not easily dejected." That may be the reason why politicians are so often optimists. But what we call the vicissitudes and vagaries of politics are for the most part not vicissitudes or vagaries at all, any more than the tides of the ocean are pranks of nature. They are, in many instances, merely the manifestations of an elemental law to which neither political scientists nor practical politicians have as yet given sufficient attention.

THE AMERICAN TOURIST IN EUROPE

BY ALBERT JAY NOCK

IN MY wanderings about Europe last summer I fell into the orbit of a good many groups of tourists of various nationalities. In eastern Belgium and Luxembourg they were chiefly Dutch and Rhinelanders. In Austria they were largely from Bavaria and the Danube States, while in western Belgium the English predominated. Elsewhere, especially in France and Holland, the vast majority were good home-grown Yanks.

These wayfarers were something of a novelty to me, since I had not been in Europe for fifteen years during the tourist season. Even then I had seen only a few assorted job-lots in Rome—mostly Americans—and I had noticed them but casually, being pretty busy with other matters. But last summer I began to speculate about these groups as a social phenomenon, and more or less kept an eye on their qualities, behavior, and pursuits. This led me to think up some reasons why the tourist is always an object of aversion and contumely to his countrymen abroad. "For Heaven's sake," wrote an American acquaintance, asking me to suggest some tours in Europe, "don't route me where I'll run into a lot of American tourists." A Belgian lady, too, complained bitterly to me about the general run of Belgians she encountered on a trip to England. "They made me ashamed to tell anybody I was a Belgian," she said. I find a certain lack of humor in this attitude. It reminds me somewhat of our hundred-per-center's naïve priggishness about immigrants and their offspring. His own father may speak with an accent that you could cut with a butter-knife, but he is no less strong for Americanizing all foreigners who are in the country, and keeping out all who are not. Over here it is a ticklish business to say just what a tourist is, and it is still more ticklish to deride tourists or to put on airs about them.

For my own part, I believe the conventional reasons for disliking tourists have no more solid foundation than that of most generalizations about human beings, which is to say, precious little. I have some objections to tourists in general, and some to American tourists in particular—which last I shall state presently—but they are not the ones usually put forward. Most people think they dislike tourists, I believe, when what they really dislike is the effect of a crowd. They would feel the same at home towards a lot of convention delegates if they found the place all cluttered up with them. Tourists give the impression of being always under foot, of preëmpting all the room there is, and swarming over everything. But this is due to their numbers and preoccupations, and it is hardly reasonable to dislike them for either; nevertheless, one does do so. They are like women at a bargain-counter, or the people ahead of one in line at a ticket window. One hates them instinctively and puts them down as shocking pigs, when most probably they are very decent people simply busy with their legitimate preoccupations which happen to be accidentally annoying to those who do not share them or who have preoccupations of their own. Again tourists are thought to look un-

lovely and "ornery." For the most part they do. It is pretty hard for one who is steadily traveling to look otherwise. Besides this, it is notorious that the aspect of any large and more or less homogeneous crowd is uninviting. Look at the graduating class *en masse* of one of our women's colleges, for instance, and you would take oath there was nothing like a pretty girl among them.

Again, tourists are thought to have bad manners. Superficially, there is something in this, but it is a relative matter. The English tourists I saw last summer had, in most cases, manners that I should regard as considerably under par if they had been mine. But they were not bad *for them.* National practices differ. I have been in England enough to know that English practice of the amenities at large is in intention neither better nor worse than American practice, but quite different; and it is not just to let oneself be put off by a mere difference that indicates no fault in character or motive. Besides, there is the influence of a sense of strangeness, of self-consciousness, and some apprehension. It takes a very large and easy release from one's provincialisms to escape this, and few of us can command it. Not all of us escape this influence when we move a step or two out of our customary surroundings at home, and how much less the chance of escaping it abroad! Mark Twain's book *The Innocents Abroad* is fundamentally a record of the progressive workings of that influence; and this, I believe, more than any of its other qualities, accounts for the book's immense popularity with a traveling public.

II

But I must begin to particularize about American tourists. Some of them got in trouble with a street crowd in Paris last summer, and had unpleasant experiences, so the papers said, which led President Coolidge to take notice of the incident and issue some good advice. He made the rather commonplace division of tourists into the sheep and the goats. In conversation with a much-traveled Englishman, whom I met on a train at the time of the incident, I remarked that the really objectionable American tourist was not often seen outside Paris, London, and a few fashionable resorts, mostly French, and that he went to those places because they are organized for him and are a kind of standing advertisement for his patronage; and, therefore, they ought not to resent the only sort of conduct they could expect from him. "Quite so," the Englishman assented. "They get quite what they ask for."

This is something that ought to be remembered when the behavior of the tourist is under consideration at home. President Coolidge's second category of tourists might be subdivided as follows:

1. Those who have more dollars than sense and who go abroad to splurge. It is *vox populi* in Europe that all one sees of this class are Americans, but this is an error. It is an odd fact that this class has created a purely international type, like the Jew or the Quaker. Having spent many years in lower-middle Manhattan, and wearily plodded about Western Europe for a total of several more, I have become pretty quick at spotting nationality, but I can do nothing with this type. It has become a matter of curiosity with me. Wherever I go in Europe I occasionally see people who might be American, English, German, Scandinavian, anything. Their characteristic marks of nationality are all overlaid by the one mark of having money to burn, and a great desire to burn it. Yet the most of these that one sees in Europe in the summer are presumably American, because, as things stand, there are more rich Americans than there are of other tribes.

2. Those whose uppermost thought in going abroad is to make their escape from our peculiarly national inhibitions and prohibitions as thorough, obvious, workmanlike, and spectacular as possible. These, whatever their nominal errand in Europe, go back like Abe Potash's friend

Hymie Salzman, "with new idees about tchampanyer wine yet, and not about garments."

3. The infatuate. These are they who have been in Europe before and have contracted an effeminate "crush" on some European center, almost invariably Paris or London. They get out of the steamer-train, glance around a grimy and hideous railway station, and into the iron countenances of cab drivers and *commissionaires*, and say, "Isn't it wonderful? Isn't it lovely? Where'll we dine to-night, and what theater'll we go to first?"

In my judgment, these three subclasses make up the class of objectionable American tourists that President Coolidge adverted to. They are all direct products of extremely serious defects in our civilization, and as long as these defects are unremedied, so long will they go on being produced, and so long will European centers continue pandering to their weakness, viciousness, vulgarity, and foolery. This is all one needs say about them and, indeed, it is about all that can profitably be said, except perhaps that their numerical increase of late is evidence that the defects which produce them are being confirmed, and not remedied. But this evidence is not particularly needed.

III

Concerning Mr. Coolidge's first class of tourists, I can only say that everything I saw last summer bore him out handsomely in his championship of them. Of course I am giving merely the brief and casual observations of one person, but for what those are worth I had absolutely invariable reason to think well of my countrymen, and every comparison that I make with tourists of the same class from other lands was in their favor. My first experience was with a rather special body of traveling Americans, very early in the season, when about two hundred hotel men, many of them with their families, came to Brussels, and were entertained at a gala performance of "La Traviata," at the Royal Opera. When I heard that they were coming it occurred to me that here would be about as prepossessing a representation of my country as one could get, because hotel men are professionally trained to encounter almost any kind of public, and they have a professional knowledge of the amenities demanded by almost any kind of occasion. I was not disappointed. After a week's gruelling razoo from the hospitalities of Paris, these poor men and women had taken the train at six o'clock that morning, reached Brussels at ten, junketed around town all day, were promptly in their seats at nine o'clock, and stuck out the opera to the bitter end at half-past twelve. If they knew anything about music they were too ravaged by weariness to care for it—what they wanted was solitude and sleep. Yet they heroically did the right thing, and did it gracefully, until the very last dog was hung—until a pretty Belgian Violetta finally expired, and the curtain went down. In the long waits between acts I looked them over as they dragged themselves about the lobby to fight off somnolence, and I was gratified by the display of quiet good taste which they made in dress and manner, by their dignity and courtesy, and by their terrific efforts to appear happy, interested, and appreciative.

The tourists I surveyed in Holland were divisible into two lots or sets. One set seemed to be none too well off and to come from small towns where they did something regularly for their living. I saw several parties of these, all being piloted around by tourist-agencies. The other set, which also comprised several parties and was under commercial management, was apparently on the *tour de luxe*, stopping at the best hotels and, while not in the least flamboyant, looking as if money was no great object. I went around Amsterdam and the Hague in the wake of a couple of parties of both sets, mostly through museums, and accompanied one party on the all-day trip to Vollendam and Marken. Like the

hotel men, all these people were dog-tired, fagged out, not with the healthy fatigue that comes at the end of a reasonable day's work, but with the settled tiredness that means frazzled nerves and an undermined disposition. Yet not once did I see any of them show a streak of petulance, bad temper, or bad manners. Not once all summer, indeed, did I see an American tourist of Mr. Coolidge's first class show himself anything but kindly, good-tempered and decent.

More than that, I was quite astonished to see how regularly these people—many of whom I would regard as pretty unpromising in this respect—were intent on making the most of really good things. In the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam, for instance, I noticed some well-to-do, spoiled-looking young girls—flappers—with the usual vacuous face and hard expression, accentuated by utter weariness. I wondered what they were there for, and kept an eye on them. I became intensely interested at seeing them pick out great pictures and try to get some impression of them. It was a hopeless attempt—they were too tired to get any impression of anything—but they made the attempt and made it with a dogged persistence I should not imagine they could show even in dancing the Charleston. Behavior like this was pretty generally characteristic of the American tourists who fell under my observation all summer. I would give anything to know what they got out of seeing the things they showed interest in, or what it was that they were looking for and expecting to get. I tried to overhear some comments, but heard very few—they did not talk much, which again surprised me, until I realized that they were too tired to talk. But the fact remains that in general they picked out good things, and tried to get something out of them.

Current opinion and every recognized authority are against me, I believe, but I have come around to the notion that the American tourist is a good deal of a singed cat. Perhaps I ran into a string of coincidences, so in giving my opinion I give it with all deference to those of larger experience. On a rubberneck wagon in Paris one day was a young woman who looked extremely unintelligent, and I think actually was; but she had somehow accumulated an astonishing amount of technical and well-knit information about art and architecture. I wish I had as much. I wondered where she had picked it up, and why. Her knowledge was not formative in her case, evidently. Though wholly of the formative kind, it had not "struck in"; I could not see that it had especially affected her taste or her sensibilities. But inert as it was, she had it. In the same party was a woman from California who seemed very commonplace as, again, I think she was. But she had almost a professional knowledge of trees and flowers, such knowledge as I would give a great deal to have. Again, one day in Bruges I saw a couple, early middle aged, highly prosperous, very genial and good humored, neither of whom would one suspect of ever setting the river afire with interest in things of the spirit. Yet in their travels they had been industriously photographing a lot of architectural details here and there, in order to get practicable ideas for the embellishment of a new house. How intelligent they were about this, or how trustworthy their taste was, I cannot say. I have great doubts. I suspect that the new house may turn out to be rather a terror, but the fact remains that with the best taste and intelligence they possessed, they were certainly trying hard and taking no end of trouble about it.

IV

On the whole, then, I am led to believe that the tourist has a good deal to say for himself, much more than he usually gets credit for. Nevertheless, I have some complaints against our tourist which I wish he would heed, because I give voice to them mostly in his own interest. The first one is that he

does not organize his trip well. Artemus Ward said the trouble with Napoleon was that he tried to do too much, and did it. That is precisely the trouble with our tourists. They invariably try to cover from ten to twenty times the ground that Nietszche's superman could profitably cover in twice the time—and by gum, they cover it. They can't think of leaving out Rome, they must see Paris, they would never forgive themselves for not going to London, they can't endure the thought of not visiting Switzerland when they will be so near, and so forth and so on. I am speaking, remember, of persons of average seriousness, who regard a visit to Europe as something of an opportunity. They overlook the factors of weariness and surfeit. The human mind cannot receive many sharp impressions in rapid succession without fagging, and after the first few the rest of the impressions simply do not "take." Or, for a better comparison, the mind is like the stomach. It is not how much you put into it that counts, but how much it digests—if you try to feed it with a shovel you get bad results.

Here is where the Continental tourist is wiser than ours. He picks out a region that interests him—a small one—studies it minutely from all the books he can get his hands on before he starts, and then sees it methodically and thoroughly. He knows he cannot see everything in the world, and prefers really seeing a little to looking at a great deal and seeing nothing. If our tourists would follow his example they would be much less of a nuisance to others and to themselves, and they would lay up solid profit out of every moment of their stay. To see the Rijksmuseum at Amsterdam, for instance, or the Hermitage at Petersburg, and have any real idea of what is there, or any real feeling for what one sees, means a straight month's work at the very least; and to see the Dresden gallery means twice that. What is the use of walking through them in half a day apiece? One would get as much out of trying to read the *Iliad* by turning over leaves at the rate of one a second. It takes a long time also to get the feel of any strange city, and one who tries to get it in less is merely wasting precious time.

Precious time—that is what I wish our tourists would learn, that their time here is *precious*, far too precious for an hour of it to be frittered away in what really amounts to no more than desultory or galvanic motion. This brings me to my second count against the tourist, which is that he spends so much time on things that he can do as well—sometimes better—at home, to the neglect of things that can only be done here, or done far better. In speaking frankly of these matters, it must be understood that I am not disparaging anything, but am merely speaking from the point of view of a person who comes to Europe with a strictly limited amount of time and attention at his command, and who desires to bestow them to the best advantage.

For instance, there is natural scenery. I am the very farthest from implying that Switzerland is not worth visiting. If I were English or European, I should go there. But why should an American go there when he can go to the Canadian Rockies or the Grand Canyon, or any one of a dozen places in his own country? Not that Swiss scenery is inferior—let us grant for argument that it is a great deal better. But is it *so much* better that the difference is worth the tourist's time in competition with the enormous multitude of things that Europe can display and America cannot? I doubt it. Take, on the other hand, the man-made scenery in eastern Belgium and the Grand Duchy of Luxembourg, as something marvellously beautiful that cannot be matched in America. We have nothing even remotely like it. Let the tourist who is interested in scenic effects gamble on my assurance for a "flyer" of four hours in a motor car, and then decide for himself whether or not he has seen something brand-new, and so much

worth seeing that he will remember it all his life. On a sunny day in late July or early August let him take the Hosingen Road from Diekirch through Vianden, branch off to Wiltz and Esch, and then return through Bursheid and Ettelbruck. If he wishes to make the comparison clear, let him run over from Ettelbruck about a dozen miles to Müllerthal, Luxembourg's prize bit of natural wild scenery. It will be no treat to him. He will find only the unpretending kind of thing that he can see any day at the entrance to the Adirondacks.

Again, there are many things in Holland immensely worth seeing if one had all the time in the world. But why should the tourist who has so little time spend any of it in cruising about canals, looking at Dutch public buildings, windmills, and wooden shoes, or going over to Vollendam or Marken, especially since for such things he could do about as well at Nantucket and, most especially, since Holland itself has so much to offer which cannot be matched elsewhere. My advice to the tourist would be, Go to Holland—don't miss it—stay as long as you possibly can, and don't stir a foot outside the museums at the Hague, Haarlem, and Amsterdam for anything but to eat and sleep all the time you are there. Those three museums are not by any means all in Holland that is worth attention, but they are all that is worth the American tourist's attention.

Then there is the matter of the European cities one visits—and here, I suppose, I shall step on red-hot burning ground. Remember, however, I am not speaking of what is appropriate to the spendthrift and snob, the infatuate, or the person who, in Mrs. Pumpilion's phrase, comes to Europe to pass his hours in roaring iniquity. I hereby "make the break," and offer myself as a target for utter derision, by declaring that I cannot see why any tourist outside these categories, and with no more than the usual amount of time at his command, should go to Paris, London, or Berlin, when he can go to New York. I have asked many people for a satisfactory reason why he should, and never got one. I have nothing in the world against these four cities; all I wish to suggest is that for a tourist's purposes they are essentially so much alike that the handiest one is the one best worth visiting. Paris, true, has great beauty, and the others have not; but so have many other Continental cities which in other respects are more worth the tourist's while; and besides, the beauty of Paris, in my judgment, is far less interesting and delightful than it is opulent and impressive. Paris also probably remains the great exhibit center of the world in certain kinds of merchandise, but they are very few, and none of them is important enough to make it imperative that the tourists should sacrifice the time to see them.

Many Americans, I find, are under a curious illusion. They think that certain things which attract them are peculiarly French, or even Parisian, when they are really European. "Not going to Paris?" said one woman to another, in my hearing. "Why, do you mean to say you are going to miss the chance of drinking coffee at one of those charming places where they have tables out on the sidewalk?" The fact is that there are precious few crossroad villages, even, let alone cities, in all Europe, where these agreeable facilities are not to be found. If the tourist looks into it, he will learn that the point of this story touches a great many matters beside sidewalk cafés. It touches art and architecture, clothes, cooking—yes, really—antiquities, music, the theater, and any number of interesting things, both great and small.

My third objection to our tourist is that he averages too young. Regarding Europe as an eligible place for American youth, I am becoming as skeptical about it as Thomas Jefferson was, and for the same reason. I never yet knew a very young person to come here who got much out of it that was

worth having, or, if he stayed any length of time, did not in some way deteriorate under it. Our tourists, being young, are too inexperienced, too unthoughtful; they have read too little and ineffectively, and they possess in consequence too vague, shifting, and incompetent an idea of what they are here for, what they want, where best to find it, and if they do find it, how to recognize it and properly take it in. Europe is for maturity, not for youth,—maturity in thought, reflective power, observation, appreciation. Let the intending tourist be patient and remember that youth is a disability from which one usually recovers, and that as a rule its special misfortunes and trials are self inflicted and unnecessary. There are enough of these, generally, without aggravating them by an undertaking which in the nature of things cannot be very profitable, but which is pretty sure to yield decent dividends if deferred until it can be approached more intelligently, and with less regard to the solicitations (wholly innocent, no doubt) of mere crude sensation.

V

The tourist may resent, as unsympathetic, the frankness of my observations, but he is quite wrong. He has my sympathy before he starts, when he is contemplating in imagination the myriad attractions of Europe, for I myself have confronted a Norwegian breakfast in my day. I have come down in the morning and faced a buffet bearing eleven kinds of cheese and thirteen kinds of smoked fish. I wanted to eat them all, but it was not practicable—or even half of them—one would die the death of the unrighteous before noon. One's memory was haunted by whatever one decided to leave out, and it took resolution not to let the thought of it make the things one chose seem dissatisfying. But if one just sensibly carried through, one did well in the end, and was happy; and if not, not. I sympathize with the tourist also in his sudden taste of the holiday spirit, which is the spice of one's summer and flavors everything delightfully if one does not try to make a whole meal of it. I sympathize with him especially after his foot has slipped and carried him into a preposterously impossible schedule; for his desolating and benumbing weariness exceeds any known to man. Hardly an American tourist did I see all summer who was not so tired that he had practically lost all the attributes of a sentient being. Above all, I sympathize with him in his constant subjection to a running fire of alluring temptations from tourist literature. I am a great friend to commercial sightseeing. It does the work of the old-style personal courier, and does it better, as a rule, and cheaper. Even the organized cruise seems to me on the whole a good thing, though I never took one—I speak only from observation—and particularly good for people who need to get out of a rut, if they happen to be the kind that can rest on shipboard and can enjoy travel. I can do neither, so to me, and those like me, the cruise would be a hard life. But commendable as commercial sightseeing is, one should use its facilities intelligently, and not deliver oneself over, soul and body, to the tourist agency. Here again I would say that the Continental traveler is a little wiser than ours. He goes independently to a region he wishes to visit, and when he gets there he uses the tourist agency's local facilities for finding and exhibiting just the things he wants to see, and nothing else.

So in all respects I think I am sympathetic with the tourist, and entirely on his side. Long may he wave! I want him to have the most for his money, and also to get out from under the obloquy that now attaches to his appellation. Following the three suggestions I have offered will help him to both. Let him put off starting until a little of youth's effervescence has subsided. Then let him make a schedule which is

within the limits of reasonable human endurance, and one which comprises only matters which are distinctly and beyond doubt such as he cannot compass at home.

VI

It might be, moreover, that he could get the tourist agencies to lend a hand and simplify things for him in their highly competent way. Looking over their literature at large, I think they do not at present advertise much service that is organized qualitatively. They have not arranged and grouped sets of attractions to meet any definite interests, or presented plans for the intensive and leisurely consideration of small areas with reference to special interests. I am not a business man and, therefore, cannot say that it would be commercially practicable to do this; but I see no reason against it. Even if the margin of direct profit were small, it might still have value as a business-getter, for I believe that on this basis they might figure out how a person could manage two trips for only a moderate "raise" on the price of one. Along with their offers, I mean, showing how much ground you may cover for the money, and how many indiscriminate things you may see, they might make some offers showing how thoroughly and comfortably you may cover certain carefully assorted sets of attractions in a relatively small area. But whether they see their way to do anything like this or not, it is still possible for the tourist to arrange his schedules for himself, though probably not so well, and use their local facilities in carrying them out.

If the tourist takes what I have said in good part, he will form the closest and most intelligent of sentimental ties with Europe, and then I shall be more on his side than ever, because we shall have that much more in common. But even if he does not—indeed, if he ridicules with Homeric laughter every word I say—I shall still continue staunchly to be on his side.

THE END

BY A. A. MILNE

WHEN I was one
I had just begun.

When I was two
I was nearly new.

When I was three
I was hardly Me.

When I was four
I was not much more.

When I was five
I was just alive.

But now I am six I'm as clever as clever,
So I think I'll be six now for ever and ever.

PREFACE TO AN UNWRITTEN NOVEL

BY DONALD CORLEY

IT WAS a moist spring morning, early enough for footsteps to be audible in the third street on Murray Hill, that the skylark sang his two soft notes somewhere near the Church Without a Saint. . . . Perhaps the skylark lives there, in the tiny garden of the church, I conjectured, having heard him once or twice before this, and always two hours before daybreak of a certain kind of spring morning, when great events were presaged. "Sea-island weather," a friend born in a far archipelago once called that vague and suave and beguiling kind of a morning, that reminds you that New York *is* on an island in the sea, and under the spell of the Gulf Stream at times—when the wheels have all stopped turning for a moment and the acrid aroma of gasoline has gone, wherever aromas go.

I had come to associate the skylark with great events, in fact—(events of my own, you understand)—and to expect them to happen should I be so fortunate as to pass the Church Without a Saint at the hour of his matins. Perhaps the skylark plays the part of the ecclesiastical dove in that church. And if you protest that there is no third street on Murray Hill I can only say that it depends upon where you count them from, and what your orientation is. And if you protest that there could not be a skylark there, and that I must have heard some other bird, may I ask if you have never seen an elephant being taken for a walk on Fifth Avenue by a small Syrian boy? Anything can happen in New York. Have two gray nuns ever called upon you to inform you that you lived in Saint Gabriel's Parish, whether you wanted to or not?

So perhaps you will concede that there *is* a church without a saint, for the simple reason that the faith is not yet old enough to have acquired one. Ergo, if there were a saint in residence there no skylark would live there. It would be a parrot. . . .

And so, thinking of parrots, skylarks, Danish weather, how Tycho Brahe managed to make his momentous observations on an island in the fog—or did he use those nights to correlate his data about the unknown stars?—the red-gold eyes of the Siamese cat whom I had that evening christened Angkor Thom after the Cambodian temple . . . wondering if that strange cat really had monkey blood . . . thinking of colophons and why they are so called . . . of dramaturges and astrolabes, and if the talesmen of a jury had ever been called talismen, and if the whistles on the river could be likened to oreads, since it is coal that makes whistles, and forests that make coal, and forests are full of nostalgia, and oreads' voices speak it, too . . . New York is full of all the nostalgias for every other place, and the whistles speak it . . . out of the coal that comes from so many places—petrified sunshine—homesickness is, then, a desire to return to the sun, from which this little earth may have been born, even as the moon is said to have been born from the Pacific Ocean . . . thinking, in fact, of all the loose ends of things that one does, returning home from a pleasant evening, and still not sleepy . . .

And thus I came to the door of the

Goldbeater's House, a block farther towards the East River, the house where I lived. The dark-blue crackled door confronted me like the old worn leather cover of a book that I had perused too often, and which had, finally, nothing more to offer except footnotes.

What was here that had not been here at noon when I went away? To return to one's house after an absence of even a few hours is always a thumb-nail adventure, to the observant. If, that is, your door responds to no other key than your own.

If, that is, you live alone.

For no hand will have stirred your chairs into new relationships, nor swept your work-table of its debris of unfinished tasks, nor found the missing page of that manuscript which you discovered anew with such joy day before yesterday, after a long time, nor turned the hour-glass that had amused you until you realized how much scrupulous attention it demanded, nor turned the page of the book of Scriabijn on your piano. (There it is, still open upon the somber prelude that emphasized another's loneliness for you that morning.) You wish you did not remember how lonely that was . . . The cork is still out of your bottle of green ink, the worse for so much evaporation to no purpose . . . you have left all your lights burning from that dark morning . . . you have come back to yourself, that is all.

And yet, there is always hope that your furniture may have conspired against you, especially the wicker chairs that have such a way of speaking in a silence, as if ghosts had just risen from them. For wicker is willow, and willow is a voluble material, perhaps from growing always where there are wind and water. A willow wand was the old divining rod of the Magi, still used in some of the simpler countries for finding water, and willow chairs never forget their birthplaces, where they no doubt trafficked with water-ghosts.

The door of the Goldbeater's House seemed more than ever like the cover of an old book, a blue-leather book containing anything whatever, from the high formulæ of magic to the flat dull tools of prose. The old gilded escutcheon of the Goldbeater glimmered on the wall—the clasping of the book. It had once had an arm holding a hammer for its device, but a brick had fallen off the cornice one day and broke the arm, so the Goldbeater had explained. But that was why I lived there, where gold was beaten thin upon a marble block in the ancient way. There are not many goldbeaters. Would you live two flights above a tinsmith? An ironmonger? It is pleasant to find shreds of gold leaf upon your floor, light as thistle down, carried up by the wind—your only endurable charwoman—from the shop in the garden. Truly, that was why I lived there; and as I went up the stairs it came to me that I was bringing home something new, and that, besides what I was bringing, there would be nothing new, nothing changed, above stairs.

But I had *that*, and the skylark had just announced the validity of it. For I was bringing home the desire to write a novel, and somehow I felt that the goldbeater's method would be the way to do it.

For during that Sunday evening my friends had violently urged this course of conduct. "Makes a sort of milestone for you," Tara had said. "After that you are established in the world," quoth Edward. "It's the decent thing to do" was the sober verdict of Greta (who had, you observe, a sense of one's responsibility towards life).

And Dirce, who was the daughter of Tara, and fifteen, said nothing, as she had the habit of doing. So I was constrained to ask her if she had written a novel, being more than suspicious. (You never knew what Dirce might have done, you see.) "Yes, I have," she replied, languidly. "It's very easy, you know." And how did she do it? was my natural query. "Why, you just *write* it!" she exclaimed, somewhat petulantly. And that was all that any of us could get out

of her, although Tara, her mother, has since confided to me that the "novel" had come to her notice accidentally, and that it was called simply *The Story of Dirce*, but that it was really about a cat mostly, and that its tonnage (so to speak) did not exceed five hundred words! And yet how weighty were those words of Dirce's! How much she must have enjoyed her suffering to write them, for you will admit that to use words at all requires a staunch, stark courage, a certain violence of emotion, a bitter economy of metaphor, and a vast knowledge of human nobility, frailty, grief, love, cupidity, cruelty, and many other potentialities ending in -ty!

And Dirce was fifteen!

"You ought to be ashamed of yourself," muttered Gareth, who was inclined to take a carping and gloomy view of the matter, "not to have done it long ago. Everyone who can write writes a novel, and lots of people who can't write at all do it, too. It's like going to confession. Besides, it's like having your name in the City Directory for being a householder, in this migratory age—like having your name in brass on a church pew, to be shown by the verger some day. Why, you could go into a bookshop with a friend and casually lead him to the shelf and say, 'see there,' or something, or 'isn't that funny! They keep my novel here, too!' And after that, you see, you're *supposed* to be a writer. No longer any doubt about it. It's expected of you by your friends . . . puts a graceful tombstone over your buried youth, with some graceful bit of Attic salt for the dedication: 'Here lies . . . *et alii, dum spes . . . loquantur,*' in good doggish Latin. Then keep right on lying, interestingly, right up to the last chapter, and *then*, tell the truth in a few terse sentences, so that no one will believe you!"

And Gareth, being a taciturn man, lapsed into silence.

It remained for Caerloeen to soften the worldliness of Gareth with a little quaint perfume. "Anyway," she said, softly, "you could write a novel that wouldn't be a novel, you know, about your adventures that you didn't have, not through any fault of your own, but just because the others didn't get to the oak tree that day in time, or find the letter hidden in the book, or even know what you meant when you sent them an Eighteenth Century letter on parchment, dated two hundred years ago, all flowered with pretty phrases concealing your ardent passion, pounced, sealed, and crested! Of course, *I* should have known," added Caerloeen, "but you never sent me one, you see. I shall look for it in the novel. Don't have a plot; that's like the set of plans for a house that you can buy from a magazine. The house always looks as if you had bought it in a department store. Make it droll, make it *gay*, my friend the world is sad, and don't use too many asterisks. . . . You must have the makings of a novel tucked away in that house of yours. Have you ever looked?"

And so having been interrogated, censured, condemned, upbraided, and a promise extorted, to write that novel forthwith, I left Caerloeen to her stringing of colored beads and Gareth to his saturnine perusal of Josephus, and Dirce to her languid entertainment of the Siamese cat recently "christianed" (as she said) "Angkor Thom," and very much bored, as all royal cats are of a Sunday evening, and Edward and Greta to their game of chess (which was their way of quarreling), and Tara, the mother of Dirce, to the horoscope that she was casting. (It was Dirce's horoscope, but that young woman, after the manner of her peers, was just as languid about the result as she was about the cat! But, then, it may be that this languor is the mask of very serious things in Dirce and her peers. I think that Tara knew *that!*)

Well, I reached the top of the stairs, opened the door, and listened as the wicker chairs spoke volubly in the silence of their ghosts. "Tell us a story," they seemed to be saying, "*not* a ghost-story, but a *real* story about love and things!"

The telephone had its usual smug and

somewhat feline secrecy, its air of having rung in vain, its determination not to reveal anything; it was the shank of a spring night; the skylark had spoken; a novel must be written. I had sworn it. How? With what? Of what? My fanciful friends would not quite do. They had returned into the shadowy house in which they lived, more or less fancifully; for I beg you to believe that I invented them, as it is hard to find a household that has no radio in it these days. Still, Dirce, if properly launched, might grow up in a novel to be somewhat less shadowy than Tara her mother, might find herself involved pleasantly in all of the difficulties of a young woman alone in a novel, with all the expectations and inconsistencies of her sex. Who knows? Properly endowed, and guided a little, she might turn out very well, unless, of course, I should fall in love with her, as she got a little older, and get entangled in the meshes of that novel myself. For which there is no remedy, I am told. Still, I reflected, Dirce's impertinences would be very amusing, her mock erudition, her conviction that the world of Romance was made particularly for her, even as she had made at an early age a world for herself, and a map thereof (being engaged upon the study of the human heart in high school at the time). "Brocadia," she called her world, and the major ventricle was the River Ganges, the minor the Straits of Canso. Beyond that, it was a simple world, where anyone might be reasonably happy, since one province of Brocadia was called Mandragora, the other Lucidia, with a sort of debatable land in between, divided by the Ganges and the Straits, a land called, with Greek simplicity, Andthen. (Lucy, it might be explained, was the name that Dirce wished she had been called.) And as for Mandragora? Well . . . ! A "gange" in the language of Brocadia was a tributary, as she insisted that Ganges was plural, if Straits was singular! But you begin to see how promising Dirce seemed for a lay figure, don't you?

At an earlier transitional period of her career Dirce was met at a railway station, terminating a considerable journey taken alone, and under one arm she had a doll named Effie, who had a cinder in one eye. The other arm supported a bulky history of the Ptolemies of Egypt. Effie's trunk had been checked and caused considerable respect when found, having Effie's initials across one end. The check was in Effie's pocket and the key around Effie's neck. The trunk once opened, and Effie given smelling salts for the cinder in her eye, Dirce calmly opened her book while waiting for luncheon, and lamented the unwarrantable expurgation of historical facts concerning the Ptolemies that went on in publishers' offices! Dirce was convinced that the truth was what everyone was entitled to. Her father and I pointed out that the Ptolemies could never have achieved tablets in the Social Register, although *Who's Who* might have recognized them remotely, and Dirce replied —but here she is already occupying too much space for the preface of a novel that may not turn out to be about her at all, so let us leave Effie and her cinder, and hope the smelling salts revived her, and leave the Ptolemies, too, since a curtain always has to be drawn about them, sooner or later.

But Dirce, you will admit, was a terrible temptation, since later on she set out to restore its pristine magic to the Circus, having been struck with its decay since the Charleston set in upon our times as an epidemic.

Waving Dirce aside for a moment, on that significant evening (although I kept a copy of the map of Brocadia, in case I should need her), I turned successively to "The True Story of Denyse of Amboise," which unfortunate and much maligned lady I have always been impelled to vindicate, despite the inevitable condemnation that would come of it (for she was frail, in the opinion of everyone), to a "Recapitulation of the Times of Tamerlane, King of Bokkhara"—a good old epoch of rapine and falconry, as yet un-

discovered by the movies, *Deo volente!* to, more modernly, the "Curious History of one Pierre de Longuevarde del' Torre and Taxis," who galloped the horses of the first post all over Europe, and brought new manuscripts as fast as they could be evolved and illuminated in distant monasteries and hermit-holes to the University of Paris, which still lies along the green river, a languid and hungry hippogriffon, waiting for learning, as unappeasable as the great beast Misfortune in the Sanskrit tale—he who fed upon a bushel of needles a day. This same Pierre exists upon a tapestry, presenting to Our Lady a letter sealed with a wafer, his kneeling cushion and other appointments being of the most sumptuous, his charger in the offing, Our Lady displaying the utmost civility, condescension, approval. Truly, a gallant figure, Pierre de Longuevarde! It is, of course, the true story of that letter, its recipient, its contents (which naturally could not very well be woven into a public tapestry), that sent me wandering along the muddy roads of Moyenage Europe with Pierre, who always had a led-horse for the errant damsel, flying from one place to another upon a secret feminine journey . . . Pierre, in whose leather bags were letters of Marque, Lettres de Cachet, appointments of Cardinals, love-letters. He was their first carrier, and worthy of a novel. In particular, the episode of Mlle. V. (It was well kept, that secret of her name. I do not even know it myself.) Except how she encountered Pierre when his arm was broken (thanks to a broil with Athos of Pont-tarasçon, the same wishing to prevent a certain incriminating letter on lavender parchment from reaching its destination), and how Mlle. V. took care of him, and delivered his letters to king, poet, and beating heart alike and all faithfully, and how, when he had recovered, she left him as mysteriously as she had found him with, however, an equivocal promise somewhat outside the usual procedure in such matters . . . and here the wicker chairs objected, somewhat stuffily, that such novels had been written, or "written at," until the formula was as worn as an old shoe-string.

And so Denyse of Amboise, and Tamerlane of Bokkhara, and the Seven Paintmakers of Limoges (who had crept into the room unawares) both hags and houris, and even Pierre de Longuevarde faded a little into the country of Brocadia along with Dirce, although I could see her red-heeled shoes twinkling through the asphodel of the Debatable Land of Andthen as she ran after Pierre to give him a letter.

For I have great respect for the wisdom of my wicker chairs.

There remained nothing but the cupboard in the corner. It was that sort of cupboard into which one puts things that one does not know what to do with, until some remote and future day.

Ah, yes, there might be a novel in it, waiting to be born!

But of that you may judge (if there was). For I took from it all the papers that there were, to wit: stories that had evaded publication, notes, letters from others, letters never sent, letters returned with acrimony, letters not even written were there, too, as well as letters unfinished, love-letters, bills, both paid and unpaid, all the motley contents of the cupboard I heaped upon the floor, within the square of the blue rug. Surely there was enough substance here for a novel! But I added a handful of poems for good measure, for the tare, so to speak, and yet more letters. It is astonishing how many letters people may have written to one, from time to time!

The wicker chairs evinced great eagerness. They hitched themselves forward with an air of "Well! We always wanted to know what was in that cupboard!" Now, surely, I said to the one who evinced the most astonishment, here is enough "life," enough squandered emotion, enough hard labor, enough of magpie savings, enough material, in short, to make a splendid novel. But it had best be disseminated. First by broom, then by electric fan, then by some set and

cabalistic form of dealing all the sheets into piles, such as Solomon must have employed, to follow the turnings in Hiram's revengeful riddle.

Around the edges of the blue rug the piles grew, as daylight came: a sheet of manuscript, a scribbled character sketch, a pale, old letter from a half-forgotten acquaintance, the fragment of a sonnet, a sheet of stage directions to a lost play,—a cablegram that brought no answer, a list of the necessities of life to be purchased some day: "One ship's clock, one antique atlas, some red lacquer, one crystal ball, one telescope, that Persian miniature in a shop, the *Travels of Marco Polo*."

So they went, divided to a nicety into forty-four piles of almost even thickness, orderly in their disorderly association of contents—surely the metaphysical warp of the fabric. The woof, it was evident, would have to be derived from the air, as nitrates are: cobwebs, spindrift, emanations, phosphorus from the sea—the fragrant footprints of Dirce in the fields of crushed asphodel. For here were tragic facts, God wot, and a mort of queer incidents, many philosophical and lapidary sentences interspersed with more impassioned words. And I remembered that the goldbeater down below was careful to save the sweepings of his shop, and at odd times when there was no gold to beat he burned them, and the residue was pure gold, which nothing can change. It seemed an arrogance to fancy that these yellowed papers might have any gold in them except what others had left in them, and still . . . the procedure seemed valid. A good image, anyway. The burning would have to be "a holocaustic conflagration in an alembic of the heart," quoth the eldest wicker chair ponderously, and we let it go at that. "'Hearth,'" he expounded, "was derived from 'heart.'"

Finally the gods were appeased (since I had dragged them in as witnesses to the vigil), and only two sheets of paper remained in the arena of the blue rug. And Silentinus, the old Latin deity, read the lines written upon one of them, in a sonorous and wine-muffled voice.

"*Cras amet, qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit, cras amet.*"

Which I took to be the dedication suitable to the slice of belles-lettres that might be cut from the cake which the gods brought with them. And Silentinus departed, since it was now dawn and the pervigilium ended. What more fitting Attic salt, crystallized by way of Rome, could Gareth even have found to put upon the tombstone of one's still living youth?

He who would love to-morrow has never loved, indeed, and he who has loved may indeed love to-morrow if not cured by then—although some of the more silent of the gods seemed to translate the latter *cras amet* as "let him love *to-morrow*" . . . who has never loved! But leave the equivocal phrase to be read as the hope or chagrin of the reader prompts, there was still a sheet of paper upon the floor, and it was blank. A bad omen, that!

But Æthalides, the Herald of the Argonauts, turned it over with his wingéd foot, that sheet of gray paper, and with due solemnity read aloud to the assembly two words written there, "Galley West."

And being the Herald of the Argonauts, Æthalides nodded sagely, for he knew that place very well, had in fact had to discover it in order that the Argonauts might go there, and others. For it is not only the winds of chance that propel even such hardy folk as Jason's seekers after the Fleece into the Sea of Surmises, into maelstroms, but all others who have more than one purpose at a time. For it is that very impertinence that makes all the trouble. To have developed a brain, and its gentler twin, an imagination, which began to live a life of their own, opposed to, but tinctured by, the empirical desires of the species, was to offend the gods. They, in their dubious wisdom, have provided pots of gold at the spring of the arch of the rainbow, for anyone to go and find if

he went without doubt. The Golden Fleece was one; the Holy Grail was another; the Alchemists' bitter delving was to wrest the truth from the pot . . . only, the truth ceases to be, as soon as you have named it, for the doubting part of man gives a name only to that thing he does not possess, and cannot, having put it forever away from himself. *Vide* Utopia, the dream of Peace, or any other Lost Cause that could have been achieved, had not the name limited it. "A gentleman," observed Petronius, "ceases by that much to be one when he proclaims that he is one."

And the gods and the Paint-makers of Limoges, having eaten their cake, each using the top of a pile of manuscript for his slice, rose up and departed silently, as if they had business elsewhere at the third cockcrow. But one of the Sybils (she who had come with Silentinus, who had forgotten her when he went) indicated that an oracle had been spoken upon the last sheet of paper, and that the title of the ambiguous work *had* to be *Galley West, or the State of the Conscious.*

And as the early wanton breeze threatened the order of these papers, I made haste to lay the tongs across as many as could be spanned, books, lumps of coal, an orange eking out the necessity. It is at such moments that the obvious remedy does not occur to one, such as closing the window.

Then I numbered the chapters. The early temple builders numbered their stones from the northeast corner, I had read, or imagined, and skipped each fifth one, returning later to give it a magic symbol.

The significant phrase that a glance at the top sheet revealed became the chapter title; for I fancied that the gods had left some crumbs of their cake there—and, presto, the great work was launched!

And Silentinus' sybil named the last, as you will see, before she dragged her cloak of bats' wings across the threshold in pursuit of him.

What its purport may be, unless *you* have been in Galley West, I do not know. But, *pardieu!* Who has not been there? It is the limbo of the Sea, the place where Circumstance propels us forcibly at times; it is a state of mind induced by adverse circumstances crossing in their eccentric orbits, the place in space where one is . . . it is a state of what certain skilled makers of language have named *contretemps!*

But if you are interested in formal definitions, it is defined as: "Adv. Into confusion, all to pieces, Slang, U. S." in any dictionary.

Encyclopedias do not honor the phrase at all, but if they did, you would learn that its origin is buried in the anchored galleys in the Mediterranean's depths, and that "West" indicates where the sun set upon something that had happened, finished—until another day!

Here ends the apologia, and begins the story or, if you prefer, here ends the story and begins the apologia. And if *you* earnestly desire to write a novel, and know not how, then may I urge you to your own cupboard, your limbo of papers, to taste the thrill of the unexpected (including the forgotten bottle of wine that you have hidden beneath them, as I did), the re-discovered: these letters hung on my doorknob one day (I hope that you can boast a doorknob instead of a pressed steel door with a neat but mortuary Yale lock in it), hung by a hempen string: murdered letters, whose crime was to speak too openly of love, impassioned letters, written in Tokay and pounced with tarnished stardust, written by myself to a woman, and returned to the boundary as ambassadors are returned to the frontier when diplomatic relations cease. This story, so carefully wrought, has languished like a lily bulb in a cellar, mistaken for an onion. This was the poem of a summer's night, and is the X-ray of a fractured friendship. This letter describes a peremptory hypocrite, and this is the letter of a child, in thanks for a trifling gift—a silver whistle, one gathers from the context, and accompanied by a drawing of a

horse, a drawing out of the Han Dynasty! For not all these overtones of other days are tragic ones, nor sinister, nor even dull. Many gay things happen, and the record of them is equally voluminous, if you have saved—nearly everything!

Reflect, my ambitious reader, (if that is your temperament), upon the vast granary of *recorded life* that you may have in your cupboard, and what you may make of it, before you proceed farther, for, even after this preamble there may not be a novel at the end, and you may be better employed upon your own! Not that I would bring upon the book-ridden world any more books, unless they were true tales of love and things, being, myself, as plaintively in search of such as my wicker chairs, and despite every desire to recommend this novel to you, I am bound to confess that I do not know what you will find in it, since contrary to custom and order I have written the preface first, to forestall all later hypocrisy (as the others, alas, seldom do!).

You have heard a chess-player, or a poker-player, make endless explanations as to why he had not done so well with a certain move, or with his four queens? That I decline to do, at the end, and so promise you a good game, fair stories, many crisp croutons in the soup, meat to set the tooth in, and flavored with pine-needles, a pastry compounded of the dried fruits of many far places, and perhaps a salad-dressing that will surprise you.

Would you know the thumb-nail legend of a certain olive merchant of Stamboul, who opened a shop, an evening-shop, to insure companionship for himself between six and eight? Would you like to know how he made archaic Greek sculpture in milk bottles, thus solving the problems as to what to do with them? The device of a lady, hard pressed by her emotions, desiring to succumb to them, yet wishing to seem unaware? How two Chinese dogs of bronze were set in surety for an honor? How a certain lady who knew the true identity of a man of great importance was able thereby to frequent night-clubs to her heart's desire, and never be without a willing escort? How many horns there really are to a dilemma that might happen to any of us? What argument to use to keep the gas from being "temporarily discontinued" when there are guests in the vestibule? How to reconcile two quarrelsome friends without recourse to bad Scotch?

And yes, how to die, gracefully and with dignity, and yet keep one's self-respect upon any suicidal occasion of any moment—where grave things are to be kept intact (including one's life)?

In short, may I tempt you into this labyrinth and tell you more of the Skylark and the Church Without a Saint, and of the Bishop who drives up at eleven like a business man, in a silk hat and a taxi, and of the irony of being poor and of the irony of being rich, and of the supreme irony of loving someone who loves another, who loves still another . . . and *all* hopelessly? And of being beloved yourself, thus, at the end of the circle. And why women bob their hair, by their own confession, somewhat edited, as confessions must be? And other things that beguile curiosity from time to time?

If so, then enter the blue-leather door of the Goldbeater's house of many years ago, with me, and open the cupboard door with a rusty key, and peruse the book and the footnotes, and the chance papers that lay upon the floor on a spring night, and know some of the turnings in Galley West (mine or yours, for I am not so very different from anyone else); it may indeed be a familiar place to you, also—

If, that is, you live alone . . . in your own soul.

Pardieu! Who does not!

A GLANCE AT THE REAL PURITANS

BY JOHN MACY

IT IS the fashion in our time to designate as "puritanic" any encroachment on our individual liberties. Puritanism has been lately confounded with Prohibitionism and Fundamentalism. I find that most people know little about the Puritans, who they were, what they thought, what they did. Professor Edward Channing says in the first volume of his *History of the United States*, "There is no good account of the rise of seventeenth-century Puritanism. The movement was largely social in its character; but hitherto all treatment of it has been mainly religious with more or less of politics thrown in." So we cannot make wholly clear the story of the Puritans. But we can try to unsepulcher our ancestors and get a little light on what manner of men they were. At least we can deliver them from the injustice of caricature to which they have been subjected from Butler's witty *Hudibras* to the latest less witty newspaper cartoon.

Puritanism was born in England about the middle of the sixteenth century and is one phase, but not the whole, of the Protestant Reformation. That reformation has several phases, not identical, even mutually hostile. One is the separation of the Church of England from Rome. Another is the revolt of Luther, which transformed Germany but had only a belated and secondary effect in England. Another is the revolt of Calvin, which to-day survives in English-speaking countries in Presbyterianism.

If we try to elucidate these movements, we come immediately into the foggy, perplexing, abhorrent region of theological controversy where clearness of judgment and impartiality of thought are almost impossible. We wade also into a bewildering complexity of facts. Nevertheless, it is possible to get a sort of philosophic and detached view of the various contestants if we forget our beliefs and cling to the cool hand of history. And history here will lead us on a very brief excursion, for there is not space or time to attempt the whole journey—even if one had the competence and endurance for the hazardous undertaking.

The severance of Canterbury from Rome was largely economic and political. English monarchy and nobility coveted Church property and wished to be free from foreign authority. There was no fundamental religious issue, only hair-splitting differences of doctrine which interested theologians to the end of the Oxford Movement and probably continue to interest them to this day. To the dissenters the establishment of an independent English Church did not settle the essential troubles. Privilege was simply shifted. The old abuses, ethical and social, continued as before.

The early Puritans wished to reform the Church from within and not break away from it, just as Savonarola, a Puritan in the Roman Catholic Church, never dreamed of disloyalty to the faith or the papacy, but on the contrary thought of himself as an especially devoted servant of the Church. In England before the seventeenth century there was no definite Puritan party, no fixed Puritan type, no clearly marked

social or economic class in which Puritanism had its origin or in which it uniquely flourished. Puritanism was a state of mind, vague at first, and was not until the period before the Civil War identified with political and social hostilities. The social cleavage was never sharp. Macaulay's famous description of the Puritan is grotesquely misleading.

Nothing could be more absurd than to regard Puritanism as the expression of a mob of discontented have-nots envious of the prosperous classes who had the means and the culture to enjoy life. In the first place, many of the common people never became Puritans, but remained faithful to King and Church, even when the final break came; for obviously there were not enough "cavaliers" in England to make a respectable army, and the anti-Cromwellian armies, the royalist hosts, were very powerful with a large rank and file. In the second place, some of the Puritans, early and late, religious and political, were aristocrats and scholars. Milton is the shining example; but before him Sidney and Spenser had revealed strong veins of Puritanism; indeed, strange as it may seem, some of the ideals of Puritanism, personal purity and austerity of conduct, are allied with the most aristocratic and loftily romantic of all European traditions, that is, Chivalry.

Some of the English Puritans were men of the best blood and breeding. Oliver Cromwell was the grandson of Sir Henry Cromwell and nephew of Sir Oliver Cromwell, one of the members of the Virginia Company. He was educated like any young gentleman of the time. It is important to remember that the universities, especially Cambridge, at the beginning of the seventeenth century were seething with Puritanism; the official sources of conventional culture were thoroughly poisoned with rebellion, and men of the better, the more prosperous classes—not the common people—were nourished at those sources. To be sure, there was a contest, and many gentlemen hated Puritanism and when they were in power after the Restoration turned the Puritans out of their positions as heads of the colleges. (William Penn was one of the most vigorous protestants against this deposition of the Puritans at Oxford.) But for at least three-quarters of a century before the Restoration Puritanism enlisted some of the best minds of England and partook of whatever was best in the formal culture of the time.

Cromwell's cousin, John Hampden, came of a family so ancient that it could smile at kings. He studied at Oxford. His interests were political rather than religious, but at the height of his activity the fight against the monarchy had become inseparable from the fight against the episcopacy, the Presbyterian-Puritan rebellion. Another great leader of this rebellion, Pym, can hardly be classed as a Puritan. He wished to save the Church of England. He was a parliamentarian, forced to accept Presbyterianism as a political necessity. He is a capital example of the fact that Puritanism was a practical matter, not merely a question of religious faith, and that its leaders were educated men of affairs, not whining parsons, illiterate evangelists, ignorant "fundamentalists" of a seventeenth-century Tennessee. All the great leaders of religious reform, the founders of sects, even when their interest seems to have been largely ethical and theological, have been efficient, executive men with much plain wisdom about this world, whatever their vision of the next. Such men were Luther, Calvin, the Wesleys, John Knox. If they had not been men of powerful intellect and worldly ability they would have failed utterly, for they usually had to contend with men of at least equal power whose business it was to defend whatever existing order the new movement sought to overthrow or modify.

The leading English Puritans were men of intellect, education, skill in the management of human affairs. And

such men were the leaders in New England. William Brewster, leader of the Plymouth colony, studied at Cambridge and served under William Davison, who negotiated a treaty between the Netherlands and England and was assistant to Walsingham, Elizabeth's secretary of state. When Brewster with other dissenters went to Leyden in Holland, he made his living as a printer—an occupation which implies and increases a good education. He left a library of four hundred books, sixty in Latin and a hundred on non-religious subjects. Evidently good Elder Brewster was something more than a canting fool.

Another man of parts among the Pilgrim Fathers was William Bradford, whose *History of Plymouth Plantation*, the source of most of our knowledge about the colony, is written in pure vigorous English. He read the Bible at twelve when less than half of the adult Englishmen of the world were able to read it. He learned Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, and Dutch. As a master of men and courageous contender with difficulties he showed truly great qualities; he was a fine specimen of the civilized seventeenth-century Englishman. As much can be said of his associate and collaborator in the famous *Journal*, Edward Winslow. We do not know much about him, except that he came of an ancient Worcestershire family, wrote clear sinewy English, and was tactful and humane in dealing with the Indians. He was so much a man that Cromwell appointed him chief commissioner in the expedition under Admiral Penn (William Penn's father) against the Spanish West Indies. It is worth noting that his portrait, which is preserved in the gallery of the Pilgrim Society at Plymouth, is the only authentic likeness we have of any of the Mayflower colonists.

Among the founders and governors of the Massachusetts Bay Colony (Boston and its environs) were several remarkable men. One of the most remarkable was John Winthrop. He belonged to an ancient and honorable family. He was a student for some time at Cambridge University. Later he practiced law in a semi-official capacity. During the first years of Charles Stuart's reign, the Winthrops seem to have been on good terms with the throne, but with the imprisonment of John Eliot and other increasing abuses of liberty John Winthrop is found vigorously in the opposition. He lost his legal office, saw no future for himself in England, and turned toward the new world with imagination and courage. He was many times re-elected governor of the Massachusetts colony, and to his combination of administrative ability, magnanimity, and foresight are largely due the success and stability of the colony.

It was an experiment in an unknown country, where practical difficulties and problems required immediate resourcefulness and long vision. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were an age of experiment and adventure. From the tangled human skein three motives emerge: the economic, the religious, the will to political freedom and self-government.

Winthrop embodies all these motives in his immensely interesting and admirable person. He had to find a new life, if he could, at a time when Puritanism was not yet triumphant in England and the dissenter had at best an uncomfortable time. The New World promised a living; it was to the Englishman an El Dorado almost as brilliant as that which had flamed in the minds of the more imaginative gold-seeking Spaniards. In point of fact Winthrop succeeded. After the first years in which he saved the struggling colony from starvation—or part of it, for many died of want and disease—he became a relatively prosperous man and lived and died in the finest, largest house in Boston. He was an incalculable asset to America and an even more incalculable loss to England, where, if he had elected to stay in the Old World, his wisdom and fortitude would have made him one of the leaders of the Great Rebellion.

II

It should never be forgotten that the founding and organization of Massachusetts and of other colonies in America and all over the world were what we should call business propositions. The promoters, many of whom never saw the colonies, were exploiters with an eye to profit. Before Winthrop sailed from England in 1630 he was chosen governor of the new colony by a sort of board of directors. And he fulfilled his obligation to them and also to the colonists he brought with him and to those who followed in the successive migrations. He was devoted to his people, ready to sacrifice life and fortune to their interests. He was as unselfish as any man's natural personal ambitions can ever permit him to be. He made errors of judgment, seen in the retrospect of historical criticism. But he was unfailingly generous and patient even with people like Mrs. Anne Hutchinson whom he hated and who seemed to him to threaten the welfare of the colony. She really was a pest, though a woman of vigorous intelligence and commanding personality. One is tempted to tell her story. But this is not the place for it. We are concerned with Winthrop as a typical Puritan.

And he was "typical" of the best of the first settlers. He was typical, if the word means anything, in his religious motives. These motives are remote from the interests of most liberal people of the present time. But they are not to be treated contemptuously, not by any honest student of human nature who likes to study its impulses and experiences. Winthrop went through religious experiences of a sort not uncommon to religious zealots of his time, or of any other time, intensely emotional, introspective, soul-worrying, and fertilely visionary and expansive. They were among the "varieties of religious experience" that become weak and hysterical in timid souls but are tremendously impressive, even to the skeptical critic, when the subject is a strong and resolute man.

Winthrop combined practical good sense with ecstatic faith. Though not a professional theologian, he belonged to the breed of Calvin and the later Jonathan Edwards. He thought out what he felt like doing—the rational logic of belief. He wanted to go to America and so he found many reasons why God wished him to go. These "reasons," and his admirable written *Journal*, are more than the record of an individual; they express the nonconformist or Puritan temper and the religious justification of the "great emigration." Works and faith were in holy unity; mysticism and prudence were sacredly allied. This happens to be a fact which later criticism confirms and only complete ignorance of history and of human nature can deny. The emigrants were driven by necessity and discontent and they were led by hope and sustained by unsubduable fervor.

The New World was to be a new Canaan, an unspoiled wilderness where could be established the true Church of Christ, a Bible Commonwealth, a place of liberty for such as adhered to that "particular church." For Winthrop and the other New England founders had no idea (as William Penn more or less vaguely had) of establishing a state of universal liberty, of absolute freedom, of asylum for the oppressed of the earth. They wanted a place where *their* consciences and *their* faith might grow and flourish. To that extent the Puritans were selfish and narrow, as men usually are, and within that limitation is to be found the autocratic tyranny which became oppressive in New England, a tyranny as bad in its way as that from which these brave and driven souls had tried to escape when they left Europe.

The emigration was an escape and a promise. It was something more. This third thing—the sense of adventure and enterprise, the quest of novelty—was strong in all men of that time when distant parts of the world were unknown. The early emigrants were animated by

the desire for strangeness, which is the same thing as weariness with the familiar. It is the desire which now sends men into fruitless jungles and over sterile fields of ice.

In Winthrop and other emigrants the sense of adventure has to be read between the lines. It is heavily concealed beneath moral and religious disquisitions which do not convince us unless we understand the spirit of these explorers and pioneers and see through them to the complex and yet not very obscure sources of human actions.

III

It has frequently been charged against the Puritans that they despised and prohibited the arts and graces, the civilized amenities of life. Well, some did and some did not. The ignorant were ignorant, as they are now. The civilized were civilized, as they are now. There was nothing in Puritanism essentially hostile to the appreciation and creation of good and beautiful things. Of course most of the migrating Puritans were not artists. You cannot think a sonnet or paint portraits while you are fighting for life. But the New England Puritans did build good houses and churches, some of which still stand. And their literature is very much richer in thought and more eloquent in style than we sniffing moderns realize until we dig into those musty theological documents and see what is there.

Winthrop was enamored, like a poet, of the birds and flowers of the New World. In the midst of most exacting duties he found time to cruise in Boston Harbor—for the sheer pleasure of it. The Puritan fathers were great readers, perhaps because in off hours there was almost no other entertainment than a book. That is, no intellectual entertainment. The normal desires and passions of the flesh seem not to have been inhibited by spiritual exaltation. Celibacy was evidently not regarded as an absolute virtue, and evening prayers mounting to Paradise did not transport the godly from tellurian ecstasies. Winthrop had four wives and fifteen children, all duly legalized, recorded, and sanctioned by Almighty God. Profligacy, licentiousness, drunkenness were discouraged, as they are now, and with about the same effect.

The profligacy against which the Puritans in England revolted was the extravagance of the court and some of the wealthy classes. It is a mistake to assign this revolt wholly to envious impoverished malcontents; many men of ample means were among the rebels. The lavishness of the well-to-do bore with more evident directness on the poor and on the great totality of society in those days than any similar abuse of wealth in our time, which is more or less indirect, is somewhat justified by the enormous increase of wealth, and eased by the general prosperity of all classes. In the seventeenth century the burden of the profligate few did sit plainly on the backs of the people. And the leading Puritans were not merely disgruntled sour-faces but sound economists and statesmen. Winthrop could have been a Malthus or an Adam Smith. Among the reasons for migrating he notes the over-population of England. "Children, servants, and neighbors, especially if they be poor, are counted the greatest burdens, which if things were right would be the chiefest earthly blessing." America was a continent ready for improvement and for population. And so it proved to be, with or without the guidance of God or the establishment of any "particular church," but certainly not without the enterprise, capability, and good sense of men like Winthrop.

Winthrop may have been so distinguished, gifted, and expressive that we cannot regard him as a "typical" Puritan, or typical of any sort of common humanity. The unusual man is not typical. But Winthrop was a Puritan. And he was a man not only of executive capacity and religious zeal but of charm, gentleness, sweetness. Read

the letter that he wrote to his wife on the eve of his departure for America. It begins, "My love, my joy, my faithful one." Nothing very austere about that! Read anywhere in his *Journal* and admire the excellent prose. It is seventeenth-century prose and not suited to twentieth-century magazines. But it is none the worse for that contemporaneous disability.

Another Puritan of autobiographical record was Judge Samuel Sewall, who kept a diary, happily preserved, of truly Pepysian quality. He was judge in the Salem witchcraft delusion, but he came to his senses and made a splendidly humble public confession of his error and prayed for the pardon of God and man. He is celebrated in Whittier's crude but effective lines, "The Prophecy of Samuel Sewall."

But Sewall was much more than a judge and representative of Puritan justice. In his diary are some lively items. He courted a beautiful lady, Madam Katharine Winthrop. His suit was not successful. But he seems to have enjoyed life. "Mr. Belcher saw me by the South Meetinghouse though 'twas duskish, and said I had been at a House-warming (he had been at our house). Invited me to drink a Glass of Wine at his house at 7." Again: "In the Evening I visited Madam Winthrop, who treated me with great deal of courtesy; Wine, Marmalade." Again: "Sarah fill'd a Glass of Wine, she drank to me, I to her." Again: "She gave me a Dram of Black Cherry Brandy." And again: "Gave me a glass or two of Canary." And yet again: "She gave me a glass of Wine. . . . As came down the steps she bid me have a care." And finally, for this suit of the eminent judge: "Din'd alone upon Kilby's Pyes and good Beer."

The high society of Puritanville was not totally abstinent, and neither were the common people. There is a curious bit of naïve unwitting testimony on this point. It is to be found in the book of Captain Edward Johnson, called by the delightful long-winded title, *Wonder-working Providence of Zion's Saviour in New England.* Captain Johnson, like many other Puritans of England and New England, was a doughty man with pen and with sword. The New England colonists had to defend themselves against enemies at home and abroad. Among the meanest enemies were lazy vagabonds who tried to sponge on the increasingly prosperous but frugal young settlements. The predatory brethren met their masters. They were fired out of town. In revenge they circulated in England nasty derogatory reports about the colonists. And the colonists retorted upon their assailants.

One of the retorts is Captain Johnson's book, a defense of the colony and so, making allowances for propaganda, a very valuable contribution to history. There is one small detail in his story which I will, not unfairly, erect into significance. He is celebrating the bravery of the women—and God knows they went through more kinds of hell than their perverted theology ever dreamed of—and he says with great nobility and unconscious comedy in setting forth the tragic hardships of those women: "The valiant of the Lord waited with patience, and in the miss of beer contented themselves with water."

The "miss of beer." I am not joking; it is in a solemn book. The implication is perfectly plain, that beer was taken for granted as one of the necessities of life and the "miss" of it was a hardship bravely to be endured.

Our Puritan fathers brewed beer, casked wine, and distilled brandy. Their sexual life was abundant, productive. Else some of us authentic New Englanders would not be here to tell the tale; and Longfellow would not have been the descendant of Priscilla Mullins, whom in point of fact Miles Standish did not woo, because he already had a second wife—a prohibitive fact in those times as in these.

The Puritans, the early New Englanders, were undoubtedly severe in their

punishment of departures from matrimonial regularity. The Hester Prynnes were marked with the scarlet letter, and Hawthorne's romance is to a certain extent founded on fact; historians tell us that the penalty is to be found in the laws of Boston and Plymouth in the middle of the seventeenth century. But severity of punishment prevailed in all countries, and those who inflicted the punishment were whoever happened to be in authority. No sect, party, government in England or anywhere else in Europe was guiltless of the most ferocious acts of punitive violence. People were killed, tortured, maimed, branded with hot irons, more terrible physically if not emotionally than the imprint of an embroidered letter. And are we much more liberal and forgiving? The ostracism of Hester Prynne, with its visible symbol, is not more severe and merciless than that visited upon some errant women of our time. The fate of Hester Prynne is not more tragic than that of Anna Karenina. And if both women be the fictitious creations of tragic romantic artists, romantic art in the work of men strongly possessed by ethical considerations does represent the social temper of the period and the race.

The old New England people permitted one custom which seems to our higher morality quaintly free and easy, the custom of "bundling." Young people not legally united were allowed to go to bed together with their clothes on. The custom arose probably after the stricter discipline of early Puritanism had somewhat relaxed. It drew the censure of some visiting critics, who may have enjoyed the privilege. It was doubtless an innocent custom, an escape from the cold of severe winters. Doubtless the recumbent persons were usually as safe as the knight and virgin of older romance who slept with a sword between them. But human nature is inflammable. And though there seems to be no disastrous case on record, it may be that the petting party is older than the twentieth century.

IV

The New England Puritan of the third and fourth generations did degenerate from the first comers; his intellectual interests narrowed. This was not due to his religion, which underwent almost no development of creed for two hundred years. It was due to his isolation from European civilization. And it was due also to the hardship of life. As Lewis Mumford has shown in his fine book, *The Golden Day*, a pioneer life is inimical to civilization. And the colonists were pioneers, a thousand times more distant from European centers of culture than later pioneers in western America were distant from the later maturing civilization of the Atlantic Coast. The English Puritan was continuously corrected by the other kinds of life in England, no matter how stubbornly he resisted them. In the end he was to a great extent frustrated, defeated by the graces of the Restoration and the intellectual eighteenth century. The New England Puritan had it all his own way in a half-wilderness of villages and farms, until at length Europe came closer again by increased communication, and there was a renaissance of civilization in America, personified in Franklin, in Jefferson, and later in the Unitarian movement in New England.

A representative study of the Puritan mind might be an analysis of the decline or progress of the great Puritan family of the Mathers. There are three generations of this family of especial interest to American thought and history. The founder of the Colonial family is Richard, whose life covers the first two-thirds of the seventeenth century. He was born in England, a schoolmaster at fifteen, a student at Brasenose, Oxford, a famous nonconformist preacher in England before he migrated to America. Here he became a leading mind in the framing of the constitution and platform of the New England church. Literature remembers him as one of the authors of the *Bay Psalm Book*, the first book printed

in America. Though he was one of the founders of religious and intellectual life in New England, three of his sons preached in England or Ireland and were in part educated there, and Richard Mather remained an Englishman with the roots of his thought in the old country.

His most famous son, Increase, moves forward from his father's position in two directions—the development of the political power of the church in New England and the defense of American rights against English authority. The clergyman is a man of affairs, agent of the colonies to Crown and Parliament. He has urbanity, and is at home with the English divines, Baxter and Tillotson. His theological arguments, which are to us so tedious, were not the blatherings of a provincial ignoramus; they were the sort of thing which made polite and impolite conversation in England and all over the world. The prose of Increase is in good seventeenth-century style. He is a scholar, a gentleman, not divorced from the old culture and not divorced from common life, for he speaks in a robust vernacular manner, without much pedantry, and with a charm which we shall not get unless we enjoy generally the brocaded seventeenth-century manner.

Now move one step more to the famous son of Increase, Cotton Mather. Cotton Mather is not European. He is a thorough-going provincial, a barbarian, a decivilized man, a vulgarian for all his enormous and miscellaneous learning. It is not a question of theology or creed. It is a question of a man in a village, a potentially great, practically powerful man, who lives in pioneer savagery, far from the centers of human light. Oxford and Cambridge could not be replaced by Harvard and Yale. Even when liberalism dawned faintly in Yale, Cotton Mather resented it. He was a lost soul. Puritanism was at its abysmal nadir in this learned, vigorous, honest man. A man shows himself in the way he writes—not to repeat a much misunderstood phrase by a great Frenchman—and Cotton Mather writes like a pedant; he is muddled and ponderous, though his voluminous works, especially the *Magnalia*, are an immense source library for historians.

The conclusions are simple, though too summary to be complete. The trouble with Puritanism in America was not Puritanism, it was provincialism. It is not a question of religion but of lack of civilized contacts. Mere book learning and a conventionally classical education are no insurance against a perverted Puritanism or any other narrowness and stupidity of the human spirit. Cotton Mather read more books and wrote more than some men of liberal mind and broad imagination have time to read. The early Puritans had no vices that were peculiar to their theology or ethical precepts, no virtues that were directly and exclusively due to their precepts. They were not more austere and bigoted than some of their contemporaries of other faiths. Neither native intelligence nor educational and social environment wholly accounts for the presence or absence of Puritanism. Calvin in an old civilization and Jonathan Edwards in a new and raw community, both men of superior mind and vast learning, were Puritans. Franklin, a skeptical deist and rationalist, grows up in the very center of Puritanism. And Jefferson is a striking case of a liberal man of the world who lives most of his life in a backward ignorant society where the law prescribes an iron-clad established church as vicious as the New England theocracy. When Jefferson was elected President some good New Englanders buried their Bibles for fear he would confiscate them, and from the pulpits of the North the righteous hurled at his gentle head epithets that make one shudder to read. But this prejudiced opposition was less a matter of religion than of politics. The hostility in New England to Jefferson was not much more severe than the opinions of some of the good folk in Virginia, the

difference being that Jefferson's neighbors knew him and liked him.

We cannot fix too definitely, not without allowing generously for exceptions, the social conditions under which Puritanism flourishes and becomes a disease of the soul. A liberal and enlightened man may be born and brought up in a village of hicks. On the other hand we hear to-day one of the most notorious and narrow-minded of Fundamentalists thundering from a prosperous church in New York City, where thought is as varied and free as in any other great metropolis. But on the whole, allowing for exceptions, it is true that the most fertile soil for the growth of Puritanism or any other form of bigotry and intolerence is the small frontier community, remote from the civilizing contacts of the world. The trouble with the Puritans was not Puritanism at all, not Puritanism as a form of religion, but provincialism, barbarism, the antithesis of civilization, which means city-life. Every period of American thought and literature shows something of the intellectual sterility of the frontier. For a century and longer the westward course of empire has also been the westward course of savagery. The pioneer has much of the heroic in him, but he is crude, ignorant, uncultivated.

Even the leading minds of the New England enlightenment, the thinkers of Concord, Cambridge, and Boston, whose revolt against Puritanism took the form of Unitarianism, Transcendentalism, and world culture, were not quite free from provincialism; they did not thoroughly assimilate the nourishment which they drank avidly from European sources. Hawthorne, who made Puritanism romantic, saw the limitations of his countrymen very clearly and thought that America was an unfavorable place for the development of beautiful letters and art. He longed for the skies and background of Europe. He says plainly of his unhappy Mr. Pyncheon that "his long residence abroad and intercourse with men of wit and fashion—courtiers, worldlings and free-thinkers—had done much toward obliterating the grim Puritan superstitions which no man of New England birth, at that early period, could entirely escape." And he knew that Puritanism had not disappeared from a later New England than that in which *The House of the Seven Gables* is laid. He looked with sardonic disillusion on the Brook Farm experiment, which was exquisitely provincial and by its isolation from society defeated the very purpose of self-culture and purification of spirit for which it was conceived. Poe, who was the most finely civilized man among the American writers of his time, despised the New Englanders (Hawthorne was the only one whom he really respected) and was indeed out of tune with American society everywhere. The voluntary expatriation of Henry James is clearly explicable, however it may offend the patriotism of his native land, a patriotism which is itself in many aspects crude, provincial, uncivilized.

The evil of Puritanism, as it developed in America, was, in the last analysis, not a theological aberration, but a general ingrowing state of mind fostered by a provincial society, not expanding in a great free country but contracting and degenerating from the lofty ideals of the first European Puritans.

YOUNG CHINA MARRIES

BY LEWIS S. GANNETT

WHEN Chang Wen-chu went back to his native village in remote Shansi he had been away from home for nine years—four years at a missionary college in one of the treaty ports and five years in America. He had been engaged for thirteen years, but he had never seen his fiancée.

Chang was an historian, and a Chinese historian. He had a contempt for Orientals who steeped themselves in Western history at American colleges and found, upon their return, that they were trained but not trained for any possible service in China. He intended to apply the technic of Western scholarship to the materials of Chinese history. But in learning the technic of Western scholarship he had learned of other things Western as well. Western girls, for instance. An historian could see that the American girl was the product of a long and fruitful evolution, and that in the twentieth-century decades Chinese girls would follow the same evolutionary paths.

Meanwhile Chang Wen-chu was to live his life in post-war China. Post-war China is a turbulent, revolutionary area, but in the mass it preserves its ancient ideas of womanhood. If Chang were to play the role to which he looked forward he would have to marry the girl his parents had picked out for him. To deny that obligation would ruin his hopes at the start. Chang, from America, had written long letters to his wise old mother in Shansi; his mother took his letters to the village reader to be interpreted to her, and dictated her replies, which were three months on the way to Chang in New Haven. And Chang pondered and wrote more long replies, dwelling upon the Western ideas of the freedom of the individual.

So when Chang returned to Shansi his mother was anxious. Neither broached the subject of his marriage for a week; then one day Chang said, "Mother, I have decided. I will marry the girl you have selected for me. I ask only one thing, that I be permitted to see her before I marry her."

It was a revolutionary demand; Chang was surprised when his mother made no protest. So he wrote to his prospective brother-in-law, and again the simple acceptance surprised him, "Brother, you will be welcome." But, as he learned later, the startled brother had not dared to tell the girl.

Thirty *li* away, over a steep Shansi mountain pass, lay the girl's village. But Chang Wen-chu was young and eager and, accompanied by a little old uncle who knew the trails, he set out. Toward evening, from one of the foothills they looked down upon the village, and the uncle pointed out the girl's home. Lying on a couch in the sun before it was a woman's figure. Chang knew that rumors of his wild Western ideas had crossed the mountains, and that the girl's doubts of his decision had brought her close to nervous collapse; he wondered if the figure on the couch were his bride-to-be. He hurried down the hill; an old crone who was a great-aunt of his bride and a fifth or sixth cousin of his own recognized him as he came and cried, "So there you are at last!" And as she called, the figure

slipped from the couch and a door banged.

Scores of brothers and cousins and uncles and aunts overwhelmed Chang. He was led protesting to a relative's house where a great feast had been prepared. He tried to draw the brother aside.

"I must go home early in the morning," he explained. "When can I see—"

He had no chance; the brother overwhelmed him. "Later," he said, "later. First we must eat."

For four hours they ate—all the delicacies which the Chinese, the subtlest cooks in the world, eat on such occasions, infinite varieties of vegetables and soups, tidbits of chicken and duck. The little uncle grew gay with *kaoliang* wine. It was nine o'clock when they were done, and Chang found another opportunity to remind the brother of the object of his visit. His brother-in-law called in the mother; the mother called in the great-aunt; all three, and other members of the family, consulted noisily. Chang stood by, more and more regretting his strange demand, yet more and more determined to carry through what he had begun.

The escort of relatives led him into the third courtyard of the bride's house. "There," they said—and pointed—"is her room." The brother admitted that he had not dared transmit the strange request. Chang Wen-chu delivered a brief lecture upon the strange habits of the West, and insisted. The mother, still uncomprehending, but willing to do anything to assure herself so distinguished a son-in-law, volunteered to prepare her daughter for the ordeal. Chang and the relatives stood in the courtyard in the summer night, waiting. They heard voices. Soon the mother returned, defeated.

"She won't be seen."

The great-aunt offered to add the prestige of old age. Chang still waited in the dark courtyard.

"No use," the aunt reported. "She says she will die first."

It was the brother's turn, to insist with all the authority of the male. Chang was tormented, too miserable to see any way out but through. The brother returned with a new idea. "She's stubborn," he said, "but you go in anyway. Pretend you are one of us. See, she's there"—and indeed, by the faint lamplight that shone at the door, Chang could see a small fist tightly clenching the drawn curtain of a bed. He hesitated; then the suppressed titter of a listening servant decided him. He turned and stalked out.

At dawn he rose, roused the reluctant uncle, bade the relatives farewell, and started up the mountain. He tried, as he walked, to imagine the girl's feelings; and the more he thought the more dismal he felt. How could she understand his strange half-Western notions? Under a great pine tree he sat down, and composed a poem, which he sent back from the next village. "Coming from afar," it read, "my visit seemed sudden. Like a cold wind in summer, I alarmed you. Think of me rather as a friendly brook that brings strange water from the mountains."

As the trail grew steeper, and his uncle puffed and fagged, Chang began to think also of his own home village. Everyone there knew of the strange mission on which he had set out. What would they say? What would they think?

"Uncle," he said finally, breaking a long silence, "if anyone asks you whether I saw my bride, say, 'yes.' That will be true, for it was she who lay on the couch in the sunlight. If anyone asks how I saw her and under what circumstances, say that you do not know—that you got drunk at the feast—and that too will be true."

The uncle agreed, and did his part manfully. But one night, weeks later, Chang's mother came to him in the dark and asked, "Did you really see her?" And then Chang knew that his uncle had been drunk again, and had

told the story to his aunt, who had told his sister-in-law, who had told his mother, and that soon the whole village would know.

A month later Chang Wen-chu married the girl whom he had never seen except as she lay in the sunlight far below the foothill on which he and his uncle stood. And five years later he told me the story in Tientsin. He had two children and he was miserable. He was known as a great scholar, and respected because he had followed Chinese tradition in his marriage; but, torn by inner conflicts, he was a sick man.

II

It was on the boat from Hongkong to Canton that Chin Wei-chin told me the story of his niece. Chin is a young silk manufacturer, wealthy and a man of the world. He has never been out of China, but he studied a year at a mission school, speaks English like an American, and considers himself a judicious modern.

"It is better to cultivate love after marriage than before," he assured me. "The old way works better." He repeated the Chinese proverb about putting the kettle on to boil instead of letting a hot kettle cool; and then he launched into the story of his own family. "My two elder brothers were married in the old way," he said, "and their families are very happy. But my father came into contact with foreign business men and was touched by the new ideas. He let me and my young brother pick our own wives. With me it has worked well enough; with my young brother not so well. It seldom does—how can a young man tell what sort of girl will make him a good wife?"

I had heard rumors about Chin's family, its traditions and its wealth; and I wondered about those brothers' families. "Do your brothers," I asked, "have only one wife each?"

"Oh, no," he answered, "both have their secondary wives and concubines too"—this with a trace of pride—"but the first wives rule the house and are happy. They might, of course, prefer solitary splendor; what woman would not? But they are well cared for and protected; and they would never dare protest. The old system works."

And then Chin told me the story of his niece to prove his point. His eldest brother, Nai-kwong, he said, was married on the same day as his boyhood chum Wang Chao-chu, and the two young men learned that they were to become fathers in the same month. Before the children were born they agreed that if one baby were a boy and the other a girl the two should be betrothed. Sure enough, Wang's baby was a boy, Nai-kwong's was a girl; and the two were solemnly pledged to each other before either could do more than coo.

Two years later Wang Chao-chu died, and his wife returned to her native village. She was totally illiterate, and she had charge of her son's education; the boy never got far in his studies. Mu-lan, Nai-kwong's daughter, on the other hand, went to school in Shanghai and then to a mission college in Peking; and when she graduated she was offered a position as a teacher. She accepted it and wrote home that she could never marry the man her parents had selected for her.

Nai-kwong was surprised but not much alarmed. He had expected the foreign schools to put strange ideas into a girl's head, but he thought he knew his daughter. He replied that she might teach for a year, then she must come home and be married.

Mu-lan's replies were evasive. Her family, meanwhile, and the Wang family continued preparations for the elaborate Chinese wedding. They set the date and informed Mu-lan, but this time her answer was definite: she would not come. The family wrote her impressive letters; still she refused. Finally they called in Chin Wei-chin. He was the modern member of the family: he had, with the

consent of his parents, selected his own wife, but he would appreciate the importance of keeping a marriage contract. Chin Wei-chin telegraphed, ordering Mu-lan to come home. Still she refused.

So Chin Wei-chin made the long journey to Peking to see his recalcitrant niece and bring her home. He presented her case to her in all its ramifications. She was more than an individual; she was a member of one of the oldest and most honorable families in China. Her great-great-grandfather had been privileged to enter the court of the emperor's palace without dismounting from his donkey. She would, if she persisted, dishonor him and all his honorable descendants. Mu-lan, weeping, suggested that the shades of her ancestors might get along in much the same way whatever she did. Chin Wei-chin continued: It was not only the dead ancestors whom she would dishonor; her father and her mother, all her uncles and her brothers would lose face; the family prestige would decline and its business would suffer. Mu-lan wept still, and shook her head. But Chin Wei-chin had more to say: If she refused to marry her betrothed she could never marry anyone. No decent Chinese man would marry her after such an affair. Radical young men-students might encourage her and admire her theories, but their modernism was only skin-deep; when it came to marrying a girl who had so put herself outside the pale they would think twice and turn elsewhere. Mu-lan wept more still—and returned with Chin Wei-chin to Canton.

"I saved her life," said her proud uncle. "She is a happy mother; she would have been a miserable spinster. She has three children; her husband, although he is too stupid to fill any place in my business (I tried him twice), is a charming fellow. He stays at home and adores the three children. Knowing how superior his wife is to himself, he would never dare take a second wife or a concubine; and the honor of the family has been saved. You may doubt; but I am right."

It sounded horrible; but I inquired of friends, and there was no doubt that Mu-lan, college graduate, married to a semi-literate loafer, had the reputation of being a happy woman.

III

We were four at tiffin in Hankow—Tom, a half-mad American who had lived in China so long that he knew all the disreputable stories which Chinese tell one another about their enemies; Hsia, a graduate of the Sorbonne who had returned to a brilliant but brief political career, and Liu, a philosopher of parts, who, with an intimate and subtle knowledge of life on three continents, now was living the life of a disillusioned and disappointed young Chinese; and I. The conversation turned to women.

Tom was more than half in love with an exquisite girl who had tasted freedom and then married into an old Chinese family, which seemed to be absorbing her in its vast relentless maw. She had broken loose the day before, had come to see Tom, and told him of her humiliation when her mother-in-law made her bow down and kowtow to the family kitchen god, and Tom was still filled with anger. He denounced with magnificent passion the Chinese family system, the inferior status of women in China and, in general, the inequality of the sexes.

"Well, why not?" said Hsia. "Why should men and women be treated just alike? They aren't alike. They aren't equal. You know that. They aren't equal economically, or physically, or intellectually, or socially; and any society which pretends they are is based on fraud."

"Rats!" said Tom. "Of course they're not equal, but neither are men. All I ask is that they be given an equal show. A woman here doesn't have a chance."

Hsia replied, with that touch of a French accent which made his English

so delicious, "Take it all in all, from birth to death, a woman in China has a better time than a woman in America."

"How so?" Tom demanded belligerently.

"Well, for one thing," said Hsia, "there's no divorce here. Once a wife, a woman is always a wife, and respected as such. A Chinese woman does not want to gad about; she isn't like a man, always chasing after new amusements; what she wants is a safe home—security. Look what happens in America: when the women begin to get a little old and faded the men divorce them and leave them stranded. I don't think it's decent."

"It's decenter than to take a concubine, as your brother has done," said Tom with the retort personal.

"I don't think so," Hsia came back. "The wife suffers less. She isn't left alone, unwanted and uncared for. My brother's wife is still head of the house; she can give orders to the concubine. The concubine fulfils her purpose, and my brother may spend more money on her, but she can never have the position of authority in the home or respect in the family that my brother's wife enjoys. Your American divorcée is not happy; my brother's wife is happy, for she knows my brother loves her."

Tom snorted. "Whaddeyemean, loves her?"

"I mean he loves her. He supports her. He respects her. He doesn't leave her in lonely misery."

"But you know that he goes out every night and spends more in a week on singsong girls than he does in a month on his wife."

Hsia flushed. "That's different," he retorted, "and you know it. You do the same thing. We are merely more honest. We don't keep women secretly and pretend that we do nothing of the sort. If we want concubines, we take them into our homes. We do what we do openly—and what we do is much the same as married men do, and conceal, in the West. But we also have a kind of respect for our wives that you don't. My brother respects his wife too much to expect from her the titillation he gets from singsong girls. You Westerners, even when you do not go to public houses, go to dances and get from what you call nice women the same kind of pleasurable excitement which we Chinese get from singsong girls. We don't go to them as you go to public houses; we discriminate. You foreigners seem to make no distinctions—you expect all women to serve you in the same way. We do not ask our wives to behave like singsong girls, who are trained in the art of entertaining men, and when we go to a singsong house we do not brutally demand the immediate physical satisfaction which seems to be the only interest of half the white men in the East. We ask that they give color and grace to a life that is inevitably boring—and they do."

"Well, anyway," Tom broke in, "divorce is increasing in China—and that shows that you Chinese yourselves do not like your own system."

"It shows nothing of the sort," said Hsia. "It's just part of our damned inferiority complex—we imitate everything you Westerners do, and it is horrible."

Liu suddenly entered the conversation. "I think the increase of divorce in China is a very good thing," he said in his mild but singularly emphatic way.

"How so?" asked Hsia.

"Because half the divorces are started by women—and that proves that the women have more freedom and self-respect."

"It only proves," Hsia grunted, "that some of them have rich families that are willing to support them."

"Ah, there you put your finger on it," said Liu. "The basic fact is that the Chinese woman has no opportunity to support herself. Do you think that a Chinese girl who has tasted independence and has a choice would ever go back to the slavery of an old-fashioned Chinese family, any more than an American

girl would tolerate similar conditions? I don't! What's the use of talking of equality of the sexes in China to-day? The fundamental conditions for it do not exist. In the West you have a general level of equal social, intellectual, and economic opportunity; and a girl makes her choice on the basis of that background. Here there are no such opportunities for women. We are only beginning to open colleges for them, and the graduates of those colleges can find hardly any jobs except teaching. You went through much the same experience in America a generation ago, only your women were miles farther along when they began. They're not really different—your women and our women; give our girls a chance, and they'll be like yours. Hsia here is just an old sentimentalist, trying to stop the tide from coming in."

Hsia was not defeated. "Well," he said, "I seem to recall that you married an old-fashioned Chinese girl yourself; you did not pick out a mission-school graduate. What does that prove? Do you believe your own doctrine?"

"Yes, I believe it," Liu answered slowly, "but I cannot practice it. We belong to a generation that must be sacrificed first to its parents and then to its children. I did not pick out my wife at all; my father chose her for me. I might have refused to marry her. I almost did; but that would have broken my father's and mother's faith in themselves and the family, and it would have spoiled my usefulness to my own generation. That was nearly fifteen years ago. In that fifteen years, it seems to me, China has accomplished a century's worth of change. I think my choice was right then; but if I could make my choice over again, in 1926 China, I should pick my own wife, and I should pick a different kind of girl."

"Certainly," said Hsia, "I should never marry a mission-college girl. Nor a returned student! I saw Lung Ping-san, the other day—A.B. (Vassar), A.M. (Columbia), and utterly spoiled by America—able to think of nothing but bungalows and motor cars and flirting."

"That's right!" Tom broke in. "And she has a good time thinking about them—a better time than any old-fashioned Chinese girl ever had thinking of the day when her mother-in-law would die and leave her to rule the roost."

Liu restored the conversation to its judicial plane. "I think," he said, "that if I were a young man to-day I probably should want to marry a mission-school girl or a returned student. We are standing on a kind of bridge between two Chinas. The old education has outlived itself, and the new is only being born. We have to go to foreigners for education to-day: maybe that won't be true ten years hence, but it is to-day. And I'd want an educated wife."

He paused a moment, thinking. "My children," he added, "will feel they owe me nothing. I shall be an old fogey to them, and they will have lost all Confucian sense of duty to their parents. The respect I have given my father will never come back to me from my son. Ours is a generation which can never realize itself; it is too bound to the old for self-expression, and the youth whom we are setting free will never thank us for it. They won't even know that we have freed them; they will think of us only as fetters trying to bind them to that past from which we cannot free ourselves."

Hsia was silent. Even Tom was silent. And I was thinking how essentially like, behind the surface masks of tradition and custom and convention, the youth of old China were to the wild young things of other lands.

LUCK IN BUSINESS

BY JOHN T. FLYNN

THERE are many differences between the betting ring of a race track and the counting house of an industrial plant. The differences, however, are largely in utility, purpose, tone, and entertainment. But if we look at them as business propositions and apart from their social uses, we notice that the differences are largely accidental. Both are gambling institutions. Of course the factory is much more of a gambling instrument than the race course. At the book-maker's desk the public gambles against the proprietor. In the marketplace it is the proprietor who gambles against the public. At the race course the customers always lose; the bookmakers, who are nothing more than bet merchants, business men of a very hard-boiled variety, always win. With them the element of chance is almost entirely eliminated. They operate on a cunningly devised calculation which guarantees that their patrons in the mass shall lose. In trade the proprietor is at the mercy of innumerable capricious circumstances outside of his control which may bless him with profit or curse him with loss according to the manner in which they break across his path.

In other words, the business man, in addition to a good mind, a stout heart, a far-seeing eye, a patient and enduring will, and a sense of thrift, must also "get the breaks." Bad luck can ruin him or at least hold him back; good luck can make him, or at least speed him on his way.

Now on this point you can get all sorts of opinions from business men. Indeed, most business men, I have discovered, have two sets of opinions on the matter. One is for private, the other for public use—for consumption in plant bulletins, trade-journal interviews, Rotary Club orations, and inspirational school deliverances. This latter brand of philosophy deals in such uplifting phrases as "Pluck makes luck," "The wise man is a maker of opportunities," "Every man is the architect of his own fortune." Many a man has one of these bromidic wall mottoes hanging above his desk and a cherished lucky piece hanging upon his vest. I once heard Mr. Charles Schwab, in one of those fluent, good-natured speeches for which he is famous, decry the existence of either genius or luck in business and assure his hearers that success is due to "hard, honest toil" and to nothing else. Yet I have been told that Mr. Schwab makes it a policy to deal only with successful men; and he himself, able organizer and salesman that he is, has been somewhat favored by good luck. It is said he owed his first contact with Andrew Carnegie to a fortunate chance. Young Schwab as a boy had a sweet singing voice. One evening its notes drifted from the stables where he worked to the veranda where sat the great Scotch steel-master. Carnegie liked the voice and the song, and had the singer brought over to the great house so that he might enjoy the music at close range. Will anyone claim that that was not a lucky day for Schwab?

In the course of an active newspaper career it has fallen my way to interview many business men of large achievement about their careers. On the basis of

this experience I have ventured to come to two or three conclusions. One is that most men who have captured the big prizes would have got along after a fashion under any circumstances. Another is that the attainment of very large and conspicuous success in business is pretty much the result of one's choice of a career: fortune gets in her best licks at the very threshold. Still another is that while luck plays an important part, and while all men are at all times subject to the influence of chance, neither good luck nor bad luck can be counted on as a personal attribute.

II

I once worked beside an old newspaper man who felt he had been cheated by chance out of his fortune. As a boy of twelve, he and a friend, looking for work, fell upon two jobs—one in a newspaper city room, the other in a broker's office. The boys tossed a coin to see how they would divide the jobs. The fateful nickel sent him to the newspaper office, his chum to the broker's. He became a very good newspaper man. His chum rose to partnership in the brokerage house and to riches. Out of this episode the old reporter had evolved a theory on which he liked to discourse on Saturday night under the stimulus, I have no doubt, of his ill-furnished pay envelope. I have listened to him into the still watches of Sunday morning as we sat in the quiet of the city room, waiting for the first papers to come from the press.

"It's all in the start," he would say. And then he would enlarge upon his two classic examples, John Jacob Astor and Charles Goodyear. "Look at Astor. He set out from Holland with just a few guilders in his pocket. When he reached New York he went straight into the one business in which a penniless man might amass a fortune with the greatest speed and certainty. He might have become a storekeeper, or a stage-driver or a peddler, in which case even he would have achieved, it is not to be doubted, such modest success as was open to a man in those callings at the time. But he went instead into the fur trade—and this was in consequence of a pure accident. The ship which brought him over was held in the ice two months just outside of New York. In those two months young Astor made the acquaintance of a fellow passenger who told him of the opportunities of the fur trade, explaining that a poor man in exchange for toys and baubles might get countless skins which he could sell in London for fabulous sums. The delay of Astor's boat put him in the way of a fortune of over two million dollars, which in those days he could hardly have made in any other way.

"And look at Goodyear. He was a bankrupt. That ostensible misfortune set him wandering about one day until his gaze fell by chance upon a display of India rubber in a show window. The crude commodity took hold of his fancy. Later another chance stroll brought him into conversation with a man from Roxbury in the rubber trade, who explained to Goodyear how that industry was on the edge of disaster because no means had been found to preserve the rubber for use. Goodyear thought he saw an escape from his financial ills if he could discover the secret of treating rubber. But the business entanglements distracted him until a third chance gave him the leisure to work at the problem. And this had all the appearance of mischance—he was arrested for debt, and for several years was forced to live in the neighborhood of jail, frequently within it. Thus under the shadows of the jail and in its enforced idleness Goodyear found time to perfect his process and establish the foundations of the Goodyear fortune. There was so much of the fortuitous in these events that Goodyear himself always believed he was called by divine Providence to commercialize rubber.

"There are some kinds of business in which men can make great fortunes. There are others in which those same men, however talented, can just 'do well.'

And it is chance which usually determines along which line a man will travel."

All this was brewed from the bitter dregs in the career of a disappointed old man. But much wandering among the great and the near-great of business has convinced me that it is true. Let anyone examine minutely his own career and see by what a small chance he was directed upon his present course and by what a small margin he missed another—the little want "ad" that set him forever in a bank, the chance recommendation that opened for him the door to the classroom as a teacher, the overheard conversation that pointed the way for him into a railroad office under the very eye of the President. One of the great lumbermen of the country—Mr. Thomas B. Walker—tells how he was sitting one afternoon in the lobby of a little country hotel waiting for a letter from the University of Wisconsin which he hoped would bring him a teaching position there. The letter came, but before it did Walker had flown—flown to another job and another career. Sitting in the hotel expecting his letter, he dropped casually into conversation with a man from Minneapolis who painted in golden colors the opportunities of that city. Almost at that very moment a whistle announced a Mississippi River steamboat "comin' round the bend" bound for Minneapolis. It was the hour of fate for Walker. Opportunity, which usually knocks upon the door, this time blew a blast on a steamboat siren. Walker flipped a coin to settle whether he should wait for the letter or take the steamboat. The coin decided for the steamboat, and the would-be pedagogue went to Minneapolis and into the lumber business, in which he made a fortune.

It would be difficult to call up a more impressive example of the interference of chance at the very outset of a career than the case of James J. Hill, the picturesque builder of the Great Northern railroad. When Hill was a boy, his imagination was inflamed by tales of the Orient and its shipping. So at eighteen he started for the Atlantic seaboard to become a seaman. In the East he failed to find a place in any crew. It is interesting to note how many small chances altered his course as he moved from town to town, and how at last, as the result of almost aimless wandering, he found himself in a small Virginia town. There he suddenly remembered that the town was the former home of an old classmate whose family had moved to the Pacific coast, and who had urgently invited Hill to visit him. Thereupon Hill made a decision. Though within sight of the Atlantic, he turned his face toward the Pacific, hoping that perhaps his old friend's father might find him a place on some vessel. He trusted to chance for his route, and that chance led him by innumerable hitches to St. Paul where, he had learned on the way, he might join a brigade of trappers and traders and thus cross the Rockies. But the winter beat him to St. Paul. When he reached that small Minnesota village the last brigade of adventurers had gone. He dared not attempt the bleak trail over the mountains alone. The dreadful Northwest winter came down and held him a prisoner in St. Paul until the spring should release him. But that spring never came. The series of chances which had led him to St. Paul was destined to hold him there. It was at St. Paul that he found the opportunity, first to enter railroading, and then to envision and build the great road which opened and developed half a continent.

It is not to be supposed from cases such as these that good luck can achieve success all by itself. It must get hearty and valiant co-operation from its favorite. Whatever the verdict may be on the morals of Doheny's system of devouring government oil reserves, the fact remains that he is one of America's wealthiest men and, judged by that standard, one of her most successful business leaders. He was sitting years ago in front of a little hotel in Los Angeles. He was broke and calmly meditating his next move. At that moment a wagon loaded with pitch and

driven by a Mexican lumbered by. Something about that chance wagon-load of dirt commanded Doheny's eye. He hailed the driver and learned that it came from Westlake Park. Doheny trolleyed out to the park without further ado and, scratching in the excavation whence the pitch came, found the earth dark and apparently saturated with oil. He had no money, but he hunted up an old partner and the two got options on the land, raised a few dollars and set to drilling. The oil gushed forth in response. In a few hours Doheny would have left Los Angeles had not that wagon crossed his vision. And yet that wagon had passed a thousand persons, broadcasting its bargain. It was a call of fate to them all—but only Doheny's ear heard the call.

William C. Durant, the audacious maker of automobiles and bull markets, as a very young man strolling a little aimlessly along a country road got a lift in a two-wheeled road cart. As he rode along his eye was fascinated by the graceful lines and sturdy construction of that cart. He looked for the name of the maker. That was his curiosity and interest at work. The maker's mill was at Coldwater, Michigan. There was something about wagons that had always captivated Durant, and he thereupon made up his mind to go to Coldwater to connect with that factory. So far we have a chance meeting on a roadside and Durant's curiosity and decisiveness conspiring toward a result. When the young industrial adventurer got to Coldwater he found the factory for sale and, though he had no funds, he bought it. He had to seek a partner with cash. He found one in a chap named Dort—later to achieve fame as a motor maker. These two men quickly enough built up one of the great wagon manufacturing firms of the country and very naturally, when the wagon's days were numbered, drifted into the automobile field.

I have heard two celebrated bankers tell how luck gave them their chance in their early years. Henry P. Davison used to tell how he was "shot" into promotion. He got a job as paying teller in a bank. One day a gentleman presented a check for many thousands "payable to Almighty God" and duly endorsed by the divine payee. Davison looked up and saw a revolver presented at his chest and a solemn madman demanding payment of the check. Bank tellers seldom have dramatic moments. But Davison had his. He scrutinized the check critically, then read it aloud—very loud, ostensibly to see that it was all right, but in reality to attract the attention of his neighboring tellers. The ruse worked. The man in the next cage summoned the bank officer, who seized the lunatic and saved the bank some of its money and Davison all of his life. He was immediately promoted to assistant cashier and three years later was president of that bank.

The late A. Barton Hepburn, the banker, always insisted he was lucky and that his first opportunity came from a pure chance. This opportunity turned up during his service in the legislature. At the time John F. Smythe, chairman of the state Republican committee, was the great political mogul in Albany and he went to no end of trouble to favor Hepburn. There was no apparent reason for these benefactions and it was not until years later he learned Smythe's motive. The Albany boss in his youth had been befriended by an old Scottish nobleman, Sir Andrew Hepburn, and Smythe throughout his life took a sentimental satisfaction in repaying upon anyone named Hepburn his debt to the old baronet.

III

To all this the inspirational lecturer replies that these men did no more than grasp the opportunities flung in their way; that such opportunities come to all; that had not these opportunities appeared there would have been others; and that the thing which counts in the end, therefore, is not the opportunities, which are universal, but the wise and

ready use of them, which is a matter of individual excellence.

I am content to let this view stand. Still, we are permitted to conclude that the character of our success will depend on the kind of opportunity we seize. We have one set of choices to-day and quite a different set to-morrow. One set leads to moderate and mediocre success and the other, with no more expenditure of intelligence and industry, to vast riches. A very enterprising and ambitious spirit filled with belief in that ancient error that opportunity knocks but once is apt to open upon the first knock and follow the first summons. The opportunity which knocks to-day may lead a man into the oil business, the automobile industry, or perhaps to the department store, all blessed by favoring winds. The opportunity of to-morrow may lead the same man into the textile industry or the leather business or some other such calling, harassed with problems and forever threatening disaster. Whether a man becomes a first-rate captain or plutocratic empire builder, a college professor or a lumber baron will be governed by the manner in which all the numberless circumstances of life and time are marshalled at some given moment when he is ripe for a decision. Having set out in one direction, he can never be sure at what corner he may be induced to make a turning. Judge Gary might still be practicing law and sitting as the honored dean of the Chicago bar but for the chance which brought him into court one day in a minor case against a man named John W. Gates. Gates never forgot the highly professional drubbing he received at the hands of that young lawyer, and when he was ready to put together his barbed-wired trust he hired Gary to pilot him through the pitfalls of the law. That set Gary into the way of forming later the Federal Iron Co. and ultimately the United States Steel Corporation.

Consider again the case of Henry Davison, already noted. Certainly no man would select the teller's cage as the scene for a heroic exploit. Davison hoped to plod along as best he might, by industry, thrift, and attention, rising slowly through the levels of promotion. And if a pious madman had not entered the bank he might have continued his plodding path for some years longer, finding his opportunity at last in an altogether different direction. There were so many chances to be reckoned with. That madman had to make his entrance. Davison had to think of the ruse which attracted his neighboring teller. That teller had to be at his post at the instant and in full possession of his wits to catch his cue. He had to recognize Davison's ingenious alarm. He had to call the watchman, and that gentleman had to be within call. Had not all these circumstances and innumerable others combined, Mr. Davison might have received an idiot's bullet, or indeed might never have heard of the idiot and gone industriously about his way until some other opportunity came along and swept him to another community and an altogether different fate. His own part in the affair consisted in his clever alarm. But if the other factors had failed, it is even conceivable that the incident might have brought him blame instead of promotion.

Andrew Carnegie often speculated on this contingency in his own fortune. As a boy, riding in a locomotive cab, carrying a payroll he dropped it from the cab window. The package fell on the bank of a stream and rolled to the very brink but not in. The engine was stopped and young Andrew recovered his bundle. But suppose it had rolled another foot and into the deep stream, meditated the astute Andrew. He believed he would most certainly have been reprimanded, perhaps dismissed, and the whole course of his life changed. He might never have gone into the iron and steel business. And if he had not, there might have been no Carnegie Steel Company, and hence no Charles Schwab, and of course no United States Steel Corporation, and finally no such Judge Gary as we know. Or if

these individuals were invincibly marked for success, the Charles Schwab might have been known to fame as a musical comedy star and Judge Gary as a highly respected lawyer. The chronicles of commerce are filled with such tales. At the tail-end of 1919 a group of Wallingfords set out to collect a little easy money by selling fake oil securities. The promoters leased some oil fields for scenery to lend verisimilitude to their pictures of the future and its golden gushers. When two-thirds of their stock was sold the market for blue sky went dead. To stimulate sales a young chap was hired to set up derricks in the similitude of drills and photograph the scene for sales purposes. The young man sent a pipe down twenty feet and struck oil. When the flood gushed forth there wasn't so much as a barrel provided for it. The last thing these adventurers were thinking of was oil. But quickly enough the containers were assembled and in short order the whole enterprise was changed from a swindling adventure to a real productive business boring for oil and not for suckers. This concern, I am informed, was later taken over by the Standard Oil Co. Now for another and a different tale. The American Malting Co.—distillers—failed, I think, three times. After a long series of misfortunes it finally struggled out of the slough toward solvency and profit. And then—prohibition came.

Are we wrong then in supposing that the hand of chance is forever busy in our affairs? I do not mean that we live in a lawless world in which all things are the children of accident. If one thinks of chance as the nameless agent which produces effects without a cause then I am willing to say with Bacon that "chance is the name of a thing which does not exist." By chance I mean the unexpected, the unforeseen, the undesigned cause of many things. Man makes his plans. He includes in them all the factors he can foresee. The wiser he is, the more he foresees. The more he accounts for in his plans, the more he limits the part played by chance. But the wisest cannot foresee all. As he goes forward with his enterprise, the unknown, the unpredictable elements begin to make their appearance. And as these impinge upon his plans, he must modify his course, retard or hurry his pace, or abandon his quest altogether. One is appalled at the innumerable forces shuttling back and forth across the highway of our lives; countless incidents, accidents, currents, delays, suggestions moving and pushing us about. Every incident in our lives is a climax—a climax cumulated and matured out of vast chains of circumstances of which our own minds and wills form but a part—a small part playing against the immense fabric of the universe. Every trivial incident is a crisis—the crisis of an infinite series of incidents brewing through the ages. It is the fruit of immeasurable, complicated forces, the rise and fall of dynasties, the march of armies, the migrations of continents, the sweep of floods and storms and eruptions, the progressions of an unnumbered sequence of episodes converging on a fixed point and bringing man, time, and circumstance together for so trivial an event as the lighting of a cigarette.

All this is but another way of saying that while man may be the captain of his ship he is by no means captain of the ocean. A successful voyage, therefore, will be the result of propitious seas and good seamanship, favorable chance and wise management, good luck and the commercial virtues. A few bold appraisers have endeavored to estimate the precise percentage of chance and thrift in the successful career. The late Professor Richet of the French Academy thought there was 60 per cent intelligence, 10 per cent hard work and 30 per cent chance. I do not know how he achieved this analysis but he weakened somewhat its scientific value by venturing that even intelligence and industry are themselves the fine flowers of good luck—and, he slyly added, the worst luck of all is to be born a fool. A famous

Florentine success doctor who specialized in vocational guidance for princes, one Niccolo Machiavelli, preceded the Frenchman with a gauge of success which assigned half the credit to fortune and half to one's self. This at least seems certain: whatever the percentage of the business virtues, they are quite essential. Three per cent alcohol in a malt brew is not very much; but it is all the difference between a good glass of beer and the sterile, profitless draught we are offered to-day.

IV

We are then arrived at this—that man collaborates with chance in his own career. The successful man supplies some of the factors of his success. The others are marshalled by some force or forces outside of him. But what is it that controls these collaborating forces, moves them about, into our way or out of it? "All we know," said Josiah Royce, "is that events happen to us and happen in a certain fixed order. We do not know the ultimate cause of these events. If we lived on some other planet, doubtless causes of a very novel sort would be manifest to us." But as this distant and detached view of the game is not open to us we see only—and somewhat darkly—a universe of law with innumerable particles moving about in countless orbits, and our own little orbit bisected each instant by others without our having any power to manage the matter entirely.

And yet there are many who cling to the old savage anthropomorphism: who see these events happening not as part of what we have called chance but under the management of some genial or kindly spirits. They believe that the elements of what I have named chance are being constantly shuffled and dealt out by Providence. They conceive of Providence, not as the artificer of a great law, but as a watchful, supervising, interfering Deity who also keeps things moving in some vast but forever shifting design of his own. Good luck is a blessing from a loving Father. Bad luck, if not a visitation from an angry God, is a stratagem to try our spirits. Mr. Henry Doherty, the oil and utility financier, tells how on an occasion when funds were not forthcoming through the ordinary channels and all his associates were frankly disturbed, John D. Rockefeller maintained his calm and assured his nervous comrades that "the Lord would provide." Mr. Melville Davisson Post in a current magazine article defines chance as "the manifestation of the Wisdom of God." There are many pious souls who are sure that the saints of heaven lean from their eternal abodes to help close a real-estate deal, or that unfriendly demons occasionally desert their haunts in the darkness to affect the price of stocks, or that the stars pause in their courses to blast with an evil twinkle the fate of a bargain. If we do not, like the old Romans, build temples to Chance as a directing goddess participating consciously in our designs, we manage to worship her privately in many ways. Prayers for business success are as common as prayers for success in battle, and we always have the spectacle, which must bring laughter from the angels, of devout speculators praying on both sides of the market.

Thus faith in the fates, in the stars, in charms and amulets and mascots, in lucky days and hunches and superstitious signs, makes its way into the practical affairs of the work-a-day world and expresses itself in profits and losses. I am told that in the Metropolitan financial district landlords must be content with lower rents on thirteenth floors. Indeed, there are no buildings in Wall Street precisely thirteen stories high. Recently a newspaper humorist, burlesquing the popular detective story, described a crime committed on the thirteenth floor of an office building and when the detectives arrived—lo! the floor was gone. There are many buildings in which the thirteenth floor is really missing. The ingenuous demons are cleverly deceived by omitting the thirteenth floor alto-

gether and calling the story above the twelfth the fourteenth.

What is all this but a belief, backed by dollars and cents, that in some way these outside factors which I have ascribed to chance are really subject to the control of intelligences which may be propitiated or deceived or aroused by certain magical evocations and charms?

Indeed there is no legend more generally received than that certain men are habitually attended by good luck or bad luck. There are, to be sure, men and enterprises singularly favored by good fortune and others pursued apparently by evil. Have we not always heard of the men of destiny, from the light-hearted Mr. Tunney who believes profoundly that some friendly force, which he calls his destiny, conducted him to his champion's throne, to the ponderous and less fanciful Mr. Grover Cleveland who talked frequently of the Cleveland luck? When Roosevelt was named for the vice-presidency, a very important financial leader exclaimed: "I would not like to be in William McKinley's shoes. There is a man of destiny standing in line behind him." It fell to my lot to communicate the news of McKinley's assassination to a leading politician of the day. His first words were, "I knew it! I said it would happen." These men believed that the event came not by chance but through the machinations of some mysterious force—a man's destiny in whose hands the wretched Czolgoz was but a blind tool to work its design.

And yet unless we are willing to slip back into the dim regions of superstition, what warrant have we for believing that luck rides habitually with any man, that it is for him a personal attribute, and that the universe can be depended on so to arrange its affairs as to forward his plans?

V

But if many a bewildered business man in his struggle to capture the favors of chance has, without quite knowing it, put his reliance on the fairies and built barriers against the demons, business has now found a better weapon against chance—for after all chance is the unknown; it fights us from the dark. It is the unknown which has been the curse of business.

Man has never known enough to make his plans complete. He cannot tell what the clouds will do; what the other fellow will do. The merchant cannot tell what fickle woman's fancy will seize upon for style, leaving him with a basement full of unsalable colors and designs. Innumerable unknown facts about production and prices and demand and employment and money and such things have imperiled and wrecked the calculations of business men time out of mind. They have been the victims of what Mr. Vanderlip calls economic illiteracy. The business has been a gamble. One of the great builders of the Standard Oil Co. told me a little while ago that when he and his associates were laying the foundation of their great oil empire, business was almost a pure gamble. Business has been too much a game made up of decisions on insufficient facts.

In poker a man holds and sees five cards. The other forty-seven cards constitute the unknown elements which baffle his skill. Business is often a game in which the player holds fewer than five cards and plays against a pack as big as the world itself. One of the conspicuous developments of the last dozen years has been the effort to reduce the number of these unknown cards—the growing passion for facts. And it is one of the interesting phenomena of our present legal civilization that the effort of Mr. Hoover to collect the facts about business has been hampered by our anti-trust laws which insist that industry shall be conducted not as a game of skill and science, as Mr. Eustace McGogle puts it, but as one of chance like "the old army game."

However, the work of research in business moves steadily forward. Science is making a "dope-sheet" for the business man which puts him on a level as

good at least as the race-horse better. Economists, psychologists, accountants, chemists, physicists, engineers are daily bringing in new facts and thus daily cutting down the area under the dominion of chance. About thirty-five trade associations now support co-operative research bureaus. In the Mellon Institute of Industrial Research at the University of Pittsburgh, out of fifty-two fellowships, fifteen are maintained by trade associations. The American Telephone and Telegraph Company has more than a thousand men in its service working on problems of research. These are part of the standing army of industry against the invasions of chance.

About three years ago I stood in the office of a great oil-distributing company. The papers were filled with stories of over-production. Oil prices were going down. Oil men were frantically dumping their supplies on the market. A leading official of this great company brought me into a small room carefully guarded. On the wall was an enormous map, filled with dots, buttons, curves, markings of every sort. It was beyond my power to comprehend, but it informed the experts who compiled it that the apparent over-production was drawing to an end, that it would be overtaken shortly by consumption, and that then the price of oil would rise. This company, therefore, was calmly storing away its oil. The little men didn't know the facts. The great corporation with scouts in every continent did know. The little fellows, groping in fright amid unknown facts, were just gambling and taking the short end of the gamble. The big concern was operating scientifically on knowledge.

Some months ago I had an amazingly interesting interview with Mr. Henry Clay Graton, a pioneer New England manufacturer, nearly one hundred years old, who built his first shop back in the days when Millard Fillmore was President of the United States. He told me one of the chief differences between business then and now was the extent to which the element of chance had been reduced. He is one of the largest tanners of leather in the world. Years ago when he put a fortune in skins into his tanning baths for months he took a chance on bringing out a batch of hides poisoned by a defective tanning solution. That cannot happen any more. Now when he buys tanning chemicals he is protected against faulty mixtures by his laboratory. Strangely enough it is the professor—once set down as the most impractical of men, good for chasing butterflies and construing verses—who is taking the gamble out of industry. And as the unknown factors are diminishing, the luck element is being cut down. If this means anything it means that intelligence and industry have a better opportunity for success than ever before.

However, there will always remain plenty of play for chance in life and in business—at least until all of us become clairvoyant and clairaudient. Would we wish to have it otherwise? A life of solemn certainties would not be tolerated long by the adventurous soul of man. And I think we may safely go forward gathering more facts without being troubled by the fear of knowing too much. Enough of knowledge will always evade us to preserve the seasoning we get out of the glorious uncertainty of life.

TWO STORIES

BY EUGENIA SCHWARZWALD

Dr. Eugenia Schwarzwald is one of the best-known and appreciated figures in present-day Vienna. Twenty-five years ago she went there as a young girl from the University of Zurich, disgusted with the arid pedantry of Austro-German public-school life, and without experience and against the pressure of prevailing pedagogy, founded "the happy school"—a venture which paved the way for the whole reform of Austrian public-school administration which has been carried out with great thoroughness since the War. She may be called the Vienna Montessori. Her far-reaching and magnificently organized public activities have made her known to most foreign visitors to Vienna, and her stories written for the *Neue Freie Presse* in Vienna and the *Vossische Zeitung* in Berlin, have endeared her to an even wider circle.

—*The Editors.*

THE FIRST LOVE LETTER

SHE was an Ukrainian servant girl, twenty-eight years old, was called Marynia, had a fine slender body, a pale freckled face, a pointed nose, colorless blonde hair, gray eyes with slightly reddened rims, and a warm heart. And this last belonged to the forester Antek. Every evening he came to the pond near by, and then Marynia disappeared for an hour or so, and when she came back she had more color than usual, and all people in the house looked at her obliquely—because hate is everywhere loved in this world, but all men set themselves against love. And for a servant girl love is a luxury worse than silk stockings; for in decent families it is an axiom that it is proper for a cook to have no stomach and for a chambermaid to have no heart.

Marynia had a heart, and all the inhabitants of the house took offense at this fact from various points of view. There was only one sympathetic soul, the nine-years' old daughter. She knew a great deal about love. First of all, she had secretly read Kleist's "Käthchen von Heilbronn" and Schiller's "Maid of Orleans" and even *The Treasure in the Himmelpfort Street*, a novel which the cook had borrowed in a circulating library. And she herself loved with all fervor Georg von der Sturmfeder, the hero of Hauff's *Lichtenstein*. But although she valued her own feelings very highly, still she found that Marynia's love came from a depth of soul which was still closed to her; and, apart from this, she was a very close friend of Marynia's. She did not think much of Antek as an object of love. He was decidedly a mistake. If she had known there was such a thing, she would have spoken of a mesalliance. For Antek was half a head shorter than Marynia and not very well built. And he only came off with one blue eye, for his second was a different color and had a preference for turning inwards. In no case could he be compared with Georg von der Sturmfeder. But the tastes of people are, after all, different. When one really thought about it, Wetter von Strahl was also a conceited old thing, and Lyonel a fop, and still Käthchen and Joan had loved them so much. Well, then, Marynia also could love Antek. That was his luck; and because of all these considerations the little girl was quietly the protector of this love affair. And if mother asked where Marynia was, she always knew lots of

other places which could be mentioned, but she never remembered the pond.

But one summer she did not find time to bother about this love affair. A great personal experience prevented her. In July, on her birthday, she had got *Robinson Crusoe* as a present. Not a stupid child's edition but the real, original Robinson. Scarcely had she finished reading it when she took up quarters in a summer-house, far out in the garden, and there began to translate Robinson's experiences into reality. The most important thing was to manufacture glass, for which serious work she strengthened herself from time to time by biting a lemon which she had stolen from the kitchen. Lemons were good against fever, and even if she had none it could do no harm, in any case; what Robinson had done had to be respected. It did not bother her that, in spite of the waste of immense quantities of salt, she did not get much farther with her glass manufacture. She was not even disappointed that she had not been able one single time to make a fire by rubbing dry sticks against each other. Sunken in the life of Robinson she had forgotten the world about her.

But one hot August afternoon, she heard from her summer house heavy sobs. She ran out. There in the grass, as though mown down with the scythe, lay Marynia. "What is wrong?" asked the child terrified. "Antek! Antek!" . . . "Is he dead?"

"No, because of Kasia, he did not come yesterday evening . . . he went to dance with her . . . and I shall jump into the water!"

"Don't do that," said the child seriously, "the pond is dreadfully dirty, and perhaps he does not love this Kasia at all. She is so fat. Just for one time you cannot make such a fuss! Do you know what? Write him a letter."

"Oh, God, what do you imagine," said Marynia. "I cannot write at all; that's for city people."

"No," said the child, "if one writes something down then everybody can read it, and then everything is good again. If you like I'll write to him."

Marynia stopped weeping. "Yes, that's something else. It is true, you are small, but you—you write."

And quickly, a beautiful piece of letter-paper was brought from the desk of the big sister, and now the child sat at the white garden table which stood before the summer-house on the meadow. She was dreadfully nervous. It was awful enough to have to write one's own letters, but for others! That was a task! Harder than divisions with fractions. What should she do that the right idea should occur to her? Pray, perhaps? No, that was no good. She had had last week a difference with God, not yet settled. He had disappointed her in a very important thing. One must settle this affair by oneself. One must simply find words which would be so compelling that this Antek person would come back to Marynia. Of course he was horrid, and it must be simply dreadful to give him a kiss. But Marynia wanted him, there was nothing to be done! But how did Marynia feel? Probably just the same as Joan and Käthchen. One must write as splendidly as all three would have written. And now she had it. Now it would go like turning on a tap. That is to say, first she must lick up a great blot of ink which had fallen on the pale lilac paper when she had stuck her pen too deeply and energetically into the inkpot. But then it went like a windstorm, each stroke accompanied with the tip of her tongue:

"Dear Antek! I greet you a thousand times, and respectfully inform you that my heart bleeds because you could cast me off for a certain Kasia. Because of this Kasia I must go forth from this world into the cold uncompassionate water. O my high Lord, you suffer the nightingale in the hedge, why do you not suffer your Marynia to love you? Ne'er before have I carried the picture of a man in my pure bosom, and now—and now! Have you no pity for one true

to you to death? My love is glowing and destroying. 'Tis true, I am not beautiful enough for you, but at least I have not a fat nose and crooked hips like a certain other. My most beloved, my infinite one, I say farewell to you in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, in eternity, Amen. May the Holy Trinity take compassion upon you and your poor Marynia. P. S. This evening I will be at the pond and wait for you."

Hardly was the last word written when a ruthless hand reached over the shoulder of the child seizing the paper. "What are you doing here, you imp?" asked the sharp voice of Aunt Adelaid. She was the aunt whom the little one liked least, because when she was still very small Aunt Adelaid had pretended to kiss her and had bitten her in the throat. And this woman read the letter with angry eyes, and the deepest disgust painted itself upon her features, which were anyhow not very pretty. "What a naughty child! What have you got here? Aren't you ashamed of yourself? There is no child in the whole village who could have written such a letter. Go into the house immediately. As punishment you may not enter the summer-house for a fortnight."

And Aunt Adelaid threw the letter on the ground wrathfully and strode into the house. The child followed her, broken, but she still had enough presence of mind to whisper to Marynia, "Take the letter and send it to Antek."

The child had to eat her supper all alone in her little room, and even got no apple for dessert. But at nine o'clock Marynia came on tiptoe into the dark nursery, and put a great pear on the little bed. "Antek sends it to you. On St. Michel's day we shall be married!"

FIRST LOVE

At the age of nine she had been in love with Georg von der Sturmfeder. That was done with. Because now she was already ten years old and no longer a village child but a school girl in the first grade of the public school in the eighth district of Vienna. Only very little children are interested in book heroes. Big girls must love someone who really exists. But where to find him?

So she thought at Christmas. But on the 12th of January she got her first honorary medal. The teacher herself gave it to her and said, "It's true you come out of the woods, but just the same you are no backwoods' child." This remark thrilled her all the more because she had no idea what the backwoods were. She only felt that something flattering had been said, that it expressed a good opinion which she herself had earned. And that was enough.

C. F. Meyer was not correct when he said, "There is nothing sweeter on earth than the tender dawn of first fame." It is still sweeter to spread this first fame in the widest circles. She ran home as though chased. Breathless and turkey-red, she brought her medal into the living room of her married sister whose permanent guest she was, and breathed brokenly, "An honor medal . . . only I . . . the first eight weeks in the school . . . and Miss Weber said . . ." The grown-ups reluctantly interrupted a discussion of Richard Wagner as dramatist. But one of the people, of the kind who is always accustomed to make fun of children, said jestingly, "Ah, so you have bought yourself an honor medal. Bravo! I saw them last week in the window at Hochhaltinger's in the Laudongasse. They cost twelve kreutzers. Na, show it to us."

For a moment the child stood speechless with scorn and humiliation. Then she threw the beloved medal into a corner. "Naughty child," growled

brother-in-law. All the others were silent. Then suddenly a voice raised itself, "Do you know what you are? You are a disgusting kill-joy not worthy to be with a child in the same room."

This remark was for the would-be wit. The speaker was a friend of the brother-in-law, who was called Uncle Otto. He had a gay eye, was fond of a comfortable life, was about forty years of age, and was, therefore, in the eyes of the child nearing the grave. Actually, she had not liked him very much, because he had very red lips and a black beard which shone silkily. The hero of her dreams was clean shaven, ailing, and hollow cheeked. But as these heavenly words fell from Uncle Otto's mouth she forgot everything that she had ever had against him. He was a hero, a knight, as touching and remarkable as Don Quixote, only with more understanding, and better taste as far as women were concerned.

And from now on she loved Otto—she dropped the "uncle" immediately—with a fanatical adoration. In the next weeks her whole life was only a long waiting until he came, although she knew well enough that he came only on Thursday at eight o'clock for supper. Still it might happen, and she must be prepared. She brought it about that she was allowed to wear her Sunday dress—it was red and green plaid, and had a border of Tegethoff-blue—on weekdays.

She kept her exercise books incredibly neat, in case an opportunity might arise to show them to him. But the high proof of her love occurred one Wednesday night when, perhaps for the first time in her life, she could not sleep. By the light of a candle she wrote an acrostic:

O, dearest creature, be my loyal friend
True and devoted until time shall end.
Tempestuous storms my maiden love for thee;
Ogres cannot come near when you have me.

Then she slept deeply. Thursday she laid this poem on the doorstep. Friday, however, the milk woman came and said, "It's better that I don't tell your mother how you throw things around on the stairs. But you should not be so careless with your school things, child." On this day she was so absentminded at school that she got no honor medal; on the contrary, she was moved down from the first place to the sixteenth. She could not pay attention. She was always drawing pictures of him on her slate—with narrow lips, a fanatical look, and always with less and less beard.

She was determined to marry him. What did thirty years' difference in age matter when there was such harmony of character and temperament! For he loved her, too. A week ago Thursday he had said—and had looked at her so keenly when he said it—"Can I not light my cigarette at your eyes?" She was sorry for him because he would still have to wait eight years. But then she would be eighteen, and it would pay to wait because she would be so tall, beautiful, clever, and capable that everybody would be astonished. She would even learn to cook his favorite dish, *Grammelpogatschen*, although she would have preferred that his favorite dish had been asparagus.

He was a journalist. She began to read the newspapers, although she found them very stupid. There were long, boring articles in them, sometimes horrid ones. Only the advertisements were interesting, but they were not written by Otto.

On the 13th of February guests were invited in the evening, in memorial of the day of Richard Wagner's death. She was allowed to put on her white dress and to serve at table. Otto was also there, that is to say, there were others there, too. Beside him sat Miss Elise. She was awfully funny. She always laughed when there was nothing to laugh about and made a sad face if one said that somebody had died, even if she had not cared anything about the dead person. Above all the child hated

it when Miss Elise paid attention to her, because she had a custom of putting a finger much too lightly under the child's chin, and of saying, "You are a little darling." The child then always ran out of the room and scrubbed her chin so hard that it almost bled.

Miss Elise was already old, at least twenty-four, and yet she powdered her nose, and at the back of her hat she had two ribbons dangling. She said that one called them in Paris "*Suivez-moi*," and she laughed so that one saw a black back tooth.

The child was sorry for Otto because he had to sit next to Miss Elise. Cinderella should have sat beside him, Elsa von Brabant, or Charlotte Corday. And, of course, preferably herself. But Elise!

As she carried round the gravy for the roast veal she almost fainted because, suddenly, she could see quite plainly that under the table Otto had taken Elise's hand and was stroking it. The gravy-dish tipped and the brown contents flowed down over Otto's stainless collar.

"Who is serving?" He turned round angrily.

"I," said the child with the courage of one mounting the gallows.

"Na, does not matter. You are only a little sheep." And he smiled indulgently.

The child looked at him with a glance which divested him of all lordliness and perfection. "I beg your pardon, Uncle Otto," she said, and she emphasized the "uncle" so that everybody looked up astonished. Destiny had walked through the room.

IN MEMORY OF AN ARTIST

BY VIRGINIA WATSON

YOU loved perfection so you could not stay
In this imperfect world where colors fade,
Where lines are blurred, and where tones die away
Before the ultimate chord has answer made.

You loved perfection so where could you find
A perfect love? A soul unstained by earth?
Or where a garden safe from jealous wind?
Or where a feast in which there was no dearth?

All, world and friends and life—we pained you so
With imperfections. . . . Now, if you still care,
With Death's perspective you will see and know
The beauty of all striving everywhere.

SCRAPPING PERFECTIBILITY

BY DUNCAN AIKMAN

MY RADICAL friend and I parted in a down-at-the-heels café of the New Orleans French quarter in the early spring of 1914. Anæmic chickens wandered in and out of a cobwebbed booth, while, for perhaps the fortieth time in a season of four months, under the heady stimulus of drip coffee and cognac, he enlightened me on the social merits of burning churches and shooting international bankers and the erotically crushing effects of the property interest in monogamy.

Next day I went north, and next week he was to take a steamer south. I saw him no more until the 1926th year of Christian disillusionment when he wandered into my office in El Paso on a bond-selling trip.

"You've come to just the right place," I welcomed him after we had noted each other's changed appearance. "We'll have a shot of cognac instantly and then we'll go abroad—meaning to free Mexico—where we can get infinitely more and better cognac and where there's a chef who can brew coffee to match. And when you get to the church-burning stage I have two or three likely sacrificial offerings—"

"Hold on a minute," he said with something of his old harshness. "Have you a Y. W. C. A. cafeteria in town? They nearly always have genuine bran bread in those places, and you can trust the buttermilk to be pure."

The city was lacking in such an institution, but I pride myself on being a polite host, so we hunted up the nearest commercial substitute. There he complained of the buttermilk's low acidity and suspected the bran of harboring villainous cornmeal traces, but, nevertheless, he sat happily for half the afternoon under the dismal frown of "No Smoking" signs and the lowering glances of pietistic waitresses evidently awaiting a chance to enforce them. While I satisfied my own craving with cigarette ends bitten off behind my hand, he querulously and in unwearying detail revealed to me the low state of what he once had called "the cause."

The trouble, he insisted in the tone of a man fighting shell shock, was that nobody really believed in the cause any more, not even its leaders. The *New Masses* crowd and all the "crowds" that revolved about much redder and wilder propaganda sheets were excellent clubs with which to beat the existing abuses of capitalism. But did they really expect humanity to be any better off under the dictatorship of the practical politicians of the left than under the bland hokum-inspired guidance of the sitting statesmen of the right?

My friend doubted it. He knew that his friends the radical leaders, with whom he had spouted and worked hard for the best years of his life, doubted it, too—all, he said, except a few sentimentalists who didn't count and would soon be as dead as Debs. There was still good work to be done in assailing the more objectionable hypocrisies and the more obvious injustices of the capitalist order, and they would go on doing it. But they understood now that when the

socialists won Milwaukee it was not a halfway house on the way to the millennium, but simply a means of extracting some minor concession from the Coolidge administration; and that when it was granted, when there was more roast pork in the house, and the next war came, Milwaukee would dispatch its quota of cannon fodder to the front with no more real resentment than would the Yale Club of New York City.

Then what about Russia, I asked; and this, it appeared, was precisely what my friend was coming to. He had saved his money and spent a three-months' vacation there in 1925. And all he had got out of it was a vague sophistication with communist practical politics—which, except for the strangeness of the names and the bizarre character of the issues, were very much like the politics of a first-class fighting Republican national convention. If Lenin had only lived, if Trotzky were only more of a human being and less of a propagandist, if Stalin were not a mere office-grabber, if the politicians were not merely after the jobs in the name of the proletarian uplift, and if the people themselves honestly wanted communism to work without fatal modifications in the direction of private property and competitive merchandising, why, Russia might really get somewhere. But as it was, Russia was about as communistic as the United States is dry.

"I take it, then," I summed up, "that the human equation is against you."

"You're right, absolutely," my friend granted in his best blighted-for-life accent. "A race that is too instinctively vicious to be saved by the Christian ethic is too dumb to be saved by an intelligent economic system. Capitalism is rotten, but it works no worse than would any other system put into actual practice. And anyhow it's what such a race deserves. So I'm out to keep my health and milk the goat of civilization for all there is in it."

And he set off to peddle bonds to a local bankers' consortium.

II

In spite of one's natural sympathy for a fellow-being on a selling mission to the hard-boiled, the main point is not that my friend is a sentimental tragedy. The main point is not even, as any good Republican reader might suppose, that he has been cured of his radicalism. Economic radicals are no worse than any other brand of millennialists except that they are often more tiresome socially and tend more to disturb working vested interests. The main point is that he had put off what we were all brought up to call the "modern mind"—and the "modern mind's" magic. He had believed that human nature could be materially improved under the spell of a new social system, and now he knows better.

If his enlightenment sickened him into forswearing meat, coffee, and cognac, it is sad, but incidental. The fact that mystically inclined children have been known to smash their parents' gifts on learning that there is no Santa Claus does not prove that they have not gained in their sense of the realities.

In any case, the "modern mind" ruled the world for four hundred years—pedantry might say from the posting of Luther's theses to the Treaty of Versailles. It differed from its predecessor, the medieval mind, in regarding this world of mortality and moral problems as of genuine consequence. The medieval mind also had its magic, but employed it to get souls into heaven rather than to reform mundane society. While admittedly imperfect, medieval society was negligibly important in comparison with spiritual salvation. The "modern mind" in the early Sixteenth Century awakened with a shock to the rottenness of society and, without by any means pushing spiritual salvation into the background, placed a new and equal emphasis on reforming it more or less physically.

But just as the savage mind had sought to ward off death, famine, defeat, and other catastrophes of luck and

nature by bringing out the right fetishes and staging the right ritual dances at the right season, and just as the medieval mind had sought to bring all things out right in the end by intoning masses for the dead, the modern mind also sought to solve its problems and attain the heart's desire with wizardry. It began, to be sure, with a certain sophistication. It knew that it could not stop the lightning with gibberish, and its Protestant vanguard, at least, was convinced that heaven could not be reached by so easy a means as standardized ritual intercession. Nevertheless, the traditions of countless centuries of savage ancestry, of spell worship, and subjection to medicine men controlled the modern mind's choice of means. If the aim was to perfect the race, to make humanity "good"—and incidentally prosperous—on earth, surely there must be a formula, a trick, an incantation that would accomplish it. And the incantation was—system.

It was the beginning of a four hundred years' gamble on human perfectibility. The Sixteenth Century pioneers believed that it could be achieved by giving men the right religion—whatever that was—privately interpreted, but customarily inspired by private interpretation from the reigning prelates and monarchs. This phase of the experiment was marked for more than one hundred years by the reciprocal stake courtesies of the sectarians and ended with the semi-depopulation of Europe through the Thirty Years' War and preceding conflicts. It had to be stopped, not because perfection had been attained, or even because the sects had come to honor one another's sincerity in heresy; but because, for the moment, a glimmer of common sense subdued faith in magic, and the folly of permitting civilization to commit suicide by religious massacre became apparent.

The Puritan century, the seventeenth, however, was already on the scene with a new charm. The race had not been made "good" by the private interpretation of the Scriptures because private interpreters had been lax in regulating private conduct. Hence, wherever they got the upper hand politically the Puritan theocrats regulated it; with quaintness in some minor aspects, with everywhere a pervasive genius for repressing normal human impulses, with brutality on the whole, and in certain well-testified instances with definite sadism. Instead of becoming "good" the race reacted with the license of the Restoration period which ushered in the century of skepticism. Thereafter humanity had finished with religious magic as an aid to perfectibility until it appeared, as shall be indicated later, in the 1920's as a somewhat atavistic symptom of the "modern mind's" degeneration.

But the Eighteenth Century's skepticism was sophisticated only by disillusionment with religious magic, and so had its blind side. The race, it reasoned, could not be made "good" by faith or ecclesiastical governance. Therefore, it could be made "good" by politics. Benevolent despotism could reform it by showing it its duty. Or Jeffersonian republicanism could raise the descendants of slaves, savages, and beasts to the stature of manhood by granting them "inalienable rights." Or Jacobinism could purify society for the new day by killing the aristocrats. All these methods were tried. But benevolent despotisms died of internal incompetence. Jacobinism, after parading itself in the gaudy regalia of empire, bled itself to death on Napoleon's battlefields. The cult of human rights, gradually extending its operations to the laggard nations during the Nineteenth Century, has been marked chiefly by increasing evidence of the corruption of politicians and of the congenital stupidity of electorates. Political magic, manifestly, worked the miracle no better than religious magic.

So the happy forward-lookers of the Nineteenth Century fell back on industrial enchantments. The world was to

be made better through having more factories, more railroads, bigger business. The millennium was to come almost automatically through prosperity and progress and the social propriety of the Victorian bourgeois. Whatever business and industry and respectability did to promote progress was, therefore, ordained by God for the betterment of the race, and was not subject to hindrance or criticism. But except for assisting technical progress and organization, these agencies were mainly successful in fashioning new forms of wage slavery for the masses, new forms of exploitation for newly subjected backward races, new methods of corrupting politicians, new modes in hypocrisy, and new urges of warfare, now, because of improved technical equipment, waged on a scale unprecedentedly destructive.

In revulsion from such fruits, the hopeful turned at the beginning of the Twentieth Century to the "modern mind's" last experiment in wizardry—the magic of uplift. The world was to be made wise through universal compulsory education. It was to be made peaceful through organized pacifist propaganda, the teaching of sweet reasonableness, and the international organization of arbitration tribunals and leagues of peace enforcement.

It was to be made "good" by sumptuary legislation regulating private conduct in all matters from forming trusts to toping. Its politics were to be purified by extending the power of the electorate over demagogues and corruptionists with direct primaries, recalls, and referendums, and schemes for proportionate representation. Industrial abuses were to be remedied by putting big business under the control of purified government.

Economic justice was to be assured by old-age and mothers' pensions, minimum-wage laws, statutes of housing and working conditions—an almost infinite range of legislation tending to give government, especially in its bureaucratic departments, an almost infinite power of supervision over the individual citizen's private life. At the left, the extremists of the uplift cult sought the honor of bringing in the millennium by dividing property equally or by putting all property and industry under the management of the state.

Uplift magic has now run its course far enough for the observing to see, or foresee, the finish. Its vast educational experiment has less and less to do with promoting the love of learning or the inquiring spirit. Already it has largely reduced itself to the teaching by badly trained incompetents to semi-morons of the standardized information, often erroneous, and standardized sentimentalities, chiefly flattering to group self-esteem. Its earlier peace efforts were crowned with the greatest war in history; its later ones with the gathering of a new set of international jealousies and rivalries now promisingly engaged in setting the stage for still greater conflicts.

Its sumptuary program has made law violation—and the world's worst liquor—fashionable, and law itself contemptible to citizens of free instincts and self-respecting dignity. Its political reforms have enlarged the power of the mentally unfit to control government, so that the pace of absurdity in legislation is doubled while corruption increases in funds and prominence and demagoguery itself grows cheaper. Meanwhile society has paid for the remedying of industrial abuses with increased bureaucracy, a debt in which the greater part of the liability incurred has as yet, perhaps, not even been registered. For its quixotic quest of economic justice through doles, Great Britain has paid with the ruin of her prosperity and, last year, almost with revolution. In Russia, where the ultimate and logical experiment in uplift magic has been made, it has resulted in the destruction of wealth, culture, life, and intelligence; in more bureaucracy and oppression; and in the stimulation of old-fashioned, self-seeking politics.

Then, there is no magic of social

systems, any more than there is magic of fetishes, charms, conjuring spells, or religious ceremonial. In the past four hundred years the most highly civilized portion of the race has tried intensively, and on a broad scale of time and geography, each rational formula for bringing in a golden age by social organization and control. Some incidental benefits have been secured. We have, for instance, wholesomely damaged, if we have not destroyed, the church-state connection and the ecclesiastical control of intellectual development. We have killed off chattel slavery and discouraged the more murderous phases of labor sweating. But in every experiment the modern mind's magic has fetched up against human nature.

The "contemporary mind," as distinguished from the attitude we were all brought up to call the "modern mind," faces this fact in all its implications. It is disillusioned, not only by the "modern mind's" chastening experience but by its new scientific knowledge.

It knows, from its psychological investigations, that the vast majority of human actions are motivated, not by reflection and sound judgment, but by primitive instincts and emotions, the more subtly destructive of projects for making the race "good" because so often suppressed, disguised, and denied by those whom they most strongly motivate. It knows from its anthropological studies that the human family tree stems more from savagery than from civilization and that its roots are firmly fastened in the animal kingdom.

Therefore, it appreciates how those somewhat grotesque and unripe fruits, our fellow-citizens of the centuries of progress, have proceeded to satiate savage blood lusts in the name of religion, have continued their barnyard sexual diversions under the rule of purifying theocracies, have preferred quackery to statesmanship when equipped with the full political rights of manhood, have utilized universal education to preserve human stupidity, have demanded—and got—war under peace-keeping establishments, liquor under prohibition, and profits under communism. Therefore, it predicts with some reasonable assurance that the "modern mind's" next lunge toward perfection must end in another ironic compromise with the biological realities of original sin.

So the "contemporary mind" scraps the ideal of perfectibility. It is through with distorting human nature and human institutions to aim at—and grotesquely miss—impossibilities. It is through with being controlled by the magic and the medicine men of social betterment.

III

Is the "contemporary mind" on this account pessimistic, hostile to progress, cruel in its social code? Without doubt those still obsessed by the "modern mind's" characteristic illusions charge it with these and even more heinous vices. On a very similar principle those not accepting the visions of mystics have been literally charged with being blasphemers, heretics, and devil-worshippers.

The answer is that the "contemporary mind" takes into account neither optimism nor pessimism but only the realities of the human inheritance. It is for all forms of genuine progress, materialistic or otherwise, and hostile only to the fallacy of magic progress at anything faster than the normal evolutionary pace. Its social code is kindlier than those of the prohibitionist, the communist, and the theocrat because it bases itself on the inevitable destiny of average humanity to be a large part of the time and in most of its activities, stupid, lazy, lascivious, swinish, and pettily knavish.

To be sure, in the face of evolutionary history, the "contemporary mind" finds absolute pessimism difficult, if not impossible. Manifestly, the most easily bamboozled member of the whole Ku Klux fold is a kindlier, more intelligent and more polished savage than his grandsire one thousand generations ago; a

cleverer beast than his mammal progenitors half a million generations back. Give his progeny a few thousand more generations, and they may approximate in mental alertness, self-control, and sense of proportion the "best intelligence" of 1927. The "contemporary mind" thus paraphrases its Coué into realism by putting hope in the form of rational expectation: Every ten millenniums in some significant ways the race is getting appreciably better.

Neither does it disdain progress because it is cynical of the vast satisfaction with which the "modern mind" has hailed its benefits. Because the average mental age of the masses may be only thirteen years, the "contemporary mind" does not propose that the clod-hoppers and ditch-diggers should be permitted to constitute themselves public inconveniences by escaping instruction in reading, writing, and ciphering. It merely objects that the theological prejudices of Holy Rollers, the self-esteeming patriotism of Ku Klux Klansmen, and the economic obscurantism of Chamber of Commerce directors should set limits to the progress of advanced learning.

The fact that the enriched field-hand believes the republic can be saved by banning birth control, poisoning Volstead-act violators, or putting the Jahve of Elisha into the Constitution is no reason for failing to devise new surgical feats for curing his bodily ailments, new legal means for protecting him in his property rights and private liberties, new de luxe passenger airplanes to haul him back and forth across the continent on his impressive business errands, or for repealing the laws which forbid him to massacre his competitors and murder his wife.

But the "contemporary mind" does not regard progress, even when compulsory, as a cure for a single one of the fundamental human depravities. It regards original sin not as a blessed affliction, or as the divine trump ace in the game of getting salvation, but as humanity's concrete psychological inheritance. Whether it is desirable for the race to work out of original sin, whether a world free from it would be more interesting, more amusing, or more exciting than the present one, the "contemporary mind" frankly does not know. But of this the "contemporary mind" is assured by all available evidence: The race cannot be freed from its natural appetites for petty villainy and carousal by the millennial projects of reformers. It can only work free from its dominating inheritance over many millenniums, as generation after generation, and the individuals in generation after generation experience the results of unethical conduct and learn self-control on their own initiative.

On such grounds as these, then, the "contemporary mind" proposes to make the world safe for original sin. For the exponents of the "contemporary mind" are frequently sinful themselves and rather enjoy being so. The petty iniquities of others increase the charm, the variety, the humor of life as a spectacle, and possibly the charity and tolerance of those who live it. At least, where original sin flourishes with only the most necessary regulations to restrain it, a minimum of encouragement is offered to the artificial sin of hypocrisy.

But, mainly, the "contemporary mind" takes its stand for the utmost tolerable freedom of human impulses because, if sin itself is folly, the race has a right to learn by making a fool of itself. Despite the "modern mind's" speculations in perfectibility, it is doubtful if the race has ever surely learned an ethical lesson in any other way.

IV

The signs increase, I believe, that this will be the outlook, or at least the controlling mood, of the coming intellectual generations. Wherever contemporary youth is most inquiring, most reflective, most articulate, it seems as much concerned to-day with the integrity of its

sense of proportion as the "modern-minded" youth of old was with its social conscience and its romantic dreams of bringing in the millennium by means of pretty thoughts and nice moral compulsions.

In the laboratories, the professional schools, the newspaper and publishing offices, in the more reflective activities of big business, and the younger sets of university faculties, emotional, magical and systematic solutions of the human betterment problem are in 1927, perhaps, more nearly taboo than they have been at any time since 1517. Here a new intellectual vanguard looks for prophecy, not to hope and sentimentality, but to evolution and psychology. Here a new spirit of progress looks for history, not to patriotic propaganda, but to realists; for hints of a new philosophical system, not to experts on the absolute, but to analysts of reality like Spengler. Here a new intellectual leadership, crystallizing for the dawning age of realism, takes its arts of character interpretation from Dreiser and Lewis—and its evangels from Mencken.

If it takes much of its social criticism from Shaw and Wells, it by no means follows that it accepts their Fabianism and Utopianism. With all their shrewd and useful iconoclasms, Shaw and Wells are stimulants to the new outlook rather than partakers of it. Born under the tenderly fatuous sky of Victorian optimism, they never could quite get the afterglow off their foreheads, or faith in its uplift magic out of their mental processes. For them, as for the W. C. T. U. and Big Bill Haywood, a better world lies just around the corner, and getting there is merely a matter of finding the right system. Keenly as they recognize their debts to Shavian destructive talents, the new intellectuals find positive programs, so credulous of perfectibility, a trifle quaint.

But Shaw and Wells in due course will be gathered to Voltaire and the host of ironic angels, and their intellectual descendants are increasingly inclined to imitate, not their credulity but their disgust with emotionalism and hypocrisy. The struggle of the new intellectuals will not be with great intellects moderately distorted by the perfectibility complex, but with hordes—and possibly mobs—of little minds infuriated by it.

For the more the intellectual world scraps perfectibility, the more violently the conservative masses are enamored of it. The more the advanced thought of our times recognizes the psychological usefulness of giving original and inevitable sin as much free play as society's fundamental safety will permit, the more ardently does the persisting "modern mind" of the masses seek to drive it underground with increasingly fantastic reformations, the more it seeks by formal resolutions and drastic conventions to deny its very existence.

For this there is due reason and precedent. Lagging as usual, the masses have acquired the "modern mind's" reformatory concepts and perfectibility complexes centuries late. Until the democratic politics and the popular education of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries broke the spell, the masses remained largely medievalists, and Heaven was their goal. If a compulsorily perfected society is their goal now, it is a relatively new discovery, and they embrace the expectation with the fervent faith with which the dull and the credulous ever accept belated novelties. In fact the faith of society at large in the "modern mind's" reform magic approaches its climax, as advanced thought sweeps beyond it, to proclaim the magic impotent and the reform a perversion of normal evolutionary progress.

To the masses such denials are an attack on vested emotional interests, a sacrilege against popular faith, a work of destruction, and a blasphemy. So they gather their forces of emotional bias, convention, conviction, and oppression to repel the onslaught. That the attack is based on scientific knowledge and critical

rationality means nothing to them. As the medieval mind suppressed Roger Bacon and Galileo, sought to suppress Luther, imprisoned and shot the early political liberals who pioneered the pseudo-rationalism of the "modern mind," so the "modern mind" latent in to-day's masses prepares to suppress to-day's science and rationalism in order to save its beloved preconceptions from overthrow.

Both are under an absolute interdict in soviet Russia and fascist Italy where the doctrine of perfectibility by social system is imposed with the force of legalized dogma. Both are under a partial interdict of law in Tennessee and Mississippi, and under a still more strenuous interdict of convention in hundreds of American provincial communities, where the race is to be made "good" by keeping from it the knowledge that an Oriental tribal theology has been scientifically discredited.

Both have their warnings to desist when a zealot of reform magic like Senator Morris Sheppard of Texas proclaims that anyone counselling nullification of the prohibition amendment is a "traitor" and when a prominent divine urges that because of its violations of the Volstead act New York City be laid waste by the federal army as a city in a state of rebellion. Both receive the threat of outlawry when the organized business interests of some half-grown prairie metropolis announce that "knocking"—that is, rational criticism of the community's economic prospects and general state of refined civilization—will not be tolerated.

Once more an intellectual leadership "ahead of its times" is producing by the revolutionary character of its sophistication a separation between itself and the masses. No more, as in the times of St. Thomas Aquinas and Cromwell, of Jefferson, Lincoln and Roosevelt, are the intellectual leaders on the same plane of illusion as those formed by nature to be followers. No more, either, as the Wayne Wheelers inherit the Gladstones, and the John Roach Stratons the Luthers, will the masses' experiments with perfectionist magic be tempered by the rational reflections of men of true intellect and genius. Instead, with the masses embittered by the challenge to their favorite delusions and the new leadership embittered by the challenge to its legal rights and intellectual integrity, the separation tends to drift toward a conflict in which intellectuals must expect ostracism and oppression rather than recognition and power; in which they may justly demand, but need not rationally anticipate, quarter.

In such an atmosphere the "modern mind," no longer "modern" except in its own antiquated terminology drifts into decadence. Unhampered by the restraints of scientific knowledge, reason, or intellectual leadership, it begins, in the 1920's, its onward sweep toward the last lurid trials of its magic.

V

One who lacks prophetic lineage might hesitate to plot the courses of future perfectionist experiments if they were not already notoriously manifest. But as the evidence stands, the rest of the Twentieth Century will be marked by efforts to reclaim the race from original sin by mass despotism, that is, by the violent dictatorships of fascism and communism and the legalistic dictatorship of sumptuary prohibitions; by religious obscurantism, and by what may be loosely but unpleasantly defined as compulsory optimism.

Here men will be told by the state how they must conduct their business and their daily lives with no appeal allowed to basic legal rights or their free integrity as individuals. There the state will require them to be "good" citizens and Christians by placing legal penalties on views hostile to the theology of the masses. Elsewhere, since at any cost perfectibility may not be denied, all the social penalties of outraged convention and possibly legal penalties as well, will

be imposed on the realistic spirits who dare suggest that our city is not the finest, our race not the noblest, most virile, and most progressive—or that prohibition doesn't work.

We shall not make a perfect world by these weird charms and expedients. Indeed, for the time being, we may create a society less tolerable to men and women of genuine intelligence and free instincts than it has been in the past. But at least such irrational magic, such ecstatic worship of the perfectibility fetish, carries in itself the seeds of its own destruction.

Conducted without the leadership of the honest intellectuality of the times, such experiments must necessarily be conducted by hypocrites or blundering believers. We must take our communism from profiteering politicians, our fascism from bullies and grafters masquerading as regenerators, our Volsteadism from drinking prohibitionists, our fundamentalism from psalm-singers with their eyes on the pork barrel, our dogma of optimism from those who have something to sell by it. Or we must take them from incompetents.

In either case the masses themselves must in time learn by disillusioning experience that millenniums, which in the "modern mind's" heyday, could not be brought in by the world's most honest and intelligent leadership, cannot be brought in now by fakers and emotional zanies. When that realization dawns, as I think it must before the end of the Twenty-first Century, the new intellectuality of realism, which I have called the "contemporary mind," after its long and disastrous exclusion from public affairs and its quite possible oppression by public policies, may look to be entrusted with its fair share of responsibility for directing human progress. But that progress, however much it may concern itself with good order, fairness, and individual freedom, will not concern itself with perfectibility either as a concrete goal or a winning slogan.

Perfectibility will have been scrapped for the slow but secure pace of evolution, as the spells of the witch and the charm-maker were scrapped not long ago for scientific medicine. And by one more release from magic the race will proceed another step upward in its cultivation of the civilized mind.

THIS LAST SWEET CITY

BY ROBERT NATHAN

ONE after one the cities of my heart
Bow to the foe's inexorable blade,
Their glories taken and their marble art
Low in the dust of melancholy laid.
One after one the singers of my soul
Come upon silence and lay down the lute;
Their bones are treasure to the buried mole—
The priest is silent, and the poet mute.
Of all my kingdom, leaguered by the foe,
Only this city of your love remains,
My heart's last capitol. Its bugles blow
Still in the dark above the foggy plains.
Oh, guard this last sweet city. When it falls,
My wounded heart will die upon the walls.

THE NEW AMERICAN BAR

BY CHARLES MERZ

ONE half-billion dollars' worth of soda water washes its way annually into the great American stomach. This figure comes from statisticians of the drug trade, who point out that it would pay the American debt of the French Republic for the next ten years. What would happen if further provision were made for all the pimento-and-cream-cheese sandwiches, all the Bartlett pear-and-orange salads, all the strawberry parfaits, and all the hot fudge sundaes which all this soda water washes with it, must be left to the imagination. A new drug store has developed suddenly. Ladies and gentlemen, the national bar of the United States!

Step right in—the five large rows of teeth which seem to block the way are only an illusion. They are cardboard teeth, hung here in the door to point a moral. When the door swings open four out of five may champ remorsefully but the fifth will smile a welcome. The bar is at the right. It is no ordinary bar. It is not mere oak or birch, like bars which served an older trade now in disgrace. It gleams with polished marble. At one end sits a coffee urn; a keg of root beer guards the other. The keg, let it be confessed, is a hollow swindle, since it holds nothing save the coiled apparatus of an ammonia freezer, and the beer itself comes through a pipe dropped to the basement. Never mind. Nature herself and nature's works are amply represented by the pyramids of snow-white eggs at intervals along the counter, by the mounds of Jackie Coogan salted peanuts in the salted-peanut jars, by the drowsy flies which hover lazily above the crushed fruit in the covered cut-glass dishes. There is a nest of forks, two salts and peppers, a sugar bowl with a well-flavored spoon. Straws come in pairs, two sealed hygienically within each paper packet; it has been ten years since any first-class merchant dealt them singly. From the sanitary confines of a square glass case six slices of mince pie leer out, the thin crust of their upper lips curled slightly.

This is the bar. Behind it rises the back-bar, an array of mirrors, stained-glass panels, and carved fretwork. "Remember," writes Mr. Stuart Peabody in the *Northwestern Druggist*, "that more than any other department of the drug store the fountain represents you—your individuality, your taste, and your good judgment." There are many ways of piling glasses, pinning paper streamers on polar fans, draping chains of paper daisies, and displaying signs which advertise the special dishes of the day. "Hungry? We Suggest Egg Phosphate and Fruit Salad."—"Thirsty? Try Our Cherry Split."—"Good Morning, How About a Glass of Zoolac?"

The young clerk at the counter takes stock of his sandwiches and shakes his head.

"All out of white. Have rye? All right. One rye, one malted milk."

He strikes his palm on the nickel-plated spigot which pumps chocolate. It snorts, coughs once or twice, hiccoughs apologetically, and spurts its stream of syrup wearily into the waiting glass. A dash of powder. A dash of milk. Here human effort ceases, and a motor-driven mixer does the rest.

Yet do not think, even in these days when applied mechanics does the churning, and clerks no longer shake from bosom to the chin, from bosom to the chin, in short staccato beats until the metal shaker is a frosted white, that all individuality has departed from the art of mixing. The real artist lets his stream of syrup hit the side and not the bottom of his glass—for reasons secret to the trade. He puts his ice cream in between two streams of fizz, and neither first nor last. Above all else, he has "the touch." And as an advertisement of the Knight Soda Fountain Company in the drug store press points out:

"Piano keys are not more important to Paderewski than the pumps on a fountain to the dispenser. Always going. On them the dispenser composes his sweetest melodies. They must not fail."

They must not fail. They do not fail. We drink half a billion dollars' worth of their production annually.

II

This is the new American bar, and it is in part the product of good advertising, in part the child of Prohibition, in part the natural sequence of a "servant problem" which makes meals at home more troublesome, while men work farther from their homes and women work in offices. The change is unmistakable. Even the man whose routine takes him into a drug store only for a toothbrush or to have a cinder taken from his eye cannot fail to note the difference. The corner where the fountain plays is the busiest corner of the store. It is always crowded at rush hours. Its development is too recent and too striking not to count as one of the phenomena of our own times. There have always been soda fountains, and there have always been druggists here and there who functioned as caterers as well as pharmacists. But not until the last few years have there been thirty thousand of them. And not until the last few years has the soda fountain turned from mere sliced ham to hearts of lettuce and begun to put on airs.

The drug-store bar has developed with amazing speed because the druggists were prepared for it. The druggists were prepared for anything. Long before the swift development of this latest enterprise the druggists had learned open-mindedness. They had seen their profession branch out far beyond its old, time-honored business of prescriptions. Drug stores were selling merchandise. They were not only selling merchandise of a type which seemed appropriate to the business of a pharmacist: soaps, perfumes, hair-dyes, atomizers, eye-cups, and thermometers; they were selling cameras, cigars, books, playing cards, stationery, teapots, phonograph needles, handkerchiefs, pepper shakers, goggles, clocks, chafing-dishes, fountain pens, pearl chokers, bridge lamps, and electric stoves. From all of this to tuna fish and apple pie is no great transition.

A new opportunity beckoned suddenly. The druggists have made the most of it. Even in towns of moderate size the ordinary routine now is to start the morning with a "Business Breakfast." This is followed by a fresh sheaf of paper napkins and a service catering especially to "Eleven O'Clock Folks." Next comes "Business Luncheon." Then "Time for Tea." After this, "Summer [or Winter] Supper." The day winds up with "Snacks after the Play." It is an all-day service with two shifts at work behind the counter and the same orders reappearing periodically. For one man's supper is another's breakfast. And the first order of the morning may be for date-and-raisin pie. Or, if we are out of date-and-raisin pie this morning, clam chowder and a slice of cake. These may be exceptions. But the choice is wide. For even the smaller stores in the smaller towns have many things to offer. Their menus will include not only ham, cream cheese, and lettuce, the three staples, in the form of sandwiches; they will include at least six other sandwiches, at least three

cakes, three pies. In the larger stores the alternatives are practically endless. They begin, in sandwiches, with commoner varieties like chopped ham, roast beef, cheese and pickle, and run on to combinations as elaborate as celery and gherkin, chicken livers and grilled bacon, salmon salad and chopped egg. Asparagus tips are not too fancy for these more ambitious places. The epicure can dine on Yankee pot roast if he chooses, or fresh shrimps with Thousand Islands dressing or Fish Cake Surprise. Pies run the gamut from the simple loganberry to the more sophisticated almond. As for drinks —

III

No one will take the full measure of these new drug-store bars if he regards them merely as convenient spots in which to snatch a bite of luncheon in a hurry. They are more than that. In an age of bustle, rush, and ragged nerves they are re-fuelling places for a jaded nation.

The front door swings to the push of a customer in middle years who comes to the bar with the assurance of one who has been here many times before. He does not wink at the young gentleman with the smooth blond hair who stands behind the counter. He merely suggests, "Harry, make mine the same as yesterday." And Harry, when he has topped with two swift dabs of cream the marshmallow fudge pecan sundaes which are to sustain life until sundown in the two young stenographers at the far end of the counter, will pour for this new customer a "bracer." The favorite prescription is an ounce or two of pop and a good strong shot of whiskey.

Not everywhere. Let us guard against exaggeration. It would only raise false fears, or hopes, to suggest that there is a Harry at every drug-store bar, or a dark unlabeled flagon which comes to the counter willingly with every invitation. There isn't. The number of Americans who since 1919 have attempted unsuccessfully to wink their way to an alcoholic drink at a drug-store bar runs into many figures. That a wink will work is simply fiction. Yet something works. For the sale of alcohol goes on despite the disapproval of responsible druggists and despite the difficulty of finding the right Harry. The druggists themselves admit it. It is necessary to make no charges which they have not made against themselves. For example, writing in *Drug Topics*, a national trade weekly, Mr. Kinnard Woolworth says:

> For every legitimate liquor prescription, a hundred illegitimate ones are being filled. For customers whose identity is sufficiently known, no prescriptions at all are necessary.
>
> Under the spell of the lust for "easy money" and the ever-pressing importunities of good customers with a thirst for alcohol, thousands of legitimate druggists have fallen into the habits of the ex-bartenders, shoe salesmen, delicatessen dealers and others now operating drug stores in States in which there is no law requiring the owner of a drug store to be a licensed pharmacist. Caught in their unlawful traffic, thousands have had their government permits revoked for buying and stocking liquor and alcohol for legitimate dispensing on bona fide prescriptions, but go right on bootlegging liquor without any permits—liquor purchased from bootleggers to be bootlegged. In the city of New York alone, 200,000 complaints have been received in the last year by the Police Department concerning booze-vending outlets, many of them giving the names of drug stores. In Chicago, Philadelphia, Pittsburgh and elsewhere, it is the same old story.

The same old story consists chiefly of "prescriptions," real and forged. Of the latter, Prohibition Director Canfield estimated at one time that five million were on the loose in the city of New York. At another time (last August) the arrest of thirty-six druggists in one afternoon disclosed the fact that a number of these gentlemen had been clients of a clearing house for fake prescriptions, known as the Physicians' and Druggists' Service Bureau. Here blanks which had been purchased from doctors at the rate of one hundred and

fifty dollars to the hundred were re-sold to druggists who were short. Prices varied with demand. The phone would ring, and a customer ask for a quotation on the market.

IV

Now there is presumably no reputable druggist who does not deplore this sort of thing, this sale of alcohol across the counter, this confounding of the innocence of beet-and-lettuce salad at the new American bar with a persistent effort to defraud the law. At the same time there are probably few reputable druggists who do not carry on their shelves some thoroughly legal "bracer" with a good stout kick. Not all alcohol is alcohol. Some of it is patent medicine. Some of it is hair tonic. Some of it is plain canned heat.

How many purely alcoholic patent medicines in brightly labeled bottles dot the shelves of the drug stores of the country in this non-alcoholic era no one knows. Names and formulas are changing constantly. The American Medical Association, citing a list of two hundred and thirty-five such preparations, contents itself with the statement that, "There is a large number of what have been called 'booze medicines' on the market—that is, alcoholic preparations sold under proprietary names as medicinal products." To which it adds, "As a matter of fact the amount of medicinal agents—aside from alcohol—contained in these 'bracers' is so small as to be negligible." There are "bitters" whose alcoholic content is slightly more than double the alcoholic content of champagne, "tonics" which not only cure the stomach but warm it with an old-time flavor, "bracers" whose labels frankly announce them to contain "20 Per Cent Alcohol," in these days when legislative committees are solemnly debating whether beer which is one and a half or one and three-quarters per cent alcohol is or is not intoxicating. Appealing to a wide public through a vast quantity of newspaper advertising, a variety of these products are sold as heart cures, cold cures, lung cures, leg cures—enough pepsin or gentian or olive oil having been doctored into them to enable them to pass muster as "medicinal."

This is one way to get a drink in a dry country. There are other ways. For not all men are satisfied with a medicinal equivalent for mere port or sherry. They wish something stronger, and find it in bay rum, toilet waters, and jamaica ginger. On the day that this is written the Federal Judge for the Southern District of Ohio has ordered condemned and forfeited to the Government three barrels of dandruff cure, eight barrels of hair tonic, and five barrels of benzoin lotion, all of which had been seized by Prohibition agents as suspiciously prepared and intended for other purposes than mere medication of the scalp. We are living in a new dispensation, and hair tonic has become a subject of litigation in the courts, eau de cologne a problem for the state police. Even the canned heat of Sterno now serves as a base for homemade cocktails. The thirsty strain it through their handkerchiefs, distilling the alcohol from its residue of wax.

The result is less tasty than Old Dr. Gilpin's Liver and Stomach Bitters, but more effective in a pinch.

V

The comparative popularity of patent medicines as drinks is a matter which would need testing in many city drug stores and many country drug stores in different sections of the country. Taste varies locally. It might be difficult to find a bottle of Old Dr. Gilpin's Liver and Stomach Bitters from one end of Broadway to the other. But there are thoroughfares in towns less noisy on which Old Dr. Gilpin has no doubt left his imprint. The sale of proprietary medicines in this country is enormous. The market has prospered greatly under Prohibition. "Proprietary medicines constitute at least twenty per cent of the

total sales of the average drug store," said Dr. J. G. Beard, in a paper read before the last convention of the North Carolina Pharmaceutical Association. "No other department contributes anything like so much to the cash register."

That is one reason why proprietary medicines belong in any picture of the new American bar. There is a second reason. These poor highly medicated compounds with their amiable pretensions are symbolic of a certain trumped-up atmosphere of cheer, a certain eager effort to be something else than what they are, characteristic of the setting of these modern bars and cafeterias.

The thing begins with the bar itself. No doubt that gleaming yellow front is the best synthetic marble on the market. But is there any reason, really, for not regarding it as bogus? From the beveled mirrors at its back to the supererogatory foot-rail at its base it is built in imitation of an older, tougher bar which was serving ale in Canterbury long before the first chocolate almond peppermint walnut sundae was invented. The jolly keg of cooling beer, with its contents of sixteen feet of copper pipe, is bogus. The paper poppies drooping from the artificial candle lights are bogus. The carefully piled pyramids of oranges on the shelves behind the bar are rubber oranges which bounce.

The food is bogus. It is frequently good food, no doubt, well cooked, well served, and wrapped in strictly sanitary packages. Granted. But it is bogus, none the less. What is it doing here, in a world of bunion plasters and prophylactic tooth-pastes? This is no place to serve food. No one conjuring up an even part-way ideal state of human relationships would serve food in a background of hot water bottles. It is served here not because it belongs here but because it is a pale survival, promptly appropriated by the drug stores in a post-Prohibition era, of the old Free Lunch. The tradition of food served at a bar with drinks lived on, to blossom presently into a hierarchy of fifteen hundred sandwiches.

And to blossom presently into a hierarchy of at least twice that many drinks. Time was when the soda fountain dealt straightforwardly in chocolate, vanilla, strawberry, raspberry, cherry, pineapple, maple, lemon, lime, and orange—with root beer, ginger ale, Moxie, and Coca Cola as its more sophisticated side-lines. One had a plain vanilla soda with chocolate ice cream, or one had a plain chocolate soda with vanilla ice cream, or if one was young perhaps one had strawberry ice cream with raspberry flavor. That day is past. The old favorites still survive, but in a flood of "rickeys," "juleps," "egg-nogs," "fizzes," "freezes," and "frappés" they are hopelessly outnumbered.

Nothing more perfectly illustrates the effort of the drug-store bar to be something else than what it is, than the soft drinks which flow across its counter—the half billion dollars' worth of soft drinks which, after all is said, are its chief stock in trade. "What'll it be, boys?"—"Aw, I don't know. Well, gimme a New Orleans fizz."—So the fizz is made: a perfectly legal, perfectly non-alcoholic, perfectly moral, perfectly abominable fizz of one part cherry, one part coffee, one part lemon, one part lime, and six parts carbonated water. Why is it called a New Orleans fizz when it is no more a New Orleans fizz than a cup of beef tea is Mumm's Extra Dry? Because, as a race, we will have our pretensions, and the drug-store bar keeps pace.

You can buy, in almost any drug store in the country, a Chicago highball, a Manhattan cocktail, a gin rickey, and a Kentucky rock and rye—all perfectly legal, moral, upright, conscientious, and appropriate for service at the annual outing of the Young People's Epworth League. You can buy, in short fat flagons fraudulently modeled upon time-honored patterns which belie their contents, Apricot Brandy, Benedictine, Cointreau, Grenadine, Vermouth, and

Crème de Menthe—all totally non-alcoholic. You can buy drinks which identify you not only with the young bloods of Paris, but with the strong and the two-fisted here at home: Yeast Foam Malted Milk, sold with the testimonial of Red Grange; and Nuxated Iron, which helped Willard lick Moran and then Dempsey knock out Willard. You can buy drinks which identify you with faraway romantic places, like Hawaiian Special and Mandalay Delight—or with great names chosen from the garden of the truly famous, like Mary Pickford's Own and Rudy's Favorite—or with Stolen Hours, Bed of Roses, and Forbidden Fruit. And the whole business rather pathetically suggests that in the matter of being who we are and where we are and how we are a good many of us wish we weren't.

VI

The bright bulbs in the great white bowl above the fountain fill the place with light. The clock hands peeping through a spray of paper smilax point to half-past seven. In the telephone booth at the opposite side of the store from the magazine-rack where old Mrs. Carpenter has read patiently through seven magazines in the hope of finding one worth reading, a young gentleman about to make a date with a lady tries at the same time to be kittenish and yet inaudible through the flimsy door to certain little pitchers with big ears. At the penny watch-your-weight scales in the front of the store there is much to-do because Mama has caught Willie putting his foot on the platform, and the whole family is enjoying it.

The cash register clicks merrily. Fifteen — twenty — fifteen — twenty — twenty-five—twenty—fifteen. Over the counter to the man with a sore throat and the man with a bad cold and the man who needs something warming for his fever and the man whose wife is out of town and the schoolteacher whose boarding-house supper sends her here for a dessert and the high school girls who have just discovered Ronald Colman and the high school boys who have just discovered high school girls and the traveling salesman with the bright-eyed wink and the frail old gentleman whose hand drums nervously with a quarter on the counter, there travels a parade of fruit parfaits, banana splits, snow-whites, Nabisco nuts, raspberry floats, prune whips, minced ham and tongues, hard cider flips, come-pick-me-ups, and bromo-seltzers.

This is the new American bar, and its counterpart can be found on any Broadway and Main Street at any rush hour of the morning or the evening. There is much about it that is characteristic of its fatherland. It has our prompt adoption of whatever is most recent and most perfect in mechanical devices, whether for the purpose of destroying germs, extracting juice, ejecting seeds, condensing steam, evaporating milk, or calculating vitamins. It has our national ability to make speed whether or not the occasion warrants: a drug-store dinner can be ordered, served, and eaten in ten minutes. It has, in the clink of every glass and the plea of every advertisement, that deep reverence for almighty Ice for which we are world famous. In its marshmallow creams and its chopped-nut syrups it has the explanation of our famously bad stomachs. It has our great eagerness to be up-to-date in what we like, and not to be behind the times if the town next door has just invented a new phosphate called the Peaches Browning. It has our promptness and our amiability and our occasional rather wistful yearning to go soaring somewhere out of our own selves, even on such flimsy wings as are lent by a bootleg drink, a tumblerful of Dr. Gilpin's or a South Sea Island Sundae.

This is not the same old bar whose bright lights used to wink on the dividing line between the tough and tame. But somewhere in a world of trying to discover what to do with ourselves, anyway, we are living on a new frontier.

The Lion's Mouth



ONWARD AND UPWARD, INCORPORATED

BY FREDERICK L. ALLEN

"CERTAINLY this is a department store," said the Manager, smiling affably at me across his glass-topped desk in the executive offices of Onward and Upward, Incorporated. "Unless you were disposed to call it a university," he added thoughtfully. "It combines the best features of both."

I tried to look intelligent, but succeeded, I am afraid, only in looking like a man trying to look intelligent.

"The main difference between our store and other department stores," continued the Manager, "is that we arrange our goods somewhat differently. We take into account the principles of evolution—social evolution. Has it ever occurred to you what is wrong with the arrangement of goods in an ordinary department store?"

"They fail," I hazarded, "to take into account the principles of social evolution." I didn't know what this meant, but apparently it was the right answer.

"Precisely," said the Manager. "They arrange the dresses together and the books together and the shoes together and the furniture together, as if the woman who wants an eleven-piece dining-room suite with a good shiny finish and no questions asked would also be interested in Colonial butterfly tables, or as if the same people purchased the works of Harold Bell Wright and those of Proust. An idiotic scheme. We, on the other hand, realize that according to the principles of social evolution the works of Harold Bell Wright and the eleven-piece suite (pronounced suit in this department, of course) should be handy to the chewing gum, the tabloid subscription desk, and the chromos of barefooted maidens standing by the well with pitchers on their shoulders. To be more exact, we realize that man, in his progress onward and upward, goes through stages like those of evolutionary history after he first lifts himself out of the primal proletarian ooze.

"First—after he has acquired the art of salesmanship and with it enough money to begin to have choices—comes the stage of acquiring luxuries, visible luxuries which he can show off. We might call this the paleozoic age of social evolution. Then he begins to realize that these luxuries are not enough. He studies etiquette, and emerges into a sort of mesozoic age. Again he is aware of shortcomings, and decides that what he lacks is education. He purchases nutshell books, outlines of this thing and that, sometimes whole sets of books warranted to put him at his ease among the most fastidious: another stage in the evolutionary process. Then after a while he is once more discouraged; and he—or she, for it is usually she—makes a new decision and takes another upward step. She must be smart. She has always, since her paleozoic days, tried to follow the fashions, but now this becomes a passion with her. She must have the very latest—and therefore smartest—clothes from Paris; her house must be smart and full

of the very latest things in furniture; and even her mind must be smart and full of the very latest ideas and opinions. Now do you begin to see?"

"I begin, yes," said I, a little bewildered. "But as a scheme for the arrangement of a department store—"

"Would you like me to show you the store?" asked the Manager.

So presently we were standing together just inside the front entrance.

"Let us begin," said the Manager, "with the silk shirts, the fur coats, and the diamonds."

"Just a minute," said I. "Isn't there a basement?"

"My error," replied the Manager. "But that is mostly for husbands, poor fellows. It is full of books on business advancement, the subscription offices of success magazines, new filing systems, mouth-washes and hair-tonics for the ambitious, inspiring desk-mottoes, and things like that.

"Department stores, however, depend largely on the patronage of women, and this becomes really valuable only when their husbands' efforts in the basement enable them to walk into the first floor and go in for what Mr. Thorstein Veblen calls conspicuous waste. On the first floor we satisfy their first desires. Here, you will see, is the Gaudy Lingerie Department. Here are the radios, here the glittering automobiles, here the player pianos, here the thirty-foot perfumes, here the shiny furniture, here the pictures of the Stag at Eve.

"We now come to the second floor"—and the executive ushered me into the elevator.

"Just a minute," I put in. "Who ordinarily directs customers to the second floor? When do you know they are ready for it?"

"The floor-walkers direct them," replied the Manager. "Our floor-walkers are very carefully trained. Every now and then one of them sees a poor creature with a baffled look in her eyes, and hears her saying to herself, 'This doesn't quite do it. . . . Isn't there something beyond this?' and he leads her quietly to the elevator. She is ready."

We stepped out on the second floor, and for a moment I saw nothing but enormous piles of books. "Etiquette," explained the Manager. "But there is more behind the books. There is, for instance, the Correct Housekeeping Department, which shows wives what to serve at dinner and how the table should look. Here we sell impeccable cutlery, including the proper weapons for the attack on hors d'œuvres; the nattiest doilies; the most genteel card-trays; and over there you will see a group of husbands being fitted out in dinner coats. In this corner is the consultation department, which informs people how to word a wedding invitation and what to say when guests arrive late. But let us be getting on upstairs."

A moment later we were on the third floor, and I saw what the Manager had meant when he made his allusion to a university; for at first we found ourselves in a corridor lined with lecture rooms. "Our floor-walkers promote to this floor only those who have definitely evolved beyond the etiquette stage," explained the Manager. "The function of this floor is to allay the educational urge which comes over those who discover that, even with etiquette mastered, there is still a lack. They want a little cultural spoon-feeding. Well, we give it to them. They can hear lectures here on anything, and never do a lick of work themselves,—lectures on Browning and Greek art and the solar system and the quaint customs of those fascinating people, the Japanese. Just look into this lecture room a moment: see?—full of women. Beyond is the Book Department, packed with Outlines; and there you will see a swarm of men buying books of quotations which after ten minutes' study will help them to dazzle the Vice-president of the bank with the best thoughts of the deepest thinkers of all history. The Picture Department here is for those who want color prints of

the Bay of Naples and the Coliseum: the erudite touch, you see.

"But now we must go up to the fourth floor, which is only for those who have gone through another dizzy stage of evolution. Are you ready to breathe somewhat rarefied air? Good." And approaching an elevator, the Manager pressed the button.

"The next floor," he continued as we entered the elevator, "is the smart floor."

The elevator shot up and we emerged in the Smart Dress Department. All about us women were trying on extremely small hats and selecting long-waisted frocks with extremely short skirts. Saleswomen were murmuring, "Beautiful. Very becoming. Very lovely. Exquisite." But the Manager took me aside. "That stuff is mostly bunk," he explained. "We talk about beauty, but *there's* the important thing for these customers." And he pointed at a sign on the wall which read, YOUR MONEY REFUNDED IF YOU CAN PROVE THAT ALL CHIC PERSONS ARE NOT WEARING EXACTLY THESE MODELS FOR A PERIOD OF THREE MONTHS FROM DATE.

"That," said the Manager, "is our proudest guarantee."

"Three months?" said I. "But isn't that a rather short time?"

The Manager nodded. "The turnover in this department is terrific. But that," and he smiled amiably, "is good for business. We hope ultimately to get it down to two months. Yet even to maintain it at its present pace we must lay down certain rules for the sales force. Never encourage a customer really to consider the æsthetics of dress. Sell her the modish thing, and tell her it's charming, and she'll believe you. Never let her get ideas of dressing to suit her own face and figure. On this floor we are smart at all costs."

We wandered on through the Smart Shingle Department, where women of every age, aspect, and dimension were all getting the same haircut ("just suited to *you*"), to the Smart House and Smart Furnishings Departments. Here we saw men and women inspecting small models of houses. "It is essential," said the Manager, "for smart people to live in the right sort of house. We make certain allowances for locality—for instance, to New Englanders we often sell this model, Ye Olde Colonial Farmhouse, but our favorite, in general, just now is the English Cottage. The half-timbers are boards nailed on the outside, the antique sag in the roof is obtained by setting wedge-shaped pieces of wood under the ends of the ridge, the English casements are made in Paterson, New Jersey; but we tell our customers that as they leave the macadam road and pass the telephone poles and walk up to the house past the specimen evergreens, they will imagine they are verily in Old England of Centuries Ago and will realize that they have the most up-to-date house on the market.

"As for furnishings, we sell only American Colonial."

"For English cottages?" I asked in some surprise.

"Why not?" said the Manager. "They are the rage, and that's what goes here. The same sort of instructions to the force which obtain in the Dress Department govern here. Say the things are lovely, but don't go too deep into æsthetics. If you start running down Victorian cut-glass, somebody may ask you embarrassing questions about your Sandwich glass. If you begin to talk about the design of an object expressing its purpose, somebody may ask you why the design of an old rum-bottle expresses its purpose as an electric lamp when you put a socket and a bulb into it. If you discuss decorative theory, they may look askance at hooked rugs with pictures of ships on them that have to be walked over. Just tell them that everybody is crazy about the stuff and they'll fall for it.

"Finally, passing through the Smart Golf Department (containing complete

country-club equipment for men: enormous plus-fours, flasks, red tees to tuck in the hatband, snappy checked stockings) we come to what is perhaps our most valuable department of all. Here we provide our customers with smart ideas. The books for sale here are warranted smart for the next three months. Oh, yes, we follow the chic taste closely: Michael Arlen was here for months and then ping! down he went three flights to the counter next to the gum. At this counter we take subscriptions to the fashion magazines. In these rooms we conduct dabbling courses in Psychoanalysis, the Dalton Plan, the Iniquity of the Puritans, the Vulgarity of America, Science According to Wiggam, How to Condescend to Thackeray and Tennyson, How to Tell a Good Etching by Looking at the Signature, and Current Events for Well-dressed Ladies (the Menace of Bolshevism, That Wonderful Man Mussolini, etc.). The group of women over there is a conversation class: they are learning set phrases in which to lament the standardization of American life and the loss of personal liberty. We are proud of our customers—or should I say graduates?"

"All very remarkable," said I, much impressed. "But tell me: is smartness the last word? Are there no floors above this?"

"You can't get any higher in the elevator," replied the Manager. "From here on you have to climb. Do you mind? Most of them do, and stay here."

We went up a narrow staircase, long and rather steep. At the end we came out into a smallish room, entirely bare. I looked about me in some surprise. Surely there must be something here but the four walls and the windows. But there wasn't. I looked at the Manager.

"Nothing for sale," said he. And then he showed me a small sign on the wall.

BE YOURSELF, it said.



THE LAST JUDGMENT

(With Acknowledgments to J. B. S. Haldane)

BY ELMER DAVIS

IT IS now certain (the author here projects himself some twenty million years into the future, or more if you like, for what are a million years between friends?—*Editors' Note*) that human life on the earth's surface is extinct. The following is a record of the events which led up to this climax.

By the year five million the human race had reached equilibrium; man was completely master of his environment, and apparently of himself; happiness was universally practiced and human effort was largely devoted to the development of personal relationships and the cultivation of beauty. As not all members of the human race were capable of producing objective beauty, the practice of art was restricted to specialists by constitutional amendment, and the mass of the human race exercised its æsthetic sense in the embellishment of personal pulchritude. The ideal of beauty had been established by mathematical calculation and defined by constitutional amendment, and man had no further aspiration than to approximate it as closely as possible. Before mankind stretched the prospect of an eternity of bliss.

Then, in the year 5,192,743, thoughtful men first became aware of the Used Razor-Blade Problem. Half a million years later it became acute with the filling up of the Grand Canyon of the Colorado, which had been the principal dump on the North American continent. The consequent overflow of the river produced immense damage in the surrounding country, and the proposal of the Terrestrial Control Commission to confiscate the entire area between the

Rockies and the Sierras for use as a razor-blade receptacle provoked an armed rebellion, the first war mankind had known in four million years. As the pacification of the human race had led to the disappearance of all lethal weapons except ice picks, a war fought with these tools, though of commendable brevity, was fearfully sanguinary; and now for the first time in untold millennia skeptics began to doubt the validity of the concept of Progress. Yet the human race, seldom able to look over a million years ahead, did nothing to avert the impending danger.

The successive steps which led to the realization that Something Must Be Done may be briefly chronicled: The filling up of the Aral and Caspian Seas, the choking of the English Channel, the reversion of Long Island, when the Sound had been filled, to its original status of terminal moraine, gradually rising to mountainous heights; and finally the destructive floods caused by the unexpected damming of the Straits of Gibraltar, following the collapse of the North African Receptacle in the Atlas Mountains. Long-forgotten states of mind recurred as men realized that they were confronted by a real menace. There was, for example, the sect known as Old Believers, which attempted to reintroduce the use of the old-style razor, superseded by the safety types in the dawn of history.

This effort to turn back the clock was brief and tragic. The manual dexterity of primitive man had long since been lost; for millions of years the human hand had been required to do no feat more skilful than pressing a button or pulling a lever. Virtually all the Old Believers cut their own throats in the effort to regain the lost art. Their fate passed unnoticed, for by that time it had been resolved to relieve the demands on the earth's surface by discharging the used razor blades into space, through projectiles which would carry them beyond the earth's sphere of gravitational influence.

A single Great Year—26,000 ordinary years—sufficed to prove this impracticable; as the earth returned to that locus in the ecliptic where it had been when the first projectiles were discharged, millions of people were killed by meteoric showers of the razor blades used by their ancestors, which had been hanging in space ever since, and many of the fairest regions of earth were devastated. Then—in the year 9,722,458—it was resolved to discharge the used blades on the surface of the moon.

For a million years all went well. In the waterless atmosphere of the moon blades never rusted, and as its surface was gradually covered the nocturnal luminary shone with a steely sparkling brilliance that made it more popular than ever (the making of love being by that time the principal human occupation). Not for ages was it realized that this addition to the moon's mass was gradually bringing it nearer and nearer the earth; and when the perception gradually spread, the majority of mankind, contemplating the death of their species with less aversion than their own, took no effective measures to forestall the impending doom.

A few, however, from whom we are descended, resolved that though men died, Man should live forever. Colonization of other planets had proved practicable, but to make it of lasting value it was obviously necessary that the colonists should not take with them the fatal problem of the Used Razor Blade. There was only one way out—men must again grow beards, and women, descended for millions of years from smooth-shaven ancestors, must steel themselves to mate with bearded men; and this could be done only by a deliberate evolution in that direction. Confronted once more with an ideal, man became once more capable of self-transcendence; psychological types of early history revived—among the males, those of the anchorites who gave no thought to their personal appearance, among the women, those of female mar-

tyrs who had been willing to submit to distasteful unions, in the service of an ideal. Those members of mankind who were once more evolving were not happy; ages were required to root out the inherited distaste for bearded faces. The price must often have seemed too great, and in every generation many who have now left no descendants refused to pay it.

Nevertheless, the determined minority persevered, and eventually succeeded in colonizing Venus and establishing our civilization. Meanwhile the moon began to approach the earth more rapidly. As it drew nearer, its attraction caused destructive tidal waves, but this danger was averted by walling in every continent with a dyke of used razor blades, and for a time mankind seemed secure. The end came quite suddenly; as the moon gradually drew nearer, at last its gravitational pull was overcome by that of the earth. The billions of tons of razor blades broke away and fell back on the earth, in a shower of sharp steel which buried the entire surface many kilometers deep and completely annihilated all terrestrial life.

We on Venus, meanwhile, live on; yet disturbing tendencies become apparent. Despite our directed evolution there occur atavistic types who assert that life has been bought too dearly at the price of wearing a beard, or of being compelled to kiss one. It is argued that the solution we have chosen was not the only one; that if we shaved clean once more Venus in turn could be abandoned when covered with razor blades. The outer planets, too; for in about one hundred and thirty million years our solar system will pass into the vicinity of stars some of which may possess planets suitable for human habitation; and, it is argued, when these too are full of used razor blades, there are other galaxies.

The doctrines of these heretics (they have adopted the name of Shavians, from a rebel sect in the dawn of history) have called forth stern repressive measures. Yet there is reason to fear that the Shavians persist as an underground organization, and even that they indulge in secret orgies in which they go clean-shaven, thereafter deceiving their neighbors by the use of false beards. If it shall indeed appear that Man's sense of his own interest is not strong enough to overcome his stubborn preference for having his own way—

(*Editors' Note.*—The interruption of the manuscript at this point suggests that the chronicler may have been the victim of a successful Shavian revolt.)



THE TYRANNY OF THEY

BY FRIEDA INESCORT

"A RED hat? Certainly, Modom." The carefully waved, superbly facialled, severely tailored ensemble inclined its thickset figure in my direction, the while its blond shingle remained unperturbed—after the manner of all shingles. Then the ensemble moved away with dignity.

I gazed around, fascinated by the atmosphere of "style-plus" with which the Exclusive Shop was permeated. Scattered discreetly were ladies of various ages, stations, figures, and faces; but all were marked by a singleness of style that hid any individuality from casual observation. My saleslady returned, with just the right amount of briskness in her walk to set off the essential points of her well-cut suit. Reverently she bore what seemed to my untutored eye like a stovepipe, or possibly a chimney, that had been abruptly cut off in early youth, leaving a cylindrical affair about nine inches high, topped by a kind of pompom, apparently made by gathering the ragged edges together. Its color most nearly resembled that of a mulberry, or perhaps a crushed ripe blackberry; but red, the fine hearty color of my innocent dreams, it most emphatically was not. There had been a slight misunderstand-

ing. A simple explanation would correct it, I felt sure.

"You see," I began pleasantly, "what I want is a nice, cheerful hat, sort of a vermilion color, like holly berries and the tam-o'shanters I used to wear at school."

For one awful moment I thought that my sacrilege had been too much for her, that the finely molded figure would disintegrate before my very eyes. But not for nothing had she been to Style Conferences every second Wednesday. Her control, to be appreciated, should be seen. She had herself well in hand, she knew her facts; and after a brief but poignant silence her shocked but still confident voice made itself heard.

"But, Modom, this is the color they are wearing, the color of the season. The model was imported by Miss Greyson, our millinery advisor. She discovered it in Paris and radioed a sketch to our department. We made the necessary explanations to the manufacturer. I assure you that it is the rage this year; you will see it everywhere."

"But that's just it! I don't want a hat that they are wearing, either color or shape. I want a nice, bright red hat, all squashy, with no crown or brim; the kind of hat you can wear all day and every day with perfect ease and comfort, confident that no one else would dare to wear it, and that you won't meet yourself anywhere and everywhere."

My voice trailed off despairingly, for when I had first visualized that headgear it had seemed such a joyous affair, and by now the day's search had very nearly killed the last fragment of my pleasant anticipation. Far down the aisle of that perfectly well-bred shop the saleslady's relentless back disappeared in search of the floor "expert," trained from early youth in such matters, who was to instruct me in the mysteries of fashion while firmly convincing me that if I wished to remain on speaking terms with my friends I must not be permitted to purchase the scarlet hat of my dreams. Near me a well-fed dowager, quite handsome in a rather massive fashion, who would have looked really charming in a black-velvet picture hat complete with graceful plume, was painstakingly forcing her dignified head into one of the prescribed stovepipes, in this case composed of what seemed a dull olive-green baize material. Poor dear, she had even the *right* bag, ornamented with barbaric brass design; the flower on her coat, made of a woolly kind of blotting paper, was placed in the correct position; and her umbrella was beyond, entirely beyond, criticism.

My reflections upon the nature of *chic*, "the something that they call the *quelque-chose*" as one advertiser recently put it, were interrupted by the return of my saleslady, flanked by her ally, the expert. He was a charming young man, who could be done justice only by a Gilbert and Sullivan opera. He positively crooned over my hurt feelings. I felt a glow at his motherly—or was it sisterly?—interest, and even managed to overlook the presence of the crushed blackberry concoction which he held lovingly in his delicately manicured hand.

"Won't Modom just try it on to get the effect?"

It was quite hopeless, I realized. Confronted by a woman who intended to buy a hat, instead of being sold one, these petty arbiters of a great law were completely baffled. Modom was entirely beyond their comprehension, but they stood their ground. Perhaps, they suggested, the children's department would have something of the sort required; or, possibly one of the mail-order houses. . . . But if Modom would only consent to try" . . . I fled.

For almost a week longer my courage sustained me in the quest; and now it is ended, for yesterday I finally bought a hat. It is a charming creation, cylindrical, about nine inches high, and topped by a kind of pompom. But whether it is the color of a mulberry or a crushed ripe blackberry I have not yet been able to decide.



Editor's Easy Chair



NEWSPAPERS

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

MAN, who does not live by bread alone, as we are told in Scripture, sustains himself considerably in these times on printed matter. Books are made to feed him. He reads some of them. Magazines are published for his mental and spiritual nourishment. Advertisements are put up on the highways; he sees them—he cannot escape them. But his great literary standby is the newspaper. Day in and day out he reads newspapers. He may neglect the Bible, the Talmud, the Koran. He may feel about history as the British peeress did who told the historian whom she was sitting next to at dinner that she did not hold much with it and was for letting bygones be bygones. He may even neglect fiction, but some kind of a newspaper he is apt to look at every day if he is a town-dwelling person and, more or less often, no matter where he lives. The ambition of persons whose province is to supply printed words to readers is to reach everyone who can read; and among them they pretty well do it. Customers are provided for them at the cost of the taxpayers because of a strong sentiment that literacy is a precaution against dangers of ignorance.

Everybody in a democracy should learn to read. That aspiration is not quite fully realized even in this country, but nearly; and if reading makes us good, as our educators hope it may, we have due basis on which to expect a great efficiency in righteousness in the United States.

Well, let us see. At this writing what is the item of the most universal interest in the newspapers? Is it the complicated hell-to-pay in China where just at this moment of speaking our marines are about to disembark and have a little parade, and will presently stay ashore to help protect the foreign settlement at Shanghai in case of anxiety? Is that the item of most universal interest in the paper? No. It is on the first page, it gets notice; but there are other items that get more. Congress is in the throes of dissolution and the Senate is exhibiting unseemly struggles which the newspapers record. Mayor Walker is at Albany trying to get money for more subways, which makes headlines in New York. The President has moved to the temporary White House; that gets on the first page. There is a gale off the coast and stories of distress in shipping. Two convicts have got out of Sing Sing. There are plenty of readers who take notice of all these items as they face the exclamations of the morning papers, but the item which nobody misses is that Babe Ruth is to have $210,000 for his services for three years to the Brooklyn baseball nine.

Well, that is an interesting item of news. Babe Ruth is still at the time of life when money looks important to him, and he thinks it is to his advantage to acquire as much as is con-

venient while the market for his talents is still active. So far as appears, he is a fairly provident person. It is amusing that anybody should get $70,000 a year for playing baseball six or seven months out of the twelve, but baseball nowadays is a very great business that makes copious financial returns to successful managers. One of the items on the front page along with this one about Ruth is that Mr. George Baker is ill—critically ill, the papers say. Now $210,000 spread over three years would not be of much interest in an item that related to Mr. George Baker, because he has been in the business of accumulating money for a long time and has been extra good at it. There would be no novelty about his having some hundred thousands of dollars' income more or less. But Babe Ruth's business has been the public entertainment, to which acquisition of dollars has been regarded more or less incidental; so when he gets a substantial rake-off it interests millions of people to whom the incidental acquisitions of people already rich are not important. We are told that Mr. Doheny, the oil man, stands to lose twenty-one million dollars by a decision of the Supreme Court. If he has got them and a fair surplus after parting with them, that is nothing to the million readers. That interests finance, but it does not agitate the popular mind.

What does agitate that mind? If we read enough newspapers, including the tabloids, we should be able to have an opinion. It is the business of newspapers to know what the mass of readers want to read. True enough, there are too many readers for any one or any hundred papers to feed, but some of them make a very earnest endeavor to cover the field. There are Mr. Hearst's papers distributed from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico, all presumably setting forth Mr. Brisbane's interesting observations on contemporary life in the first column of their front pages. Mr. Hearst would like everyone to know what is going on as he sees it, and he makes nowadays a remarkable effort to realize this aspiration. Then there is the Scripps organization with another string of papers, which has just planted one in New York. Doubtless they are good newspapers, putting out the same line of general news and with local news to suit the community that each of them lives in. Besides that there are the Associated Press and the United Press organized to supply general news to their subscribers but not owning or controlling the papers they supply. They are both old concerns which have been active since a time that long antedates the idea of chain stores and chain newspapers. All the same, the notion is old that the great mass of newspaper readers distributed over the country want about the same thing and might be supplied by mass production if only their local needs were handled. Various experimental efforts were made in times past so to supply them, and usually failed except for weekly country papers for which what is called "boiler plate" was and is supplied for the inside pages; that is, printed matter suitable for their use which they got in the form of stereotyped plates or as printed sheets blank on one side. But now the old idea does better, probably because the means of communication have been so greatly improved and cheapened, or else because revenues have increased enough to pay charges that could not well be handled thirty years ago. At any rate, we have in sight the spectacle of mass production of news and a mass distribution of ideas and opinions comparable in its reach to the distribution of cigarettes or Oregon apples.

WHEN we have mass production of anything it has to be related to the wants of consumers, otherwise it will fail of the market necessary to support it. This mass production of news, gathered from all over the country and all over the world for publication in a great many newspapers at the same time, is doubtless related to what news-

paper readers will pay to read. What newspapers have printed has always been related to what their readers wanted to read. The difference between old times and present times is a difference between wholesale and retail. Only a part of what is happening got around of yore, whereas now, when much more ground is promptly covered, the supply of stories acceptable to newspaper readers is very much larger. The newspapers themselves are larger, very much larger, and they print more news. With all that, the proportion of sensational matter is probably bigger than it used to be and certainly engages the attention of vastly more readers. It is plain enough that newspaper readers like to read about crime. People have always liked to read about crime since printed pages became common. Go and look at the row of old books on the counters at any book-importer's book shop, and observe the frequency of crime as a topic. Murder is very popular reading; marital troubles and difficulties involving relations of sex have always been popular reading and, though we may reasonably be somewhat stunned by the amount of them that runs nowadays through the headlines of even our best papers, still it is nothing new as an evidence of the taste of ordinary readers. They have always been that way. Some of the most interesting passages in the Bible concern human misdemeanors of one kind and another—disclosed with a candor as to details fit to make a contemporary news editor envious. War stories are interesting because human life is involved. Sea disasters for the same reason. Common readers like something they can understand without much trouble. They can understand Babe Ruth—pretty well the whole of him. They seem to understand sport. They seem to like to read about baseball. Provision is made to meet the call of these simple tastes. Consequently one of the comforts of persons out to discover what is really going on in the world and what it needs is that there are whole sections of current newspapers that they do not have to bother with at all. They can throw out sports. They can get along without radio if they choose. Unless they are interested in plays they can skip a great deal of important dramatic news and gossip, and of course they do not have to read the advertisements. So, though our best newspapers are so big, the really earnest reader who is after something in particular can get through them much more easily than you might suppose.

AND it is good that that should be possible. Reading the newspaper can easily become a complete occupation in itself and one by no means without its rewards, but the common run of readers have not time for that. They must seize what belongs to them and let the rest go. To read the paper through is to get a picture of human life that is curious and interesting; the more so since it has come to be so freely illustrated by portraits. Students of science get attention whenever they do anything out of common. Did you read about the girl typist who was tested at Colgate University to see how much noise she could stand? What they tried to do was to duplicate the mechanical racket of a modern office. Probably they overdid it. At any rate they kept it up and the girl, Elsie Keller, typed through it for five days before she collapsed. Perhaps that was over-zeal in pursuit of knowledge, for there is much over-zeal in pursuit of what it is not necessary to know, but at least it was a story that newspaper readers could understand.

Animal stories interest people. There was that one the other day of a dog that ran a fox far into a crevice of rock and could not get out, and how the neighbors worked four days and used up about five hundred dollars' worth of dynamite to get him out and did get him out, though he died of pneumonia afterwards. The country was kept informed about that dog for a week. People wanted to

know about him. That tells something about human nature as developed in these States at this time. So do stories of lost children, which are front-page news and rank with big fires, earthquakes, jail-deliveries, notable divorce cases, and vociferous scandals.

People seem extraordinarily interested in one another's divorces. There is no novelty about that, but divorces have increased so that the details about them threaten to crowd the advertisements, which, of course, would be a serious matter. And there you get to another consideration, to wit: the stories that the mass of readers like to read are read by the same people who read the advertisements. If, therefore, you print such stories and the advertisements, the necessities of the paper are fairly well met, and what else gets into it is more or less of a luxury. That seems to be a great newspaper truth which is constantly being rediscovered. As fast as one paper, having come to prosperity and decorum, gets away from it, a new one is born that blusters into life and power on the strength of it. The tabloids are our newest example. Ask some hardy person who has examined one of them if it is not true that they are sensation and advertising and not much else. Of course the pictures of life that the newspapers give us are one-sided. Calamity, crime, misbehavior, and everything that is unusual are stressed because they are interesting, and the smoother currents of life do not get proportionate attention. One reads about gunmen, hold-ups, bootleggers, speakeasies, divorce, alimony suits, and automobile accidents until one would think we went in peril of our lives every time we put our heads out of doors, not to speak of our indoor risks. Well, we do take a chance every time we cross the street, and it is a pretty risky civilization that we live in; nevertheless, if you look in the obituary columns you will notice that a due proportion of people live up to the expectation of life and many beyond it, and everybody knows that that expectation has been lengthened to an alarming extent since even a century ago. It has been, indeed, almost doubled—so the statistical people tell us—owing chiefly to the diminishing rate of infant mortality. There are those who think that the papers exaggerate about crime and disorder and divorce, and of course they can over-do it; but it makes more for reformation to make some noise about these things than to suppress or minimize mention of them. That applies particularly to divorce, whereof the main check nowadays is the prospect of headlines in the papers which will give pain to the parties involved.

One impression to be derived from the newspaper picture of current life relates to money; that there is more fun in getting it than there is in spending it; that acquisition is more interesting than distribution and easier to do well. Rich families in which the tradition of public service is handed down and energy and strength of character maintained are not exactly scarce, for there are a good many of them, but they are exceptional and are to be very much admired.

The secret of success in newspaper reading is selection—to seize what belongs to you from day to day and skip the rest. Really, our good papers are very good; indeed, they are quite wonderful. If one gets them in proper variety so as to get the different points of view, and knows how to read them and how not to read them too much, they are worth all they cost even in time; and time and mental energy are the important price that we pay for them.

Personal and Otherwise

DIVORCE in haste and repent at leisure: that would appear to be ***Dorothy Dunbar Bromley's*** warning to those who contemplate leaving the state of matrimony *via* Paris. Mrs. Bromley, who wrote "The Ethics of Alimony" in our February issue, is a Middle-Westerner now living in New York, who filled editorial and advertising positions for five years and is at present devoting her time to magazine writing. Her present article has been read and approved by two distinguished legal authorities before publication.

Ruth Pratt (Mrs. John T. Pratt), who raises the question whether her sex could possibly spend public money so carelessly as do the gentlemen now in control of municipal politics, is the first woman ever to be elected to the Board of Aldermen of New York City. During the War, she was chairman of the Woman's Liberty Loan Committee of the Second Federal Reserve District; she is vice-chairman of the ways and means committee of the Republican National Committee and associate leader of the Republican organization for her district in New York.

Since the recent announcement by a leading American magazine that it would not consider unsolicited manuscripts, there has been some discussion of the attitude which magazines should take toward the new writer. HARPER'S, it is hardly necessary to say, believes in encouraging him and gives his work careful consideration. As a striking instance of the value of this policy, we point to the case of ***Ada Jack Carver*** (Mrs. J. B. Snell of Minden, Louisiana), who was completely unknown to us when she won first prize in our 1924–25 short-story contest with "Redbone." She has become one of our most valued contributors of fiction. Three of her tales have been selected from HARPER'S for inclusion in anthologies of the "best short stories" of 1925 and 1926. We are publishing her latest story, "Singing-Woman," this month.

Henry Noel Brailsford, author of the penetrating article on Mr. Lloyd George and the new part he is playing to-day in the comedy of British politics, is one of the ablest journalists in England. He has been leader-writer successively for the *Manchester Guardian*, *Tribune*, *Daily News*, and *Nation*, and now edits *The New Leader;* he has also written several books on political and international problems.

Most HARPER readers do not need to be reminded that ***Katharine Fullerton Gerould*** (Mrs. Gordon Hall Gerould of Princeton) has a distinguished reputation not only as an essayist, but as a short-story writer (*Vain Oblations*, etc.) and a novelist (*Lost Valley*, etc.). Many of her observations upon subjects as diverse as prize-fighting and culture have appeared recently in HARPER'S.

Born in France, ***James Hopper*** came to this country at the age of eleven. He studied at the University of California, was admitted to the bar, gave up the law for literature, and subsequently became well known as a short-story writer. He now lives at Carmel, California.

Anyone who thinks that the life of a college professor is necessarily one of easy-going remoteness from the affairs of a busy world might consider with profit the record of ***William Bennett Munro,*** author of "The Pendulum of Politics." Not only is he professor of municipal government and chairman of the division of history, government, and economics at Harvard, and author of many excellent and scholarly books on governmental subjects; but in addition he has served on numerous public commissions, has been for many years on the editorial staff of two Harvard graduate publications, and is now a director of a trust company and of a Chamber of Commerce, president of a home

for aged people, and trustee of a boys' welfare organization, of a college, and of a savings bank. His article comes to us from Pasadena, where he is spending a few months.

For over a year ***Albert Jay Nock*** has been living in Europe, where opportunities to see the American tourist in action are plentiful. Mr. Nock's most recent HARPER article, likewise founded largely on his European observations, was "Fists Across the Sea"; his most recent book, a biography of Thomas Jefferson.

Donald Corley is a New York writer whose stories appear frequently in HARPER'S and other magazines.

Were the Puritans really so bleak and blue-nosed as some of our up-to-the-minute intellectuals would have us believe? For a well-considered answer the reader is referred to ***John Macy's*** article. Mr. Macy is the author of *The Story of the World's Literature* and other books, and of the article on "Woman's Equality with Man: A Myth," which stirred up a small tornado when it appeared in our pages last November.

Lewis S. Gannett, who informs us that China also has a younger generation problem, is one of the editors of the New York *Nation*. This is his first appearance in HARPER'S.

Last May we published an article by ***John T. Flynn*** entitled "Who Owns America?" in which he plotted the present course and probable future course of American business development. This month Mr. Flynn writes about success—but not as do most of those who deal so glibly with the subject. Mr. Flynn was managing editor of the New York *Globe* before its extinction by the late Mr. Munsey, and now writes a daily syndicated article on business conditions for a large string of newsapers.

The headnote to ***Dr. Eugenia Schwarzwald's*** two sketches, which show with such sensibility the mind of a child, gives the principal facts of her career.

The two final articles of this issue are the work of two newspaper editorial writers whose articles are frequent and welcome features of HARPER'S MAGAZINE: ***Duncan Aikman*** of the El Paso *Morning Times* and ***Charles Merz*** of the New York *World*.

The poets are ***A. A. Milne,*** who will need no introduction for a generation or two, judging from the popularity with children of *When We Were Very Young* and *Winnie-the-Pooh;* ***Robert Nathan,*** best known perhaps for his fantastic novels, *The Puppet Master*, *Jonah*, and *Fiddler in Barly;* ***Granville Paul Smith*** of Charleston, South Carolina, whose verse has frequently appeared in our pages; and ***Virginia Watson,*** of the editorial staff of HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

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The contributors to the Lion's Mouth are ***Frederick L. Allen,*** also of our editorial staff, whose most recent HARPER paper was "The Classified Mispronouncer," published last December; ***Elmer Davis,*** who portrayed Bishop Manning in our pages some months ago, has contributed a number of other articles to the Magazine, and has written several amusing novels, the latest of which is *Friends of Mr. Sweeney;* and ***Frieda Inescort,*** an accomplished actress who is now on tour with "Trelawney of the Wells."

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By way of variety, we plan occasionally to reproduce an etching instead of a painting for the frontispiece of the Magazine, and this month, through the kind permission of Francis H. Robertson, Publisher, we are using for this purpose an etching by ***Warren Davis,*** the well-known New York artist, whose studio is in the scarcely sylvan glades of Forty-Second Street. Next month we shall reproduce in full colors a painting by Charles W. Hawthorne.

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The Harper Intercollegiate Literary Contest closed on March 5. Up to the last days few manuscripts were received, but a deluge descended upon us on Monday, March 7, and Tuesday, March 8, proving that the American undergraduate had once more been exercising his prerogative of waiting until the last possible minute. There were many hundreds of manuscripts, from colleges all over the United States. We hope that the Judges will be able to make their decision in time for us to announce the results and publish the winning contribution in the next issue of the Magazine.

One thing is already apparent. There is more indication this year than last of a widespread desire among undergraduates to deal frankly with the problems which they themselves face. There are more discussions of college life, of higher education in general, of the relations between young people and their parents, and of the broader question—which seems especially to concern them—of the place of religion in modern life and of the attitude they should take toward it.

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Mrs. Bromley's paper on "The Ethics of Alimony" draws vigorously appreciative comment from a reader in Erie, Pennsylvania:

Those of us (women) who resent the actions and reactions of parasitical women, alimony-hunters, and professional "wives" whose end and aim is visible or invisible means of support in styles to which they are not accustomed, hope that your Magazine will publish more material like that in a late issue, touching upon this increasingly important and significant subject. The petty rages of idle women, whose entire time and effort are spent on futility, directed against their subsidizers at the slightest provocation, make the ugliest and most dangerous phase of our national life. The "divorce evil" would no longer exist were the precious fruits of it withdrawn from the idle wives as profiteers. If a matriarchy is to be established here, let it not be founded on alimony only!

The English press is awake to our situation in this regard—why not our own?

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William Allen White's "Cheer Up, America!" has found some readers who refuse to be optimistic on his terms. We quote from a letter which calls upon the editors to throw forward their "full reserves of Jeremiahs, devil's advocates, and plain, hard-boiled pessimists, to cry out upon us and restore us again to the dumps whence Mr. White has so gratuitously boosted us":

"Self-respect, cheap" seems to be the balm which America offers wholesale to her elect, according to Mr. William Allen White's glad tidings in your March issue. Well, and if so, what of it? One is as free to dislike that ideal now as before, even though the Sage of Emporia has voiced it, and in the new HARPER'S at that.

The Gospel of Easy-Pickings, with its marvels and its miracles—how subtly it inspires, how invincibly it sets its seal upon those who have imbibed it in purity of heart! How zealously it is dinned into American ears by its propagandists high and low, innocent or with axes to grind! And now, just when the dogma of the full dinner-pail is giving signs of collapse under its own spiritual emptiness, comes Mr. White brilliantly philosophizing and theologizing the ancient hoax anew. . . .

It may be fairly objected to Mr. White's "Cheer Up, America!" that it exalts *quantity* of self-respect (that unique gift of the U. S. A.!) at the expense of *quality;* that it takes no account of what happens to Mr. Yank's self-respect when the financial basis thereof happens to evaporate; that, indeed, *self-respect,* as bodied forth in character, and *self-satisfaction,* as manifested in a well-paunched complacency, are two quite different qualities; and that Mr. White, while painting our future in rainbow colors of bliss, really leaves us without a ray of rational hope for that longer future after the fat of the land shall have been fried out as Americans know how to fry it. But as these considerations are dismal and tedious, I shall not pursue them, but hopefully lift mine ear for the outcry of your more capable Cassandras later.

But Mr. White, it appears, has given "an unpleasant thought to many minds," although "paid to think and not to offend." Rushing to the defence of the American sailor boy, we publish the following earnest protest from a member of the United States armed forces on the Caribbean Sea, a copy of which was sent to us:

Dear Mr. White:

Usually, I do not go about snooping into other people's affairs, but this time I am going to take a crack at yours. I refer to your article in HARPER'S of March, entitled, "Cheer Up, America!" Briefly, I will come to the point and tell you what I read in it which I thought very objectionable, and which, I am sure, you did not mean to slight the American man-o'-war's man as you did. The sentence reads:

"He gambles with his gains like a drunken sailor."

You didn't have to use that expression "like a drunken sailor" did you, Mr. White? More harm than effect, I think. I don't care what you say, no matter who reads it, they will immediately think of the American sailor boy. Nothing to cheer up America about that, is there, Mr. White? We sailor boys have our misgivings, I grant you that, but please do not tell the world about it. As a writer, you are paid to think and not to offend.

Can't you visualize the number of mothers, fathers, brothers, sisters, sweethearts, wives and friends that will come in contact with your article and read that trite expression? Not only that, Mr. White, but it gives an unpleasant thought to many minds.

Mr. White, I ask that you do not repeat the phrase in your future articles and also that you do all in your power to suppress its usage. Please accept this letter in good will and remember that I only wrote it in hopes that you will see my side of it—the sailor boy's side. I am sending a copy of this letter to the editor of HARPER'S.

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J. B. S. Haldane's paper, "The Last Judgment," attracted an unusual amount of favorable attention. Yet apparently there are quarters in which its picture of mankind colonizing Venus and then re-colonizing the earth was ill-received. Here is a note from a reader who hails—as he puts it—from Johnson City, Tennessee (Monkey State), and is the author of *The Ship of Light*, a book which "deals with all questions pertaining to man in an unbiased manner, and administers no poison, dogma, nor 'isms' to confuse":

Editor of HARPER'S MAGAZINE:
Dear Sir:

For the sake of Dear Mike don't punish your readers more with prophetic articles from J. B. S. Haldane, reader in biochemistry, Cambridge University; especially if they are akin to "The Last Judgment" in the March number of your valuable magazine.

It has been asked, "Why are suicides common nowadays among college students?" Search no longer for an answer; but try to read "The Last Judgment" by a university professor and get the correct solution. Talk about "monkeyism" down South, and "ignorance" among the Southern Mountaineers; I'd rather a child grew up influenced by nature's environment than to be harassed by a professor's jazz literature.

If you are really hard up for something to fill out your magazine pages, allow a few articles to be published from "Away down South" where people are normal and live on sow-belly and kraut, eat three square meals each day and sleep like healthy children all night; and who laugh like the voice of giants, and work like hell to make both ends meet. Humph!

Yours truly,

J. A. DENTON.

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An able reply to the anonymous author of "Why I Quit Business" has come to us from Ernest G. Draper, treasurer of the Hills Brothers Company of New York. Mr. Draper agrees that continuous business thinking has its effect on the human mind, but does not think that that is an argument for leaving one's job. He agrees that business is disintegrating, that the great majority of business men are "aggressive, exploitive, conceited, uneducated, greedy, slick"—but so, he says, are men in other walks of life. The man who cannot stand a business environment is likely to be discontented in any environment. Mr. Draper concludes:

The final and chief weakness of the anonymous author's article is, it seems to me, its concluding plea that business men should leave their field in early life so that they may educate themselves by other methods. If we grant the great need for trained intelligence in the business life, what hope will there be for the future of business if its best minds desert it just as they are becoming the most effective? The anonymous author sees no embarrassment in this question, for he takes it as a fact that no man can educate himself to be of real value and still remain in business. That is the crux of the problem and upon it hangs our complete answer. Any man who is a real man can educate himself anywhere, in any field. Thoreau did it and he sold pencils. Bunyan did it and he was in jail. Filene has done it, and he keeps a store. The man who has to have a carefully prepared, properly ventilated atmosphere before he can soak in a little culture is not very much of a man after all.

Men can be good and kind and educated in business as well as in any other calling. The fact that it is harder to be so is really an argument to remain, at least for those who are strong-minded enough to face the dangers. Business needs the educated man. It needs him more to-day than, perhaps, ever before.